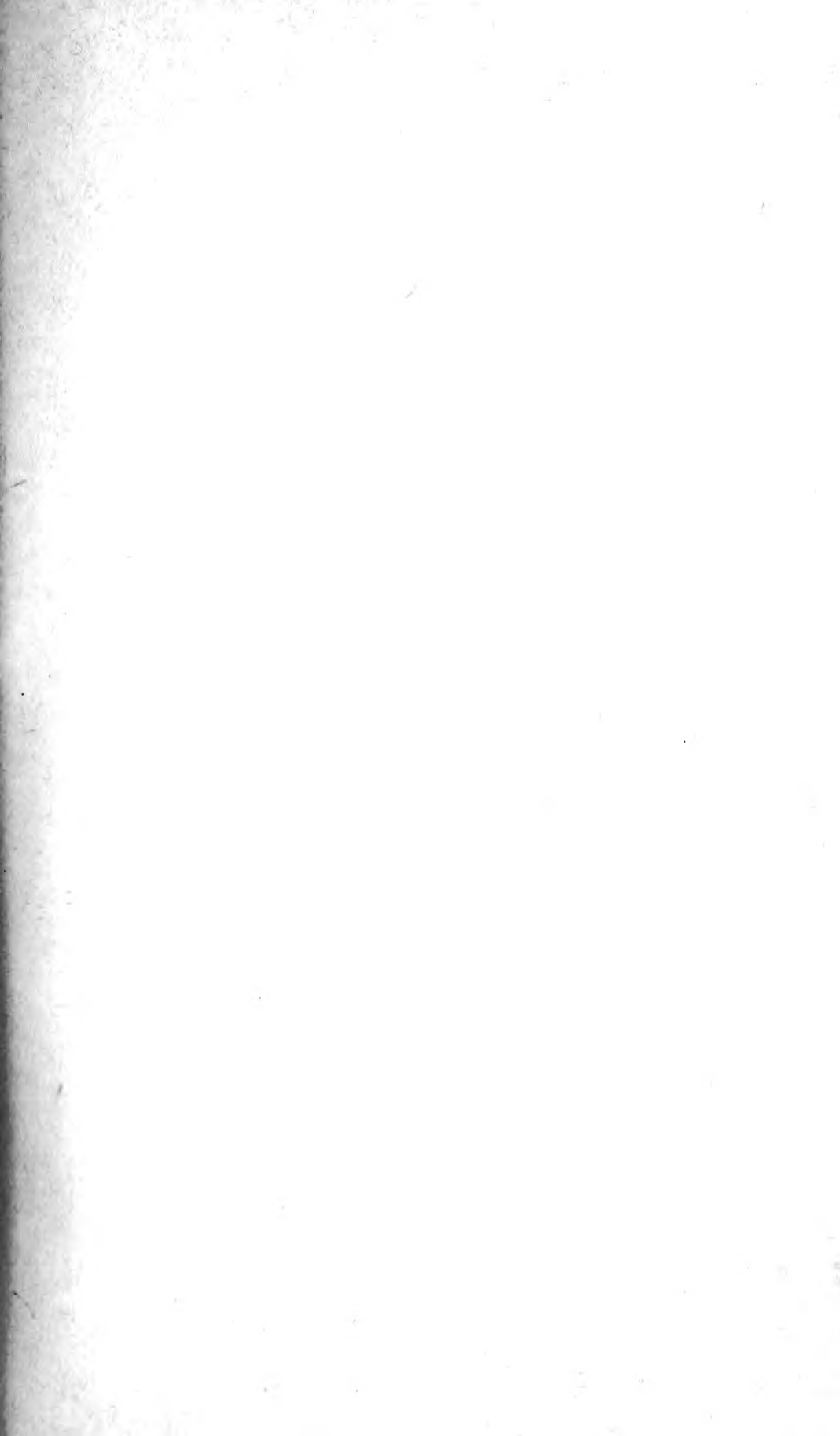




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THE DUBLIN DINNER OF THE "FRIENDS OF CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY" TO LORD MORPETH.

LANGUAGE has no terms of more copious scorn than those which the papist haranguers perpetually cast upon the government, national strength, and individual character of England. The whole rhetorical affluence of sedition is exhausted upon the baseness and meanness, the incorrigible dulness, and bigotted brutality of her people; and every Irish tenant of a hovel (being a papist), is triumphantly exhorted to lift up hand and voice, and bless the Pope and the Virgin for his unquestionable superiority.

But while protestant Ireland shares with protestant England in the general degradation, papist Ireland offers the most captivating contrast. The popish pale is the limit of light and darkness; within it all is vigour, harmony, and patriotism; religion without bigotry, the extinction of all ignorance touching the interests of civilized man; the disruption of those mounds and dykes, which interrupted the generous flowing of Irish affections into the one great stream of Irish privileges; and not a mob can gather together, however vile to the eye, virulent to the ear, and suspicious and revolting to every common conception of decorum, honesty, and allegiance, but instantly becomes a meeting of the "Friends of Civil and Religious Liberty."

The reverse of the medal characterizes protestant England. And yet, in all this hostility, there is a lurking eagerness to canvas English opinion, that is not easily reconcilable with the virtuous abhorrence, and lofty scorn, for ever burning and beaming in the popish bosom. An Englishman's capture in the nets of the Association, is always a triumph. The prize may be of the most worthless nature—some old and decaying tenant of the fat ponds of the English aristocracy, or some spawning of that small fry of which no man here takes account; the difference to the Association is nothing—they, with all hands, hoist him out of his element—exhibit him gasping on shore—and, if they can make nothing else of their prize, make him a show. Lord Morpeth is the last haul; and, though this unfortunate and very boyish young person contributed largely to his own burlesque, yet the Association were not the less cruelly eager in urging him to an exhibition, which will leave its ridi-

cule upon him as long as his existence adds to the hereditary silliness of the name of Carlisle.

Lord Morpeth is not yet of age—is utterly undistinguished by any evidence of ever being beyond the common and unnoted grade of the crowd, who pass from school to college, and from college to the clubs; is, of course, without any political experience, knowledge or rank; is, in short, neither more nor less than any of the thousand and one boys who ramble through Bond Street all day, are asked out to dance quadrilles in the evening, run down to the country in the Autumn, and run up to town in the Spring. Yet this nobody, is the individual whose arrival at the Irish side of the Channel is enough to put all the dignified energies of papistry in motion, sends cards showering through the country, and gathers from every lurking-place of liberalism, every liberal of every tarnished dye of morals, manners, and loyalty.

In the chair of this banquet of the Friends of *Civil and Religious Liberty*—how those words would sound in the ears of their lord and master, the pope—sat, for a warning to his class, and for his own future sorrow, the Duke of Leinster. By what fatality is it, that the blood of the Fitzgeralds is always to be found in those situations. Wise, or weak, brave or poltroon, the ostentatious scatterers of wealth, or its beggarly and contemptible hoarders, the generations of the Fitzgeralds have always made the same unhappy figure. Among them all, from the days of the first holder of the name, there has not been one less fitted to flourish at the head of anything than its present possessor; not one less calculated by public ability, by public consideration, by the generous employment of wealth in public objects, by individual acquirement, or by popular manliness and manners, to lead a party, much less a people; yet the family destiny is upon him—he must bustle and blunder to the last—display his natural deficiencies in the most glaring point of exposure, and, abandoning the seclusion that is the true place for the scale of his capacities and virtues, force himself into the unnatural publicity which to him, like sun-shine to the mole, is double blindness.

Men like this are not made to be taught by circumstances; but a less ardent volunteer in the cause of “Popish Civil and Religious Liberty,” might have been startled by the sight of its supporters. On this occasion there met—to use the language of the popish journals, “the elite of the aristocratic, &c. rank, worth, and intelligence of Ireland.” This elite consisted of Lord Cloncurry! Lord Rossmore! the Earl of Bective! Lord Howth! with the Marquis of Clanricarde! and the Marquis of Westmeath, as Vice-presidents; every man of whom has figured in the newspapers. But we leave them to enjoy their fame, and come to their performance on this day of triumph.

The Duke of Leinster's first toast was a plagiarism from the lips of the old Spaffelds' Chairmen—“The King, and *may he never forget* his own declaration, that he holds his Crown as a trust for the benefit of his People.” Who can feel a moment's doubt of the nature of a meeting prefaced by such a toast? The insinuation is plain. But to such toast-masters and the rabble that echo, hate, and laugh at them in the same breath, we reply, that their wish is an insolent superfluity; that the King has never forgotten the objects for which the crown was placed upon the brow of his ancestors; that he will never forget them; and that long after radicalism and liberalism, and the whole paltry affectation of public spirit in the breasts of the miserable hunters of popularity, are

stripped and scourged by public indignation, the King of England will be the King of Church and State, of a church unstained by the contact of idolatry, and a state strong in the affections, the interests, and the strength of the people.

The Duke of Leinster's next political exploit was the next Spa-fields' toast—"The House of Brunswick, and may it never forget the principles that placed it on the Throne of England." This is another leaf from the book of the Burdetts, of which even they have been long since ashamed. From what circumstance have its present givers and receivers dared to conjecture the possibility of this sudden oblivion of duty and honour in the King and the Brunswick family? Are we to look on the toast in the light of a pious prayer for the preservation of his Majesty's memory, of a contemptuous hint that it is gone, or of an insolent menace, if it should not be sufficiently pliable? We discharge the chairman of all meaning, good or evil, on the subject. He is an instrument, and merely repeated what was put into his mouth; but we shall tell him that the Brunswick family will "not forget the Principles that placed it on the Throne." It will not forget that a weak monarch, deluded into the attempt to raise popery into a share of the government of England, instantly lost the affections of his subjects, by this greatest of crimes against true Religion and true Liberty; that the pollution was publicly resisted by the whole body of the wise and the manly, the religious and the free; that the miserable dupe of popery was pronounced, by the voice of his whole people, incapable of holding all government; and that to fill the throne of the banished bigot, a stranger was summoned, whose first pledge was the perpetual exclusion of popery from power—not simply from the throne, or from the high executive offices of the state, but from every shape of influence by which protestantism could be placed in the hands of popery. The Brunswick family will not forget that they were called, on their pledge to protestantism, to fill the throne from which the Stuarts had been cast out on their pledge to popery.

The distinctions between the two dynasties are clear to every man of sense, though Dukes of Leinster may confound them; and those are, that the Brunswicks were men of their word, the Stuarts were liars—the Brunswicks were faithful to the constitution of the country, the Stuarts were traitors—the Brunswicks acknowledged no superior but the laws, and the Great giver of all Laws—the Stuarts were born with a tinge of popish blood, which blackened downwards in their descending generation, until the stain of heart broke out upon the countenance, and they stood before mankind, the slaves of the popedom, and the wretched mercenaries of its allies.

The sentence branded on the brow of James was papistry, and with that brand he was driven out, like another Cain, never to return. The Brunswicks have not forgotten the solemn contract under which they entered England. The venerable father of George the Fourth declared that, if such should be the necessity of the time, he would go to the scaffold, but never would he break his oath to the Constitution. The son of that honourable and sincere father, will no more break his oath than that father would have done; and looking, as every man of honesty and understanding must, with scorn at the menaces of a knot of ribald spouters, settling the state over their cups, he will be proud to take the

first occasion of showing, by a decisive declaration, that he is a British King.

Lord Morpeth followed the ducal adviser of his Majesty, and his speech was ridiculously worthy of his personal reputation, and political rank. Nothing could be more in character, or less rational, manly, or appropriate. His Lordship commenced, of course, with the established apologies for commencing at all; his reluctance to take up the invaluable moments of the meeting; his blushing consciousness of the forthcoming absurdity, his inexperience in addressing, his hopelessness of saying anything worth listening to, and the whole preamble that makes the nausea of a maiden speech. After giving them his experienced opinion on the best way of breaking down the perverseness of English opinion, and recommending "unanimity," that word of many meanings, he relieved himself and his audience by sitting down: prophesying with the expiring breath of his speech, that the time would come when England and Ireland would be united as much in amity as they are *now in loyalty!*

So much for the noble young orator's knowledge of circumstances. But let us not defraud him of his honours. As every Irish assembly is supposed, by those who know no more on that subject than on others, to be stark mad for metaphor, this candidate for the falling glories of the Irish rostrum stirred up his energies for metaphor to the following effect:—

"It has been said, that the clouds and showers with which your atmosphere is occasionally charged, have the effect of bringing forth additional verdure, and stimulating the natural fertility of the soil;" thus far the fancy, then comes the fact. "And perhaps we may trace in the ardent feelings and kindheartedness of the inhabitants, the sympathy produced by political wrong;" as brilliant an instance of the legitimate *non sequitur* as the language can supply. What connection showers have with sympathy, or natural fertility of soil with the popular wrongs of its tillers, we presume not to inquire. But it would be unfair to omit the evidence of his Lordship's delicacy in the word *occasional*. It disarmed the visitations of Heaven of that fatal perpetuity which might make Ireland be mistaken for Scotland, and satisfied the most irrigated native that he was not to live hopeless of the sun. Sheridan talks of metaphors, "like heaps of marle on a barren soil, encumbering what nature forbids them to fertilize;" and little as we ever thought of illustrating Sheridan by Lord Morpeth, we must allow that his Lordship has offered the happiest illustration of the dramatist's sneer, within the memory of maiden speeches.

The remainder of the oratory was so much in the usual Association style, that we may refer to any of the speeches spoken before printing, or after printing, or "intended to be spoken," that have flourished in the Irish papers for the last five years. Even the Bishop of Norwich underwent his annual toast: though we can scarcely forgive the grim ridicule of the reverend popish priest who burlesqued the second infancy of Cobbett's old and simple friend.

But as men are not at all times equally silly, even in the popish parliament, it excited some surprise to find the speech, which was to have been spoken at Pennenden Heath, repeated by its writer. Mr. Shiel should know, as well as any man, that the only chance of escape for absurdity in argument, or error in point of fact, is the careful avoidance of all return to the subject. But if one of the advantages of table oratory is the genial state of the audience, one of the disadvantages is the

influence of the time on the discretion of the orator. We are perfectly aware that Mr. Shiel's sagacity, half an hour before, would have suffered him to leap into the Liffey, as soon as plunge into the slough of his Pennenden speech. However, fate is not to be evaded, and in he dashed, to pluck up his drowned honour by the locks. His catastrophe was inevitable, and he since remains at the bottom.

We can scarcely condescend to notice the compound of feeble sophisms, and monstrous mis-statements through which this speaker dabbled on to the conclusion, that popery and freedom were compatible.

“Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,  
And panting Time toiled after him in vain.”

We all know that there have been periods in the history of national evil, when the evil has been too bitter to be borne—when human nature was roused from its habitual submission by the necessity of the effort, and men broke the strongest chains, and burst upwards from the deepest dungeons, without caring whether pope or prince were the tyrant. God has not made man to be for ever crouching under the heel of an oppressor, even though he wear the triple crown.

England, a country whose destination from many an age seems to have been the great office of receiving and holding the principles of Civil Liberty for the future good of mankind, affords the most memorable examples of this noble repulsion of the human heart against the spirit of the popedom; of this native and generous consciousness that her laws and crown were not given to be the toy and the plunder of a foreign pretender to universal power; of this proud and saving development of the vigour that was yet to make her the refuge of true religion and true freedom in the day of the perplexity of nations.

It is undeniable that every advance to liberty was tantamount to a struggle with Rome. It is equally undeniable that the whole foundation of British freedom, which the orator boasts to have been laid under the auspices of popery, was laid before popery was known in England. And it is as clear as either of those principles, that every attempt to erect an additional right on this foundation, was opposed by the direct and furious indignation of Rome.

Alfred is the orator's first example. But what suggestion of Alfred's reform arose from popery? That extraordinary man found his kingdom paralyzed by the corrupt religion inflicted on it by Rome. He found the ancient Saxon vigour decayed, and, probably alike for the punishment of Romish idolatry, and for that renewal of national strength which often arises from national adversity, England in the hands of the northern invaders. After desperate years of battle, he broke the power of the Danes, and knowing that his ancestors had been powerful through free institutions, he re-established the Saxon assemblies of representatives, the laws, courts of justice, and jury. But what lawyer, not a popish delegate, would venture to say that this restoration of the spirit and power of England had any thing to do with the Pope; or that its permission to exist did not result altogether from the remoteness of England from the seat of the papacy, the contempt of Rome for a dependency looked on by the haughty Italians as completely barbarian, and the common papal presumption, that when England should arrive at that degree of importance which made it worth being fleeced or trampled on, a wave of the pontifical hand would scatter its rights and institutions

to the wind. The argument from Alfred goes for nothing, unless it be shown that popery raised the constitution.

The next instance is Magna Charta ; and there undoubtedly Langton, the Romish bishop, figured at the head of the barons. But what is the history of Magna Charta ? In the first place, it was extorted from the king in consequence of the irresistible feeling of national contempt for his submission to the papal legate. It was no favour of the Pope. It was the result of the discovery, by the barons, that they might insist, to any extent, on the weakness and baseness of a monarch, who suffered an impudent Italian actually to trample the British crown under his feet. And what must have been the papal respect for the independence of nations, or the freedom of man, when it commanded such an insult ? What must have been the political slavery which it imposed on the English throne, as on all thrones, when such an insult could be conceived and offered with impunity ? The papal vassalage exceeded all that history has ever known of vassalage beside. But the barons dreamed of nothing beyond increasing their own privileges. The introduction of popular rights into Magna Charta was simply to swell their authority over a falling crown. Popery was not in question. Yet what was the papal will on the occasion. The transaction roused all its wrath. Even Magna Charta looked too like an approach to liberty, to be suffered by the power whose throne was established on the principle of universal tyranny. By a Romish rescript, the "Great Charter" was declared wholly null and void ; King and Barons were devoted to the curses of the "keeper of the keys of Heaven and hell," if they did not instantly abjure it ; and the popish bishop, Langton himself, was placed under a suspension. The barons were severally placed under excommunication ; their lands were laid under an interdict, and on the city of London was pronounced anathema.

The argument from Edward the First, the famous founder, or rather reformer of parliaments, is equally extravagant. Edward was a habitual warrior ; a bold, and sagacious prince, who, like many a man of sense in his own time, and since, saw enough in the popedom to repel and scorn its interference in his own affairs. This he showed in his answer to the papal mandate against his invasion of Scotland :—"Let me hear no more of this," was the reply of the indignant soldier : "or I shall destroy Scotland from sea to sea."

The historic truth is, that at various periods of our government, men of determined characters rose up, who moved straight to their objects of good or evil, without asking themselves what a sovereign a thousand miles off, and still more remote, by the difficulty of communication in those days, thought about their proceedings. Human nature, even under the most abject habits of slavery, will sometimes be stirred up, and take advantage of an opportunity to slip off the chain, when it cuts to the bone. But the papacy still held the chain with a tremendous grasp, never lost sight of the principle of extinguishing all freedom of thought, and looked upon every attempt at self-legislation as an impiety, to be punished alike by the sword here, and the flame in the world to come.

And where has Popery been paramount that it has not trampled out the life of Freedom ? We may at this hour pronounce the rank of freedom in any country by its greater or less obedience to popery. France, from its higher civilization, and still more, from the infusion of Protestantism among its people, has been for ages the most reluctant continental subject of popery. France is at this hour the only popish nation that has

the semblance of a constitution. What is the state of Spain, the best beloved of the Church?—abject slavery; what of Portugal?—abject slavery; what of Austria?—abject slavery; what of Italy?—abject slavery. If we sicken at this sluggish degradation of man, let us turn to the Protestant States for our revival. From England, the great head of title, that palladium of her prosperity, of her intellectual eminence, and Protestantism—and long may she retain that most glorious and most saving of her resistless empire—we see every Protestant state free in almost the exact proportion of its purification from popery; in some a complete representative legislature, in some an imperfect one; but in all, liberty on a larger or smaller scale. The seed is there, and the plant flourishes the more, the more it is sheltered from the blighting breath that never blew from Rome but to cover with clouds and death the rising hopes of nations.

This is the true test. The popish advocate shows only a consciousness of chicane, when he leads us back through the wilderness of the centuries before the Reformation. We bid him place himself in the field of the present hour, and where our vision is not to be retarded by the subterfuges which chicane finds in the broken ground and obscure ruins of the past. On this clear field we bid him place his example. To which popish kingdom of the present day—even in this day of clamours for more than liberty, will he point in illustration? Which of those cowed skeletons of power, with the crown trembling on their heads, and the shroud wrapping their limbs, will he summon to give testimony to the freedom of popish vassalage? Or which of them, if it dared to utter a voice, would not tell him that the bondage of superstition has been the true weight which has held them back in the advance of national vigour and virtue; that it has filled their members with disease, and bowed them down to a weakness that not all the old popular homage or popular ignorance can save from ruin on the first shock of nations?

Mr. O'Connel spoke but little at the dinner; but the relaxation of his customary labours on these occasions, may well be forgiven for the activity of his declamation since. Mr. O'Connel may have persuaded himself, as he certainly wishes to persuade others, that he is the depository of the intentions of the Cabinet for the ensuing session. We entirely doubt this initiation into the business of a British Privy Councillor. He ought to be satisfied with his privilege of saving five shillings a day in postage, and thinking himself a member of Parliament.

But if Mr. O'Connel have not the advantage of being the Duke of Wellington's confidential adviser on the occasion, we have the advantage of knowing the decision of Mr. O'Connell's own privy council. At his mock election at Clare, he delivered the following manifesto of the moderate, safe, and constitutional demands, whose concession can alone satisfy popery. The speech begins with patriotic remorse for the little intrigue which he had attempted to carry on in London for the sake of his suffering country, and a silk gown, and of which the *detection* had much hurt his conscience:—

“ Mr. Sheriff:—I admit that I was wrong on the part of the money. I like sentimentality, but I like consistency more. Mr. Gore arraigned me, and he was right, with respect to the forty shilling freeholders. I went to London at the time the Catholic Association was suppressed; and seeing the *fell* disposition of the government, I did *every thing* to conciliate them. I went to London at a great pecuniary

sacrifice, in order, if possible, to carry the measure of emancipation. I did offer to give up the forty shilling freeholders, because I thought they belonged to the landlord; but now that I am *convinced of the contrary*, I would *rather die than ever consent to such a measure again!*

“Percival it was, who first raised the No-popery cry, and every man who supported the *base, bloody, and unchristianlike* Percival, is as guilty of the deeds he committed, as that *infamous minister himself!*”

“The Marquis of Anglesey came here, and preached toleration. His son, as gallant an officer as ever trod a ship’s deck, voted in favour of us. Lord Anglesey tried to satisfy us with sweet words, but did he vote for us?—No? And for that *I denounce him!*”

We are next told, in the most unequivocal form that the English language can give to furious menace, the actual purposes of the papists, should we be blind enough to suffer a footstep of theirs within the legislature. Here is none of the thin hypocrisy which hoodwinks the Wilmot Hortons of this confiding world; the popish proclamation scorns the shallow pretence of seeking only popish freedom, and haughtily flings off the old shifting promises of leaving the Protestant faith in possession of the rights, which it had vainly supposed to be a living part of the constitution.

“If you send me to Parliament,” says this organ of popery, “*I will put an end to the horrid tax for building Protestant Churches, and providing sacramental wine!*”

The sentiment was loudly cheered.

“*I’ll vote for a diminution of the tithes!*”

The sentiment was doubly cheered.

“*I’ll vote for a reform in Parliament!*” And, finally, *I’ll vote for a re-consideration of the union!*”

The whole assembly was in an uproar of congratulation.

If the Protestants of the British empire are not to be convinced by this manifesto, of the desperate hostility of popery to all that they have ever honoured and loved, to their religion, their church, and their laws; no voice of ours, not the voice of man, none but the thunder of the moral earthquake that rouses men only in the midst of ruin, can rouse them to a sense of their situation, or a feeling of their duty. We have in this speech the broad avowal of a plan, whose inevitable results would be to fill the empire with convulsion. First, the Established Church is to be the victim. The tenantry of Ireland are to contribute no more to the repair of its places of worship. This contribution being, in fact, not paid by the popish tenantry at all, but being a regular and an extremely small portion of their rent, and so paid by the landlord, who also gets his land the cheaper for the contribution.

Next comes the reduction of the incomes of the clergy, a contribution under exactly the same circumstances; and whose decay must leave the ministers of the Protestant worship without bread to eat, as the former measure left them without walls to worship in. The Protestant church being thus disposed of, popery proceeds to the disposal of the Protestant constitution. “*I will vote for a reform,*” is the comprehensive declaration. We all know what this reform means, and we have seen that the government of the mob is misery and madness.

From England the orator reverts to Ireland, and announces that he will demand “a re-consideration,” (in other words, a repeal) “of the Union.”



We scarcely know whether this measure, or the Reform, should have taken the precedence in the scale of subversion ; for, if the former would be the endless plague of England, the latter would be the total ruin of Ireland.

But the topic is too wide for our present discussion. At another time we shall show that, however melancholy the loss of a legislature may be to a people, the transfer of the legislature from Ireland, was in the sternest degree essential to the connexion of the countries ; that the creation of the Forty Shilling Freeholders—an act of the most miserable and factious folly—was the true evil which made the Union this matter of absolute necessity : the popish influence, by that frantic measure, having rapidly corrupted the Irish House of Commons, and made it a focus of hostility to the whole system of the British Government. The repeal of the Union now, would be the creation of a declaredly popish parliament.

But we know the tender mercies of the religion of the Inquisition. The proscriptions of James can never be forgotten. The protestants would be forced to stand with arms in their hands against the inveterate bitterness of popery : they must fight or fly ; the British Cabinet must be roused by the cries of the Irish protestant for mercy, and of the English protestant for justice ; however weak, sluggish, or *conciliating*, they would not dare to suffer this scene, if they valued their heads. There must be military interference. Then there must be civil war. And can we suppose that a popish parliament would be looked on with an indifferent eye by the spirit of popery in Europe ; that every agent of superstition would not be busy in such a hope of the reconquest of a nation to the undivided allegiance of Rome ? or that foreign powers would not rejoice in the chance of British dismemberment ; and, with the faithlessness that belongs to their oath-dispensing religion, rouse and sustain the fray, until Ireland was turned from a field of battle into an appanage of France, Spain, or Austria ; or the war burned out in the ashes of the last inhabitants of the undone land ?

We will pronounce to the British Cabinet, with the most solemn conviction of our hearts, founded on the most intimate knowledge of popery, that if they suffer papists to enter the British parliament, all those things will be done. A faction, of which a generation of knotted snakes would be but a tame emblem, will start up before them. Concession after concession will be wrung from them ; till a fraudulent, a timid, or a foolish administration finds itself qualified to barter away the country to the iron-linked faction of popery. The votes of its hundred members will be the purchase ; but the remedy and the atonement will be Revolution.

## A DAY AT FONTAINEBLEAU:

## THE ROYAL HUNT.

HAVING learned that the King and the Dauphin, with the *Duc de Grammont*, and the rest of the royal suite, were about to proceed to Fontainebleau, in order to enjoy the diversion of hunting, I resolved to be there to meet them, to see with my own eyes a royal personage of whom I had heard so much. Accordingly I ordered post horses, and arrived in the town about six hours after his Most Christian Majesty. Though the journals had all hinted forth the sovereign's intent of gratifying the longing eyes of the good people of Fontainebleau, nevertheless I did not perceive that the public gave evidence of any strong ebullition of curiosity. As I passed along the almost endless but deserted streets, there were streaming from the windows scattered banners "thinly ranged to make up a shew," bearing the impress of the "*Fleur de Lis*."

Our party first drove to the *Hôtel de France*, but here there was no accommodation to be had, for love or money, and, besides, the house was filthy in the extreme! Our next resource was the *Hôtel du Dauphin*, and here we ultimately took up our quarters, where every thing was regulated by a "*prix fixe*." Though in this hotel the traveller may have had to complain of an exorbitant bill, yet in legal phrase he had at least the good fortune to have become a purchaser with notice, and, in settling it, he could not complain that he had been taken unawares.

It was past six o'clock, in the latter end of the month of October last, when I found myself within the court-yard of the inn at Fontainebleau. Having travelled from Joigny, whence I started at eight in the morning, the reader will readily allow that I was *legally* entitled to have an appetite; and my first impulse was to enter the kitchen to order dinner. While engaged in this always agreeable occupation, after a journey, I was approached by the post boy, whose "*compte*" (as they call it) I had already prepared, allowing, of course, according to the "*Livre de Poste*," of a quarter post, and the distance in entering Fontainebleau. My postillion, however, was by no means satisfied, and lustily demanded a whole post extra as his legal allowance. On inquiring the why and the wherefore of this, I was answered "The king is at Fontainebleau." On referring to the book of posts, published by *authority*, I found there was no mention made of his Majesty, and I became as refractory as any John Bull was in duty bound. The postillion, meantime, quietly walked to the *Poste Royale*, and, whilst I was at dinner, returned, and put into my hand the royal *ordonnance* "to the intent and effect aforesaid." To pay the whole post additional, therefore, I was compelled by law, and there was no remedy. I determined, however, to have a post's worth of criticism on his Most Christian Majesty in revenge, and I accordingly ordered a saddle-horse to be prepared for me at eight on the ensuing morning, in order to be enabled to follow the king to the chace. The "royal hunter before the Lord" had, notwithstanding all my efforts, the start of me by two hours, as I learned at the palace that he had set off at six o'clock.

To return, however, to my excursion. After breakfasting on a cold partridge, and some excellent coffee, I set out at eight o'clock for the forest. Even at that hour—a late one in France, when compared with England—the roads were by no means thronged, and I could very plainly perceive that the major part of the equestrians were attached to

the court, and that the pedestrians were either such as had been in the enjoyment of some of the good things of this life under the present family, or such as were in expectancy of them. There was a third class, altogether composed of the mob, who, partly incited by the desire of plunder, the love of idleness, or an indistinct hope of obtaining the entrails of the deer, flocked in great numbers to witness the feats of the royal party. Among this latter class, old men, old women, and very young boys predominated.

The forest of Fontainebleau is in itself beautiful in the extreme. The various alleys formed by the manner in which the oak trees are planted, create an imposing and majestic *coup-d'œil*, which is only bounded almost by the horizon. At the bottom and in the middle of these alleys were placed mounted *gendarmes*, to restrain the intrusion of the populace, and to prevent them from coming—such is French curiosity—within shot of the hunters. At the end of one of these alleys to my left the great body of the crowd was stationed, and at the top of it was an inclosed space, somewhat like a stand on a race course, on which the royal party took their station, while the carriages and servants remained quietly behind. Across this stand, and within the inclosed space, were the roe-buck, fawns, and young wild boar goaded, while the King, the Dauphin, the Duc de Grammont, and the rest of the royal party, had their shots in succession, or, as it is technically termed, their "*coup*." Ten men were busy charging for the King, while as many were engaged for the Dauphin. Ammunition and cartridges were borne by four attendants, who, as well as the chargers, were all in the livery of the King's huntsmen. As shot after shot passed in quick succession, the sounds fell chiefly on the ears of those among the crowd—and they were the fewer number—who had hearts within them, and to British feeling each reverberation brought a mingled sensation. In England, and in most other nations, whether civilized or savage, when an animal is hunted some chance at least of escape is given. The reader will bear in mind that the inclosed space around the stand was surrounded by a kind of *chevaux de frize*, six feet in height, so that the animal had not the least chance of escape, and the work of destruction of course went rapidly on.

Within 300 yards of the stand were placed a number of light carts, whose drivers vociferated loudly at the sound of each shot. These carts were placed for the purpose of carrying away the dead carcasses, as they accumulated in quick succession within the inclosure. In the short interval of four hours I saw twenty-three of these carts filled with the produce of the slaughter, which, amidst deafening yells, was conveyed to the end of one of the alleys, where the bodies were deposited in order as they had been killed. In the first row those killed by the king himself was ranged; and he numbered forty-six roe bucks, and one *marcassin* (young wild boar); the spoil of the dauphin was thirty-eight roe bucks, being eight less than his royal father, while the rest of the company destroyed among them fifty-four, making a grand total of 138 roes, and one wild boar.

While the carcasses thus remained strewn on the ground, the work of disembowelling quickly proceeded. It was the business of one man to range the game in the order I have mentioned—another ripped open the body with a sharp knife, while a third party, to the amount of a dozen, were engaged in the disembowelling.

The day, which hitherto was bright and glorious, now began to close

into evening. The air became keener, and I felt a disposition to leave the forest and return to Fontainebleau. But, though I had heard the king, I had not yet seen him, and my party being anxious to come in contact with royalty, I consented to remain. Presently the crowd began to rush towards the inclosed space, but the *gendarmes*, ever active, kept them at bay. The multitude, however, despite opposition, ranged themselves into two lines; and, in a few minutes, the signal ran that the king was coming.

His Majesty was on foot—he was surrounded by the officers of his household, dressed in a plain dark-green frock, with a star on his breast. On his head was a small round grey hat, full of days, or mayhap years, and of services. His breeches were of the homeliest thickset; and he also wore a pair of large leather gaiters—such as are very common among farmers and peasants in Kent and Sussex. Though the conformation of his figure was not powerful, yet it was muscular and wiry, and he appeared in perfect health.

It was now past five o'clock, and the umbrage of the forest added a deeper tint to the shadows of evening. The air was piercingly cold, and his Majesty had been engaged in the sport from six in the morning, without intermission. Untired, however, in the work, the king determined to continue the sport, and accordingly, with his *suite*, he returned to the inclosed space. In the inclosure his Majesty did not long remain. Three separate be vies of deer were let loose—again I heard the fearful shots, and the number was soon filled up. The king again came among the crowd; and, after having given directions about the game, entered his carriage with a hasty step, and at a rapid pace drove off for Fontainebleau.

This was the signal for a general movement, and, in a short time, the forest was completely cleared of its late inhabitants.

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#### FAGGING, AND THE GREAT SCHOOLS.

WE wish that some public man of character and diligence would take up the subject of our public schools, sift the business thoroughly, lay open the gross and scandalous absurdities and crimes of the system, in all its points of education, morals and discipline, and, by calling the national attention to one of the most formidable and pressing grievances and corruptions of the national character, work a real reform. Such a man may be assured that he would not be without thousands and tens of thousands of well wishers; that the mere evidence of the subject's being likely to be pursued seriously, would raise up a host of auxiliaries, that he must succeed, and that, at the close of his labours, he would have the satisfaction of having done more good to his country, than all the orators and oppositionists who ever roared themselves hoarse and their hearers deaf, upon East Retfords, Birmingham, and the other stock stuff of ribald patriotism.

Yet we should most strenuously deprecate the adoption of this important subject by any actual party man. In the hands of a minister it must have only its share of the time necessarily divided by the innumerable calls of office. In the hands of a regular Whig it must fail, for all things fail; it must be frittered down into little mean details, degraded by paltry personal objects, and, after being grasped at as an occasion of general abuse against the laws and Constitution of the country, be, as usual, hooted out of the House, on the conviction of the fraudulent and swindling pretences of its supporter.

Thus have gone down to the grave of all the Capulets, a hundred showy schemes of public purification, and rightly have they been sent there. We will not accept our food, mental or bodily, from hands that we know to be perpetually dabbling in poison. If our institutions are to be healed, it will not be by the hands of a generation of quacks, however they may admire the race of charlatans that figured in the mischiefs of the French Revolution, or lament the tardiness of spirit that has so long denied them the glory of an experiment of subversion at home. Out of honesty alone can honesty come; and we will no more trust the wretched rabble of Whiggery, whether in the raggedness of the Foxites, or the new equipment of faction from the popish wardrobe, than we will trust adders fanged.

But let any one man of character commence his inquiry into the state of the great schools of England, and he must succeed. The opportunity is now opened for him by the publication of Sir Alexander Malet's pamphlet; he has only to ask what effect that pamphlet, simple as its statements are, has had in recalling to the public the conviction of abuses, of which every man, educated at the great schools, has been a witness, and of which every man so acquainted has but one feeling—abhorrence of the system, wonder at its being suffered to continue, and the most unpleasant struggle in his own mind, between depriving his children of the natural advantages that ought to belong to a public education, and submitting them to the vices, brutalities, and barbarities, perpetually going on at the leading schools.

We give the story of the present transaction at Winchester School, in Sir Alexander's own clear and temperate language:—

“The præfects, or eight senior boys of the school, are in the habit of fagging the juniors; and that they may have a greater command of their services during meal times, they appoint one of the junior boys with the title of Course Keeper, whose business it is to take care that whilst the præfects are at breakfast, or supper, the juniors sit upon a certain cross bench at the top of the hall, that they may be forthcoming whenever a præfect requires any thing to be done. (This is called ‘going on hall!’)

“During that part of the short half year in which there are no fires kept, a sufficient number of boys for this service was generally furnished from the fourth class, and it was considered that the junior part of the fifth class, which is next in the ascending scale, was exempt from so disagreeable a servitude. It appears, however, that within these few years, there has been a much greater press of boys to enter the school than formerly, the consequence has been, that they have come to it older, and more advanced in their studies than formerly, and the upper departments of the school have received a greater accession of numbers in proportion than the lower classes. The fourth class, therefore, gradually furnishing a smaller number of fags, the præfects issued a mandate, that the junior part of the fifth class should share with the fourth in the duty of going on hall: this was for some time submitted to; but at length one of the boys of this class intentionally abstained from seating himself on the cross bench at supper time, and being seen by the senior præfect, and desired by him to go on hall, refused to do so, and argued the point as a matter of right, alleging, as the ancient usage of the school, the exemption of the junior part of the fifth class from this duty till the commencement of fires; he referred to the Course Keeper as being the depositary of the rules, and expressed himself prepared to abide by his decision.

“The Course Keeper, who does not appear to have been very well versed in the usages of the school, decided that the boy ought to go on hall, and the præfect therefore resolved, not only to enforce this new rule, but to punish the contumely of this unlucky boy by giving him a public chastisement: to this however the junior did not feel inclined to submit, and a second præfect laid hold of him that he might not evade the beating destined for him—a simultaneous movement then took place amongst the juniors, who pinioned the two præfects, released the boy who was being beaten, and gave them to understand that the intended chastisement should not be inflicted.

“The præfects instantly laid a complaint before the head master, who expelled the boy who refused to go on hall, and five others, who had appeared most active in preventing the præfect from punishing him. Amongst the number was my brother; and as I considered the punishment of expulsion for this offence extremely severe, I endeavoured, though without success, to procure his reinstatement in the school; at the same time I of course pleaded the cause of all those who were expelled, for it was manifestly impossible to make a distinction in favour of any one of them, more particularly of my brother, who was the first to lay hands upon the senior præfect.”

The nature of the case, divested of Winchester technicality, is, that two big boys, for an offence which they had no right to punish, set about beating a junior boy, who had acted on an impression of right; and that other boys seeing what they thought an act of injustice, and what every one must have seen to be an act of cruelty, going forward, interposed, to save one boy from being maltreated by two. For this crime six were expelled, that is, subjected to a punishment, which is one of the severest in its consequences that can be inflicted by any authority whatever; a punishment which scarcely any crime of mature life can deserve, and, which extending through all portions of life, is devised for extreme severity. Expulsion from one of the great public schools is virtual expulsion from all; for into none of them can the individual be received. It is expulsion from the Universities, for into none of them can he be received. It is expulsion from the Church, for into that he cannot be received. In many instances it prevents his being received as a member of the Law; it has operated against his even obtaining a military or naval commission; and, on the whole, it leaves this stigmatized being scarcely any pursuit, except, perhaps, the stage. And all this is to be inflicted on a boy of ten years old, in consequence of defending himself from being violently attacked by two boys of fifteen.

Sir Alexander Malet's letter to the head master, is a mild and gentleman-like appeal to his common sense, for the restoration of the boys, in whatever manner Dr. Williams might conceive least likely to incur even the appearance of infringing on the discipline of the school. To this Dr. Williams returned an answer, which we allow to speak for itself, and which will establish the character of that person in a remarkably singular point of view.

“SIR :

“Winchester, October 13, 1828.

“I have had the honour to receive your letter of this day's date; and I beg you to be assured that I have paid the most serious attention to its contents. That you should think the sentence of expulsion pronounced against your brother unnecessarily severe, I cannot but regret, and the more so, as the same considerations of duty, which first led me to inflict the punishment, forbid me now to recal it. The *authority of the Præfects* is, as you well know, *essential*

to the maintenance of discipline in the School; and it is impossible that they can exercise that authority with effect, if they are not protected from personal outrage. If they, or any of them, exceed the line of their duty, or commit any wrong act, they are liable to censure and punishment from the master; and if any boy think himself aggrieved, he may prefer his complaint in the proper quarter, with a certainty that it will meet with due attention. *But he cannot, on any account, be permitted to use force* against those whom he is bound to obey. I cannot admit that the distinction which I understand you to make between authority exercised on behalf of the Master, or in enforcing privileges permitted to the Præfects, is of sufficient importance to make that conduct venial in the one case, which is highly culpable in the other. Obedience to the Præfects is required by the usage and laws of the School; and if boys either deliberately refuse obedience, or support the disobedience of others by tumultuous and forcible resistance to their officers, such conduct is, in my judgment, subversive of subordination and discipline, and requires to be repressed by such an example as I have lately been compelled to make. Severe notice I conceive to be equally necessary, whether the immediate occasion of the disorder arise from the exercise of authority in a matter of discipline, or of personal privilege; since, if it were once admitted that violent hands could, with comparative impunity, be laid upon the Præfects, boys who were discontented with their superior for a strict and honest discharge of official duty, would never be at a loss to find opportunities of venting their dissatisfaction on some question of a different nature. My conviction being still that the removal of your brother, and the other young persons connected with him, was a necessary measure, I am sorry to add that the step which you propose to obviate the charge of vacillation in the counsels of the heads of the School, in case they should revoke their sentence, does not appear to me to be well suited for that purpose. The consequence of reversing the sentence upon petition from the Præfects would be, that, if similar circumstances should hereafter occur, no Præfect could, without being placed in a most invidious light, decline to intercede for the offender; and the expectation that the Master would favourably receive such intercession, must operate to diminish that salutary fear of serious consequences, which the punishment now inflicted is intended to impress. In conclusion, I can only repeat my assurance, that I would not have removed your brother from the School, unless a review of all the circumstances connected with the case had convinced me that it was necessary; and that I most unwillingly decline acceding to your proposal for his reinstatement, because I am persuaded that I could not receive him again without injury to the discipline which I am bound to maintain.—I have, &c.

“ Sir A. MALET, Bart.”

“ D. WILLIAMS.”

The whole of this very magisterial declaration, divested of its verbosity, amounts to the fact, that Dr. Williams sanctions the beating of the little boy, by the two big boys. As to the pompous pretence of keeping up discipline, what has the good order of a school to do with the perpetual sitting of a line of little boys on a cross bench, to be ready to toast bread, morning and evening, for a class of big boys? The thing is nonsense, and only worthy of a pedagogue's brains. Again, as to the fine principle of suffering all kinds of insult and injury, without daring to resist, because a complaint may afterwards be made; thank Heaven that Dr. Williams is not a legislator, beyond the reach of his own birch rod. What would become of mankind, if a ruffian were to be suffered to beat, maim, and murder, because—justice would have her ears open to the complaint when the mischief was done. This may be law among the empty slaves of school-legislation, but it would be scouted among all men of understanding and experience in life.

But leaving Dr. Williams to his tardy, but sure repentance, that he ever mingled himself with this subject, let us look at the question on a larger scale, unencumbered with the recollection of such formal and pompous practitioners of the old, and perfectly worthless school system.

Why should fagging be suffered in any school? Subordination, in all instances, is essential; and a degree of superintendance, to be exercised by monitors, chosen among the better conducted, well-tempered, and intelligent elder boys, may be established with obvious advantage. But what has this to do with fagging? The fag is a junior boy, given into the absolute power of a senior boy, for every purpose that boyish tyranny can require. The fag is actually a menial of the lowest description. He is ordered to clean his senior's shoes, brush his clothes, run into the street on his errands, and do every work, clean or dirty, honest or dishonest, that his senior may command. He must surrender his money, give up his bed, his clothes, his books, every thing to the caprice of his young tyrant; and we all know that boys can be as full of insolence and cruelty as men. If the senior happen to feel himself cold at night, he takes the blanket off the fag's bed, and leaves him to freeze as he may. Those, with a hundred other kinds of ill treatment, under which many a boy has died, and many a one lost his health for life, or turned idiot or madman, are the privileges of fagging; and are alike scandalous to common humanity, and injurious to every purpose for which parents send their children to school. We know instances in which gentlemen, who had straitened their incomes, to afford the heavy expense of educating a child at one of these schools, have, on coming to town to inquire into their progress, been presented with a squalid and spirit-broken wretch, employing his day in scrubbing boots by the dozen, cooking and carrying up dinners, and even stealing for his senior's accommodation; or with a hardened blackguard, ignorant of every thing but the slang, the filth, and the grossest vices, in the grossest shape of the profligate corner in which this temple of the rising generation lay; a proficient in lying, thieving, drinking, and the most undisguised licentiousness. And the whole of this corruption is encouraged in the base, and forced upon the decent by the honoured practice of fagging.

Every man who has been at a public school where this system is suffered, shrinks from the recollection. Nor would a single boy be ever sent to those seminaries, but that there has been hitherto no alternative, and the exhibitions and college opportunities act as a bribe. But how is it possible to conceive that this "discipline" is compatible with literary acquirement. Let the answer be given in the contrast of the multitude who pass yearly through our public schools, at an inordinate expenditure, with the narrow and utterly inefficient scholarship existing at this hour in England. Have we one eminent classical scholar in the whole range of our schools, colleges, and professions? Not one! We have a few men who can compile a crowd of notes from a crowd of commentators on a Greek tragedy, or a Latin historian. We have scribblers of a few verses, never heard of beyond the dreary pages of a *Musæ Etonenses*, the greatest insult ever offered to the name of *Muse*. We have a few compilers of exercises, and six-penny tracts on prosody. "Nonsense-steps-to Sense-verses'-men," and scribblers of "*Tentamina*," that prove nothing but the absence of all poetic skill, feeling, and tact, beyond that of the fingers. But to what comes all our pretence and ostentation of classical toil, or triumph? Where are our *Heynes* or *Hermans*? the *Scaligers* are out of the question; they are of a race that we can never dream of equalling, until we shall unite the accuracy of the scholar with the lofty vigour and large knowledge of the philosopher. The fact is, we have not at this hour a single individual to show to Europe, of a rank beyond a copyist and a compiler.

We shall return to the subject. ...



## HELL-FIRE DICK, THE CAMBRIDGE COACHMAN.

IF I were writing a romance, and therefore at liberty to lay my scene when and where I pleased, I certainly should choose some other hero. Now, this I have no mind to do, detesting, from the bottom of my heart, all works of fiction, as they are called, whether in prose or verse; or, rather, the more for their being in prose—inasmuch as I deem *that* a solid, useful article, and not to be wasted on idle leasings; while poetry, with all its trumpery of rhymes, metres, and metaphors, is good for nothing that I know of except to be the vehicle of nonsense. If the matter rested with me, I would enact a law at once, making it felony to vest fiction in prose, and limiting lies, whether black or white, to the more genial realms of verse, so that every one might know to what he had to trust, which is far from being the case as things stand at present.—After this little prelude on the score of heroes, I beg leave to commence my veritable history.

Richard Vaughan, or Hell-fire Dick, as he was more popularly called, was a coachman of high renown, who, about fifteen, or by our Lady, it may be some twenty-five, years ago, drove the Cambridge Telegraph, the only vehicle in which a student of any standing would condescend to be conveyed to the embraces of Alma Mater. Freshmen, indeed, who knew no better, were imported with other lumber in the heavy coach; but a single term at college, if they had any proper spirit, was generally sufficient to make them scorn such vulgar doings, and aspire to the guidance of Hell-fire Dick, the best of whips, and the prince of taverners; for, in addition to his other high office, Richard actually kept a hostel—I will not call it a public-house—in Trumpington-street. Here he was in the habit of entertaining all the choice spirits of the University, noble and ignoble, till some dull clod of a proctor, who had no soul for such high conceits, came forward, with power in the one hand, and ill-will in the other, to put an end to what he was pleased to term this course of profligacy. Under the pretence of regard for the morals of the collegians—as if collegians ever had morals!—he actually pulled down Richard's sign, that honourable banner, under which so many sons of Granta had fought their way through debts, duns, lectures, and impositions, to the dignity of A. B. It was a heavy day to all men of spirit; but let that pass; justice has been done to both parties by that fairest and most incorruptible of judges—Don Posterity, who has soused the poor proctor fathoms-deep in the waters of oblivion, while Richard floats snugly adown the stream of Time, without so much as wetting an ankle.

I was a freshman—though my gown had lost something of its vulgar gloss, for I was in my second term—when I rode for the first time by the side of Vaughan, on his own box—an honour that procured for me the undisguised envy of two *sophs*, or third-year men, who sate on the roof of the coach, immediately behind me. By means of an extra glass of brandy, and certain intelligible hints of a crown-piece to be forthcoming at the end of our journey; I had soon acquired a degree of favour with my companion; and, as we flew along at the rate of twelve miles an hour, he condescended to give me much valuable instruction, touching the whip-club, the prize-ring, and other similar topics; on which, sooth to say, I was not so well informed as might have been wished. I was, however, too discreet to expose my ignorance, more than need be, by



where, for miles together, there was not such a thing as a turnpike-road to be seen, or scarce a road of any sort, that, to trot upon it for an hour, would not break the heart of any beast but a Welsh pony. Well, one day, Frank, who had been paddling it on the hoof ever since sunrise, up hill and down hill, found the night closing in upon him, and no house near. It was bitter cold, too, being the fag-end of autumn, and, to mend matters, there was every chance of a heavy storm. As he looked up, the clouds came sweeping along from the north-east, and the stars seemed to go out before them, one after another, like the dying sparks from a sky-rocket, till at last one only remained in a space of blue no larger than you might cover with your hat. Even that did not escape long; the clouds still drove on, surging over the little twinkling light, first in thin vapour, then thicker—thicker—thicker—like the rising tide on a rock, till it has overwhelmed it; and all this time the wind was not idle: it whistled over the naked heath on the sides of the hill, and rushed and roared amongst the trees in the low ground he had just left, that you would have thought it was the sea beating on a shingly beach. Frank, indeed, was somewhat of that way of thinking, though he did not well know how it could be; and he almost expected, on reaching the brow of the hill, to find the water before him. He kept on, however; for, be it as it might, he could hardly be worse off than he was, sea or no sea on the other side of the mountain. But, as luck would have it, things turned out better than he had expected;—on coming to the top of the ascent, he found a wild, gravelly common, stretching away on all sides into the darkness, and saw several lights twinkling dimly at a distance, though it was too far off for him to tell whether they belonged to one house or many. Not that this was of any consequence, so that there was some place where he could get shelter; for he had no fancy, as you may suppose, to pass the night out on this bleak waste, under the pouring rain, or it might be a storm of sleet and hail, after having trudged it till he was scarcely able to keep on his feet any longer. So, on he walked, as quickly as a weary man could do, and with a merry heart, though his road was none of the best or safest; this moment he was up to his chin among the furze, that scratched and tore him worse than the worst shrew of a hundred; and the next he was wading knee-deep in a quagmire, from which it was a miracle he ever got out again; and when he did, lo, and behold! the lights had all vanished.—‘There is witchcraft in this,’ thought Frank to himself; ‘or is it possible that, in struggling out of that confounded swamp, I have changed my path, and got something between me and the building?—I’ll on, however.’ And he did go on—for Frank, as I said before, was a stout-hearted fellow—and, to his great joy, suddenly came again upon the lights, which, it might be, had been hidden from him by a small enclosure of firs, growing to the right—the only things, above a furze-bush, that could possibly thrive in such a heap of sand and gravel. It was now plain that he had a large building before him, and, as he drew yet nearer, it clearly shewed itself to be an inn; for the moon, which just then peeped out from a mass of broken clouds, shone full upon the sign—a rampant red lion, which swung to and fro with no little noise in the night-wind. This was a pleasant sight enough to a weary man, on a bleak heath, with a fierce storm brewing up: the sounds, too, that came from within, of laughing and talking, and clattering of pewter pots and glasses, were no less agreeable to the ear than the Red Lion was to the eye. So, using no ceremony where no

ceremony seemed to be needed, he entered the public-room, and planting himself before the fire without noticing any one, began to call lustily about him for the landlord.

“ ‘ What may be your pleasure ? ’ asked a man, who sate smoking and drinking at the head of one of the small tables, surrounded by half a score of toppers—and right jolly toppers, too, if any faith might be placed in the evidence of their huge, tunlike forms and rubicund noses—‘ I am the landlord, Master Nicholas Barnaby by name, at your service.’

“ ‘ Well, then, Master Nicholas Barnaby by name,’ replied Frank, not over and above pleased at the innkeeper’s tone, and still less at the cool assurance with which he kept his seat, smoking on, as if the new guest were nobody, ‘ I want three things—meat—drink—bed.’

“ It seemed that Mr. Nicholas read in Frank’s face the low state of his pocket ; for your landlord is as cunning in these matters as an old horse at the sight of a halter ; you need not think to catch either of them by shaking an empty sieve. Instead of getting up from his chair to welcome his guest, he coolly said—‘ For your drink, there is plenty of water in the pond hard by ; for your bed, you may have the whole common to yourself, and none to interrupt you ; and for meat, you may even make a shift for one night, or, if that likes you not, you have only to go on some twelve miles or so, and it’s a guinea to a shilling—unless you lose your way in the forest, or get swamped in the fens—but you light on the *Cat and Fiddle*, where, I’ll be bound for it, you may have as much, or more, meat than you can pay for.’

“ Frank had a marvellous inclination to repay this advice by stretching the giver of it at his full length on the floor ; but then Frank was a man of judgment as well as valour, and on eyeing mine host accurately, to know where to plant his blow with the most effect, he saw that it was better left alone. Mr. Barnaby was a tall, raw-boned fellow, with the arms of a blacksmith, the neck of a bull, and a huge round head that, from its evident thickness, must have been impenetrable to every thing short of a musket-bullet. He, therefore, thought it his wisest plan to treat the whole as a joke, seeing that, if he did otherwise, there was every chance of his getting a broken coxcomb for his pains.

“ ‘ Good, mine host,’ he said ; ‘ I like no part of your counsel so well that I should follow it at the risk of the fen on the one hand, and the forest on the other, though I will not deny that the water may be plenty enough, and the heath wide enough. If I must fast—for which, by-the-by, I see no occasion when your tables are so well covered—but, if I must, it will be pleasanter abiding my penance before a warm fire than on a cold common. So, here I set up my staff for the night at least.’

“ To shew that he meant to be as good as his word, he drew an arm-chair to the fire, ensconced himself snugly in it, and, taking his night-cap out of his pocket, popped it on his head with as little ceremony as if he had been in his own bed-room. There was something so irresistibly ludicrous in all this, that the company shouted again, while even Mr. Nicholas was pleased to relax a little from his austerity. A grim smile mantled over his hard features, and he looked, or rather he meant to look, somewhat more graciously on the intruder ; but, owing to the obliquity of his vision, his right eye, missing Frank, shot a desperate glance at a big-bellied green bottle in the window ; while his left expanded all its force on a tea-kettle that was singing away over the fire with uncommon gaiety.

“ ‘So,’ he said, ‘it seems you have made up your mind to stay here, whether I will or no?’

“ ‘Truly have I,’ replied Frank, leisurely stretching out his feet on the fender, like a man very much at his ease, and determined to be still more so. ‘I have no mind for the common to-night; so you may as well, for the credit of your house, let me have a quart of humming ale, with the bread and meat conforming, and a comfortable glass of punch, when all’s done, to qualify the crudities of the stomach and keep off the night-mare. It would be a scandal to the Red Lion for ever and a day, if I should sup on poor diet, or, what is worse, fast on no diet at all.’

“ ‘There was no resisting Frank’s good-humoured impudence; and Mr. Barnaby, though as cross-grained a brute as ever set up a sign-post, found himself in a manner compelled to do his guest’s bidding. He gave up his own seat to him at the table, and placed before him a tankard of brown ale, with the cold remains of a noble sirloin, and its usual accompaniments of bread and mustard; upon which Frank fell, tooth and nail, with such an appetite as is only to be got by fasting for eight or ten hours in the bleak air of the mountains. In a short time, he had made himself quite at home with the good company. He hobbled and nobbed with those nearest to him, brandished his tankard by way of signal to those who were too far off for the closer ceremony of clinking cups; and, as one poor quart was insufficient to so many toasts and pledges, he was fain to call out for a fresh supply.

“ ‘Come, landlord,’ he said; ‘the bottom of the cup cries tink, tink! Let us have an *editio secunda, auctior et emendatior*,—or, for your better understanding, a tankard twice as big, and twice as full, as the last. And, good Mr. Barnaby—excellent Mr. Barnaby—let us have no frothings up of the ale-pot: I love to see the top of my liquor as smooth and clear as a mill-pond. It is a sin to waste the good creature in foam and froth, as if it were so much soap-suds for a school-boy to blow away in air-bubbles.’

“ ‘The landlord guessed at once that Frank was no youngster, on whom a host might impose short measure and long reckoning; but he liked him not a jot the more for that, though he took care to draw his ale of the best, and in a handsome quart that the gauger himself could not have quarrelled with; at the same time scoring up this new offence to Frank’s account with the rest of his transgressions—namely, his forcible entry upon the premises of the Red Lion—his persisting to stay when desired to take himself off—and last, not least, usurping the place of joker-general to the company, to the utter eclipse of the said landlord, who had hitherto filled the post with distinguished honour to himself, and to the no small satisfaction of his guests. The total of these offences amounted to a handsome sum, which mine host promised himself to pay off to the last farthing; and, indeed, I have always observed, that, however slow folks may be in money-matters, they are more than sufficiently alert in bringing things to a settlement, when they are indebted to any one in an account of ill-will for offences real or imaginary.—But the occasion was not yet come.

“ ‘After a time, when the punch had circulated freely, the conversation turned upon ghosts—no unusual thing, at such an hour, and with such a meeting. This was the landlord’s strong ground; he had at one time, before he succeeded, by the death of a fat uncle, to his present inn, been sexton to the parish—which, by-the-by, accounts tolerably well for his spare

figure and lugubrious visage—points otherwise perfectly unintelligible in an inn-keeper, who, by his vocation, is bound to shew, in his own person, the happy results of good living. From his former trade, he had naturally got upon a familiar footing with ghosts and goblins; and he now struck into the conversation with the tone of one who feels he is master of his subject, and has a right to dictate to his more ignorant companions. But, while the rest of the company listened with awe and wonder to his terrible stories, now told for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time, Frank only leered with his little, peery eyes, wrinkling his nose to and fro, that was as supple as the proboscis of an elephant, and, though he said nothing, gave evident tokens of his not believing a syllable. This nettled mine host, who felt, he knew not why nor how, that his genius was cowed and rebuked by that of his guest, as Antony's once was by that of Cæsar. If any thing could have added to the dislike he already entertained for him, it would have been this; and, certainly, to find another obstinately bent on disbelieving one's creed, no matter what may be the subject of it—a point in politics, or a point in pin-making—is such an insult as no man, with a proper sense of his own dignity, would submit to, unless he wanted the means of resenting it. Now mine host, so far from being blind to his own extraordinary merits, was firmly of opinion that to differ from him, on any topic whatsoever, was to be a knave, or a fool at the least; and it was with more indignation than he thought it prudent to avow, that he attacked Frank on the score of his infidelity.

“ ‘ Ay, ay,’ he exclaimed, ‘ there is many a one can look as bold as a lion, with the fire blazing on the hearth, and a score of jolly companions about him, who would quake most confoundedly at being alone for half an hour in a church-yard at midnight. I wish you would try the experiment.’ ”

“ ‘ Much obliged to you,’ said Frank; ‘ but, though I don't object to an hour's tête-à-tête with your ghosts, I have a particular dislike to such a storm of rain and wind as I hear just now, beating against the windows, and blowing round the house-top as if it intended to carry off the chimneys.’ ”

“ ‘ As to that matter,’ replied the landlord, ‘ there is no occasion for your wetting so much as a finger, or having a hair on your head blown away. I can shew you to a place where you may meet with goblins enough, without stirring out of the house, since you are so dainty of yourself.—But, twenty crowns to a single golden guinea, you have not heart to undertake the business, with all your bragging.’ ”

“ ‘ Done!’ said Frank, who was not sorry for this opportunity of filling his purse, which was at so low an ebb, it was a chance if it served to pay his reckoning in the morning.

“ ‘ And done!’ echoed mine host, equally well pleased, on his part, that he was likely to clear off the accumulated scores of the evening with his guest; for, if tradition spoke truth, the ghosts of the Prior's Gallery were no jokers.

“ Here I should mention, though Frank did not learn it till afterwards, that the inn was a portion only of the ruins of a large mansion, which had formerly gone under the name of *Flam Hall*, and was even now so called by the elders of the nearest villages. By one of those strange fatalities, which will sometimes occur in real life as well as in the pages of romance, it so happened that the heirs of the estate died, through five descents, in such rapid succession, that in no one instance was death

separated more than a twelvemonth from inheritance. Hence a superstitious dread seized the family, as if death were the necessary result to any heir who should venture to live in the mansion; and accordingly it was abandoned, with all its furniture—its rich carpets, its splendid hangings, its tables of carved ebony, and of woods yet more precious than ebony—to the rats and owls, who soon established a mighty colony within the deserted walls. Even the family portraits shared the same fate; for it was argued, with a degree of superstition common to those times, and not perhaps quite a stranger to our own, that, like the plague, the mysterious cause of death might lurk not only in the building, but in all connected with it. In this state it remained for half a century, when the uncle of the present tenant got a lease of the ruins, and turned the better part into an inn, the low rate of the rent serving, in a great measure, to qualify the evil report that even yet clung to them, surviving what may not be unaptly termed the natural life of the building. But though it soon appeared that the curse of premature death, incident on inhabiting the forbidden mansion, did not extend to strangers, yet the bold taverner was not without his troubles. In a short time he found it was not enough to satisfy a living landlord by the due payment of his rent on quarter-day; the dead lords of the place had, it seemed, their privileges also, in which they were not to be controlled, and, instead of resting quietly in their graves, like other honest folks, they were sure, every night, fair weather or foul weather, to haunt the portrait-gallery, more generally known by the name of the Prior's Gallery, from the full-length figure of some defunct prior on the stained glass of the eastern window. As, however, the ghosts were modest enough to limit their pretensions to this one room, and were moreover well able to defend their rights, as appeared by their having severely drubbed the few bold spirits who had ventured to do battle with them, the new tenant did not think fit to dispute the point any farther, but double-locked the door, and left them in quiet possession of the domains to which they had shewn so good a title.—Such was the state of affairs, at the Red Lion, when Frank laid his wager with the malicious landlord.

“But now another difficulty arose; Mr. Barnaby had no mind to shew his guest the way to the haunted room at such an hour, unless backed in the perilous adventure by at least some half-dozen of the company; the company had just as little inclination for thrusting themselves into a hazard that nowise concerned them; and Frank, for his part, loudly protested against passing the night in a cold, damp room, without a fire. For some time this obstacle threatened to prevent the decision of their wager; but, at last, the landlord, who had set his heart on getting his unwelcome guest into a scrape, succeeded in persuading the boon companions to rise in mass, and lend him their protection to the Prior's Gallery. It cost him, indeed, the promise of a bowl of punch in requital of this good deed, to be brewed at his own proper cost and charges. But what is a bowl of punch, though it were as big as a water-bucket, to the pleasure of gratifying one's malice? Besides, it was only requisite to employ a little of the host's alchymy upon the bills already incurred during the evening, setting down quarts for pints, and shillings for sixpences, with a few other slight tricks, such as every landlord of any sagacity is familiar with, and, in the long-run, he would not lose so much as the value of a nutmeg.

“Comforting himself with this fair prospect of making good any

expense he might incur in the prosecution of his scheme, he swung over his brawny shoulders a basket, which stood by the fire, with dry billets, ready split for use, and sallied forth for the Prior's Gallery, followed close by Frank and the rest of his guests, each carrying a candle; for your ghosts have ever been known for ill friends to light, be it of what kind it would—torch-light, or day-light. On the present occasion more particularly, the precaution came not amiss, in more senses than one; for the haunted room lay at the very extremity of the building, and the way to it was precisely such as might be expected to lead to the dwelling of a ghost, being much less convenient than picturesque. You had to go up stairs, and then down stairs, and then again up stairs, over floors not always safe, through dreary corridors that led to no less dreary rooms, and through rooms that appeared to have been built for no other earthly purpose than as a way to passages. The wind, too, howled through the rents in the walls and the broken windows, that it was as much as they could do, with all their care, to keep the candles a-light; and, by the time they reached the door of the gallery, I warrant you there was many a pale face amongst them. Here the landlord made a dead halt.

“ ‘Well,’ said Frank, ‘why don’t you open the door?’

“ ‘Why don’t I open the door?’ repeated mine host;—‘humph! there are two words go to that bargain. Since you are not afraid to sleep in the room all night, I don’t see why you should be afraid to be the first to enter it.’

“ ‘And who told you I was?’ said Frank;—‘give me the key, blockhead! and we’ll soon see if your ghosts dare to shake their beards at Frank Watson.’

“ ‘There it is, Mr. Watson—since it seems your name is Watson,’ replied the landlord; ‘but I wish you would not talk after that fashion—at least while we are with you. I have no mind whatever to quarrel with the good folks within.’

“ ‘The door, as I have already observed, was double-locked. At the first turn of the key, the bolt shot half back with an ominous, grating sound, not very pleasant to the ears of the guests, who instantly, as if they had been one man, made a sort of demivolte to the right; and there they stood, ready to fly on the first alarm, yet still too curious to retreat without some more immediate and tangible cause of terror. It was an awful moment!—the bolt again grated, and Frank was forcing open the door, which was too much swollen by the damps to give way readily, when a trembling hand was laid upon his arm; and mine host muttered, in a voice scarcely intelligible from fear—

“ ‘Stop a moment!’

“ ‘Why?—wherefore?’ cried Frank, turning round hastily.

“ ‘I thought I heard something stirring within,’ replied Mr. Barnaby, in a yet lower key.

“ ‘So did I,’ whispered one of the guests.

“ ‘Listen!’

“ ‘Nonsense!’ said Frank; ‘the surest and the shortest way to learn if any one is within, is to go in ourselves.’—And he threw the door wide open.

At this moment had an owl hooted, a bat flapped his heavy wings across them, or even a beetle dropped from the ceiling on any of their lights, the whole party had infallibly been put to flight; but as, luckily,



none of these dire portents happened to alarm them, they followed their more courageous leader into the haunted room, though with hearts beating somewhat higher from the expectation of what might be before all was over. The gallery, however, which not a little resembled the interior of a chapel, had nothing particularly suspicious in its appearance. It was a long room, lighted, awkwardly enough, at either end, by a stained window, that occupied the entire height and width of the building, while the sides were divided into panels, on which were painted the antient lords and ladies of the mansion, from the first possessor down to the last who had died within its fated walls. The same chairs occupied the same places they had done a hundred years before—tall, ponderous fellows they were, with backs as long as an American's, and red damask coverlids over a plentiful stuffing of wool, on frames of ebony. To match these were two immense tables of the same wood, richly, if not elegantly carved, more particularly about their massive legs, which were as tattooed as the skin of an Indian, and of weight enough to break down the floor of any drawing-room, such as drawing-rooms are in our degenerate days, when it is much if the building outlives the builder. The huge fire-place held no grate, probably never had done so; for a dog, as it is even now called in some parts of the country, still occupied the hearth-stone. This dog was no more than four iron bars, crossed and held together by rivets, but was sufficient for all the purposes of a wood fire, which the landlord now hastily set about kindling; for he, as well as his guests, always excepting Frank, had by this time seen quite enough of the Prior's Gallery to wish themselves safe back again in the kitchen. Not, as I said before, that there was any thing particularly alarming about it; but still it had an air of desolation, from having been so long abandoned, that, when one thought of the tales connected with it, might make a man feel somewhat nervous, even if he had a stouter heart than could be pretended to by any of the good company at the Red Lion. The dust of half a century was lying on the dark oak floor, the mildew hung upon the walls, and the spiders had drawn their grey nets from window to window, while yet, to the great surprise of every one, the pictures, though much faded by time and the damps, were as clear from dust or cobwebs as if some friendly hand had taken them under its particular superintendance. The guests shook their heads anxiously as they pointed this out to each other, though their remarks did not go beyond a few broken whispers; and glad men were they when they had closed the gallery-door on Frank, and were on their way back to the kitchen.

“Not a soul in the house went to bed that night. There was something so cheerful in the sight of a blazing chimney and a score of human faces, that no one could prevail upon himself to quit such comforts for the loneliness of his bed-room; so they all agreed to keep their valour warm by huddling close together about the fire; and in this way, with the additional help of the punch-bowl, they contrived to pass the time tolerably well till the clock struck twelve. At this signal, the storm, which before had been quite loud enough, now burst upon the house with redoubled fury; the wind howled along the ruined passages like a strong man in agony; every door and window shook and rattled, that you would have thought a legion of fiends were clamouring for admission; and this tremendous hurly-burly was kept up at least for ten minutes; but then

the tempest sunk into its former state of comparative calm, and the rain began to fall more heavily.

“ There is no such excellent stimulus to remorse as a strong dose of apprehension. Mine host, who had been not a little cowed by the late war of elements, began to entertain some serious alarms for the fate of his guest, and to think he had gone a step too far in exposing him to the perils of the Prior’s Gallery. The act, it was true, was one of Frank’s own choice ; but then his conscience whispered, and he could not deny her accusation, that, if he had not played the part of tempter to the enterprise, it had not been undertaken. The remarks, too, of those about him by no means tended to his comfort : all agreed there was something supernatural in the sudden violence of the storm, so much beyond the recollection of the oldest man present ; and, if so, to whom could it refer, if not to the unlucky Frank, who was, in all human probability, suffering the pains and penalties of his rashness—not to give it a harsher name—in venturing upon a room which the dead had thought fit to appropriate to their own especial service ? It must not, however, be imagined that mine host was thinking of any one but himself in his profound speculations on the subject ; it was not the fear of what might happen to Frank that troubled him, but the doubt of peril to himself for having led him into the temptation.

“ The morning came at last, and with it came sunshine, refreshing and gladdening the hearts of the watchers, who had probably seldom experienced keener pleasure than they did now, when, on the window-shutters being thrown open, the day burst in upon them in one broad blaze of light. It even inspired them with a certain degree of courage, not enough to carry them at once into the haunted chamber, but sufficient for them to form a sturdy resolution of going thither, if Frank did not shew himself in half an hour, and if—which was a principal condition of the compact—they continued, when the time came, in the same way of thinking. Their new-born zeal, however, was not destined to be put to a proof so trying ; for they had scarcely commenced offensive operations against the well-loaded breakfast-table, when the object of it made his appearance, in high glee, though somewhat pale, it seemed, with the fears or fatigues of the night. In his hand he bore a massive silver tankard, of antique fashion, the sight of which caused Mr. Barnaby’s eyes to sparkle, and put the good company into singular admiration. Question now was huddled upon question with such rapid conveyance, that it might have tasked the mouth of Gergantua to answer to them all.—

“ ‘ How did he get the silver tankard ?—had he seen a ghost ?—what was it like ?—what did it say ?—was he not horribly frightened ?—was there more than one ?’

“ ‘ Softly, my masters !’ exclaimed Frank, raising his voice above this Babel-din of questions ;—‘ if you wish to learn what I have heard and seen—’

“ ‘ We do—we do !’ interrupted the guests with one voice.

“ ‘ Why, then, spare this bible-babble, and lend me your ears for a few moments.’

“ In an instant every tongue was silent, though every mouth was wider open than ever, as if the tale was to be devoured by that organ rather than taken in at the ears.

“ ‘ In the first place,’ said Frank, ‘ I heard——’

“ ‘Go on!’ exclaimed a score of voices;—‘go on!’

“ ‘I heard—I heard—just what, I suppose, you did—the wind and the rain, with several smart claps of thunder.’

“ ‘Is that all?’ said the disappointed guests, in chorus.

“ ‘No—it is not all,’ replied Frank; ‘for I saw a dozen ghosts, or more, and very good fellows they are—to those who know how to manage them. But there’s the rub; if a man wants the heart to treat them as he ought to do, he’s sure to get the worst of the bargain; but only let him come up roundly to them, and give them as good as they bring, and then see if they don’t mend their manners! ’Gad! they grow as supple as an old glove, and as ready to the hand. *Credite experto*—trust the evidence of the silver tankard!’

“ ‘And did the ghosts give you that precious silver tankard?’ asked mine host.

“ ‘Ay, that did they,’ replied Frank, ‘and full of wine, to boot—such as does not come out of the cellars of the Red Lion. Only smell to the cup; you, who have been lord of the spigot for twenty years and upwards, may guess what sort of liquor has been in it.’

“ Mine host sniffed at the goblet with the air of a connoisseur, and found the odour so much to his fancy, that, holding the cup to his mouth, with the bottom of it turned to the ceiling, and his head thrown back, he endeavoured to extract still farther evidence from the few drops that might yet be lingering in it.

“ ‘Body o’ me!’ he exclaimed, ‘this has a relish with it! I would I knew where to find a cellar of the like, or, at least, the butt from which this was drawn.’

“ ‘You may do that, and better, if you will,’ replied Frank; ‘you have only to pass the night, as I did, alone in the Prior’s Gallery—take a stout heart with you—and, when the ghosts shew themselves, don’t stand shilly-shally, but call and order lustily about you, like a rich traveller at a country tavern.’

“ ‘I have a pretty good notion of what that is,’ said mine host; ‘and, body o’ me! if no more is needed to gain a butt of wine, I am the very man for them. I wish, though, I could be quite certain there was no bones-breaking like to come of it.’

“ ‘Judge for yourself,’ said Frank, cutting a caper like a ballet-master. ‘Does that, think you, look as if my limbs were other than whole?—or could a man with broken bones do this?’—

“ And with one bound he cleared a pile of forms, that were heaped up at the end of the room between him and the window.

“ ‘All very well,’ replied mine host—‘marvellous well in its way; but, somehow or another, I can’t get it out of my head that you are a wag, Master Watson, and would like nothing better than putting me in the way of getting a bloody coxcomb.’

“ ‘That’s all the fruit of a bad conscience, mine host; you meant mischief to me when you tempted me into the business, and now you think I want to return the compliment. But be of better faith, man; I can easily forgive your intention, when the result has been no worse than the gift of a silver tankard. Don’t, however, let me persuade you into it against your own liking; it’s nothing to me whether you drink wine or water,—only I’ll thank you for my wager, the twenty crowns that you staked last night against my guinea.’

“ The landlord, who would willingly have forgotten the whole affair,

made wry faces at this unpleasant jog to his memory. As, however, the rest of his guests united with one voice in maintaining the justice of the claim, he saw no way of escaping from it, and was preparing, with a very bad grace, to pay the money, when he was relieved from at least one half of his pain by Frank's protesting that, 'as the crowns were gained in the tavern, in the tavern they should be spent;'—a declaration that was received with universal applause. The genial band of toppers agreed, one and all, that he was a hearty fellow, though he did carry a Londoner's tongue in his head, and swore loudly that they would spend another day and night there for the pleasure of his company. Such an agreeable notice, which carried with it the promise of a golden harvest, at once reconciled mine host to Frank and his story; he no longer doubted that things were in the Prior's Gallery as he had stated, and, with this conviction, he resolved to follow his advice, and try whether the ghosts would not be as liberal to himself as they had been to a stranger.—'If,' thought he, 'they did so much for one they know nothing of, it would be hard, indeed, should they send me away sleeveless, who am their landlord, and, what's more, don't charge a sixpence for their lodging from year's-end to year's-end.'

"I don't know how the guests contrived to pass the day at this lone inn upon a common, nor is it much to our purpose; perhaps they smoked away the time; or they might fish, for there were two or three large ponds on the heath, where, if they found nothing else, it was like enough there would be eels in plenty; or, it may be, they stole a sly shot at the venison in the forest, which I have before mentioned as skirting the heath to the left. Be this as it might, they did contrive to get through the twelve hours—in what way does not matter—and night found them, as before, seated round the punch-bowl. Mine host, who had been drawing from it frequent reinforcements to his courage, was in high order by the time the clock struck eleven, which, by the advice of his counsellor, was the fittest season for his visit to the gallery. Accordingly, forth he set, escorted, as Frank had been on the preceding evening, but under much more favourable auspices. Though the night was dark, it was calm; there was no beating of the rain against the windows—no furious wind, to sound at one moment like the moans of the dying, and, at the next, like the trampling of feet through the long, crazy corridors—and, what was perhaps still more cordial, every body around him was in better spirits. The adventure, too, had been tried—the danger proved to be imaginary—and, though it was scarcely possible for any of them to avoid a slight palpitation of the heart on entering the haunted chamber, yet still there was a wide difference between this feeling and the dread they had experienced on the first occasion. Some of the boldest even ventured to jest upon the starch, staring portraits, that frowned upon them from their oak panels; and amongst these, not the least in daring, was the lord of the Red Lion, who, elevated by the spirit of brandy above all sublunary considerations, gallantly snapped his fingers at the inanimate groupe, protesting that he should like nothing better than half an hour's gossip with the dead originals. It would seem that the portraits heard and accepted the challenge; for scarcely were the words out of his mouth, than every eye amongst them was in motion, rolling backwards and forwards as if for a wager. This was quite enough for the guests; one and all rushed out of the gallery, leaving the landlord to settle with his ghostly tenants as best he might;

and, in the hurry of their retreat flung to the door, which was fastened by a spring-lock, the key of which, unluckily for mine host, had been left by Frank on the outside.

“The landlord, thus abandoned to his fate, and the only outlet for escape cut off, placed himself with his back against a corner, the most remote from the point of danger, though, to do him justice, he was not half so much afraid as might have been expected. The punch had thrown a sort of mist over his perceptive faculties, so dense that he could hardly be said to see the peril with any distinctness, and, as he grew more familiar with this battery of rolling eyes—for they did not cease their motion for a single instant—the sight struck him as having something so exceedingly ludicrous in it, that he burst into a roar of laughter. This, however, did not seem to be taken in good part by the gentlemen on the wall, who might probably belong to the sect of the crying philosopher. First they stretched out the right hand,—then the left;—then one leg,—then the other;—and, lastly, the whole body became animated, when each stalked from his panel with as much uniformity of motion as if they had been so many soldiers, marching and then halting at the word of command. This, which was carrying the joke somewhat beyond mine host’s idea of the thing, made him serious enough; but he recollected the good wine and the silver tankard, and kept up a stout heart, with a prudent resolution, however, not to stir or speak till he saw what turn affairs were like to take. Nor was he long kept in doubt. A grim-looking figure, that, from the pre-eminent antiquity of his dress, might be presumed to be the founder of the family, stalked solemnly forward from the well-kept line, and, making his way directly for the west end of the room, without taking the slightest notice of the intruder, knocked thrice, at measured intervals, on the back of the fire-place.

“‘What can this mean?’ said mine host to himself. ‘Surely he has got no acquaintances up the chimney, that he is inviting after this odd fashion to come and sup with him! And yet, body o’ me! I scent as prime a bit of venison as ever smoked on the table of the Red Lion.’

“This conjecture, if not quite right, was yet not altogether wrong. At the old gentleman’s summons, a whole posse of serving-men came pouring down the chimney, loaded with various dishes, that, to judge from the pleasant odour which steamed from them, could not choose be other than excellent. Like their masters, the servants were in the costume of all ages, from the flat cap in the time of bluff King Hal, to the gold-laced cocked-hat of a more modern period—as if each other century, or rather each reign, had sent forth its representative to a general congress. They were preceded by a grave-looking man, who, from the chain about his neck and the white rod in his hand, was evidently the steward. This important personage stopped before his followers with the stately pace of a captain at the head of his company, and, halting at the large table in the centre of the room, regulated every movement with his wand, without so much as uttering a syllable. A tap on the head from this emblem of office signified to the person, so touched, that he was to come forward with his dish; a second tap, on the table, indicated the place where it was to be deposited; a rap over the knuckles, at once marked and rebuked the placing of any thing awry; and, in this manner, the table was speedily covered with a quiet dexterity that put the attentive landlord into no little admiration. Gladly, had that been possible, would he have hired one of these silent functionaries to assist in waiting on the

guests of the Red Lion, and, though not prone to make rash bargains, would have held himself a gainer in giving him a double luck-penny ; but, since that might not be, he contented himself with wondering at their proceedings.

“ Whilst the supper was being laid, the supernatural guests, for whose behoof it was intended, maintained their posts in strict silence, nor did any one break out from the line, till the steward gave notice by a profound bow that his preparations were completed. Then the mail-clad patriarch advanced, with the heavy tread of Don Juan’s statue of stone, to the half-clad maiden of King Charles’s time, whose uncovered neck, beyond what modern decency allows, bore ample testimony to the flesh-colour of Sir Peter Lely ; the velvet hose and slashed coat of a still later day, in like manner, offered his well gloved hand to the flounced and furbelowed dowager of at least a century before ; and, all being paired after this anomalous fashion, in utter contradiction to the established maxim of, ‘like will to like,’ the gentlemen handed the ladies to their seats, and, at a signal from the steward, the dishes were simultaneously uncovered.

“ Mine host, who, in his time, had superintended the cooking and eating of many a good meal, though not perhaps within the walls of the Red Lion, was forced to confess to himself that he had never seen any thing at all to be compared to this supper. All the perfumes of Arabia were nothing to the savoury steam of the good things that smoked before this strange company, of whom it was difficult to say whether they belonged to the living or the dead. The smell alone would have tickled the palled appetite of a sick man, and made him rise from his bed to eat, though he had been bedridden for six months before. And the wine, both in quantity and quality, was well worthy of the more substantial viands ; there was Champagne, clearer and brighter than the chrystal in which it sparkled ; rich Burgundy, perfuming the whole room with a fragrance far surpassing the most delicate scent of roses—the choicest juice of the johannisberry, almost as old as the guests themselves—and, what to our landlord was hardly less acceptable, so great was the abundance of silver, that its weight would absolutely have broken down a degenerate modern table.

“ ‘Body o’ me !’ he exclaimed, half aloud, unable to contain his ecstasy—“ I never dreamt your ghosts were such a set of jolly companions. I always understood they were cold, thin, vapoury fellows, smelling of nothing but earth or sulphur, and going about the house in their winding sheets to frighten honest fellows out of their wits, if they happen to have any. Put these are another guess sort of folks ; ‘Gad ! they know as well as any body what belongs to good living. What a delicate savour that piece of venison has !—and that fricandeaux veal, I fancy—and those partridges !—Ugh ! ugh !—I am a rogue, if there’s any bearing it ; I shall melt away at the mouth, like a piece of fat butter in the frying-pan—and then the wine !—Ugh ! ugh !—enough to make a man forswear his father—and the silver goblets !—the least of them bigger than the pewter flaggon I use to measure out to the exciseman, and be d—d to his greedy gullet. But there is no standing this any longer ; I’ll have a drink of that same Burgundy, and a cut of the venison, let what will come of it.’

“ Accordingly he quitted his safe post in the corner ; but, not to venture too rashly on danger, from which, when once in it, he might find

it difficult to get out again, he determined to reconnoitre his ground first, and marched slowly round the table, at the distance of a yard or two, peeping and prying for an opportunity of edging himself in between the chairs. The little notice that was taken of this movement, gave him fresh courage, but still he held the more antient part of the company in awe, and was unwilling, if he could avoid it, to come in contact with any of the gentlemen in armour. The guests in the more modern habits looked, he thought, infinitely less mischievous than their warlike progenitors, and, with some manœuvring, he contrived to squeeze his chair in between two of them, an antient dame, with a good-humoured face, and a smart young coxcomb, who had nothing very terrible in his appearance. Still, not a word was said. He half stretched out his hand to the venison, at the same time looking up into the face of his neighbour to the right, as much as to say, 'Have I your leave?'—but the gentleman took no notice. He turned to the left with a more beseeching look than ever—it was all the same—'Silence gives consent,' thought he—but no sooner did he attempt to act upon this maxim, and put his spoon into a rich stew before him, than he received a smart rap across the knuckles, that tingled again up to his very elbows, and, on turning round, who should be there but the sour-faced steward.

" ' You need not hit so hard,' said mine host ; ' I can take a hint, without its being rapped into me after that fashion ; and, since it seems the lady has a fancy to the stew, I'll even content myself with a wing of that partridge.'

" Accordingly, he plunged his fork into the bird ; but, before he could use his knife, a second smart blow on the knuckles made him sensible that this also, in the language of the South Sea Islanders, was a *tabooed* article.

" ' What ! mus'n't I touch that, neither ?' he exclaimed, in a doleful tone.—' Well, if I may not eat, I suppose I may drink. You'll hardly be such a churl as to deny a honest fellow a drop of wine when you have got such plenty of it ?'

" But no sooner had he laid his hands on the silver tankard, than the white rod was put into action a third time, and that more smartly than ever.

" ' Soul of man !' cried mine host, in extreme ire, and recollecting Frank's advice, that he should give them as good as they brought—' this is too bad, master steward. Do tell me at once what I may touch, and leave off rapping my knuckles at this confounded rate, unless you have a mind I should send one of the dishes at your head. May I have a spoonful of that ?'—pointing to what seemed a matelot of eels. The steward raised his wand,—' Well, then, a morsel of that venison ?—Nor that either ? Then I'll be d—d if I stand on any ceremony with you for the matter. You are a niggardly old scoundrel, and your masters are not a whit better than yourself, eating and drinking there as if for dear life, and never saying so much to a poor fellow, as—Dog, will you take a snack ?'

" At this bold speech, the company looked as much astonished as a set of ghosts well could do. Every knife and fork was suddenly laid down, and every chair drawn partly back, to stare more freely at the audacious intruder, who thus presumed to beard them in their own hall. But mine host, who imagined from their silence he had got the whip-

hand of them, continued his speech in a yet bolder strain, little deeming there was to be any after-reckoning.

“ ‘ I see you understand me,’ he said ; ‘ and, I tell you again, you are a set of niggardly, ungrateful scoundrels. Body o’ me ! am I not your landlord ? Is not this house mine ?—that is, so long as I pay rent for it to your dog of an heir, who, by-the-by, has got plenty of your miserly blood in his veins ;—it would be long before he would spare me in a single sixpence when quarter-day comes round, let times go how they would. But that’s neither here nor there ;—I let you have the use of this room without the charge of a farthing, and, soul of man ! I’ll go snacks in some of these good things, or out you bundle, bag and baggage. And, if you won’t go quietly, I’ll fetch a parson, who shall ferret you out of the old hall as easily as my dog, Towser, would hunt me out a family of rats.’ ”

“ It may be presumed the poor ghosts were put to a nonplus by the very excess of their astonishment, or they never could have heard this unwelcome harangue to the end. As it was, Mr. Barnaby had his full swing, when the steward rewarded his eloquence with so sound a knock on the mazard, that he measured his full-length on the floor, and, in his turn, began to feel the surprise he had inspired. But he had little time given him to reflect on this or any thing else ; one and all fell upon him as he lay there defenceless, the knights drubbing him with their gauntletted fists, the more delicate coxcombs kicking him with their long-pointed shoes, and the females of the party scratching, pinching, and biting, with a fury that, however ludicrous it might have been to a looker-on, was, Heaven knows, a very serious matter to the unlucky devil suffering under the infliction. It was in vain that, one moment he consigned them all to a certain hot place, and the next roared out for mercy with the voice of a baited bull : they laughed at the one—probably as being a matter already settled, and not to be made worse by his wishes ; and they only beat him so much the more furiously for the other. To just as little purpose was it that he kicked and struggled to get out of their merciless grasp ; they had not only the advantage of numbers on their side, but were individually the strongest, so that there was every prospect of his being beaten to a mummy, when his cries summoned Frank to his assistance, the only one of the party below who would venture again into the gallery. No sooner did the pugnacious ghosts hear the sounds of steps in the corridore, than they all fled, helter-skelter—the servants scrambling up the chimney, with the fragments of the supper—while their masters sneaked back again to their respective panels, and looked as staid and demure as if they had never moved from the wall, where the painter first placed them.

“ ‘ Curse ye all !’ exclaimed the infuriated host ; ‘ who, to look at you, hanging there, with your sober, hypocritical faces, would fancy you could play a fellow such cantrips ? But, as I live by bread, I’ll sort you for it ; you shall be quiet enough for the time to come.’ ”

“ And forthwith he snatched up a bar from the fire-place, and proceeded to assault the unlucky portraits with as much desperate determination, as whilome Don Quixote evinced in his celebrated attack upon the windmills. Panel after panel cracked and splintered under the weight of his blows ;—here a face was split asunder,—there a nose was demolished ;—this lost a leg,—the other, an arm ;—and the work was still going on merrily when Frank made his appearance.



“ ‘ What, in the fiend’s name are you about ? ’ he exclaimed, snatching the iron from the breathless landlord ;—‘ are you mad ? ’

“ ‘ Yes, I am mad, Master Watson,’ replied mine host ; ‘ I have a right to be mad, after such a drubbing as they have given me.’

“ ‘ Alack-a-day, poor man ! ’ said Frank—‘ and so he has been beaten? But who is it that has done this naughty deed ? ’

“ ‘ Why, who but the ghosts, and be d—d to them ? ’

“ ‘ You have seen them, then ? ’ said Frank.

“ ‘ Seen them ! ’ echoed the landlord ;—‘ the foul fiend fly away with the disembodied villains !—if, indeed, he has not got his share of them already ; it’s seldom he gives long credit where so much is owing.—Seen them, say you ? Why, man, I have felt them, and know the weight of their fists to a grain avoirdupois.—But it’s all your fault—all your fault ; I did just as you told me, and see what has come of it ! Body o’ me ! no fish-wife could have wagged her tongue to a better tune than I did ;—and only look at my arms, Master Watson !—look at my poor back, Master Watson ! I called them knaves, and fools, and niggardly rascals, and fifty other hard names—any one of which, if words had any weight, was enough to break the back of a horse.’

“ ‘ And did you tell them all this in plain English ? ’ asked Frank.

“ ‘ Why, in what language do you think I told it ?—or what is that to the matter ? ’

“ ‘ Every thing,’ said Frank ; ‘ in that lies the secret.’

“ ‘ Zounds ! man, I am not one of your college coxcombs, who carry half-a-dozen tongues between one pair of jaws.—But that’s of little consequence ; they understood me well enough.’

“ ‘ No doubt of it.’

“ ‘ No doubt, do you say ? Why the devil, then, did you lead me into this pretty business ? ’

“ ‘ Good, mine host ! ’ replied Frank, gravely—‘ who would have looked for this from so discreet a man as you are ?—a man who has cut his eye-teeth—who can give a quart of wine in a pint-measure, and brew strong ale without the help of barley. Go to ! I am ashamed of you—not to have known that you should tell truth in Latin ! ’

“ ‘ In Latin ! ’ exclaimed the landlord.

“ ‘ Why, who but the veriest dolt would think of abusing a man to his face, and he the stronger ? Ever, while you live, if you want to curry favour with a man, tell truth in Latin.’ ”——

“ It was a queer saying, that of short Watson’s—wasn’t it ? ” said Dick, as he finished his tale.

“ And did he tell it to you in Latin ? ” said I.

“ Not a bit of it,” replied Richard ; “ if he had, you’d have heard little of it from me, I fancy.”

“ Humph ! ” said I.—“ But here we are at Pembroke ; so there’s a crown for your maxim, and, when, I say any thing of Hell-fire Dick, I’ll take especial care it shall not be in English.”

G. S.

## OUR INQUIRING CORRESPONDENTS.

IN the course of the month we receive a vast number of letters upon subjects of all possible kinds ;—some from privy councillors, detailing to our private eye the profoundest secrets of the state ;—some from Opposition orators, begging of us to insert their speeches, in the hope that, though they can get nobody to listen to them, we may get somebody to read them ;—others from city politicians, soliciting our vote and interest at the next election, and deprecating the Lord Mayor's intention of giving two dinners instead of one, as a cunning device for killing off the whole old Corporation, and filling the Common Council and Livery with his creatures, whom he will have already filled with his port and pudding ;—others from fathers encumbered with charming and accomplished daughters, who “ would make the best wives in the world, and be able to spend from five to ten thousand a-year, and upwards ; ” —an infinite number from the young ladies themselves, who, distrusting the eloquence of the paternal pen, think that, in such matters of life and death, female genius should rely on nothing but itself. But, not to enumerate all, we are overwhelmed by the weight of our correspondence ; and, as to answer in our own person would be endless, we must introduce them, from time to time, to the light, and let them answer each other.

The first which we shall give is neither love nor politics, but obtains its precedency from the pressing nature of the case, as the subject may be devoured before the ink on our paper is dry :—

“ SIR :

“ *Regent's Park.*

“ I am an alderman of the ancient and renowned Ward of Billingsgate, and having made my fortune, some years ago, by a lucky speculation in oysters, on the eve of a conspiracy among the Colchester men, I determined to leave off trade, withdraw from the vulgarity of fish-selling, and, in some fashionable part of this great city, live with a dignity worthy of my elevation and fortune.

“ For the benefit of escape from the vulgar, and of the speculating builder of a row of lath and plaster houses in the Regent's Park, I laid down three thousand five hundred as good pounds as ever were stamped on Bank-paper—contracted with a fashionable and very roguish upholsterer for a thousand pounds' worth of chairs and tables—and was finally set down in my present abode to enjoy life at my ease.

“ I need not trouble you, Sir, with my experience of what kind of ease that proved to be ; the experience of retired tradesmen is sufficiently well known ; and I only know that, if others longed to get back to their shops as much as I did to mine, the Regent's Park would soon be left to the cows and pigs that were its tenants in my earlier and better days. However, I was now settled for life ; other hands were opening the oysters that had given me so many a cheerful hour ; and, having taken my wife from our Ward, I managed to have, now and then, a little more of Billingsgate about me than perhaps would have satisfied many a reasonable man.

“ On these occasions, Sir, my contrivance for quiet was fairly to leave the house to its mistress, and take my walk till I thought that the storm was laid. But, Sir, I am now deprived of that escape, or must walk at the risk of having to run for my life—or, perhaps, of taking my last run, and furnishing a lunch to a royal tiger, or a supper to a white bear.

“ The Zoological Society have thought proper to set up their quarters within a hundred yards of my house. My sleep is broken every night by roarings, wailings, screamings, and bellowings, that make me start out of my bed, and think myself in the heart of an African forest: I am forced to look to the priming of my musket, the old companion of my volunteer days under the gallant Birch, and make a general search through the house for the hyæna or hippopotamus that, I could have sworn, was tearing and roaring in the next room.

“ And the day is as bad as the night. There can be no doubt, Sir, that some of those pleasant importations will, some time or other, escape, and that Heaven only knows how soon. Bars and cages are not eternal, nor keepers always on the watch; and the first rotten plank that teeth or claws can work through, or the first keeper that gets drunk, out will march lion or tiger, as it may happen—swallow half-a-dozen of the nursery-maids and children that curiosity keeps in such troops about the place—and then march into the shrubberies, to pasture upon the unwary possessors at his leisure.

“ The thing may be at any time within the next four-and-twenty hours. Tigers and wolves have escaped out of the Tower, and put the whole battalion of beef-eaters to their heels. They slip, once a week, out of the caravans travelling through the country, and always come back so much fatter, that I cannot help accounting in that way for the frequent disappearance of farmers returning from the fairs. I myself have seen a tiger walk deliberately down the steps of Exeter 'Change, make his way to the Strand, and, I thank Heaven, luckily take a greater liking to a stage-coach horse than to a morning's meal on myself. But if I could fly then, what could I do now. On last quarter-day, I weighed, to a pound, three-and-twenty stone avoirdupois, and, though that may be a light weight for an alderman, yet, let me tell you, Sir, that it is not intended for a runner against time or tigers. What the Zoological Society mean by bringing these savage animals into our parks, I cannot understand. Let them try their skill, if they choose, on accustoming foreign sheep and goats, camels and camelopards, to the climate; but, if I live till I see tiger-cheese, wolf's-wool, hyæna-hams, or lions drawing the Lord Mayor's state-coach, I think that I shall live a great while.

“ Now pray, Sir, be good enough to inform me what remedy I should have against the Zoological Society, in case of being eaten alive within my own shrubbery. Would any action lie, or what deodand would be upon the monster?—Hoping your speedy answer,

“ I remain, Sir,

“ W. S.”

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The next letter is from an investigator—to the interest, variety, and public importance of whose queries, no observation of ours needs direct the reader. His knowledge of the secret springs of the great world would betray his rank to us at once, except that we are staggered by his candour;—he cannot be of the Cabinet:—

“ SIR :

“ *Hill Street, Berkeley Square.*

“ I have been, for forty years and upwards, an inquirer. I have asked all the questions in the Gentleman's Magazine—have puzzled myself, and been the cause of puzzling mankind, in the Ladies' Diaries—have written a variety of inquiring articles in the Edinburgh

Review, which, I fear, tended pretty much to the same purpose—and shall probably, to my life's-end, continue to promote science and civilization by the great art of questioning.

“Your Magazine, Sir, has of late started into a style which brings popularity in its train, and which renders it, therefore, the more probable that, as ‘among the multitude of counsellors there is safety,’ among the multitude of readers my queries may find answers. I propose them *seriatim*, and shall wait in anxious expectation for the replies in your next month's publication:—

“When will Parson Irving shave?—When will Iscariot Dawson decide whether he is a Papist or a Protestant?—When will Prince Leopold give a decent dinner, spend a fiftieth of his pension, disdain to sell his own gooseberries, and forget the difference between sixpence and sixpence-farthing?—When will Sir Robert Wilson's newspaper-paragraphs and Tavern-harangues terrify the Premier into giving him back his commission?—When will a Jacobin cease to be a Jacobin?—When will the difference between a stuff gown and a silk, make the difference between public scorn and public esteem?—When will a dandy hussar and a poet be fit to govern Ireland?—When will a Popish priest refuse to give absolution for a Protestant burglary, burning, or murder?—When will Dr. Doyle and J. K. L. say the same thing?—When will the Emperor of Knoutland get back a shilling in the pound for his powder and shot in the Turkish war, be the wiser for being beaten, or drink his coffee in Constantinople?—When will O'Connel die in the field?—When will a Somerset-house exhibition produce a picture that any one living, except Watson Taylor, will think worth the price of its frame, at the close of the twelve calendar months ensuing?—When will a royal palace be built worthy of a better fate than a royal pig-stye, unless the only true mode of rewarding the vandalism of royal architects is resorted to?—When will the commander-in-chief of the army of Queen Caroline be the commander-in-chief of the army of King George?—When will Lord Norbury pun his last?—When will Lord Palmerston wear a face without a frown, Lord Dudley without a dimple, Lord Lansdowne without a languish, or Lord Holland with any thing?—When will the Duke of Wellington invite all the editors of the London newspapers to Apsley-house, request their opinions upon his conduct, communicate his measures for the session, and offer them seats in the cabinet?—When will the London magistrates discover that there is such a place as Crockford's?—When will a winter theatre pay sixpence a-year above its expenses, its creditors, and its Chancery-bills?—When will a country curate rival the income of a Bow-street runner, a bagman, a box-opener, or an orange-woman?—When will our English dramatists be scribblers, drivellers, and dabblers no more; draw from nature; and leave French farces to the coxcombs that made them, and the coxcombs that they were made for?—When will a merchant think it necessary to begin with half-a-crown capital, or think it creditable to break for less than half a million?—When will Judas Brownlow give proof that he has ever written a syllable of his harangues?—When will his Majesty's Ministers open their eyes to poor Lord Nugent's personal claims to office, the government of Bom-bay not being vacant?—When will any man, except Lord W. Paget's re-electors, allow that swallowing one's words is diet strong enough for an English constitution?—When will any stockbroker be a curricule or a country-house the less for a third appearance in the Gazette?

—When will Jack Lawless stand the sight of an Ulster Protestant, stand to his word, or stand fire?—When will anybody take any of the Pagets off hands, except Jack himself?—When will the English stage exhibit a tragedy that does not set three-fourths of the audience asleep in the first three-quarters of an hour?—When will it produce any comedy at all?—When will Lord Anglesea think that O'Connel has spoken the necessary quantity of matter to qualify him for .....?—When will a London shopkeeper think that he may dispense with quadrilles, a villa, and the billiard-table?—When will Lord Ellenborough think a tenth as much of any man living as of himself?—When will Brougham's character recover from Canning's compliment to his veracity?—When will Whigs be the wiser for the discovery that public men, without common honesty, are actually as weak as they are despicable; that character, once lost, is never to be regained; that the nation hate a political swindler, however subtle, and scorn a political poltroon, however loud-tongued; that rascality is instantly detected by every one but its owner; and that, for all public hopes and purposes, the tergiversator might as well at once be hanged?

“Your's,

“QUÆSTOR.”

We give the following, “without note or comment,” for the benefit of Reviewers in general:—

“SIR:

“*Lincoln.*

“As your Magazine goes into the hands of the very bluest leaders of literature in our town, and exercises a very formidable influence on the critical disquisitions at our ‘Library,’ where we prebendaries congregate three hours a day to discuss the weather, wonder what the Duke of Wellington is doing, and pick our teeth (let me tell you, no slight day's work for a cathedral town), I should be much indebted by your giving a decided opinion, which with us will be a decisive one, upon the following points of learning:—

“Is not the favourite word ‘talented’ purely Cockney, not at all English, and *very* vulgar besides?—Is not the favourite phrase ‘last evening,’ a vulgarism for ‘yesterday evening,’ and only worthy of the authorship of the Court Circular?—Is not the favourite phrase ‘left for London,’ a vulgarism for ‘left us for London,’ and worthy of a similar rank of authorship?—Is not the favourite singular-plurality of ‘the Miss Snubnoses,’ a vulgarism for ‘the Misses Snubnose,’ and not to be tolerated but in a village, and that village not less than fifty miles from the metropolis?—Is not the favourite word of narrators, ‘incredibly,’—as, ‘Mr. A. danced incredibly long,’ or, ‘Miss B. looked incredibly short,’—a literal declaration that, in neither case, ought the narrator to be believed?—Is not the favourite phrase, ‘it was utterly impossible to go, and still more so to stand,’ a climax of impossibilities, difficult to comprehend but in the novel of a woman ‘moving in the fashionable circles?’—Is not the favourite word, ‘lay’ for ‘lye,’ a vulgarism, pardonable only to a sailor, who has no time to think, or to a parliamentary orator, on whom such time would be thrown away?—Do not the noblemen and gentlemen who daily advertise for sale ‘chaste’ services of plate, give a better character of their plate than of their own education?—Do not the favourite novelist mixtures of French with English, the

perpetual ‘*Oui—mon cher—et bien,*’ and others equally remote from untravelled capacities, give the idea that the writer is either a titled tabby, just arrived ‘from a continental tour!’ or an old governess, daubed with rouge and sentiment, or a bedlamite, or the whole three in one?—‘*A-propos de moutons,*’ as her ladyship says so charmingly, what is become of poor, dear old Lady Morgan?—Is not the word ‘breakfast’ quite as capable of communicating its glad tidings to a hungry traveller, or even to a romance-reading angel of seventeen, as the pretty word ‘*déjeûné*?’—Is not ‘the view of Miss Bronze’s shoulder-blades,’ to the full as expressive of that charming display, as any information that can be given by that very crooked, though travelled word, ‘*coup d’œil*?’—Is not the word ‘mutual,’ in such phrases as, ‘Sir Vincent Valancour and the lovely Armida St. Osmond flirted the whole evening of the St. Leger ball, to the mutual satisfaction of each other,’ rather superfluous?—Does not the use of past and future touch on tautology, in such phrases as, ‘Mr. Brummagem Brushwood was horsewhipped yesterday, for the fourth time, in the vicinity of the House of Commons, when he declared that, if the like outrage took place again, he would complain to the Speaker; it is to be presumed that his experience of the *past* will teach him what to hope from the *future*?’—Is not the favourite phrase, ‘I am free to confess,’—as, ‘Mr. Speaker, I am free to confess that, in the whole course of my life, I never heard greater nonsense than fell from Mr. William Smith, on the Catholic Question,’—vulgar, tautologous, un-English, and parliamentary?—Is not the equally favourite phrase, ‘Now, Mr. Speaker, that I am upon my legs,’ in precisely the same condition?—Is not the ‘subject-matter’ equally tautologous, silly, and official?—Does not the use of the ‘sum and substance,’ merit to be reserved for a Methodist oration and the Marquis of Anglesey’s despatches?—Is not the favourite habit of putting the adverb before the verb,—as, ‘the reverend prebendary only ate a turbot, a haunch of Southdown mutton, a venison pasty, and a Christmas pie,’—liable to mislead us as to the nature of this epulatory feat, and seemingly expressive of the historian’s regret that the reverend person did not drink them also, or perhaps eat them over again; and is not the phrase a vulgarism for ‘ate only?’—And, lastly, is not the booby who advertizes daily in the morning papers that he is ‘wishful to exchange his living of 1,200*l.* a year,’ very likely to be the individual who would perform the same feat, or at least not have the prowess of his stomach impeded by the activity of his brains?’

“Your’s, till next month,

“CRITO-MAXIMUS.”

On the subject of the following epistle, we shall give no more opinion than on that of the last. Let the ladies solve a riddle which we must acknowledge has always puzzled our penetration.

“SIR :

“*Doctors’ Commons.*

“Have the kindness to assist my inquiries into a curious fact, which has perpetually presented itself in the course of practice here, and from which some very practical conclusions in our profession have frequently admitted of being drawn.

“My question is—‘Why, when ladies take up the public pen, are they so fond of plunging it into such extremely ticklish subjects?’

“ When men of the town, of the turf, or the tavern, or the gaol, figure in authorship, we know what we are to expect—the musings of minds as empty as their own last night’s bottle; worn-out anecdotes of worn-out people; or dandyism as vapid as its life; the history of hands washed with Eau de Cologne; curls of ‘exquisite lustre, depending on cheeks hollow but lovely, with feelings too severely tried;’ eyes languishing with contempt of all things, human and divine; and cravats tied with an indescribable knot, that instantly discloses the sacred sublime of gentlemanhood.

“ But, to do these very fine personages, or even their rougher fellow-scribblers, justice, their nonsense seldom goes farther; and a woman may, in general, read their pages without feeling that she is making any progress towards distinction in our quarter of the world.

“ The case is rather different with the flaming colourists of the more ethereal sex. A noble authoress has lately written a book on ‘Flirtation.’ No doubt with the best intentions. But she cures flirtation as the Spartans cured drunkenness, by the most complete display of its most complete consequences. Her flirt goes through a round of experiences, that, however flattering to Lady Charlotte Bury’s observation of fashionable facts, must communicate a great deal more knowledge than the noble authoress could have intended for the Lady Helenas and Aramintas before the mature age of fifteen. Her flirt is, of course, repentant at the last; but it is repentance like Captain Macheath’s, when he is going to be hung, and his business is done with love and larceny. The progress to this perfection is the thing; and if noble youths and bewitching beauties have any thing to learn on this high road to happiness, and the practitioners of our honourable court; here let them study, and be as wise as their teacher.

“ Her ladyship has again indulged us with a volume, a ‘Marriage in High Life,’ to which she gives the additional pungency, ‘that the facts are literally exact.’ And what are those facts? A lady of wealth marries a man of rank, who (upon my life, Sir, I cannot bring myself to tell the story without a cover of some kind or other, and must try my old Latin) ‘*torum abnegat conjugale, rejicitque jura fœminæ debita.*’ This singular deduction from matrimonial prospects forms the whole substratum of the book. The lady-wife pouts, pines in secret, and answers all hints about an heir to the estate with a melancholy smile. But the household know better; and there is first a murmuring, and then an open rebellion, among the waiting-women; the rumour spreads, comes to the ears of the father and mother of the bride; comes to the public ear, and becomes the universal talk in boudoirs and ball-rooms, until the unlucky wife dies, and the husband is very sorry; and so ends the tale of the cruelest case within the bills of mortality.<sup>1</sup>

“ On Lady Charlotte Bury’s idea of the hardship, I shall not dwell. With her ladyship’s personal opinions I have nothing to do. But I presume that she must have either been very much at a loss for a subject, or been very signally alive to the nature of the misfortune, when she presented such a performance to the public. ‘It is, she says, ‘the work of another.’ But it is ‘edited by her;’ it comes to the world under her honourable auspices, and we are henceforth to be in no doubt whatever about Lady Charlotte Bury’s conception of the prime disaster of matrimony.

“ Another patrician authoress follows her ladyship’s track. The Honourable Mrs. Grey has published ‘De Lisle.’ The hero is a hand-

some scoundrel, with the blackest whiskers, and the most scoundrel habits possible. He sighs, seduces, and looks melancholy, with the most bewitching air in the world. A Frenchwoman, the antipodes of Lucretia, and only too captivating, too exquisitely *frivole*, and too like a bird-of-paradise, to be like any thing else in this life but an Opera dancer, absorbs the sensitive soul of this model of lovely hazard to human bosoms; and De Lisle, dangerous and delightful De Lisle, gives practical lessons through three solid volumes, for which I rather hope than believe that the world will be the better.

“ The same authoress has just sent forth another novel, of which the newspapers, in their style of panegyric, say, that ‘ the nature and situations remind one of what we hear and see every day in the streets.’ Very probably, Sir; and, in consequence of my reading the lady’s former work, I shall not read this. I am satisfied with her displays in drawing-rooms.

“ Another authoress follows in the same fashionable track. The Honourable Mrs. Norton, as the papers say, ‘ young, tender, beautiful, and moving in the first circles.’ I sincerely hope that long may she move there. But where did she go to look for her book, ‘ The Sorrows of Rosalie?’

“ The heroine of this poem is one of those persons whose appellation is more easily conceived than properly announced to the general ear. She is like all her tribe, too lovely, tender, young, and so forth, to be satisfied with moving in the circles where she was bred, and she soon finds a guide to others of a more miscellaneous kind. She, in consequence of her change of conceptions, becomes, as the French delicately express it, ‘ a mother before she is a wife;’ and thus germinates the rest of the history of this young and tender personage, moving in the first circles of the Strand. The fair authoress hunts the victim with a lynx eye through the rather oblique avenues of her memoirs. Rosalie, the lovely Rosalie, nightly walks the path so often interrupted by the beadle, until she sinks, and, urged by hunger, turns thief, and is taken up. She, as they all do in novels and poems, finally makes her way back to the country; finds her father dying, reads the Bible for him; looks excessively pale but pretty still, and leaves the moral of her love and beauty, her tenderness and youth, for those who move in the first circles.

“ Now, Sir, could the Honourable Mrs. Norton, in the whole range of her fancy, find no better topic for her pen? Disguise the story as we may, it is the story of a *harlot*, the common story of one among the thousands that scandalize our streets; and are the joys and sorrows of this miserable, drunken, and degraded race, to be the theme of a young poetess, moving in the first circles, or in any circles but those of the tread-mill? Or with what feeling of propriety can such topics be dwelt on by females jealous of the character that constitutes the excellence of woman?

“ The poetry of ‘ Rosalie’ is pretty, and the writer possesses ability; but the subject is unpardonable, and enough to extinguish all merit in the execution.

“ The authoresses alluded to will know that they have no right to feel offended by even severer remarks. Let them think of what they are doing by making such topics popular among their own class. Their names sanction the passage of their works into the boarding-schools and boudoirs of the nobility. Is there not hazardous knowledge enough there already? Is there any want of additional teachers of the stratagems of



the Lady Fanny Frantics, and the Lady Susan Sensitives, to follow the bent of their own inclinations, and become the heroines of newspapers?

“ But the result is more prolific still. Who can wonder if the discovery that such works are popular should stimulate the pen of many a poor devil of a famishing governess, to indulge the public with a succession of tender developments of ‘ passion, alas ! too true ? ’—the shame of the thing being handsomely covered over by the authority of the Lady A., and the Honourable Mrs. B., and the other adored movers in the first circles. Sir, I will tell those noble personages that we must have no more of their nudities.

“ Your’s,

“ TRIBONIAN.”

THE GRAVE OF HOFER, THE TYROLESE

BLOOD was shed upon this spot—  
 Blood, not shed to be forgot ;  
 ’Twas no idle village fray,  
 ’Twas no sport of holiday ;  
 Fierce the fight, and wild the roar,  
 When was shed this stain of gore.

Many a mountain-warrior slept  
 Where that day the sabre swept ;  
 Many a widowed wife could tell  
 Where was heard the cannon-peal ;  
 Many an infant, many a bride,  
 Perished on the mountain’s side.

Safe from sight and sound of woe  
 Is the heart that sleeps below.  
 Whose ?—A name that none may name ;  
 Tyranny has made us tame :  
 But no bosom of a slave  
 Held the heart that fills this grave.

Murderer ! in thy hour of doom,  
 Thou shalt think upon this tomb ;  
 Murderer ! on thy shrinking eyes  
 Shall thy bleeding victim rise,  
 Haunt thy bed, and blast thy throne,  
 Till thou’rt smitten, crushed, undone.

Then the trophied tomb shall stand  
 Glory of the rescued land ;  
 Then a nameless turf no more  
 Shall be scattered with his gore ;  
 But with heart and eye of flame,  
 All Tyrol shall shout his name.

Λμφιον.

## MR. YOUNG AND POKERY IN PORTUGAL.

A CAPTAIN, of the name of Johnson, has written a very clever pamphlet, to prove that, by all the laws and ordinances of the Cortes of Lamego—by the uniform practice of Portuguese descent—by the custom of the dynasty of Braganza—and by the fundamental laws of Portugal—backed by the dictates of common sense, public principle, and civil law, Don Miguel, the king, *de facto*, of Portugal, is also king *de jure*.

He argues, and most correctly, we believe, that a foreign prince cannot be king of Portugal, unless he surrenders his foreign dominions—that Don Pedro having, by his act of acceptance of the Brazilian throne, avowed himself a Brazilian in express and definite terms—that Brazil having been separated from Portugal, is as much alien from that country, as Kentucky, or Bloody-Shoulder-of-Mutton, or any other free state in the Union of North America is to us. Don Pedro has forfeited, knowingly, and wilfully, all right to the Portuguese throne. Admitting these premises, it follows as plainly as that Charles Edward could not be King of England, in consequence of James the Second's abdication, that no person, deriving any right from Don Pedro, can, acting in Don Pedro's name, and under sanction of his authority, exercise jurisdiction of any kind in the realm of Portugal. *Ergo*, that not Don Pedro's son, if he claims through his father, has the right to the Portuguese throne—but that, as to the claim of his daughter, it is altogether absurd, and, to the last degree untenable. If Don Pedro have any right, it descends, according to all European law and practice, to his son; it appears rather too much that, in these days, when kingdoms are not generally divided in the old fashion of the descendants of Charlemagne, or of the monarchs in the Fairy Tales, as plum-cake is divided at Christmas—this slice for “pretty dear, my son,”—that slice for “pretty dear, my daughter”—the newest of all possible Emperors should attempt to revive the oldest of all possible manners of disposing of crowns and sceptres.

We skip with the greatest pleasure all the details of Captain Johnson's book, and all his long recapitulation of acts of particular Cortes, &c., for a reason which we shall probably give by and by—but here we must do Don Miguel's pretensions the justice of saying, that if law and precedent be looked to, they are wholly irrefragable. If he came as lieutenant of Don Pedro, and afterwards cast off his authority, we admit that many of the finest of all possible common-places may be said and sung upon that head; we hold, however, that common-places, quite as good, and altogether as venerable, may be quoted on the other side. Into such a wood we have no fancy to wander. The fact, as appears to us, is, that the foreign and colonial government of Don Pedro was distasteful to the resident Portuguese nobility—that the constitutionalists were the greatest of cowards, and the most long-eared of asses—and (for here we are coming to the subject of the book before us) that the *influential* portion of the Portuguese people wished for Don Miguel. We might say that ninety-nine in every hundred are in favour of “Nosso Anjo,” as they call him; but as, before we have done, it will be seen that we set little value on the ciphers of the country, we shall confine ourselves to demanding it to be granted—and it cannot be denied—that the influential portion, **THE** class, the true rulers of the country, are in his favour. We shall add, in favour of Don Miguel, that the principal, and most virulent accusations against him, come from sources, the

falsehood and vulgarity of which are familiar in our mouths as household words. It is a presumption in favour of any man, that the most violent aspersions upon him have been cast by recognized and undenied vehicles of filth. And we must subjoin one word in favour of old European prejudices, that we do not like an old European kingdom—our oldest ally—the country of Vasco de Gama, and Alboquerque, and Camoens, to be governed from a mushroom Transatlantic nation, planted by itself. If Don Miguel be not fit to govern Portugal, let somebody else be found—but not, directly or indirectly, in Rio Janeiro.

We have said that we excuse ourselves from a long recapitulation of Captain Johnson's constitutional reasonings on the subject of the Cortes of Lamego, and other similar bodies—we have also said, that we dismiss from our minds the acceptance of Don Miguel's authority, by any other orders but the influential *one*. We have waived both considerations for the same reason. There might have been a constitution in Portugal some hundred of years ago; we mean such an order of things as, under propitious circumstances, might have brought about the due checking of the monarchical, aristocratical, and ecclesiastical powers for the benefit of the people, without risking or endangering any of those privileges of the three orders which conduce to the proper stability of the state, the true liberty of the subject, and thence to the happiness and protection of all orders of the community. Such a *predisposition* did exist among all the Gothic race—it existed in a high degree among the inhabitants of the Iberian peninsula, famed in remote antiquity for a love of freedom, and, what was still more rare in those days, for a tolerable understanding of the means of attaining it in practice. But it has gone. The same withering and desolating power to which Don Miguel looks for his election to the throne, without which, his claims, deduced from the days of the Alfonsos and Diegos, would be as nothing; without which, his lawyers and his pamphleteers would not find any necessity to trouble themselves in making out his case; that power, that influential body to which we have before alluded, has suppressed even the forms of freedom in Portugal, as it has suppressed them in Castile and Arragon, and as it will suppress them every where that its blighting and soul-destroying influence extends.

It is unnecessary to say, that the power to which we allude is popery. In this country, we see its foul visage thickly veiled; in Ireland, it is more uncovered; in France, when it dares, it looks with hideous scowl upon a loathing people; but in such a country as Portugal, where it is unchecked by the contact of protestantism, or the diffusion of knowledge, it rears its head in all the pride and all the horrors of tyranny, haughty and abominable in all the consciousness of being paramount and irresistible. On this rock Don Miguel may set his throne. The contest is nothing to us. Put him down, and under another name we shall have the loathsome reign of the priests and friars—even if that name should be Donna Maria de Gloria, the little lady of Laleham, ruling under the vice royalty of the swift-footed Palmella. A greater change than such shallow fellows as the marquis and his companions have dared to dream of, must be effected before the real incubus of Portugal is shaken off: the constitution must be made by more vigorous hands than theirs—in a word, we do not expect any good to Spain or Portugal, until we see there the determination of a Henry the Eighth, ay, even were it accompanied by his roughness. The ingrained villanies of popery are not to be

rooted out by a delicate or shrinking hand ; much less by the hands of puppy pupils, or muddy-brained admirers of the Broughams and Benthams, the Breslows and Katterfeltos, of politics and political economy.

In the book before us, we find a graphic picture of the abominations wrought in Portugal by the full and unchecked domination of the popish system. The author is Mr. Young, a gentleman whose case has been so abundantly laid before the public, that it is unnecessary for us to recapitulate it here. He is an Englishman, who married a Portuguese lady in Leiria, and resided for several years in that town, apparently, as we gather from his book, as an agent for Lloyd's. He was arrested in the course of last May, by Don Miguel's government, on suspicion of having spread intelligence unfavourable to their views through the country, and of being in general disaffected to the present state of affairs. Nothing seems to have been *proved* against him, and after having suffered much disagreeable treatment in different gaols in Leiria and Lisbon, he was discharged in the beginning of September, on condition of leaving the country. His book is written, so far as his personal misfortunes are concerned, with considerable bitterness, and, we doubt not, exaggeration. Every one who is at all engaged against him, as judge, counsel, witness, jailer, guard, convoy, is in general treated as the greatest of all possible criminals ; all evil motives possible are assigned for their most trivial actions : and the ordinary accidents of ill-regulated imprisonment, are charged especially against the government which detained him. We are far from wishing to extenuate the horrors of the filthy place in which Mr. Young was deposited in Leiria ; but remembering the reports of Howard and others in our own country, we do not think that the existence of a dirty cell in a jail is sufficient proof of the villany of a government. We are not the panegyrists of the Lisbon prison regulations ; but we must recollect that ill classification of prisoners is one of the most constant cries of reformers at home. It is however, we admit, but sorry work even to appear as if extenuating abominations, and therefore we hope that the publication of Mr. Young's book may stimulate the Portuguese, of whatever party they may be, to amend the abuses that exist in their prisons ; but it should be plainly understood that these jails were in precisely the same situation under the sway of the constitutionalists : and the friends of the Marquis Palmella, &c., used them as liberally, for the punishment of their political opponents, as does the government of Don Miguel. The friends of humanity may condemn these abodes of misery, but neither Portuguese party has a right to throw the first stone ; and if the constitutionalists get into power to-morrow, much are we mistaken, if they would take the slightest trouble to look after the condition of the dungeons to which they might consign, in thousands, the partizans of Don Miguel.

On the whole, we think Mr. Young appears a very indiscreet man. By his own account he had always been in the habit of discussing political questions, or, at least, what they thought political questions, with the popish priests of the neighbourhood ; he had been in the habit of firing off rockets, and displaying other demonstrations of joy on political changes in the constitution ; he was evidently a very talkative person in a small town, where, of course, all gossip is exaggerated and perverted. It is not quite fair that he speaking Portuguese perfectly—married to a Portuguese lady—signing a Portuguese name to a Portuguese address (p. 55)—assuming Portuguese manners, &c. &c. &c., should think that his

British birth ought to cover him totally from all those penalties of indiscreet conduct in perilous times, which would await the same conduct if he happened to be what he simulated on convenient occasions. We hope, with Oliver Cromwell, that the name of Briton will be as dreaded over our world—*i. e.* the whole world—as the name of Roman was over theirs: but we hope it only for those who are Britons thoroughly. We agree with the Chinese, that those who forsake their country, to adopt the manners of foreigners, are dross of the earth, not perfectly worthy of the care of their native, or their adopted land. Our sympathy for Mr. Young subsided altogether, when we found him (p. 323) expressing himself quite “*satisfied with his sentence,*” in order to get a few days earlier out of prison—and there was something very revolting to our feelings, when we found him describing himself (p. 253) as rearing his family in the Roman Catholic Religion, although in other parts of his work he describes the licentious enormities of the priests, and the power which their abominable invention of confession gives them for corrupting the females who are “reared in the Roman Catholic Religion.” He, elsewhere (p. 291), is described as a Roman Catholic himself. We have, therefore, the right to consider him as a reluctant witness—a person who never would have said one word of the enormities which it was his hourly lot to witness, unless they had been the source, or supposed source, of some injury to himself.

Without further preface, then, we extract the testimony of Mr. Young, a papist, “a good Roman Catholic,” (p. 291,) a gentleman who hears masses, and sermons, without end—who keeps Whitsuntide in popish mode—who, stating it (p. 4), that “no moral guarantee whatever can exist as to female honour, or female purity, in a state of society where, under the mask of religious duties, females of every class are committed to the contamination of such men as the Roman Catholic clergy; to the abominable farce of confession,” &c.—yet rears (*proh pudor!* after such an avowal of what it must subject its votaries to, and puts the fact in a judicial paper) his family Roman Catholics; from this unwilling witness, who twelve months ago would have been silent or panegyric, on everything which he now denounces, we extract a few lights and shadows of popish life in Portugal.

We take his commencement as a general sketch:—

“Having resided in Portugal, with little intermission, during the last twenty years; having married a Portuguese lady, and lived in constant intercourse with persons of every class, both of the clergy and the laity, and being perfectly acquainted with the Portuguese language, I feel myself qualified to form a more accurate estimate of the Portuguese character and habits, and of the overwhelming influence of the clergy, than any native Portuguese, whose religious scruples and observances preclude him altogether from investigating the principles or the conduct of those who are appointed his spiritual directors, and of whose infallibility it is almost sacrilege to entertain the slightest doubt.

“So great, so universal, is this debasement of the human mind, under the discipline of the Romish Church in Portugal, that men of the most cultivated minds, in other respects, entertain an absolute dread of any inquiry into the moral character of their clergy. This feeling approaches more nearly to that awe and reverence with which the pious man contemplates the character or attributes of the Deity, than to the disposition with which we discuss a question of merely human interest.

“It is difficult to explain this morbid reverence for men whose moral characters are frequently stained with the commission of almost every vice, and the

remarkable absence of almost every virtue. I am inclined to ascribe it chiefly to fear: those demons never fail to excommunicate all those who are rash enough to dispute their infallibility. I feel fully assured of being within bounds, when I assert that more than three-fourths of the regular and irregular clergy of Portugal are men capable of conniving at, or practising every vice that disgraces human nature.

"I shall not take upon me to investigate the influence which these men must exercise over the female mind. It would tear asunder the veil which ought always to be preserved over female character, were I to repeat here all that has been related to me during my social intercourse with a very large circle of the more respectable Portuguese.

"But I must be permitted to state my perfect conviction, that no guarantee whatever can exist as to female honour or female purity, in a state of society where, under the mask of religious duties, females of every class are subjected to the contamination of such men as the great majority of the Portuguese clergy; to the abominable farce of confession, required by the Catholic dispensation—a confession of offences, to whom? to men who are incomparably more immoral than all the other portions of the community!—Whether it can be possible that female innocence should remain uncontaminated by such a moral pestilence, I shall leave such of my readers to answer, as may be either parents or guardians of British youth.

"These men, who envelop themselves in the exterior garb of sanctity, can scarcely be said to entertain any common feeling or sympathy with the rest of mankind. This, no doubt, is to be ascribed in a great measure to their education, and to the abominable discipline of their church, which forbids contracts in marriage with the opposite sex.

"The violation of both religious and moral duties by these men, would often consign them to that tribunal of justice which would serve as a warning to others among the community, but for the shield which is invariably thrown over their atrocities by their colleagues, with the view of protecting their fraternity from the gaze of the public eye."

This is "the excellent Roman Catholic's" outline. We add a few details:—

*Portuguese Sermonizing, and other Sketches.*

"Nearly all sermons in Portugal are preached by friars, or at least ninety out of a hundred.

"I heard a noted preacher, at a festival at Santerem, preach a sermon at this period, in which he made use of many curious expressions. The following I distinctly heard.

"This political priest said that—'He would grasp the sword till his nails should grow through the palms of his hands, to defend Don Miguel, and deliver the earth from the Freemasons: a set of men who had *hair growing upon their hearts*, since their souls had left them; that to kill a Freemason was an act of charity to God.' And he concluded his discourse (which lasted three-quarters of an hour), saying, 'he begged of the congregation three *Hail Marias* (a short prayer to the Virgin Mary);—one for all the enemies to Freemasons;—one for those who wore the same coat they did on the 30th of April;—and one for the House of Braganza!!!'

"I cannot refrain from mentioning these things, in order to shew the complete influence these men exercise over the people. Certainly many did not approve of this exhortation; but they were obliged to be silent. The lower orders believed all they heard, and wished for an opportunity to shew their zeal.

"I shall add farther facts, to exhibit the true character of the priests and friars in general: there are exceptions, but not many. A friar, whom I knew very well, and often met in different parties, and who was considered an excellent preacher, had, for several successive years, preached the sermons in Lent at Leiria.

“ I had been to hear him preach. His sermon was against vice in general ; he pointed out how parents should educate their children ; he told them their daughters should wear no curls, and that little girls should not wear trowsers and short petticoats ; that dancing was the ruin of many young people, as it gave opportunities of making love, and often brought shame upon the parents who allowed it ; and all those who encouraged these things committed great sin before God, which they themselves must answer for. His whole discourse was of this tendency.

“ On the same evening, I met him at a party ; and he sang several songs very cleverly, and waltzed with a young lady.

“ I asked him, by way of joke, but publicly before the whole company, how he could do these things, after having said so much against them but a few hours before ? He said, ‘ *La coma lá, e ca como he ;*’ that is, ‘ There as there, and here as it is.’

“ The priests go from the pulpit to all sorts of debauchery. Many people will say, there are respectable and pious priests and friars : that I will not deny. But, to be respectable and pious, they must be at least sixty years of age, and then you must not inquire too minutely what they have been.

“ What can be expected from a community of young men, forbidden to marry, living on the good things of the land, and without any thing to do ?

“ The junior clergy study nothing but intrigue, and how to ruin the peace and happiness of thousands of families.

“ I could mention facts which I have witnessed within these last twenty years, that would make Englishmen turn with abhorrence from the pictures of villainy which may be concealed under the cloak of religion. Many of these facts would be scarcely credible in a country not cursed with monks and friars.”

#### General Practice of the Monks.

“ About ten years since a respectable surgeon, living in a small town near Leiria, accompanied his wife to a neighbouring fair. The lady, like many other ladies, attracted by a display of jewellery at a stall, inquired the price of a gold necklace. The goldsmith, who was a well-known bad character, replied, ‘ The price is a kiss.’ The husband told him the lady was his wife, and civilly advised him to behave himself in a proper manner ; and nothing farther occurred at that time.

“ About six months after this, the goldsmith and a companion were travelling through a wood ; and, as usual when persons travel with any property, they were each armed with a carbine. In this situation, the surgeon unfortunately met the parties by accident ; when one of the men said to the other, ‘ Let us shoot this fellow.’ The other said, ‘ No, let him go about his business.’ But the former ordered the surgeon to kneel down, which he did, and begged for life, but to no effect ; for the ruffian immediately fired, and lodged several slugs in his body, by which he fell lifeless.

“ The wretches then dismounted from their mules, and dragged the body to a ditch, covering it with dry leaves. Their villainy was, however, observed by a peasant near the spot ; but, for fear of his own life, he was at that moment incapable of giving any assistance to the deceased.

“ At the moment they had buried the body of the unfortunate victim, another man, who heard the report, came up to the spot ; when the murderers mounted their mules, and made off with all possible expedition to an adjacent convent, where, of course, they obtained sanctuary.

“ The two peasants, who had watched their proceedings, immediately went and gave information to the magistrates of the district, and officers were sent off in pursuit of the murderers ; but all in vain : for it was well known they had taken shelter in the Convent of Alcaboca, within two leagues of the place where the murder was perpetrated.

“ The widow of the unfortunate surgeon commenced proceedings in the criminal court ; and the murderers, being well known to the witnesses, were found guilty, though they defied justice by remaining in the convent.

“ The laws of Portugal afford a loop-hole for the escape of the villains, which, as a sample of barbarism, is worthy of mention here.

“ When a culprit commits murder, if the next of kin of the deceased be too poor to prosecute the criminal, or corrupt enough to receive a bribe to forego prosecution, the culprit may be easily released from the hands of justice: the officers, one and all, from the judge to the jailer, being guilty of receiving bribes to defeat justice.

“ The unfortunate widow, however, was not to be bribed to commute the atrocious murder of her husband. She pursued the prosecution, and the ruffians were convicted by law, though protected by the friars, and enabled to defy the execution of justice on their heads. On the contrary, these inhuman monsters were kept in the convent, under the protection of the priests, for three years, during which period, they, with the assistance of the villainous monks, who regard their oath as much as they do their Saviour, commenced a prosecution against the widow, for defamation of character !

“ They procured what was called a ‘ justification ;’ and the greater part of the friars of the Convent of Alcoboca came forward to swear that the criminals, who had already been convicted in the ordinary court, were honest, honourable men ! They swore roundly that they had known the goldsmith, the chief murderer, for a number of years, as a worthy man, altogether incapable of committing an offence. They went so far as to suborn witnesses, who swore that the two culprits were, at the period of the murder, residing in another district, at some distance from Alcoboca.

“ The decision of the judge, on the appeal of justification, was given in favour of these ruffians, with full authority to commence prosecution against the widow *for loss of character, and loss of time from their business ;* and the ultimate issue was the ruin of the unfortunate woman with law expenses.

“ The lesser criminal of the two who committed this atrocious murder, I saw not long before my imprisonment at Leiria. He made no secret of acknowledging the whole proceedings after his acquittal, though he threw the chief burthen of the crime on the goldsmith, who died soon after his infamous liberation. Could such an atrocious violation of every thing like law or justice have taken place, but for the sanctuary afforded these criminals by base and perjured friars !

“ I shall give another instance of the atrocities frequently committed by these friars, under the exterior mask of religion.

“ I have previously stated that there are not less than three convents of monks in the immediate environs of Leiria. Many of the ignorant peasantry, and even the better orders, of both sexes, are in the practice of coming to one or other of these convents, to undergo the farce of confession before the friar or monk, in preference to confessing to their parish clergy and exposing their private affairs. During the period of Lent, in the year 1825, a farmer came to Leiria with his daughter, a fine girl, twelve years of age, to undergo the ceremony of confession. This farmer was in tolerable circumstances, and never failed to give something, either in the form of corn, oil, puddings, or other produce, to the mendicant friars, who are always prowling through the country on begging expeditions.

“ The farmer applied to the Franciscan Convent of Leiria for the performance of his spiritual duties, considering that he had some peculiar claim on the friars of that convent from his former liberality to their fraternity.

“ The farmer having some other business to transact in Leiria besides devotion, the worthy friar very kindly suggested to him that he should dispatch his (the farmer’s) transgressions in the first instance ; when he might go about his other business in the town, and the young girl’s confession could be gone through by his return. The honest farmer took this spiritual advice, and left his daughter in the care of the friar till his return.

“ The *holy* father, as soon as the farmer had quitted the convent, said to the young girl, ‘ Walk into this chapel ; I shall confess you here ;’ and carried the girl into the vestry-room of the chapel.

“ Soon after, a number of persons (some of whom I could name) who were



performing their devotions in the adjoining chapel, heard a dreadful screaming from a female voice, but they were afraid to interfere by seeking the cause of the distress; when the young creature, having loosened herself from the grasp of this pious ruffian, ran into the chapel, calling on the people for protection, at the same time explaining the treatment she had experienced.

“Soon afterwards, the father of the girl arrived, expecting her to be absolved from her sins. When he heard the statement of his child, which was corroborated by the spectators in the chapel, he immediately took her away, and proceeded to the house of the Bishop of Leiria, and related to him the whole transaction.

“The pious bishop, like a true Jesuit, advised the farmer to ‘go home, and let the affair remain quite quiet, and he would punish the friar for his misconduct!’

“The farmer did as he was recommended. But the inhabitants of Leiria made the affair a town-talk for a few days, after which nothing more was heard of the matter. The ruffian friar was merely removed to a convent near Lisbon, as the only punishment for his atrocious conduct!

“On this occasion, I expressed my surprise to a friend—a worthy sort of a man, though a priest—that the bishop should allow such a wretch as this friar to go unpunished. My friend replied, ‘that it would afford a bad example to punish him publicly; that the bishop had written to the provincial, or head of the Franciscan monks, to take from this pious friar the power of confessing for a certain period, as an atonement for his crime; and,’ said he, ‘I have no doubt they will carry the sentence into effect.’

“I could fill a volume with the most scandalous and revolting transactions practised in the convents, and also in private houses throughout Portugal, by these reptiles of the creation under the garb of religion, and the sanction of the Inquisition; but I must defer it to a future occasion.”

But enough of these villanies, as described by this sworn Roman Catholic. Can any thing be so abominable as the picture here exhibited? Surely Don Miguel is a king good enough for the people whom such a herd of miscreants govern with sway so absolute.

We pass by the coarse and unfounded attacks on Lord Beresford, whose services to Portugal deserved a treatment totally different. It is, however, only comical to hear his Lordship’s manners satirized by such a competent judge of high life as a provincial Portuguese; his Lordship can afford to bear with such censure. Had Portugal been governed in the spirit which he created during the war, we should not have heard of the abuses which make the staple of Mr. Young’s publication.

We should be most unjust, and most ungracious, if we closed this article without saying that the conduct of Mrs. Young, in the distressing circumstances in which she was placed, was deserving of the highest praise. Her devotion to her husband—her exertions, and her ingenuity, confer the greatest honour on her heart and her talents.

## THE THEATRES.

DRURY LANE has exerted itself with very considerable success during the month. Solemn tragedy has been dovetailed with sprightly farce; opera has been interlaced with melodrama, and ballet has filled up the intervals; the whole as a preparative to pantomime, which, like its favourite Grimaldi, will distend its painted jaws, and swallow the whole ere those shoes are old, in which we followed Miss Philips's tender triumphs, and Braham's unconquerable bravura.

Miss Philips, of whose promising performances we have already spoken, and who, if she be no more than seventeen, is one of the most singular instances of early power upon the boards, has added to her distinctions by playing Juliet. The character though, as every one knows, the perpetual first step of young tragedians, and scarcely capable of being a failure, where youth, prettiness, and simplicity, are to be found in the actress, is yet one which might display a very high reach of the performer's genius. To do common things in an uncommon manner, has been proverbially difficult since the days of Horace; and to give a character with any degree of novelty after it has been harassed and hackneyed through a thousand shapes, is perhaps as difficult an exploit as the stage can display.

It would be idle to say that the present actress either electrified or dissolved the bosoms of the multitude; but it would be as untrue to deny that her performance exhibited much taste and tenderness, as it would be unfair to estimate her future powers by her present. She is now the best Juliet upon the stage. The praise does not amount to panegyric, for this is not the day of theatrical glories; but it implies success: it is the expression of popular feeling in favour of the young actress, and Miss Philips will greatly disappoint criticism, if she does not rise to early honours in her profession.

Mr. Kean, jun., whose appearance last year was so amusingly magnified by mystery, until the doubt was whether the manager had not some elephant on a new construction, or a live mammoth, to exhibit on the rising of the winter curtain, was the Romeo. This young actor's powers are scarcely yet in a state to be appreciated. Nature has been unfavourable to his exterior: he wants figure, countenance, and movement for the stage; while the faculties whose ripeness might counterbalance those formidable defects, are still immature. The similitude of his manner to that of the elder Kean is extreme; and he seems to be possessed of all those peculiarities which make the prominent and unpleasing distinctions of that style, the abruptness of step, the interruption of voice, the rattle in the throat, the hysteric laugh; though with these too, is retained a good deal of the peculiar power, the strong seizure of certain passages, and the new and sometimes vivid embodying of the poet's thought. On the whole, the performance was more than "creditable." We have seen actors of established reputation less interesting in the part; and it may rest with the young performer himself, whether he is to overcome his original disabilities, or, after a little celebrity on the strength of his father's successes, to sink into the palpable obscure of his profession.

"Charles the XIIth;" a little romance from the French, as usual, pleasantly arranged by Planche, has been performed for some nights. The story is one of those customary *coups de grand homme*, which the

French novelists and dramatists were so long in the practice of affixing upon Frederic the IIId. ; a hero, who after losing his Parisian popularity by soundly beating their gallant compatriots, recovered it tenfold by his infidelity. But as Frederic is now a little exhausted, Charles the XIIth comes in for a share in the sorrows and smiles of the most easily sorrowing and smiling population on the circumference of the globe ; and this northern brute, in whom the savage made the madman more atrocious, and the madman made the savage more bent on his own ruin, and that of his kingdom, figures as the man of feeling. Nothing can be more shadowy than the story. A Swedish Colonel has for some presumed offence, been exiled from the service. He retires to the country, where he is assisted by a hospitable peasant. By some accident he has had an opportunity of saving the king's life. The circumstance is revealed. Charles overhears the colonel's and the peasant's daughters arranging the mode in which the exile was to be replaced in the rays of favour ; and instead of ordering the two advisers to be locked up in one of the royal guard rooms, or sent to beat hemp in some hyperborean house of correction, which would have been the natural course of this military brute, he melts into romance upon the spot, feels his early error, and orders the Colonel to appear for the reinstatement of his character, and even for his elevation to the rank of General ; the whole being done in the regular style of a French king of melodrame. The peasant's daughter was played by Miss Love cleverly, as she plays every thing ; and the Colonel's by Miss Tree languidly, as she seldom plays any thing. But the part gave no opportunity for her skill, and she had not much to do beyond winning all hearts, king's, general's, and aid's-de-camp, by a smile in perpetual requisition.

"Love in Wrinkles," a little opera, also from the French, but of higher pretensions, gave room for Braham's advantageous exhibition of his latent powers as an actor. The original is "La Vielle," a well known and favourite fragment in one act, played at, we think, the "Opera Comique," in Paris. The heroine is the handsome young widow of a Russian General, fallen in the French campaigns. Returning through a wild and turbulent country, her only resource to avoid insult is the disguise of an old woman. She is, however, overtaken by a party of French plunderers, and is in danger, old as she is ; but a young French chevalier rides up, and gallantly sets her free to return to her castle. The campaign turns out unlucky for the French, and the young officer wounded, and a prisoner, is sent to the identical castle of the old lady. She had been struck with his gallantry, and retains her disguise, while she practises upon his heart, and astonishes him by the consciousness that he has a growing *tendre* for a Venus sixty years old.

But an order comes to send all prisoners to Siberia. The officer and Countess are equally in dismay. The only resource is a contract of marriage, which gives the rites of citizenship to the husband, yet, which the old lady proposes as a matrimonial nullity, and merely an expedient to save the chevalier from so formidable a journey. The marriage is solemnized. But the chevalier discovers, to his great discomfort, that the contract has, by the mistake of a puzzled old domestic, been made of the firmest nature. He at length, with some difficulty, braces up his resolution, and waits on her toilette, while the old lady is changing her marriage costume. To his surprise he observes a singular improvement in her appearance as she gets rid of her dress of ceremonial. The improve-

ment and the surprise grow together, until the old bride steps forth, from the circle of her waiting maids, a young beauty. Discovery and delight flash together on the chevalier, he sings a bravura of rapture, and the curtain falls. This piece was translated by Mr. Lacy, with, however, the serious disadvantage of being expanded, from one lively and bustling act into two, very considerably the reverse. The dialogue was pointless throughout, and often dreary. But some extremely pretty music interspersed, broke off the *ennuyante* tardiness of the scenes. Braham's singing was aided by the new ease of his acting. Miss Love's old woman was pretty, under all the horrors of a white wig; and "Love in Wrinkles," has been played several times. Colman's monstrously heavy play of "Who Wants a Guinea?" has diversified rather than relieved the performances, and Drury Lane still remains much in want of something better than French Vaudevilles.

Covent Garden, after its temporary closure, opened with tragedy, the performance fittest for its fine and stately architecture. But its choice of "Virginius," was not fortunate. We must make large allowance for the difficulty of managers in a time so perfectly unfertile of able stage writing; but Virginius had gone through its day long since, and had gone down. Kean's powers now, can do nothing in the way of revival; and the weight of Virginius sinks the actor, who might have been buoyed up by the living vigour of Macbeth and Othello. Kean's figure, too, is disastrously unfitted for the Roman. The stage hero of antiquity must not be diminutive, and no energy of the actor can cheat us into the imagination that in Kean we see one of the "wielders of the fierce democracy." But the play is feeble, with the additional drawback, that it is hackneyed to a singular degree. There have been a long succession of plays upon the subject, and Garrick is still remembered in Virginius. When will Mr. Knowles venture upon foundations of his own, and, abandoning the denizens of his shelves, trust to the creations of his brain?

Both houses are just now in the full parturition of pantomime. Our sheets will be beyond mortal addition by the time that the clowns and Columbines are let loose to romp, and run after each other through the wide world. But report says, that they are every thing that is fine. Spirits, with starry wings, flirt and flutter over lovers, magicians make the moon come down bodily, and the pyramids develop the dances, drinkings and damsels that once charmed the soul and body of the dynasty of Psammeticus. Mr. Price's wand summons up wonder in the shape of the "Queen Bee." Mr. Fawcett's in that of, as well as our memory will help us, "Red Riding Hood;" but both are mighty masters of the spell, and we wish them both triumphs worthy of their prodigality of genius and gilding.

## MEMOIRS AND CONFESSIONS OF A POLICE OFFICER.\*

AMONG the duties which a great man owes to his country, there is none, as we think, more imperative than that of publishing, in his life time, if he can—if not, of leaving to the care of his executors—a faithful narrative of the events in which he has figured, or which have come under his personal observation.

It will be remembered, that greatness is a term of relation, and that there are many kinds of greatness;—there is the greatness of statesmen, the greatness of chimney-sweepers—and men may attain to great elevation in either pursuit—the greatness of lawyers, and the greatness of pick-pockets : in short, any man blessed with genius, and *sua arte peritus*, may acquire greatness. “Major Molasses was a great man;” and Fielding thought Jonathan Wild, his hero, was fit to mate, for his greatness, with those of antiquity.

Clarendon and Burnet have told us all about their own times. Mr. Canning is said to have left a similar history of the events of the period in which he flourished; but the (perhaps) justifiable precaution of his friends will prevent its seeing the light during the present generation. We are delighted and grateful at what these great men have done; but a feeling of bitter despair comes over us when we think of the other great men, not statesmen, who have gone down to the tomb without leaving any record of their achievements, and whose knowledge lies buried for ever, as much lost to the world as the former possessors of it. We would give one of our ears to read Mr. Canning’s memoirs; and we would give both to have a sight of the Peachum papers, or Filch’s materials for his autobiography.

In this species of writing the French have been always our superiors, as they were our first masters. The last example of this is to be found in the memoirs of Vidocq, for many years *Chef de la Police de Sureté*, and who is now occupying the less distinguished station of a paper maker at St. Mande.

If the avidity with which his work has been read in Paris were alone to be considered, there could be no doubt of its merit and interest; and of its having hit with admirable felicity, that craving curiosity to become acquainted with the mysterious and necessarily secret affairs to which it relates, that pervades all classes of society. Not only is it to be found in every salon, boudoir, and cabinet throughout Paris, but the very hackney coachmen spell its pages while waiting for their fares; and when one goes into a *décrotteur’s* shop to have one’s shoes blacked, the *artiste* who is to operate, tears himself with a sigh from the perusal of Vidocq, and takes up his volume and his sous with equal eagerness, the moment that his task is finished. The *marchandes des modes*, who are great lovers of taking titles, have invented a captivating head-dress, which, in allusion to this irresistible thief-taker, is called *chapeau à la Vidocq*; a patent has been granted for a rat-trap *à la Vidocq*, and half a dozen melo-drames are in preparation, founded on his adventures, which will probably in due course, be translated (since we have left off writing theatrical pieces ourselves), and produced for the edification of our metropolitan audiences. There can be no doubt that Vidocq is in every proper sense of the word, a “great man;”—his popularity abundantly proves it, and the merit of his book is equal to his popularity.

\* Memoirs of Vidocq, Principal Agent of the French Police, until 1827. 4 vols.

Before we proceed to give a notice of the contents of M. Vidocq's book, we should observe, in justice to him, that he makes a very heavy complaint against a literary gentleman, who, it appears, was engaged by the bookseller to revise the manuscript of the author, and to perform for him that office which Dr. Pangloss undertakes with respect to Lord Duberly's style, and which other great men of our own day find it expedient to have done for them—for all our Cæsars are not *tam Marti quam Mercurio*. Vidocq says, this gentleman has been bribed to be-devil his work, and that the ministers of the existing police, with whom, be it observed, M. Vidocq is at daggers-drawn, are at the bottom of it. That the fracture of his arm having prevented him from personally superintending the progress of the work, he did not discover the trick which had been played until the first volume, and part of the second, were in the press, and it was too late to repair the error. He immediately, however, suspended his assistant, and took the matter into his own hands. He declares, he thinks his own prose, which had been much approved of in the reports his former office called upon him to make, is infinitely superior to that of his literary agent, whom he accuses of having represented him as a much greater knave than he confesses to have been, for the base purpose of blackening his character, and thereby diminishing the weight of the discoveries he has already made, and those which he promises to continue. It is impossible to decide whether this complaint is well founded; but it is quite clear that the variety and interest of the adventures in the latter part of the second volume are far superior to those of the first, and they are certainly not worse written. Vidocq complains too, that his mutilator, instead of representing him as the victim first of boyish imprudences, and afterwards of an unjust accusation, and his adventures as casual, and, on his part, involuntary, has placed him in the light of a determined, calculating, meditative rogue—an injustice he seems to feel very sensibly, and really, as he tells the tale, *il n'est pas si diable qu'il est noir*.

Vidocq was the son of a baker at Arras, where he was born in July 1775. He was a big boy, and of a very robust constitution. His education and early feats were well calculated to lead to the adventures which subsequently befel him. He began by frequenting the fencing schools and the taverns, where he learnt a great deal more than any honest lad ought to know. This led, in the natural course of things, to robbing the till, in which, as his brother was a participator, he could not long continue without detection. This happened, and the brother was sent away. Vidocq continued, nevertheless, to plunder his father, until his ingenuity being baffled by the old man's caution, he had recourse, under the advice of a more experienced knave, to open violence; and having stripped the house of all the money he could lay his hands on, he decamped, and went to Dunkirk, whence he intended to sail for America. Here he was in turn the victim of sharpers, who fleeced him; and being thus without any other means of existence, he hired himself as servant to an itinerant showman. As, however, he was found not docile enough to learn tumbling, he was kicked out of this employment, and then became principal assistant to a man who acted Punch; but an unfortunate passion which he conceived for the frail moiety of this manager of wooden actors being detected, he again lost his place. He next undertook to carry the knapsack of an old corn-doctor; and having thus got near to Arras, he went home, another prodigal son, obtained his father's forgiveness, and enlisted in the Bourbon regiment. He behaved ill, was

punished, fought several duels, (which, by the way, seem to have been little more desperate than those of the German students, who agree before they begin not to hurt one another much); and at length deserted to the Austrians—then back again to a French horse regiment—and returned wounded to Arras, just as the revolution was assuming its most frightful shape in that city, under the auspices of Joseph Le Bon.

His *bonnes fortunes* and his indiscretion get him into prison; his friends get him out, through the interest of a M. Chevalier with Le Bon. Vidocq joins the army, and upon his return is jockeyed into a marriage with the ugly sister of his deliverer, whose infidelity places him again in peril. Once more free, he sets out to discharge a commission which he has for his adjutant-general; not finding him at Tournay, he proceeds to Brussels, the dissipations of which he likes so well, that he does not trouble himself about returning to his duty. He here becomes acquainted with a gang of sharpers, who, under the pretence of belonging to the *armée roulante*, assume military ranks. Vidocq is a captain of hussars, and he and his companions persuade a silly old rich baroness to marry him. Vidocq feels some compunction just as the affair is arranged, confesses his imposture, and decamps.

The money which the generosity of the infatuated baroness had supplied Vidocq was soon spent in debauchery. In consequence of a quarrel with a captain of engineers, whom he beats, he is sent to the prison of Lille, where the adventure takes place, which influences the whole of his future life. He is brought in contact with professed thieves and criminals of the most desperate and depraved habits. Among the prisoners were

“two old serjeant-majors, Grouard and Herbaux, the latter, son of a boot-maker at Lille, both condemned for forgeries; and a labourer, named Boitel, condemned to six years' confinement for stealing garden-tools; this latter, who was the father of a large family, was always bewailing his imprisonment, which, he said, deprived him of the means of working a small farm, which he only knew how to turn to advantage. In spite of the crime he had committed, much interest was evinced in his favour, or rather towards his children, and many inhabitants of his district had drawn up and presented petitions in his favour, which were as yet unanswered, and the unfortunate man was in despair, often repeating that he would give such and such a sum for his liberty. Grouard and Herbaux, who were in St. Peter's Tower, waiting to be sent to the galleys, thought they could get him pardoned by means of a memorial, which they drew up, or rather plotted together; a plan which was ultimately so injurious to me.

“Grouard began to complain that he could not work quietly in the midst of the uproar of the common room, in which were eighteen prisoners singing, swearing, and quarrelling all day. Boitel, who had done me some little kind offices, begged me to lend my chamber to the compilers of his memorial, and I consented, although very unwillingly, to give it up to them for four hours a day. From the next morning they were there installed, and the jailor frequently went there secretly. These comings and goings, and the mystery which pervaded them, would have awakened suspicions in a man accustomed to the intrigues of a prison; but, ignorant of their plans, and occupied in drinking with the friends who visited me, I interested myself but too little with what was going on in the Bull's-eye.

“At the end of eight days, they thanked me for my kindness, telling me that the memorial was concluded, and that they had every reason to hope for the pardon of the petitioner, without sending it to Paris, from the influence of the representations of the people at Lille. All this was not very clear to me, but I did not give it much attention, thinking it no business of mine; and there

was no occasion for me to concern myself. But it took a turn which threw blame on my carelessness ; for scarcely had forty-eight hours elapsed after the finishing of the memorial, when two brothers of Boitel arrived express, and came to dine with him at the jailor's table. At the end of the repast, an order arrived, which being opened by the jailor, he cried, ' Good news, by my faith ! it is an order for the liberation of Boitel.' At these words they all arose in confusion, embraced him, examined the order, and congratulated him ; and Boitel, *who had sent away his clothes, &c. the previous evening*, immediately left the prison, without bidding adieu to any of the prisoners.

" Next day, about ten o'clock in the morning, the inspector of the prisons came to visit us ; and, on the jailor's shewing him the order for Boitel's liberation, he cast his eye over it, said it was a forgery, and that he should not allow the prisoner to depart until he had referred to the authorities. The jailor then said that Boitel had left on the previous evening. The inspector testified his astonishment that he should have been deceived by an order signed by persons whose names were unknown to him, and at last placed him under a guard. He then took the order away with him, and soon made himself certain that, independently of the forgery of the signatures, there were omissions and errors in form which must have struck any person at all familiar with such papers."

By the treachery of his companions, Vidocq is accused of having forged this order, with which he has, in fact, had nothing to do. He then determines to escape, and effects his design in the dress of a superior officer, which has been brought to him by a woman with whom he had lived. After remaining concealed some time, he is retaken. One of the stratagems by which he eluded the pursuit that was made after him is amusing :—

" Jacquard learnt one day that I was going to dine in Rue Notre-Dame. He immediately went with four assistants, whom he left on the ground-floor, and ascended the staircase to the room where I was about to sit down to table with two females. A recruiting serjeant, who was to have made the fourth, had not yet arrived. I recognised Jacquard, who never having seen me, had not the same advantage ; and besides, my disguise would have bid defiance to any description of my person. Without being at all uneasy, I approached, and with the most natural tone I begged him to pass into a closet, the glass door of which looked on the banquet-room. ' It is Vidocq whom you are looking for,' said I ; ' if you will wait for ten minutes you will see him. There is his cover, he cannot be long. When he enters, I will make you a sign ; but if you are alone, I doubt if you can seize him, as he is armed, and resolved to defend himself.'—' I have my gens d' armes on the staircase,' answered he, ' and if he escapes——' ' Take care how you place them then,' said I, with affected haste. ' If Vidocq should see them he would mistrust some plot, and then farewell to the bird.'—' But where shall I place them ?'—' Oh, why in this closet—mind, no noise—that would spoil all ; and I have more desire than yourself that he should not suspect anything.' My commissary was now shut up in four walls with his agents. The door, which was very strong, closed with a double lock. Then, certain of time for escape, I cried to my prisoners, ' You are looking for Vidocq—well, it is he who has caged you ; farewell.' And away I went like a dart, leaving the party shouting for help, and making desperate efforts to escape from the unlucky closet."

After his recapture he escaped repeatedly, but was always so unfortunate as to fall again into the hands of his enemies. The facility of his evasions proves either that English prisoners are the clumsiest persons in the world, or that English prisons are the most secure of all places. His exploits are, however, always managed with great ingenuity and daring. Being at length taken to Douai, he was brought to trial—con-



demned to eight years' imprisonment, and to be exposed in the pillory in the market-place. Soon afterwards he was transferred to the Bicêtre, and sent thence with the chain of galley-slaves to Brest.

The treatment which these poor wretches experience at the hands of the *argousins*, who have the task of guarding them, appears to be inhuman in the extreme. The description of one of the nights passed on the road is frightful:—

“ We passed the night on the stones in a church, then converted into a magazine. The *argousins* made regular rounds, to assure themselves that no one was engaged in fiddling (sawing their fetters). At daybreak we were all on foot; the lists were read over, and the fetters examined. At six o'clock we were placed in long cars, back to back, the legs hanging down outside, covered with hoar frost, and motionless from cold. On reaching St. Cyr, we were entirely stripped, to undergo a scrutiny, which extended to our stockings, shoes, shirt, mouth, ears, nostrils, &c. &c. It was not only the files in cases which they sought, but also for watch springs, which enable a prisoner to cut his fetters in less than three hours. This examination lasted for upwards of an hour, and it is really a miracle that one half of us had not our noses or feet frozen off with cold. At bed-time, we were heaped together in a cattle-stall, where we laid so close that the body of one served for the pillow of the person who laid nearest to him, and if any individual got entangled in his own or any other man's chain, a heavy cudgel rained down a torrent of blows on the hapless offender, As soon as we had laid down on a few handfulls of straw, which had already been used for the litter of the stable, a whistle blew to command us to the most absolute silence, which was not allowed to be disturbed by the least complaint, even when, to relieve the guard placed at the extremity of the stable, the *argousins* actually walked over our bodies.

“ The supper consisted of a pretended bean soup, and a few morsels of half mouldy bread. The distribution was made from large wooden troughs, containing thirty rations; and the cook, armed with a large pot ladle, did not fail to repeat to each prisoner, as he served him, ‘ One, two, three, four, hold out your porringer, you thief;’ the wine was put into the same trough from which the soup and meat were served out, and then an *argousin*, taking a whistle, hanging to his button-hole, blew it thrice; saying, ‘ Attention, robbers, and only answer by a yes or a no. Have you had bread?’— ‘ Yes.’ ‘ Soup?’— ‘ Yes.’ ‘ Meat?’— ‘ Yes.’ ‘ Wine?’— ‘ Yes.’ ‘ Then go to sleep, or pretend to do so.’

“ A table was laid out at the door, at which the captain, lieutenant, and chief *argousins*, seated themselves to take a repast superior to ours; for these men, who profitted by all occasions to extort money from the prisoners, took excellent care of themselves, and eat and drank abundantly. At this moment the stable offered one of the most hideous spectacles that can be imagined; on one side were a hundred and twenty men herded together like foul beasts, rolling about their haggard eyes, whence fatigue or misery banished sleep; on the other side, eight ill-looking fellows were eating greedily without, not for one moment losing sight of their carbines or their clubs. A few miserable candles affixed to the blackened walls of the stable, cast a murky glare over this scene of horror, the silence of which was only broken by stifled groans, or the clank of fetters. Not content with striking us indiscriminately, the *argousins* made their detestable and brutal witticisms about the prisoners; and if a man, fevered with thirst, asked for water, they said to him, ‘ Let him who wants water put out his hand.’ The wretch obeyed, mistrusting nothing, and was immediately overwhelmed with blows. Those who had any money were necessarily careful; they were but very few, the long residence of the majority in prison having for the most part exhausted their feeble resources.”

The horrors of the *Bagne* increase Vidocq's desire to escape. After several efforts, which are unsuccessful, he gets away in the dress of a fifteen stone sister of charity—makes his way to Nantes, where he narrowly escapes being engaged in a burglary—is engaged by a cattle-dealer as a drover, and thus makes his way to Paris, and thence to Arras; where, with the assistance of his friends, and in a disguise, he remains for some time in safety. Again discovered, he is taken to the prison of Douai—recognized—sent to Toulon—escapes again—is enrolled against his will, in the celebrated band of robbers, headed by Roman, and is dismissed, because is discovered to have been a galley slave. These adventures are not very interesting, nor very well told. We have every respect for M. Vidocq's veracity, but some of the stories are so improbable, that we could not have believed them even if we had seen them acted. A few, however, of the anecdotes, relating to some of the celebrated French robbers, are odd enough. Among the convicts bound for Toulon is Jossas, who was commonly known by his assumed title of the Marquis de St. Armand de Faral. Some of the points in this accomplished rascal's character, are extremely amusing; and the coolness, and well-bred self-possession, with which he effects his robberies, show that, if he was not born a gentleman, he ought to have been:—

“ Jossas was one of those thieves, of whom, fortunately, but few are now in existence. He meditated and prepared an enterprize sometimes so long as a year beforehand. Operating principally by means of false keys, he began by taking first the impression of the lock of the outer door. The key made, he entered the first part; if stopped by another door, he took a second impression, had a second key made; and thus in the end attained his object. It may be judged that, only being able to get on during the absence of the tenant of the apartment, he must lose much time before the fitting opportunity would present itself. He only had recourse to this expedient when in despair, that is, when it was impossible to introduce himself to the house; for if he could contrive to procure admittance under any pretext, he soon obtained impressions of all the locks, and when the keys were ready, he used to invite the persons to dine with him, in the Rue Chantierine, and whilst they were at table, his accomplices stripped the apartments, from whence he had also contrived to draw away the servants, either by asking their masters to bring them to help to wait at table, or by engaging the attention of the waiting-maids and cooks by lovers who were in the plot. The porters saw nothing, because they seldom took anything but jewels or money. If by chance any large parcel was to be removed, they folded it up in dirty linen, and it was thrown out of window to an accomplice in waiting with a washerwoman's wheel-barrow.

“ A multitude of robberies committed by Jossas are well known, all of which bespeak that acute observation to invention which he possessed in the highest degree. In society, where he passed as a Creole of Havannah, he often met inhabitants of that place, without ever letting anything escape him which could betray him. He frequently led on families of distinction to offer him the hand of their daughters. Taking care always, during the many conversations thereon, to learn where the dowry was deposited, he invariably carried it off, and absconded at the moment appointed for signing the contract. But of all his tricks, that played off on a banker at Lyons is perhaps the most astonishing. Having acquainted himself with the ways of the house, under pretext of arranging accounts and negociations, in a short time an intimacy arose, which gave him the opportunity of getting the impression of all the locks except that of the cash chest, of which a secret ward rendered all his attempts unavailing. On the other hand, the chest being built in the wall, and cased with iron, it was impossible to think of breaking it open. The cashier, too, never parted from his key; but these obstacles did not daunt Jossas. Having formed a close intimacy with the cashier, he proposed an excursion of pleasure to Collonges; and on the day appointed, they went in a cabriolet. On approaching Saint Rambert, they saw by the river side a

woman apparently dying, and the blood spouting from her mouth and nostrils ; beside her was a man, who appeared much distressed, assisting her. Jossas, testifying considerable emotion, told him that the best method of stopping the effusion of blood was to apply a key to the back of the female. But no one had a key, except the cashier, who at first offered that of his apartment. That had no effect. The cashier, alarmed at seeing the blood flow copiously, took out the key of his cash-chest, which was applied with much success between the shoulders of the patient. It has been already guessed that a piece of modelling wax had been placed there previously, and that the whole scene had been preconcerted. Three days after, the cash-box was empty."

In the course of his adventures, he becomes acquainted with the members of several of the famous bands of *chauffeurs*, who committed the most daring burglaries in the northern parts of France, and on the Belgian frontier. They appear to have acquired the name of *chauffeurs*, from their practice of torturing the victims, in order to make them confess where their money was hid. Placing lighted candles under the arm-pits, and hot tinder between their toes, of the farmers they robbed, seem to have been the most approved methods of extorting their confessions. Cornu, the father of a large family of robbers, and at this time an old man, had been one of the most cruel, daring, and successful *chauffeurs* of his time, and his wife was the willing partner of his worst crimes. He was at length taken, tried at Rouen, and sentenced to death. The end of his life was, in every respect, worthy of him, and there is a cool humour in the manner of it, which, notwithstanding its horrid nature, almost accounts for his detestable son, Mulot's, laughing at it.—Cornu's wife,

"who was still at liberty, came every day to bring him food, and console him. 'Listen,' said she to him one morning, when he appeared more dejected than usual, 'listen, Joseph: they say that death affrights you—don't play the noodle, at all events, when they lead you to the scaffold. The lads of the game will laugh at you.'

"'Yes,' said Cornu, 'all that is very fine, if one's scrag was not in danger ; but with Jack Ketch on one side, and the black sheep (clergyman) on the other, and the traps (*gens-d'armes*) behind, it is not quite so pleasant to be turned into food for flies.'

"'Joseph, Joseph, do not talk in this way ; I am only a woman, you know ; but I could go through it as if at a wedding, and particularly with you, old lad ! Yes, I tell you again, by the word of Marguerite, I would willingly accompany you.'

"'Are you in earnest?' asked Cornu. 'Yes, quite in earnest,' sighed Marguerite. 'But what are you getting up for ? What are you going to do ?'

"'Nothing,' replied Cornu ; and then going to a turnkey who was in the passage, 'Roch,' said he to him, 'send for the jailor, I want to see the public accuser.'

"'What!' said his wife, 'the public accuser ! Are you going to split (confess) ? Ah, Joseph, consider what a reputation you will leave for our children !'

"Cornu was silent until the magistrate arrived, and he then denounced his wife ; and this unhappy woman, sentenced to death by his confessions, was executed at the same time with him. Mulot, who told me all this, never repeated the narrative without laughing till he cried."

In the midst of the distress which his own imprudence, and the falsehood of his companions, had brought upon him, Vidocq found ample time for reflection, on the painful and desperate nature of his position. An escaped criminal, he was always subject to be seized by the police ; and the ingenious and hazardous manner of his escapes had given a dangerous celebrity to his name. Almost precluded for this reason from

attempting to gain an honest livelihood by industrious pursuits, he was, on the other hand, exposed to the dangerous solicitations of thieves, by profession, with whom, from his long residence in prisons, he had become intimately acquainted; and who, if he had plainly refused to assist their enterprises, would either have denounced him, or cut his throat. For several years he endured this painful existence. He joined a privateer crew, whom he properly enough calls *corsaires*. Some of his adventures here are singular, and the characters he falls in with of the most extraordinary kind. Some of the scenes he paints are occasionally in so extravagantly ludicrous a style, that we cannot help suspecting that he, or the literary gentleman who was so good as to revise his manuscript, must have studied that prince of *farceurs*, Pigault le Brun, somewhat too closely. The character of M. Belle Rose, a gentleman employed in the recruiting service, might have figured in "*Mon Oncle Thomas*." The ideas of enlisting a dissolute clerk to be the *notary* to a marching regiment, and a discontented gardener's apprentice as *chief florist*, with the care of cultivating the marine plants on board his French Majesty's Ship, the *Invincible*, are not badly imagined, though somewhat coarse; and the speech of M. Belle Rose, in which he explains the advantages which the colonies held out to aspiring spirits, would make Serjeant Kite blush.

Tired of the constant difficulties which he encountered, in endeavouring to live honestly, by travelling about to country fairs with millinery, Vidocq at length went to Paris, to be out of the reach of pursuit, and free from the importunities of his former intimates. Here he was again baffled. St. Germain, a thorough paced and desperate robber, discovered him, drained him of his money, and made him a receiver of the produce of his thefts. At the same time he was denounced by Chevalier, whose sister he married at Arras. The police endeavoured to take him, and, although he escaped for a short time, he ultimately fell into their hands. He then made a communication to M. Henry, the principal director of the police of Paris, begging that he might be allowed to assist in the detection of criminals, and asking, as his only recompense, to be freed from the contaminating society of the persons by whom he was surrounded, and to serve out the term of his sentence in a solitary prison. M. Henry had been so often taken in by similar offers, that this was no easy matter to accomplish. Vidocq, however, convinced him, by some information he furnished, that he might be made useful, and he was put on a sort of a probation. Still in the prison, he was employed to gain the confidence of the criminals. That he did this successfully, his liberation, and the detection of many dangerous robbers, sufficiently attest. As to the manner in which it was effected, and the proof which it affords that the adage of "honour among thieves," is a mistake—these are matters which are not to be very closely inquired into; the conduct of "great men" must not be too rigorously examined. He appears, certainly, to have possessed some very rare and valuable qualifications for the office he undertook. Great knowledge of the characters he had to deal with, their habits and pursuits, considerable personal strength, a fertile brain, indefatigable energy, and a physical insensibility, which, as it made him indifferent to pain and peril, almost amounted to courage.

As it was not thought expedient openly to release him, Vidocq was permitted to escape from the guards who were conducting him to the *prefecture de police*, for an examination. As soon as he got free, he associated with the professed robbers of Paris, and obtained a great quantity of valuable information, which he communicated to the authorities. St. Germain now encountered him once more, proposed to him to join in a robbery and murder of two infirm old men, and until this

project was ripe, engaged him to assist in the robbery of a banker's house, at the corner of the Rue d'Enghien, and the Rue Hauteville. Some reports having got about that Vidocq was a *mouchard* (a police spy), St. Germain, though he did not believe them, would not let him go out of his sight. Vidocq, however, by means of Annette, the woman who lived with him, contrived to inform the police; the robbers were taken just as they were entering the house, and Vidocq, who was upon the wall, fell, as if shot, and was carried for dead into the house. There is something appalling in the details of this expedition—the coolness with which the preparations were made, and the fact of St. Germain, and Boudin, who were the principals, getting over the walls, and beginning to break into the house, with their pipes in their mouths, makes one shudder. He is minute in his description of St. Germain, who, he says, “was ardently fond of field sports, and was delighted at the sight of blood;—his other predominant passions were play, women, and good living. As he had the tone and manners of good society—expressed himself with facility, and was always elegantly dressed—he might be called an extremely well-bred robber; when it served his purpose, no one could assume more agreeable or more insinuating manners;” which seems, in all its points, to include the definition of a fine gentleman. Of Boudin, the other thief, he does not speak so favourably; he says he had bandy legs, a peculiarity which he has observed in many professed assassins; and we must admit that his opinion upon such a point is entitled to some weight. He adds, that this man's habit of using a knife, and cutting up meat, which he had acquired by keeping a cook's shop, had stamped his character with ferocity.

Vidocq's device for getting possession of the hoard of a celebrated receiver of stolen goods was very ingenious. He met him in the street, pretended to seize him by mistake for another, and having learned his residence, which the man told, believing that the mistake would then be discovered, and he should be liberated, our thief detector ran to the house in the dress of a porter, told the receiver's wife that her husband had been seized, and desired her to make off with their goods. She immediately set about packing; and having filled three hackney coaches with stolen valuables, Vidocq drove them and her to prison. By this time he was known to be a police agent; his person was familiar to some of the thieves, and his name feared by them all. He was obliged to resort to disguises; and having determined to capture Gueuvive, a famous chief of a gang, he introduced himself to him as an escaped convict. Gueuvive, whose confidence he soon gained in this character, proposed to him to way-lay Vidocq, whose person he pretended to know, and the latter went to his own house with the chief, and waited there for several hours, with some five-sous pieces, tied up in their pocket handkerchiefs, for the purpose of knocking out the brains of the dreaded *mouchard*, who, the author says, drily, of course did not come home that evening. Soon after this Gueuvive was taken, and Vidocq laughed at him. Delzéve, a notorious robber, had defied the police for a long time, and M. Henry was particularly desirous to have him captured. Vidocq waited for him a whole night in mid-winter, during which he preserved himself from freezing by getting up to his neck in a heap of dung and filth. In the morning he captured Delzéve, and took him, bound hand and foot, to M. Henry's office, where he presented him as a new year's gift.

The most daring, and the most difficult of Vidocq's exploits was the capture of Fossard, who had committed several very extensive robberies, by means of false keys. This man was always armed, and had expressed his determination of blowing out the brains of any one who should attempt to seize him—a threat which his desperate courage left no doubt

he would fulfil if he could. Besides this danger, his abode was not known ; and for a long time all Vidocq's efforts to discover it were fruitless. The manner in which he paraded, for several days, in the disguise of a well dressed old gentleman, the quarter in which he expected to find his prey, is very whimsically told. At length he ferretted him out, and found he was living in a house at the corner of the Rue Duphot, the ground floor of which was occupied as a wine shop. Here Vidocq presented himself in the dress of a charcoal porter, which effectually concealed him even from his most intimate acquaintance. His first step was to make friends with the proprietor, and then to alarm him by a suggestion that his lodger meant to rob and murder him and his wife. Having thus made sure of their assistance he began his watch, and convinced himself that Fossard never went without pistols. He then abandoned the notion of seizing him alone, and having arranged a different plan, he watched Fossard home one night, saw him put out his candle, by which he concluded he was in bed, when he immediately brought down a commissary of police, and some gens-d'armes, whom he posted on the staircase. The *dénouement* he tells thus :—

“ The mistress of the wine-shop, to whom Fossard had been abundantly civil, had a little nephew living with her, a boy of about ten years old, very intelligent for his age ; and, being of Norman birth, he was naturally gifted with a precocious love of money. I promised him a reward if, under the pretext of his aunt being ill, he would knock at the door of Fossard's room, and ask Madame Fossard, as the woman living with him was called, to give him a little *Eau de Cologne*. I made the little fellow rehearse, several times over, the speech, and the tone in which it was to be given, and being quite perfect, I made all my companions take off their shoes, a precaution which I followed myself. We then ascended, and the boy began to knock at the door. At first there was no answer ; at length some one asked, ‘ Who's there ? ’ ‘ Its me, Madame,’ replied the boy ; ‘ it's Louis. My aunt is taken very ill, and begs you to give her a little *Eau de Cologne*. She is very bad, indeed. I have got a candle here.’

“ The door was opened, and as soon as the woman appeared, she was seized by two vigorous *gens-d'armes*, who placed a napkin round her mouth, to prevent her crying out. At the same moment, with the rapidity of a lion springing on his prey, I rushed upon Fossard, who, amazed at the suddenness of the affair, was bound and handcuffed, and my prisoner, before he could stir from his bed. He was so surprised and confounded, that an hour elapsed before he found his utterance. When the light was brought, and he saw my face blacked with charcoal, and my coal-porter's dress, he was so terrified that I believe he thought he had fallen into the hands of the devil himself. His first thought, when he recovered his senses, appeared to be for his arms ; he glanced towards the pistols and dagger, which lay on a night-table beside the bed, and made an effort to reach them ; but he soon found it was impossible, and lay passive. Between eighteen and twenty thousand francs in money, besides jewels and property to a large amount, were found in this man's rooms.”

In the subsequent part of his memoirs, which are to consist of two other volumes, Vidocq promises some still more curious details relative to the execution of his important duty. He says, that he can speak out, and he will—a promise which we rely upon for several reasons. He has quarrelled with the existing police, and makes no secret of the hatred he bears them, and their agent, his successor, M. Coco Lacour ; he has been attacked in a recent publication called *Vidocq Dévoilé*, and in self-defence will be obliged to enter into the secrets of the administration ; and he has to rectify some of the mischief which, he says, his literary friend has done. The work is in every respect curious and amusing. Of its veracity we entertain some doubts ; but as lying is a vice to which “ great men” have been notoriously addicted in all times, that fact will not weigh much to the author's prejudice in the mind of the liberal reader.

## THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S LETTER ON THE CATHOLIC QUESTION.

THE most important event of the month, or of the year, or of any year since the year of Waterloo, is the writing of the following letter, which we shall leave to speak for itself, as it does incomparably to the purpose.

Letter from the Duke of Wellington to Dr. Curtis (the individual who has the effrontery to call himself Catholic Primate of Ireland).

“MY DEAR SIR:—I have received your letter of the 4th instant, and I assure you you do me justice in believing that I am sincerely anxious to witness the *settlement* of the Roman Catholic question, which by benefiting the state, would confer a benefit on every individual belonging to it.

“But I confess that *I see no prospect* of such a settlement! Party has been mixed up with the consideration of the question to such a degree, and such violence pervades every discussion of it, that it is *impossible to expect to prevail upon men to consider it dispassionately!*

“If we could *bury it in oblivion* for a short time, and employ that time diligently in the consideration of its *difficulties on all sides* (for they are *very great*), I should not despair of seeing a satisfactory remedy!—Believe me, my dear Sir, &c.

“London, Dec. 11, 1828.”

“WELLINGTON.”

Now what does this letter say, but what every true friend to the church and the constitution has said all along; he would be happy to see the question settled—of course; but settled by telling Popery that it must not hope to pollute the legislature with its presence; that the slave of a pope must not become the law maker for the free subjects of an English king—*Settled*, just as conspiracy ought always to be settled—by knocking it on the head.

The premier confesses that he sees *no prospect* of carrying the question. What is this but the regular official announcement that it *cannot* be carried, and that Government will not take a single step in its favour?

It cannot be even proposed until “men will argue dispassionately.” But this the letter, to make assurance doubly sure, declares to be an impossible expectation, “argal,” not to be expected. In other words, it shall be discussed in the Greek Calends. The final recommendation—another official phrase for a command—is to BURY THE QUESTION IN OBLIVION!

So much for the clumsy impostures that were perpetually brought forward with such mock solemnity in the popish parliament of representatives of nothing. So much for the “bills already under the eye of Sir Nicholas Tindal, the abolition of the securities, the pledge to the forty-shilling freeholders,” &c. &c. &c. What will the ingenious find next? 'tis true this is an inventive season, *par excellence*. Punch is in his glory, and pantomime at all the theatres is flourishing prodigiously. The Irish agitator must not lie on his oars; but have a new scheme for every new speech, and a thousand of each. BUT THE CABINET IS FIXED. The measure is not merely postponed, it is crushed under the ministerial heel; and long may it moulder there. There may be popular violence still, and even the impudent presumption of the popish parliament may be suffered to exist a few weeks more. But this measure is complete. The friends of the constitution must still be vigilant, active, and combined. The Brunswick Clubs must not suffer their victory to be thrown away by their negligence. But the question for this ministry is “settled.”

## NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

THE Russian campaign has closed—as all men wished, but none expected—in extraordinary discomfiture. So much for boasting! The pomposity of the Russian government, and its diplomatic meddling on all kinds of occasions, had actually succeeded to the extent of making grave men fear that the Scythians were again likely to disturb the world. The French journals, to do them justice, led the way in this foolery; and, as French journals then dared not say that the sun shone without the order of M. Villele to that purport, we had the high authority of the lord of the cabinet, the slave of the Jesuits, and the lucky possessor of twenty-five millions of francs, or one million sterling, per annum, gathered by hands that came to Paris with half-a-crown in them, for the fact—that Russia was the genuine arbiter of Europe, the terror that was to keep Austria in check, the scourge that was to punish the maritime ambition of England, and the magnanimous ally that was to place Joseph Villele at the head of all thriving politicians, past, present, and to come.

We had our Russian enthusiasts, too, on this side of the Channel; and those who are in the wise habit of pinning their faith on the Opposition papers, trembled at night to lay their heads on their pillows, through fear of a Russian invasion before morning. Calmucs and Bahkirs rose in clouds on their poetic fancies; and the Kentish coast was already seen waving with the flags of Our Lady of Kasan. The Russian cabinet, too, finding that the world was inclined to play the fool on the subject, was by no means reluctant to minister to the indulgence; and armies by the half-million were paraded on paper with a facility worthy of the finest gasconade of France in her days of glory and the guillotine. Every thing silly that could be done by fright, ignorance, or the love of the marvellous for its own sake, was done—except Sir Robert Wilson's writing a book; a catastrophe from which, however, we were saved only by the knight's having written on both sides of the question with equal energy before, and being also a little aware of the unproductiveness of volunteering in royal quarrels. But Colonel De Lacy Evans was a capital substitute; and the vigorous alarm that supplied his pen with projected conquests, and the Russians with capacity to compass them, was more than enough to throw Sir Robert into utter eclipse. Led by the colonel's hand, the Russian emperor had only to come, see, and conquer. The chief difficulty of this tremendous wielder of human potency was, where he should first condescend to triumph; on what fair portion of the earth he should stoop: whether he should first deluge India or Austria; settle the quarrel between the Cham of Tartary and the Chinese Emperor, by tying both their tails to his horse's, or order his guard to cross the Rhine, and tranquilly take his bottle in the Tuilleries.

Men are easily deceived in matters so near the North Pole, and, for a month, the gallant Colonel passed for a man who saw deeper into Siberia than his fellows; but Nicholas soon robbed him of the honours of his arctic sagacity. Alexander would have been more dextrous. His natural craft would have suffered the vapourers and sciolists of the earth to fight his battle for him; and while he conquered in the coffee-houses, would never have forced the cabinets to be wiser. If Alexander had lived for a century to come, he would never have soiled a Russian boot with Moldavian mire; the Pacha of Bulgaria would have been left to smoke his pipe and



lose his head, according to the national manner; an ounce of English powder would never have been paid for with coopecks and rubles, to be burned against Turkish walls; and the coffee-house politicians, and newspaper generals, the Colonel de Lacy Evanses, and the whole race of wonderers, would have gone on, playing the old woman, to the ridicule of all who knew better, and the cheap benefit of the autocrat of all the Russias.

But Alexander was cunning, knew mankind, and had been soundly beaten. Nicholas had none of these advantages, the last of which, particularly, is evidently essential to the wisdom of heroic sovereigns. Accordingly, his first work was war; and the first week of that war was enough to settle the question of Russian supremacy. Luckily we may now breathe without dread of seeing the face of a Hulan; and can discover at our leisure the charlatany that had contrived to exalt so much actual feebleness into so violent a threatener of European independence.

There never was, in the memory of man, a campaign that so speedily and completely confounded the pretensions of an arrogant government. Three months ago showed the Russian army drawn up at the foot of the Balkan, and only waiting for the Emperor's nod to storm the hills, sweep over Rumelia, and with scarcely the formality of a siege, walk into Constantinople. But then came the Turks, ragged and raw; yet not to be driven from their ground by bulletins; and the Russian battalions rapidly felt that the march to Constantinople must be postponed. The labours of a whole campaign have issued in the capture of a single fortress, whose fall is imputed to treachery, and whose maintenance in the hands of the captors is already threatened. On all other points the "Grand Russian Army," the choice of the whole force of the empire, and probably the whole disposable force of the empire, has been shamefully beaten. Their own bulletins, which of course soften the disaster as much as possible, are compelled to acknowledge tremendous losses. We have accounts of the staff of armies grouped together in Jassy and Bucharest, without a soldier of those armies. Colonels, in all directions, without regiments; brigades of artillery, without a gun; hordes of cavalry, without a horse; cannon buried, waggons burned, wounded deserted, hospitals crowded, great army-corps left behind, to fight their way back if they can, and probably long since broken up, and in the enemy's hands; that enemy pouring on in increasing force, and with the spirit of victory; and the Russians still flying, with the Imperial Guard leading the flight, and the Emperor a thousand miles from the field. It is computed that their three months' campaign has cost the Russians not less than sixty thousand men slain, dead of distemper, or disabled by wounds and hardship. But the scarcely less evident proofs of failure are to be found in the rapid changes of the imperial officers. The latest intelligence states, that after frowning down some half dozen of the highest rank, and among others, the generalissimo, the Emperor despatched an order to the General commanding in Armenia, to take the charge of the Moldavian army, and retrieve its fortunes if he can. The case must be all but hopeless, which resorts to expedients like this, and runs the risk of disgusting the chief officers of his army, for the sake of trying how far the chaser of a rabble of the loose cavalry and half naked infantry of the limits of Asia Minor, may be able to stand against the force of European Turkey fighting under the eye of the Sultan.

We regret this melancholy waste of life; no man can think of the

horrors that must have preceded and followed the Russian retreat, without the deepest feeling for the unfortunate beings who were thus urged into ruin. But we cannot regret the punishment of presumption, the guilt of an utterly unprovoked war, nor the important discovery of the true strength of an empire, which for the last dozen years laboured to impress the belief that it was restrained from universal devouring only by the difficulty of deciding which state it should devour first.

The accounts from Bucharest are a terrible compound of the evils of war and the elements. Sudden winter—deluges of rain—intolerable cold—violent disease—famine—deadly fatigue—and perpetual exposure to the enemy, are the scourges that have driven back in shame and ruin, the invaders of Turkey. So may perish the unjust wherever their standards are unfurled; so may perish the thirsters after conquest;—such be the only honours of the lovers of war for its own sake. The Russians have now twice given the world a lesson. When Napoleon attacked them they stood on the righteous side; and they triumphed by the most signal victory over the unrighteous boaster. They have now assailed an unoffending power, and their unrighteous war has been repelled. Man and the elements have been enlisted to punish them, almost in the express form of which their own deliverance offered so memorable an example. The Russian bulletins copy involuntarily the language of the retreat from Moscow. Long may the lesson be remembered by nations whose peace is more essential, and whose hostility must be more ruinous. The pledge of European quiet would be well purchased by the deepest severity of the experience that taught the Russian sovereigns to seek the glory of their throne only in the civilization of their people.

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The Leeds Radicals lately got up a meeting for the purpose of "Liberty all over the World," and peculiarly for the cause of those professors and patrons of liberty all over the world—the popish priests. That liberty should feel any very ardent interest in the concerns of men, who, since their first hour of influence, have been the instruments of tyranny where they found it created, and its creators where they did not; whose law imprisons without evidence, examines without witness, and puts to death without publicity; who acknowledge for their supreme sovereign the only practical despot in existence, and who condemn to the lowest corner of the bottomless pit every man who dares to think for himself, might seem extraordinary, but for our knowledge of the fact that radicalism sees nothing in the affair but the prospect of public disturbance, and that it would have the same sympathy of revolt for the worshippers of Juggernaut, or for the worshippers of nothing.

We fully acquit the Leeds Radicals of bigotry on this occasion; for bigotry, bad as it is, implies some feeling of religion, and radicals are atheists to a man. The fact is undeniable. The more timid of them may set up a pretence of deism. But the more honourable, because the more undisguised, scoff at the assumption of a pretence so shallow, boldly claim credit for their scorn of Divine Law, as much as of human; and pronounce as the first article of the Rights of Man in this age of intellect, "that there is no God."

That those men should unite with the priesthood of popery is not wonderful, while they see those priests leading troops of peasantry, with green flags in their pious hands. They smell rebellion across the waters

of the Irish Channel, and are cheered by the smell. That the priests of any altar should accept the alliance of such men, would be wonderful, except for the knowledge, that the extremes of the circle meet; that the rankest superstition is always nearest to the fiercest infidelity; and that the popish priesthood, in all countries, are divided into two bodies—the sots who never inquire, and are, therefore, believers still in the whole mystery of Rome; and the shrewd, who inquire, and are, by the thousand, infidels. These follow their common sense far enough to see that the whole Romish system is utter imposture: and there they stop; scepticism is their master. The Bible has been prohibited to them, until they have lost all conception of its necessity. The long habit of darkening the understandings of the people, has made their own incapable of the light; and hypocrites and infidels they live, and hypocrites and infidels they die.

Such is the notorious history of the higher orders of the priesthood in all the popish countries of the continent. In Ireland the priesthood are too busy with whiskey, sedition, and the exaction of their dues, which they wring from the wretched peasantry with as keen a gripe as ever avarice fixed on superstition, to have leisure for books; the breviary, and Mr. O'Connell's pastoral speeches, make up their literature; and they believe in the miracles of St. Patrick's crutch, and St. Senanus's slipper, with as undoubting a faith as the most foolish of their predecessors, or Lord Shrewsbury himself.

Yet even at Leeds radicalism did not carry all things in its own way. The protestant and loyal inhabitants, after unwisely suffering the factions to make their preparations at their ease, grew indignant at the insult to their town; and insisted that if there must be a meeting, there should at least be appointed tellers, to save them from the sweeping scandal of some prejudiced booby of a chairman's decision.

This was agreed to. The meeting was held in a spot provided by the radicals, furnished with all the Irish labourers and beggars to be found far and near, and with the exact species of chairman, against which the protestants had protested; a notorious pro-papist; a goose of a manufacturer in the neighbourhood: one of those individuals whom chance, for the sake of showing its power, now and then flings up into a seat in parliament.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the compact was *not* performed; that the protestant tellers were *not* suffered to count; that the deliberative wisdom of the Irish labourers was the chief ingredient of the meeting; and that the man of cotton twist, after puzzling himself for an hour to know whether he should say aye or no, at length yielded to the Irishmen, and declared for popery and liberty.

Since our last publication, death has put an end to the hopes long and anxiously entertained of Lord Liverpool's recovery. The public estimate of this noble person's powers had been formed from an early period; but increasing years added to the respect for his individual character. His character sustained him in the premiership: and it is to the honour of the English mind, that such a claim should have been so acknowledged. There was a general feeling of security in the principles of Lord Liverpool, in his straight-forward honesty, his personal disregard of influence, and his sincere zeal for Christianity, that was more than equivalent to the triumphs of parliamentary eloquence, or genius in the council. While

Lord Liverpool was capable of public business, and retained those principles, there was no rivalry for him to dread. He would have held his supremacy to the last hour of his life, and seen the most aspiring ambition, or the most vigorous faculties, baffled in every attempt to wrest the power from his hands. The loss of such a man is to be lamented as a loss to his country, and to human nature.

Yet he, perhaps, perished at the period most fortunate for his fame. The decline of his health had been visible for some years, and with this decline his intellectual activity may have shared. It is known that he gave himself up to the councils of individuals, whose policy was widely different from the English spirit of his own. He suffered himself to lose sight of the vital necessity of sustaining the religion of the state; and by allowing the singular and fatal anomaly of a divided cabinet on this most momentous of all questions, laid the foundation for that monstrous fabric of folly and tumult, which we see already raised to a height that menaces the constitution. The rumours that the firmness of Lord Liverpool's British feeling was giving way to that importunity which, in the shape of confidence and friendship, was labouring for his shame, had begun to thicken; until this excellent and highly respected nobleman was driven to the painful expedient of clearing himself by a public declaration. Again the rumours were propagated, and the friends of the country were beginning to feel renewed alarm. But before any further test could be given, Lord Liverpool was struck by that blow from which neither his mind nor body ever recovered. After nearly two years of total helplessness, he died suddenly, and, we are glad to say, without a struggle.

The little Recorder is supposed to be inclined to retire from the troubles of his Old Bailey life; and the candidates are calculating how they can spend his four thousand a-year. Mr. Denman, who, of course, now thinks that any thing can be got by boozing, is boozing in all quarters for the emolument. Mr. Law relies upon the resemblance of his face to the late Lord Ellenborough's, and expects to frighten the aldermen into submission. Mr. Bolland, the best humoured antiquarian that has collected buttons and autographs for the last fifty years, makes sure of winning the aldermanic favour, by sending the board a Queen Ann's sixpence a piece. And Mr. Arabin relies upon that luck, which, after making him a judge of the Sheriff's Court, may make him any thing.

The Gibraltar fever is going away, for want of more mischief to do; having done all the mischief it could. We, however, trust that those persons whose mismanagement brought it, or suffered it there, will not be allowed to escape altogether without investigation. There was a time when the plague was confined to the filth, stubborn negligence, and desperate avarice of mahometanism. Gibraltar, fifty years ago, knew no more of the plague than Pall Mall. But times are changed. By a system of negligent abuse the population has been permitted to augment to the most hazardous degree, and has become a composition of the most hazardous kind. We discharge the present governor and lieutenant-governor from all share in this abuse, which had strongly attracted the public eye long before their command. A multitude of the refuse of every population of the Mediterranean have gradually made their way into Gibraltar—Spanish smugglers, Moors, the basest description of Jews,

and the whole host of miserables, who live by contraband. The smuggler pays handsomely—rent rises, the value of every square inch of the rock is worth its weight in doubloons; the filth and negligence of the place accumulate, then comes a week of the Levant wind; the plague follows hot upon it; Moors, Jews, Spaniards, and Maltese, die by hundreds in their hovels, and the place is cleared for the season.

The true remedy for this horrid visitant is obvious and undeniable; the expulsion of every individual unconnected with the garrison. We may make something less by smuggling, but it becomes a government like ours, founded, as its strength is, on open trade, to crush at once the whole vile and vice-producing system of foreign contraband. It is just, for we have no right to assist in robbing the revenue of other nations; and it is politic, for we could not lay up a more bitter store of irritation and disgust in the proud heart of Spain, than this sufferance of the perpetual infraction of its laws.

Without blaming individuals for the grievances which make this single British settlement so often a terror even to the mother country, we look to the administration of the great soldier at the head of the State for their speedy extinction.

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The action taken by Mr. Bransby Cooper against the editor of the *Lancet* has involved some very curious considerations. The verdict was certainly not within our calculation. But with the bench we have no desire to war. The figure made by Sir Astley Cooper, too, was rather curious, and we think that his absence would have done him to the full as much credit. Mr. B. Cooper, however, gained a verdict, and we are satisfied that his experience acquired on the occasion will be of service to him in future.

On the debated question, whether the editor of the *Lancet* was actuated by malice, we shall only observe that the testimony adduced by him was strong; and that it seems to have been beaten down much more by general character than particular facts. We are not at all inclined to doubt Mr. B. Cooper's general surgical skill, but the question was, as to its application in the particular instance. As to the contested value of works like the "*Lancet*" to the profession, the hospitals, and humanity, it is absurd to hesitate a moment: They must always be beneficial, as long as error is to be corrected, or negligence to be exposed. What is the true security for good conduct in the public servants of England but the public vigilance? No man who knew, ten years ago, the state of the hospitals, of the practice and the practitioners, could doubt the necessity for a thorough change. And whatever change has since taken place, to what has it been due but these publications? Operations of the most unscientific kind were constantly being performed, with no one to complain of them but the unlucky patient, whose complaints were generally soon silenced. What could the few attendant governors say, but that they were incapable judges of operations? What would the assisting surgeons and physicians say? Nothing. It was not their policy to involve themselves in feud with their brethren. But now comes in an inspector, qualified by his practice to detect the errors of practice, and independent of the parties. It is impossible but that good must arise from the consciousness in the operators and physicians, that their conduct is sure to become a subject of public attention.

The conduct of the "Lancet" itself is altogether another question. It injures its cause most seriously by its violent, and often vulgar, personality. It destroys the respect which might otherwise be attached to its statements, by the palpable virulence which it feels towards many professional individuals of great personal worth and professional ability. Yet its science is good, and its result is good. But the work that could best combine the avoidance of individual insult, with the due vigilance over hospital abuses, would rapidly supersede any publication stained by personal bitterness.

But one subject we strongly recommend to its pages: the gross habit of filling the hospital situations with the cousins and connexions of leading professional men. We have too much of this in every public department. But as government takes care only of our liberties, and the church only of our souls, we may spare our indignation on such trivial points. But our bodies must not be tampered with at the mercy of the nearest and dearest blockheads, that ever walked in the go-cart of patronage. The *nepotism* that we should not allow to a pope, we shall not allow to a surgeon; and we heartily wish that Sir Astley Cooper and his nephew would take the hint, and that the governors of our hospitals would, in every example, discountenance the family system. If it have loaded other professions with imbecility, why should it be less cumbrous, stupifying, and hazardous, where the blockhead stands knife in hand!

THE Directors of the Thames Tunnel, who seemed to have at length given up the idea of accomplishing that admirable and extraordinary work, have yet, by their allowing its exhibition to the public, encouraged us to believe, again, that they only wait for better days. We fully hope that they do, and that they are only pausing till the first influx of public prosperity leads our monied men to think of the completion of the Tunnel. Knowing nothing, and caring nothing, about the directors or projectors, we yet should feel the final abandonment of this work as a national misfortune. It was amongst the finest and most singular attempts ever made to shew the mastery of science and man over the brute powers of nature; its success would have established an era in engineering, and would have excited a multitude of efforts of the same kind in situations of scarcely less importance. The incumbrance of bridges to the navigation of our principal rivers, the perpetual repair, and the enormous original expense, would have probably been avoided; and from the cheapness, the facility, and the security of the Tunnel system, advantages of incalculable value to the internal (the most important) commerce of the empire would have been obtained. Let us look at the comparative expense. The Tunnel has been already driven through two-thirds of the bed of the river, at an expense of about 250,000*l.*, including all the experimental expenditure attending on a first trial of this difficult kind, and a considerable part of which, experience must render unnecessary on subsequent occasions. For 100,000*l.* more, the work would unquestionably be completed. The Waterloo Bridge cost a million. London Bridge will not cost much less, if not much more. None of the other bridges under 750,000*l.*, as well as we can recollect; and the expense of the material invariably increases with every new building of this kind, while the tunnels, from the circumstance of their being so much more the work of skill than of materials,

and being likely, at last, to be effected wholly by some boring machinery on a large scale, would promise to decrease in expense with every new trial. To all these real inducements might be added, the scarcely imaginary one, of its being an exploit that would establish our mechanical enterprize at the head of European ingenuity. No project, since the balloon, has attracted so much continental interest: the scientific and intelligent world of Europe are now perpetually inquiring relative to its process and progress; and in its completion, England would undoubtedly have added, in a remarkable degree, to the reluctant respect of foreigners for her boldness, liberality, and fortunate skill.

Of the easy possibility of this completion there now can be no doubt whatever, when money shall be supplied to meet the trivial remaining expenditure. And of the productiveness of the result there can be as little doubt, when we recollect the spot into which the Essex end of the Tunnel leads; the centre of that region of docks, East and West Indian, London, &c., from which the wealth of every part of the globe is spread out through the empire. And this, too, without reckoning the traffic and the travelling between the opulent districts on both sides of the Thames, Kent and Essex; the canals, already existing, and which a few years more will see intersecting the eastern districts, the Great Portsmouth Canal, &c. The mere sight of the Tunnel, in its present state, is one of the most curious and interesting that Europe offers. The singular perfection of the building, the neatness and accuracy of all that has depended on manual labour, and the daring dexterity of the conception, are equally calculated to excite the spectator's admiration.

The French Journals mention, among other Parisian privations at this calamitous season, that the distinguished authoress of a distinguished narrative, published by Stockdale, has declared her intention of immediately honouring with her hand the president of the Chamber of Deputies. All the *beaux garçons* of the capital are in despair; the Palais Royale is to be hung in black; Frescati to be shut for a week; and the "Salon" to restrict itself to sovereign princes and *soup maigre*, for the same period.

The *Belvoir County Intelligencer*, a remarkably well informed paper, says, that the whole female part of a noble family have for the last week put their noses in papers, to keep down, if possible, the turn up into which they have all started, on a proposition to receive a new connexion of the noble line.

The laws have been dealing desperately with the aristocracy of late. Lord Montford, that pleasant and perpetual assessor of that very eminent judicial character, Sir Richard Birnie, of whom the wits aver, that, whatever law he has, bears no relation to *civil* law, has been lately bringing himself under the frowns of Themis, for a little experiment on his wife's property. Lord M. happens to be in the predicament of many a less sonorously-named personage, and to be as little obliged as possible to nature when she was distributing estates. In consequence, he had been placed in the late king's list of pensioned nobles, to the amount of 800*l.* per annum. A large portion of this he assigned over to his lady for a sum of ready money. The king died, the patent for the pension was at an end, as a matter of course; and on the present king's

accession, was, as a matter of course, renewed. But it was no matter of course to my lady, for my lord declared the bargain at an end. On this the unlucky wife, in great consternation, brought her claims before the Ecclesiastical Court; and the judge, delivering exactly the sort of opinion that any other man of honour would deliver on the occasion, recommended her application to the source of the bounty, where, doubtless, a similar opinion will be delivered, and a lesson given that will be remembered.

In another court, a tailor has had the unparalleled impudence to insist on a noble lord's paying his bill—he not thinking thirty shillings and the honour of my lord's custom, altogether a satisfactory equivalent for thirty pounds' worth of coats and breeches. To the scandal of credit, the noble lord was compelled to pay.

Poor old Lady Gresley, too, has been used with equal cruelty by a washerwoman, who insisted on her discharging a bill of 28*l.* for the maintenance of her wardrobe in its purity during the last seven years. The sum may not seem exorbitant for the time; but those who have had an opportunity of witnessing the costume of the *very* animated lady in question, universally think that it was a monstrous overcharge. But judges are blind, like Justice; and the washerwoman gained the day.

The delay in the Recorder's late report from Windsor, which excited a good deal of wrath and some oratory among the aldermen at the time, has never been publicly accounted for. No one could believe, at the moment, that any of the apologies for this untoward delay were true—that lame post-horses, the loss of a pair of favourite spectacles, a basin of turtle-soup with Mr. Peel, or the comforts of a Windsor inn, could have kept this worthy little functionary from doing the duty that he had done with such mechanical accuracy for so many years. As no solution offers itself to us, we offer none of our own to the reader, leaving him to adopt, if he please, one, which will find an echo in the experience of so many a submissive and matrimonial bosom. Our authority is one of the weekly papers, as follows:—

“After the return of the Recorder from the Palace to the Castle Inn at Windsor, he said in haste to his lady, who was waiting for him, ‘My dear, we have only just time to swallow a bit; we must be off to town immediately. We must send up our warrant as soon as possible.’

“‘What! go up to-night?’ ejaculated the lady. ‘You sha’n’t stir a step from this place to-night. Do you think I’ll have my bones rattled to pieces. You must keep your warrant in your pocket till to-morrow.’

“‘Why, consider, my love, that they are waiting at Newgate to know what has been done: it would be cruel to delay, my dear!’—(holding up the fatal document.)

“‘Delay! what do you mean? The greatest comfort they can have is not to know that they are to be hanged, poor wretches!’

“Resistance was useless, and the warrant was put up for the night.”

Haydon, the artist, has been again appealing to the public. We are sorry to see an ingenious and able man driven to this mode of making his claims known. Yet what is to be done. Privation will make a voice of its own, and the demands of a family suffer no delicacy to stand between them and the means by which alone they are to be satisfied. Haydon has given for many years the most unquestionable proofs of industry,



talent, and variety of power. He may not have turned his art to the most dextrous advantage by his personal management; for every one knows how large a share of professional success depends on causes which have little to do with professional ability. The cultivation of patrons, the blandishments of those stirring individuals who direct the tastes of the opulent, and personal and perpetual deference to the leading members of the profession, are among those essentials, for the want of which the Barrys of the English school lived in struggle, and left nothing but a name for themselves, and a stain of ingratitude on their country.

Haydon, unluckily for his prospects, began his career with a rash avowal of being his own sole guide, of determining to bring a higher style of art among us, and of reforming the presumed blunders of the Royal Academy. Thus, at his first step, he laid the foundation for his ruin. Numbers will break down any strength; and the individual who goes to war with corporations will reap but few triumphs. However, this rashness has been for some time publicly at an end, and Haydon has become an exhibitor at Somerset House.

The more important consideration is, whether a man, capable of the vigorous and rapid productiveness which characterize his pencil, ought to be suffered to sink. We live in the richest country of Europe. We spend, and we are in the right to spend, vast sums on public decoration. We see a hundred thousand pounds expended on a mansion for a royal duke, and no one grudges it; half a million of money is laid out on a royal palace, and no one murmurs, except at the barbarous want of taste, which renders it so unworthy of a British king. The directors of our National Gallery give fifty thousand pounds to a merchant for a few old pictures; three thousand pounds are paid for a Correggio six inches long; and five thousand for a pair of Caraccis. Not that we object to this, nor join in the very general doubts of originality, and the very strong clamour about mysticism in those transactions. But, we say, that the tenth of this money employed in commissions to capable artists, would produce ten times the public advantage; that more service would be rendered to the Arts in England, by shewing that a man who distinguished himself in them was sure of public employment, than could be rendered by acres of walls covered with all that Raphael and Reubens ever painted; that the kindling of emulation is the only way to national excellence; and that the reward conferred on one able artist by this public employment, and the evidence that, by the historic pencil, a fortune could be made, would more decidedly rouse many a latent artist to a vigour of which he had been unconscious, and raise a generation of great historic painters, than all the stars and medals that ever decorated the bosoms of all the presidents of the Academy.

Let, then, the government of England do what the government of France does every year. Let commissions for subjects on the memorable scenes of national history be given to our leading artists, and our royal palaces and public halls be hung with them, as in France. The taste for this most attractive and admirable species of ornament would rapidly spread. When London had seen the records of her early honours suspended in her halls, the provinces would offer an inexhaustible succession of the finest themes for the painter. The old annals of provincial loyalty, bravery, and suffering—the heroic struggles of the civil war—the deeper, yet still more interesting, struggles of the times, when the martyrs of the Reformation fought the patient battle of the faith, and

gained that eternal victory in which no blood but the pure and generous stream of their own hearts flowed—the noble epochs of the rise and establishment of civil freedom;—all would share and reward the national patronage, which feels, and justly feels, that the most illustrious monument of a people is the memory of the deeds that have made them great, as it is the most unshaken security for the continuance of their grandeur and prosperity. We should see, living again on the canvas, the epochs when the Yorkshire Cavaliers came gallantly to the field for their king—when the fiery Rupert charged at the head of his guard of gentlemen—when, under a happier star, William came to restore England to its native character, and James fled to shew that slavery could not live on the British soil. The portrait-galleries of the nobles and gentlemen of England, abounding in the finest materials for giving reality to those pictures, would give an aid unequalled in any other country; and by the same honourable, wise, and feeling patronage which gave public employment to the man of ability, the nation would be laying up for itself a treasure of the richest remembrances that ever stirred the spirit of a mighty empire.

Haydon's present picture, "The Chaining of the Members," that mock ceremonial which took place in the King's Bench, is a most powerful performance. But few artists in England could have either conceived or executed it. We know of no artist out of England who could have approached the spirit, vividness, and close portraiture of character visible in every feature of this fine painting. The mixture of wild riot and cureless melancholy, the affected phrenzy side by side with the real, the mirth and misery, are admirably seized, and the whole grouping is in the ablest style of the pencil. It ought to be the companion to the King's purchase. But it is not by a solitary instance of patronage, however honourable to the high quarter from which it comes, that the true means of securing a great artist to his country are to be compassed. We have not the slightest hesitation in pronouncing Haydon a great artist, a man of an original mind, of remarkable powers of execution, and requiring only the commands of the public to distinguish himself and it, more than he has ever done, or can ever do without them. Let the traffickers of their thousands and ten thousands for Italian pictures—often the rubbish of Italian galleries, often the fabrication of German, French, and English garrets—look to this; look to Haydon, telling him that his pencil waits only their disposal, and think of the fruitless prodigality of raising monuments over the graves of men of genius, whom the hundredth part of the expenditure would have kept in active, opulent, and nationally-honourable existence. What has Scotland gained by her statues and cenotaphs to the memory of Burns, but the scoff of all who know that she suffered that great and unfortunate genius to perish, rather than mulct herself of a farthing. But ostentation will give tons of gold, where charity, common-sense, and national honour cannot extract grains. Let our Grosvenors, Staffords, and Farnboroughs, we say, look to Haydon.

Hunton the felon's villa makes a figure among the month's sales at Garraway's. This villa was a fine affair—"a spacious family residence, with numerous offices, carriage-yard, stabling and coach-house, out-buildings, with extensive pleasure-grounds, walled gardens, orchard, lawn, plantations, vinery, &c., and fifteen acres of meadow and tillage." The whole sold for £3,400.

Of course no man can desire to exult in the fate of a miserable being, urged by vanity to extravagance, and by extravagance to fraud. But what a lesson is here in the contrast of his luxuries and his end! and how naturally the one leads to the other! Here was a gradual slave of meanness and guilt, who could not live without the honour and glory of a villa, which, if he had never dreamed of, he might have been at this hour a thriving and respectable man, and of which the very price, if he could have prevailed on himself to dispense with his vinery, orchards, &c., might have saved him from the atrocious act for which he died.

We shrink from the calculation of how many of his survivors are on the verge of the same course of guilt by the same contemptible necessity. When persons employed at the low salaries of our public offices, feel it incumbent on them to ape their superiors, and, on a couple of hundreds a year, shew off at the rate of as many thousands, flourish in tilburies, attend Epsom, lay in their own champagne, and give dinners to "a select few" at the Albion, we know where the history must end. We regularly find its development in a flight to America, with £20,000. of that public money for which, if negligence in high places be punishable, the head of the office ought to be mulcted to double the amount; or in a flight from the world, in the stockbroker-style, at the tangent of a pistol; or in a farewell to it, at the end of a rope, in the shopkeeper-style. But, in whatever style the close arrives, the catastrophe is inevitable; and if every villa in the vicinage of London, for which a speculator has been banished, shot, or hanged, were to have his effigy fixed up in the centre of its "lawn, surrounded," as Mr. Robins says, "with flowering shrubs of the most enchanting odours, brilliant Cape-heaths, and orange-trees brought from the first conservatories in the *realms* of the British isles;" the warning would be the preservative of many a neck. The seduction of the villa, even with all its silken-lined verandas, and plate-glass windows down to the ground, would be tolerably neutralized by the scarecrow in front; or if, instead of the effigy, the skeleton of the culprit could be gibbeted on the parterre, the sight would be only the more valuable, if not for its entertainment, at least for its moral. We recommend the hint to the Legislature.

Madame Vestris, in the present quiescent state of St. Stephen's, has been indulging the town with oratory. She is a clever little creature, and oppressed with as small a share of diffidence as any female alive. Her speech was totally uncalled for, and very well delivered. But the critics forget, when they speak of it as the first instance of female eloquence on the stage. We remember better, and it is but justice to record that Madame Vestris herself, half a dozen years ago, moved by the indignity of having only half a dozen wax candles burning in her dressing-room at the Opera, when Catalani, or Ronzi de Begnis, or some equally superb affair, burned seven, broke out into open war with the authorities behind the scenes; a war, the rumours of which soon, of course, reached the audience. A newspaper correspondence ensued, in which little Vestris, conceiving herself aggrieved, took the summary and spirited resolution of telling her own story to the audience; bringing forward the reluctant stage director, by the ear or the nose, we cannot exactly recollect which, to substantiate her facts against himself, which the unhappy director did in a very satisfactory and rueful manner. She

is a very good actress, not a very bad singer, wears remarkably well, and is extremely dangerous to quarrel with.

Of all monarchs, our excellent King is certainly the most unlucky in his places of residence. With five or six palaces, he has not at this moment one in which he can hide his head. St. James's, once a solid, comfortable, old mansion, in which his royal father contrived to pass many a pleasant day, and give his loving subjects many a pleasant entertainment, is one half ruin, and the other half turned into a cold suite of heavy halls, where eternal solitude and silence reign, rooms fit for nothing but laying illustrious bodies in state, or the only less dreary ceremonial of a yearly levee.

Buckingham House, once like its neighbour, a good old comfortable mansion, where the old king spent many a pleasant day, too, and lived among his lords and ladies, is down to the ground, and superseded by the very worst building of the kind on the habitable globe. But even this fine affair has not a spot in which anybody can eat, drink, or sleep; and half a generation may pass away before it will be pulled down again. As to being either handsome or healthy, the question has been perfectly settled; and we hope that, while his Majesty can have a bed at the Hummums for five shillings a night, he will not be careless enough of his rheumatism, or of his character as a man of taste, ever to take a bed in the Nash palace.

Kew Palace, at no time a great favourite of ours, but still capable of being dwelt in; and convenient for a royal residence by its vicinity to ministers (who regularly lose a whole day by a journey to Windsor), is now the palace of the "Winter wild," and we question whether a bat or an owl that has any notions of comfort, would think of roosting there. Kew is a ruin; and, though Lord Sidmouth, and others of those old gentlemen, who have been long attached to living tax free, may cast a longing eye to lodgings under its roof, we, as loyal subjects, must caution the privy council against sanctioning any royal attempt of the kind.

Windsor Castle is, up to this hour, what it has been these six years, a mass of dust, mortar, Roman cement, and Irish bricklayers. Even the appendix to Mr. Wyatt's name has not wrought the miracle of giving his Majesty one closet in which he may drink a cup of coffee in security. Upholsterers, smiths, carvers and gilders, usurp the regal tenement, and the halls of the illustrious progenitors of the Brunswicks, are still frightened from their propriety, by the dragging of carts, the pushing of wheel-barrows, the clank of hammers, and the dialect of Connemara. Whether we should impeach the architect of the voluminous name, or lament the severity of that fate, which for ever prohibits the richest king of the richest kingdom, from having a spot to call his own, we may pledge ourselves that there has not been a more houseless sovereign since the day when William the Conqueror slept under canvass, on the shingle of Pevensey.

They are now making the additional experiment of lighting the Castle with gas; in the lucky moment, too, when every body else is turning it out of his house as fast as he can. Let justice be done to gas as much as to the Lord Mayor. Both are excellent in their proper place, and quite the contrary in every other. Gas in our roads, where, if it blow up, it can blow up only a watchman; gas in our streets, in our shop-

windows, in our rooms, every where that it must be in perpetual contact with the open air, and can do no harm to any body, is capital. But gas in a palace, where it can take unnoted possession of half a wing full of gold candelabra, Lyons'-silk draperies, and buhl cabinets, and, upon the entrance of the first footman with a candle in his hand, can carry off the whole wing into the air, may be considered a hazardous inmate. To prove the point on a minor scale, a gazometer has already burst itself in the presence of Majesty, as if with the loyal object of giving a lesson to the unwitting introducers of this new element of royal hazards. The theatre, too, has done its duty in administering wisdom to the gas lovers; and seldom as its lessons are worth any thing, its lesson on this topic is not contemptible. Long may the King live, say we, and soon may he have a house to live in. As to palaces, he will never have a modern one, worth its first coat of paint. But Alfred lived for a year in a cottage. Peter the Great's wooden hut is still an evidence of under what humility of roof a mighty monarch may reside; and, though every capital of Europe, from Paris to Petersburg, puts our huge and haughty metropolis to shame, yet say we still, "Vive le Roi, quand même." Long live the King, in spite of the architects.

Since our writing this denunciation of Mr. Wyatville, we see that the architect, doubtless acquainted with our intention, and alarmed at its ruinous consequences, has actually contrived to sweep the Castle causeway, and plant his Majesty in Windsor. So much for righteous terror! But the work of repair and overthrow goes on still; and we warn Sir Jeffery Wyatville, that, unless he exert his energies for the utter exile of the brigades and squadrons of bricklayers and hodmen that still besiege the royal residence, we shall nullify his knighthood.

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Mr. Denman, Nero-Denman, "woman-go-and-sin-no-more" Denman, has at last, after the expiration of the term of a Botany Bay repentance, seven long years of misery and mortification, got a silk gown!

The vigorous, loyal, and sagacious counsel to Queen Caroline of mob-memory; the liberal *par excellence*, the grim associate of the Woods and Wilsons, the Broughams and Bergamis, of that glorious time of love and liberty, has got a silk gown!

The dashing Solicitor General of a week, to her Majesty of a month, who, by the finest exploit in blunder, since the memory of Momus, contrived to burlesque common sense, insult both sides at once, and make his name proverbial for absurdity, has got a silk gown! How this object of seven years' supplication has been vouchsafed to him by the Duke of Wellington, no man can conceive; except that it may be in the contemptuous determination uniformly evinced by his Grace, to show the whole tribe of "popular orators" as paltry as they were ever pert, impudent, and presuming.

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Advices from South America mention, that the attempt to cut a canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific, through the Isthmus, will be renewed. Nothing could be more important to our Indian empire. All controversy on the value of India to England, has been long since extinguished. The experience of all mankind cannot be in error; and, from the earliest connexion of Europe with the "Golden Peninsula," its possession, or its commerce, has been the ambition or the envy, of every people that aspired to European power.

In the later ages, Portugal, Holland, and France lavished their blood and treasure for this supremacy. In the older times, the states round the Mediterranean were powerful, or weak, in proportion as they possessed or lost this opulent connexion; and the declaimer against the value of India to its present great possessor, must first prove that the course of nature which, since the earliest ages, has made India the source of opulence to the west, has been superseded, when the great experiment is to be tried by England; and that the languid industry, imperfect knowledge, and tyrannical restraints, which enfeebled and impoverished the progress of commerce in all ages, are more congenial to national success, than the admirable intelligence, exhaustless industry, and matchless freedom of mind, habits, and institutions, that place England at the head of the modern world.

It is unquestionable that Great Britain has not, hitherto, been enriched by India. The possession has been too brief; scarcely more than half a century has passed since the British name was almost unknown in Asia, since our dominion was limited to a factory, and our influence to the ear of some menial of the Mahometan courts, purchased by the humiliating submissions and bribes of a few merchants, whose ventures scarcely deserved the name of trade. Since that period we have had the up-hill work of constructing an empire. In a country hostile to our name, our faith, and our rights, we have been compelled to fight, at times, for existence; and, in all instances, with an inferiority of means that made the effort as hazardous as the triumph was precarious and limited.

We still persevered, under difficulties which never were surmounted by our earlier competitors for this most magnificent prize of valour and council; and by the qualities which so nobly characterize our country, by the union of indefatigable firmness with active resolution—by blameless justice and brilliant energy, we have at length established the British name in direct, or virtual authority, over a population of sixty millions. For the clamours which charge our mastery of India with usurpation, we shall not care, until they are supported by proof. The history of our dominion is plain and honourable. Established, originally, in a small factory in Bengal, our merchants were called on by the sovereign of the province to assist him against his invader. Every man has a right to defend himself; and the British factory, in taking up arms, were only resisting plunder and massacre. Their aid gave the victory to their protector. In his gratitude he enlarged their territory. The changes of government in India, where the slave often succeeds to the throne of the master whom he murders, often exposed the British factory to the violence of those lawless and plundering usurpers. The British vigour and discipline as often turned the attack into defeat; and the territory torn from the invader consolidated the power of the settlers. The progress, thenceforth, was obvious, even to an extent of dominion which it has actually, at all times, deprecated, but to which it has been driven by the necessity for providing against the habitual violence and treachery of barbarians, whom it was always incomparably safer to meet in the field than to trust in treaty. But the expense of those struggles has been inordinate—vast armies to be supported—a multitude of functionaries to be kept in activity—a great system of law, commerce, and government, to be urged through the decayed and choked-up channels of the old Indian sovereignties, have absorbed the revenues of the country, and to this hour England is actually the poorer for her intercourse with India.

But this has been but the sowing of the field, the harvest is yet to be reaped; and, unless we choose to defeat our own purposes, and throw away the benefit of all that we have done, never nation gathered such a produce as is rising to our hand, at this hour, in the mighty extent of the British Indian Empire.

It is by our commerce that this harvest is to be gathered. The limited nature of our early trade with the peninsula, perhaps, rendered necessary by that commercial childhood of nations, which must be led, step-by-step, in the nursing of monopolies, has given way to a comparative freedom, which a few years more will probably enlarge into complete liberty. Even at present, the trade from the outports is of high importance, is hourly extending, and by those miracles of industry, which can be wrought only in a free country, England is sending back to India the produce of her own soil, manufactured by us into the finest fabrics of human skill. But neither the power of the manufacturer, nor the extent of his market, can be yet limited. While the loom in our western world is speeding its progress in dexterity and beauty, the sword and the sceptre in our eastern, are securing the peace of the land; the spirit of law is spreading through the most barbarous regions, the artisan is protected, the agriculturist is safe in the fruit of his labours, and the merchant returns with his traffic, sure of enjoying it untouched by the extortion of his ancient plundering chieftains. The invasions which every year threatened every province; the perpetual robbery which made wealth only a mark for its owner's pillage or death; the constant irritating tyranny which breaks down the strength of industry and the heart of man, are heard of no more. The native under the British dominion, is as free as his lord; under the rajahs he is almost secure from violence, by the easy power of escape to our lenient government, or by the general amelioration of manners; and the whole productive vigour of man is in progress, to be expended fearlessly upon the most productive expanse of territory ever offered to his intelligence and activity. The conquest of the Burmese border has given security to our empire on a hazardous and ill-defended quarter. The Russian exploits against the Turkish fortresses will, probably, cure that very boasting and invading government of its eagerness for marching Cossacks towards India; and the experiment of crossing the Balkan, will, we presume, be a very sufficient cure for the ambition of assaulting the Himmalch. Persia is weak, wearied with war, and taught the value of British alliance. The Mahrattas, Pindarees, and the whole race of habitual plunderers and robbers of India, are crushed, and kept in stern subordination by the British power.

For what ultimate purpose, in the councils of Providence, this unparalleled extent of dominion, supported by such unparalleled insignificance of means, has been given into the possession of a people, at the distance of half the globe, and whose whole European dominion would be but an appendage to the superb expanse of Hindostan, is a question to be answered only by the future. But it is not inconsistent with the analogy of great Providential trusts to believe, that India has been given to England for the purpose of increasing the light, the happiness, and the purity of the governed; and that every attempt to introduce the arts of peace, to civilize by literature, to ameliorate by a strict administration of law, and to purify by that most essential and humanizing of all knowledge, the knowledge of Christianity, is not less an act of national good

than of political wisdom—not less a solemn duty than a solid security against change.

To those who talk with alarm of the results of civilizing India, we almost disdain to give a reply. If the result were even to be our never setting a foot again upon its soil, it would not the less be our indispensable duty to communicate all the good in our power, physical or intellectual. For such is the command. But nations have never lost, and never will lose dominion by generous and active benevolence. Tyranny makes the timid daring, and the weak strong, for its overthrow. But gentleness, wisdom, and religion, are a pledge of empire that has never failed. We scorn, too, the outcry raised against the extinction of the habitual cruelties of India; the burnings of widows, the exposures of the aged, and the immolation of infants. We are ourselves partakers of the guilt, as long as we suffer it within our limits. It is nonsense to say that our prohibition would not be effective and final—that the Brahmins, whom we pay, or the population whom we protect, would resist an order so palpably disinterested, and dictated by such obvious humanity. The peninsula is not roused in arms by our demand of contributions—nor by our punishment of those who resist the demand, a much severer privation than the abandonment of an atrocious ceremony. We hang a Brahmin for murder, as soon as any other man; yet there is no insurrection of his order. We imprison, banish, fine, execute every form of law on every rank of offender, yet not a syllable of national murmur is heard. And yet we cannot prohibit the horrid and criminal murder of unfortunate women, whether victims, or enthusiasts, perpetrated under our eyes. This, too, will be at an end. It must wait only the additional intelligence of a few years, and the closer connexion with Europe.

The passage between Mexico and Columbia would be the greatest physical event in human amelioration since the discovery of America. The four months' voyage reduced to two; the hazards of a navigation through the most perilous seas of the world, exchanged for the safest; the uncertainty of the sailing vessel substituted by the steam-boat, would produce an interchange between Europe and Asia of the most boundless benefit to both. China, Japan, the Islands, the richest Archipelago of the world, all would be unlocked to European enterprize, and commerce then, indeed, would begin her day of glory.

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#### THE CHAIN OF LOVE.

WIND the spell, bind the spell,  
 What is in it? Fond farewell,  
 Wreathed with drops from azure eyes,  
 Twilight vows, and midnight sighs.

Bind it on the maiden's soul:  
 Suns may set, and years may roll,  
 Yet, beneath that tender twine,  
 All the spirit shall be thine.

Oceans may between you sweep,  
 Yet the spell's as strong and deep;  
 Anguish, distance, time, are vain—  
 Death alone can loose the chain.



*The Castilian*, by Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cosío, 3 vols. 1829:—Don Telesforo, of Trueba and Cosío, the author of Gomez Arias, and now of the Castilian, is fairly enrolled in the army of English novelists, and must be allowed to take a very respectable rank. A tolerably easy use of the English language by a foreigner, and especially by one of the south, is a thing of unusual attainment; but the free and full command of it exhibited by the author, is quite without precedent—not another word can be pleaded in the way of extenuation—he writes like a native, and must be judged by the same standard, and he need not shrink from even challenging scrutiny. The subject of the present production is still Spanish—of course, the writer could not do better than adhere to that with which he must be most familiar—it has the charm of novelty—it is his own field of action—he need fear no rival, for the chances are a thousand to one of another Spaniard springing up with equal advantages; and no Englishman will contest the ground with him—except perhaps the Laureat, should he take to novel writing—and we wonder, by the way, he does not—though, to be sure, his histories have much of the same quality.

The historical period, and indeed the subject, is mainly Don Pedro, surnamed the Cruel. The Castilian is one, almost the only one of his friends, whose fidelity survived all outrages and insults, and adhered to him in all extremities, with a devotion more than chivalric. Pedro, though represented by legitimate histories in the blackest and most revolting colours, has yet found extenuators, especially one who takes the pious cognomen of Gratia dei—not a priest, we may be sure. Don Telesforo, too, professes, upon close consideration, to think the recorded atrocities exaggerated, and to have felt himself warranted in softening the shades a little; but the visible signs of this good will and gentle purpose, are out of the reach of our dull vision—for truly, the Don Pedro before us, is as justly entitled to the epithets of cruel, truculent, infernal, as any of the Don Pedros of history we ever read. He is the very demon of revenge—what more can he be—the vampire of blood—a Phalaris—a Nero—jealous—haughty—passionate—intemperate—with sundry other choice qualities, the direct, and, according to Mr. Godwin, the inevitable progeny of despotism—relieved, and scarcely relieved, by one single touch of humanity—acknowledgment of wrong—and that somewhat corrupted by the presence or approach of necessity. No doubt Pedro is largely indebted to his clerical friends—a priest had murdered the father of a cobbler—the cobbler, prompted by something like excuseable revenge, killed the priest; and of course the whole community of the clergy were in arms. The

culprit was seized—he was charged rather with impiety, sacrilege, blasphemy, than murder; and Pedro, who liked any thing in any shape, that savoured of despotism, chose himself to try the cause. He called on the miserable wretch for his defence, and the man nakedly stated the motive. What was done to the priest? He was suspended from his sacred functions for a twelvemonth. Then let the cobbler be rigidly prohibited from mending shoes for the same period. The solemn mockery was never forgiven by the sacerdotēs.

The Castilian is of course the model of honour and loyalty. He is betrothed to a very lovely lady, the noble and inflexible daughter of a grandee of somewhat pliable principles; disposed to be on terms with whoever was strongest. Pedro is obliged to fly before the triumphs of his bastard brother, Enrique de Trastamara, and the Castilian accompanies him. Coolly received by the Court of Portugal, Pedro and his half dozen attendants repair to the Black Prince, our own Edward of Wales, in Guienne; and the chivalrous spirit of that redoubted prince prompts him at once to aid legitimacy against illegitimacy. A considerable force of knights and adventurers is assembled, and by the decisive battle of Navara in 1367, a battle not inferior in conduct, bravery and effect, to those of Poitiers and Cressy, though less talked of, Enrique is routed, and Pedro replaced on the throne of Castile. Revenge was boiling in Pedro's bosom—the new opportunity of indulging it was dearer to him than the recovery of his throne; but when he demanded the surrender to himself of the many noble captives, Edward firmly stipulated for their forgiveness, and thus for a time rescued them from the famished jaws of the human tiger. Pedro was compelled to temporize; but impatient of restraint, and thirsting for blood, he soon broke faith with the Prince: and long before the English troops quitted Seville, he had made several quondam courtiers shorter by the head, and plunged one poor lady into the flames. Edward, after sundry fruitless remonstrances, in the true spirit of a knight, and with the humanity of a Christian, was finally disgusted, and abandoning the tyrant, returned to Guienne. This was the signal for new conspiracies among the nobles still attached to the cause of Trastamara, and more and more alienated by the tyrant's recent cruelties, and their own impending peril.

Some, however, still adhered, and among them, of course, the Castilian, but even his fidelity was for a moment shaken. He had solicited the king's permission to marry Costanza—the King hesitated—affected surprise—but eventually gave his consent for the ceremony at the end of two months. That time expired, he peremptorily forbade

the completion of the match—he was himself fascinated by the lady's charms, and resolved to enjoy them on his own terms. The indignation of the Castilian is raised—he expostulates—in vain. The insults he was receiving were known—he was solicited by letter to join the conspiracy—he shrunk from contagion, and proceeded to the palace to denounce the conspirators; but his purpose was defeated by new insults from the King, and even a blow—but one which did not reach his person—he intercepted it with his hat. Pedro was wrought up to fury—the lady was gone, no one knew whither—he drew his sword, and was rushing on his victim, when the Castilian bared his loyal bosom for the stroke. The King was shaken by his firmness, and the Castilian withdrew, with the resolution forthwith to join Trastamara. But cooling again, his loyalism returned in full glow, and Pedro, anticipating his too probable purpose, had him instantly arrested and plunged into a dungeon, where he suffered all sorts of privations and indignities for a couple of months—when suddenly the tyrant—his foes were hemming him round—made a sort of *amende honorable*—confessed his wrongs—and consented to the marriage. This of course was ample reparation.

The enemy approaching, Pedro was driven on one occasion, to take refuge with his faithful Castilian, in the castle of Costanza's father. Intelligence of his retreat was carried to the adverse party, and Don Lara, a relative of Costanza, and one to whom she had once been betrothed, and who without doubt had been indifferently treated by all parties—heads a detachment of troops to search for the royal fugitive. Luckily he escapes, by the self-devotion of the Castilian. Lara, who though a somewhat generous fellow, is as furious as love, jealousy and revenge can make him—seizes the Castilian, and destines him for immediate execution. Costanza pleads for the life of her lover, and a scene of very considerable force follows—he is ungenerous enough to offer the alternative—her hand, or her lover's death. After a deep struggle, she consents, and the Castilian is released, and again joins Pedro—though not without first upbraiding the fond and devoted girl for her *cowardly* yieldings.

Soon a conflict ensues, in which Lara, after performing feats of valour, receives his death-stroke from the Castilian. They recognize each other—coming death softens the heart of Lara—he repents—solicits forgiveness—sends for his wife—writes to Enrique, and dies in peace with every body, and forgiven by every body.

The final scene now approaches. Pedro is betrayed into Duguesclin's tent—Trastamara appears—a personal struggle follows—Pedro's fury gives him the superiority—but by the attendants he is basely wounded, and finally despatched. The Castilian is condemned by Trastamara as the sole victim on

his re-accession—kings must have victims on these occasions—when Costanza, the young widow, appears, and presents to the king the last prayer of his favourite, Lara, which proved to be the pardon of the Castilian. He is accordingly released; and he and the widow, after the due period of mourning, marry; but the feelings of loyalism, which still burn brightly in the Castilian's bosom, refuse to obey an usurper; and he withdraws to England, to his friend in arms, Sir John Chandos, where he lives—till he dies.

*History of the Commonwealth, by W. Godwin, vol. iv; 1828.*—This fourth volume embraces the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, and appears to conclude Mr. Godwin's purpose—though he hints at the possibility of yet conducting the story to the return of Charles, under the title of a History of the Restoration. For the most part Cromwell has been shewn up by royalists—his bitterest enemies—who could no better give vent to their rage and malignity, than by depreciating the man, who had so long kept them down. Whatever was calculated to excite contempt, hatred, disgust, and indignation, has been from those days to these zealously hunted out, and where materials failed, have been invented to accomplish their purpose—or how could we find him, as we do, represented in so many incompatible disguises—rude and brutal—illiterate—fanatic—poor—a brewer—a farmer—tyrannical—arbitrary—half madman—half hypocrite—and yet triumphant? Mr. Godwin has, of course, no prejudices against him, but neither is he his unqualified admirer; he has no sympathies with aristocratic feelings, but he can mark and estimate them; he is too independent in thought not to judge for himself, too active to rest in hereditary prepossessions, and too sagacious not to question effects, which are ascribed to improbable or incompetent causes. Cromwell dissolved abruptly his parliaments of 1654 and 1656; he dismissed three judges, and sent as many eminent counsel to the tower, all, apparently, for discharging their duties; he imposed taxes, and made laws by his sole authority; he excluded, arbitrarily, a hundred members from parliament, and instituted a house of lords, it is added, from the dregs of the people. These are the acts of a madman; but Cromwell was no madman; therefore either these facts were not true, or they are assigned to wrong causes. The facts themselves are mostly true; and the object of Mr. Godwin is to give sense and consistency to the narrative of Cromwell's Protectorate. The course he takes is to shew the necessity under which Cromwell acted, and the acts complained of were, generally, the best which imperious circumstances admitted. He does not justify Cromwell through thick and thin, but suggests carefully and steadily the extenuations, which truth and the evidence of facts, and common candour demand.

Cromwell was a sincere man—he had a conscience about him, though often passing the limits of his convictions of right—he would willingly have kept within those limits, under any penalty short of losing the sovereignty he had once seized. He was, besides, an enlightened man—to a degree far beyond the common impression—he wished no man to be restricted in his religious professions, save only, perhaps, prelates and catholics. Once he was prompted to lend his sanction to an act against them, but we are left in ignorance of what immediately led to this solitary instance. Burton's Diary has been of infinite service in establishing the fact how impossible it was for Cromwell, even by excluding the hundred members, to get on with his parliaments. They were as resolute to abridge his authority, as the Long Parliament were to cut down Charles's; and Oliver as determined to keep what he had got, as ever Charles had been—with more skill, temper, and tact. Generally historians, the least prejudiced, have thought he died luckily for himself—his resources were at an end; Mr. Godwin thinks differently; but the probability—the symptoms of permanence, are not well made out—they rest solely upon Mr. G's conviction of the inexhaustibility of his mental resources. But he has undoubtedly succeeded in shewing distinctly the bright side of Cromwell—in exhibiting his better and admirable points—the facility with which he baffled his enemies—the resolution with which he faced danger—the promptitude with which he extricated himself—his attachments—his liberalities—his magnanimities. Neither has he veiled the more questionable features, though he has not hesitated to reject what creditable evidence warranted him in pronouncing royalist calumnies.

Obscure intimations, in many quarters, occur relative to an attempt on the part of Barebone's Parliament to suppress the "universities, tithes, and learning." Mr. G. has searched for this history of this affair in vain; but has collected the scattered hints. Among these is Cromwell's speech on declining the title of king, in which, speaking of that parliament (Barebone's) he says, the sober part of it had returned the power into his hands to prevent the destruction of the ministers of the gospel, and the setting up of the Judicial law of Moses, in abrogation of all our ministrations. Sydenham, in his speech to that very parliament, speaks of them as the 'enemies of all intellectual cultivation and learning.' Baxter, in his narrative of his own life, says, it had been the aim of this parliament to overturn the established ministry (clergy). Clarendon, who of course makes the worst of it, says, they proposed to sell college lands and apply the proceeds to the service of the nation. Echard talks of their proposing to suppress the universities, and all schools of learning, as heathenish and unnecessary.

Though inclined to give little weight to these singly, and disposed to think Cromwell had an interest in misrepresenting that parliament, yet, when taken together, Mr. Godwin is forced to conclude there must have been some ground for the charge—especially supported as it is by Owen's speech, as vice chancellor of Oxford, in which he says—'the Supreme Arbitrer of all so scattered all their counsels and their concerts in a moment that the conspirators hardly and with difficulty provided for their own safety who *three days* before were in the act to devour us (the university).' Three names are particularly distinguishable as enemies of the ecclesiastical function and of learning—Dell—Eberberry—and Webster—all three of them had been chaplains in the army, and were eminent as men of learning themselves; Dell was master of Caius, and held the office till the restoration. Of this parliament, Clarendon boldly affirms they were generally a pack of weak, senseless fellows, fit only to bring the name of a parliament into utter contempt; and that much the greater part of them consisted of inferior persons of no name or quality, artificers of the meanest trades, known only by their gifts in praying and preaching. This account Hume, as every body knows, has literally adopted—though it should be remembered Clarendon could know nothing of the matter but by hearsay. It is only necessary to consult the list of the members to refute this calumny—*ex pede Herculis*.

The parliament of 1656 shewed manifest symptoms of religious persecution—the case of Naylor is very memorable. Many were for putting him to death, and Skippon professed to speak the Protector's sentiments—that he had always been for allowance to tender consciences, but had never intended to indulge such things. Cromwell, however, shewed great anxiety, while the subject of death was under discussion, but when that was abandoned, left them to themselves. To Biddle, the Socinian, he allowed a hundred crowns a year, during the three years he was confined in St. Mary's Castle, in the Scilly Islands; and laboured hard to give some relief to the Jews. He named a conference, but was overruled by the divines, who overwhelmed him by piling text upon text. Firmen, then an apprentice, and afterwards one of the most distinguished advocates of Socinianism, ventured, it is said, personally to solicit Cromwell, to whom the Protector replied, "You curl-pated boy you, do you think I will shew favour to a man who denies his Saviour, and disturbs the government?" Firmen was at this time, thirty-three years of age—of course the story is an invention.

Godwin quotes, at great length, from the speech addressed by Cromwell to the Committee appointed to satisfy his scruples, as to the royal title, and says of it, correctly enough, it is singularly excellent. And yet

of this very speech it is that Hume remarks, "we will produce any passage at random, for the discourse is all of a piece;" and then boldly concludes, "The great defect of Oliver consists not in his want of elocution, but in want of ideas; he was incapable of expressing himself on the occasion, but in a manner, which a peasant of the most ordinary capacity would justly be ashamed of." So, of course, every body supposes Cromwell was, what somebody, with equal justice, called Goldsmith, an inspired idiot.

Cromwell is represented, commonly, as driving the Irish population, rich and poor—all, without exception—into Connaught. "There was a large tract of land," says Clarendon—he is the chief authority—"even to the half of the province of Connaught, that was separated from the rest of the kingdom by a long and large river, and which by the plague and many massacres, remained almost desolate. Into this space and circuit of land they required all the Irish to retire by such a day under the penalty of death; and all who should after that time be found in any other part of the kingdom, man, woman, or child, should be killed by any body who saw or met them." Of this improbable representation, Godwin says, "I endeavoured to figure to myself three fourths of the territory of Ireland without an inhabitant—no soul left through its cities, its uplands, its vallies, its farm-houses, and its granges, but the English invaders, and their English families. I own the weakness of my understanding, and my imagination; I could not take it in;" and then proceeds to shew the absurdity by details that must, in every one's mind prove decisive.

The book is of the highest value.

*The Disowned, by the Author of Pelham.* 4 vols; 1829.—The aiming at something far above the fame of a fashionable novelist—we know not by what title the author can claim any higher classification. Pelham was a puppy, and a pedantic puppy; and very much of the writing, with a sort of dramatic propriety, bore the characteristics of one. He was a gentleman—a man of fashion merely, filling a certain small niche, or moving in one narrow orbit, and affecting to turn up his nose at all others. He reminded us of Dr. Dibdin, a consummate bibliomaniac, exhibiting the follies of bibliomaniia. The vivacity and smartness compensated, however, for a great deal of nonsense, conceit, pertness, and punning. The *Disowned* has all the brilliancies of Pelham, and is stripped of many of the petulancies, which more frequently revolted than piqued or tickled. It shews more reading, certainly—perhaps more reflection, and a more matured intellect altogether, though much of the former frippery still hangs about it, splendid and sparkling as stage tinsel. The tale—the mere construction of the tale, is far inferior to Pelham—it consists indeed only of some half dozen incidents, and those of the more im-

probable kind—of the mere 'novel' cast; and the whole would be nothing, but for the vein of commentary and discussion which runs through it; and unluckily those very discussions, though good—on character, for instance, and genius—and the best of the book, will be least read—perhaps not read at all. The author is a highly cultivated person, and deep in Rousseau and French sentimentalists—we are not speaking disrespectfully—and he is himself very capable of working in the depths of the same mines, and eliciting more metal of the same sterling value. We shall venture to recommend him to pursue his obvious bent, and give the results in a new shape. Essays—he must find a new title—written in the same spirit, would be read, unconnected with a tale—connected with a tale, he may take our experience—they will not. A novel is taken up ninety-nine times out of a hundred, not only by young ladies, to get to the end of it without being interrupted by impertinencies—by any thing which obliges the reader to stop and inquire. Story, story—laugh as the writer will—nothing else goes down, and luckily nobody is very particular what the story is.

A young gentleman appears upon the scene, tramping his way towards an inn—he is about eighteen—of a patrician figure—bold forehead, eyes of fire, and nose, like Lebanon. He falls in with a King Cole, who quotes Shakspeare and Chaucer—spends a merry evening—he can accommodate to any thing—with a troop of gypsies, and proceeds the next morning to the inn, where he finds a box or two with the initials C. L., and a letter containing 1000*l.*—the whole he is entitled to. The curiosity of the landlady compels him to give a name; and he suddenly pitches upon the liquid one of Clarence Linden. The youth, it appears, has been turned out of doors, the why is the kernel of the mystery. He is of a soaring cast, and with his 1000*l.*, and his own good spirits, he proposes to buffet the world, and win himself a name, since he has lost his own. To town, of course, he flies; and luckily pitches upon a sort of boarding-house, where he meets with an eccentric old beau, living in the neighbourhood—a man of family and fortune—and once conspicuously of fashion—with whom he soon forms an intimacy, and soon also has the opportunity of saving his life, by shooting a house-breaker. This, of course brings on greater intimacy, and the youth is prompted to tell his own story, to which the reader is not yet admitted. Luckily, again, the old gentleman takes a prodigious liking—adopts him, in short—hints are given of some relationship—and the youth is speedily, under the most promising auspices, attached to an embassy, with a liberal allowance from his patron. After a lapse of four years, he returns with the ambassador as his private secretary, and with him is to go out again, as secretary of legation. Through the ambassador and his

patron, we find him introduced, and quite at home, in the first circles (that is the correct phrase, we believe) chatting with the minister, and making love to the daughter of a Marquis.

The more conspicuous he becomes, the more of course he excites inquiry; and whispers soon circulate, that he is nobody knows who—perhaps old Talbot's bastard. A Lord Borodale, the son of an Earl Ulswater, an admirer of the Marquis's daughter, resolves to settle the question, and insults him. The high spirited youth, of course, challenges; but the reader is surprised to find some struggle—a burst of tears, even—before he determines. In the encounter, he is severely wounded, and fires in the air. Before he fairly recovers, old Talbot dies, and leaves him a mansion, 5000*l.* a year, and 80,000*l.* in the funds—we love to be accurate. With these indispensables he addresses Lady Flora, and has his letter returned—the same story had reached her and her friends. Thus repulsed, he accepts the secretaryship, about which his ample windfall had before induced him to waver, and again we lose sight of him for another two or three years; and when he reappears it is of course with additional splendour—he is in Parliament—under-secretary of state, and conspicuous for activity, intriguing, and speaking.

Lady Flora, in the mean while, is not forgotten, though no longer pursued, till suddenly he gets a letter from some duke, his particular friend—who, by the way, never bows to a gentleman) who has just married an especial confidante of her's, that neither is *he* forgotten—and that though she is now betrothed to Lord Ulswater, his old rival and duellist, she may still be won. To the marquiss he accordingly flies on the instant—finds her in the arbour—begins to tell the softest tale—when Lord Ulswater presents himself, and a scene of violence is threatened, till Clarence catches him by the arm, and bids him beware how he incenses him to pollute his soul with the blood of a ———. “What?” exclaims in fury the other. The word is whispered in his ear,—and a word that astounds and paralyzes. “Are you prepared to prove it?” “I am.” A compact follows—they are to meet in the presence of the marchioness and her daughter in two days. On the day of appointment Clarence appears—no Lord Ulswater—Clarence begins his tale—when Lord Ulswater is brought in, on a litter, dying.—He had, with his horse, been forced down a precipice, by a man who had been stung into the act by an insult—and has but just time to request an interview with Lady Flora and resign her to his brother. And the fact was, Clarence was his half-brother, and had been disowned by the father, because the mother had intrigued with some one, to whom she had been attached before marriage; but pains are taken to assure us of his perfect legitimacy. Clarence thus succeeds to the earldom of Ulswater, and, of course marries Lady Flora. This

story—if it is worth calling one—is mixed up with the events of two or three others—particularly those of a Mr. Mordaunt—who is an ardent philosopher and a fond lover—loses for love an estate—is plunged into the most loathsome poverty—loses his wife by disease—recovers his estate, and is finally shot by a radical, who mistakes him for the prime minister. This radical, also is shewn up at full length—but the lines are much too broad—he is a perfect and frenzied fanatic in republicanism. Poor Mordaunt's tale is a thrilling one, and the tone of gentleness, softness, and tenderness towards the wife, is touching and lovely beyond any thing we remember.

*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo (Savary)*, 4 vols. 8vo. 1828.—Savary has had hard measure; he has been made the scape-goat for the sins of many of his scoundrel contemporaries; his back seems to be thought broad enough, and strong enough, to bear any burden, and no mercy has been shewn in piling packages upon it. Insult has roused him—and, like a stag at bay, he has turned, and made some desperate lunges into the viscera of his pursuers. Though looking upon him as no very scrupulous person, we do not find him either so malicious or so formidable as others represented him, nor so cunning or so successful as he probably thought himself—nor do we see why he is not entitled to a hearing. A man cannot be always lying, nor, if he could, would it be his interest to do so. He is checked in a thousand ways, and his very lies, in a large proportion, furnish materials for their own detection—were it not so, truth would be more scarce even than it is. Placed in a peculiar position, and wielding peculiar weapons, he excited the indignation and vengeance of numbers; but it follows not that this indignation was always just. They were thwarted often by him in very unjustifiable measures, and the language of complaint and reprobation must be cautiously construed into that of justice and equity. We take Savary to have been a pretty honest man, according to his standard of morals—obedience to a superior. We do not believe he *originated* atrocious actions, though he might not hesitate to execute them. With a better master he had been a better man.

At the breaking out of the revolution, he was quite a boy, and in 1791, at fifteen, obtaining a commission in the regiment of cavalry, of which his father had been major, with a cross of St. Louis, he commenced his career in the army commanded by Bouillé. He was successively with Custine, Pichegru, Morceau, and very early employed as an aide-de-camp, first by Ferino, and afterwards by Desaix. In the expedition to Egypt, he was still attached as aide-de-camp to Desaix, attending him wherever he went, to Syria, and the Cataracts, and returning with him to Europe—was present

with him at the battle of Marengo. At this battle it was he first came into immediate contact with Buonaparte. By his activity, especially in bringing up Kellerman, he contributed to the recovery of the day, and at the close of the battle was named, along with Rapp, one of the Consul's aides-de-camp. From this period he was constantly about the person of Napoleon, and employed by him on numerous confidential occasions. He surveyed and reported on the state of the towns surrendered in Italy—inspected the troops with Brune, at Dijou—superintended the preparations of the fleets at Brest and Rochefort, and was just returned from a mission to Dieppe, connected with George's conspiracy, when, as Colonel of the gendarmes, he superintended the execution of the Duke D'Enghien.

This action, which drew upon him so much abuse and execration, he has detailed with great care and minuteness, and laboured hard to throw the odium from himself. He represents himself as knowing nothing about the previous arrangements of the business, but merely as commanding the troops, placed under the orders of the president (Hullin) of the military commission. He had been in Paris only two or three days, when, on the 20th of March (1804), the day before the execution, he was sent with a letter, by Buonaparte, to Murat, the governor of Paris, who commanded him to take certain troops forthwith to Vincennes. These troops were not all assembled, and disposed of at the Castle till three in the morning of the 21st, before which hour Hullin, and the other members of the commission, consisting of the colonels of the garrison of Paris, had arrived, had commenced, and nearly concluded their labours. At this hour Savary, along with others, went into the room, and was just in time to hear the concluding replies of the duke. The room was then cleared; and, in about two hours, the commander of the infantry came to Savary with an order for a picket, to execute the sentence just passed, which he, of course, supplied, and with the rest of the troops witnessed the execution, about six o'clock, in the spacious ditch of the Castle, and then proceeded with all speed to report to the Consul. This, he declares, is all he knows of the matter. The perusal of the particulars will not, perhaps, satisfy any one, though no one will doubt that his refutation of Hullin's incredible story is pretty complete.

In the German campaign of 1805, he accompanied the Emperor as his aide-de-camp, and was specially employed before the battle of Austerlitz, in a message to the Emperor of Russia, and after the battle, again, successively to the Emperors of Austria and Russia. His conversations with these imperial personages are minutely given in a dialogue form. In the campaigns of 1806 and 1807, he was en-

gaged more in military commands—first, as a general of division—next, on the ill-health of Lannes, at the head of the 5th division; and again, at the head of the fusiliers; and, on the taking of Konisberg, was made governor of the town. On the peace of Tilsit, he was dispatched as a sort of Ambassador, though not with the title of one, to Petersburg, where he continued six months, making himself very acceptable to the Emperor, and, by degrees, subduing a good deal of the prejudice existing against him—being finally admitted to circles from which he was at first excluded.

After this residence of six months at St. Petersburg, he returned, in January 1808, to Paris; and on the creation of the new nobility, he was made Duke of Rovigo, and in March, was commissioned to go to Spain, and report upon the state of the Royal Family. This was his sole business; but while in Spain, Ferdinand determined upon going to Bayonne to meet the Emperor, and that, at least, Savary, on his own shewing, promoted. At Vittoria, Ferdinand stopped short, and Savary proceeded by himself onward to Bayonne to the Emperor. He was immediately speeded back to Vittoria, and when finally Ferdinand was persuaded to advance, accompanied him to Bayonne. In June he replaced, in functions, if not in appointments, the Duke of Berg (Murat), at Madrid; and, during his administration, occurred the disastrous surrender of Dupont, at Baylen. Retreat from Madrid was become indispensable for the new king, and Savary preceded him to meet the Emperor, who received him more kindly than he had anticipated—though always sure the Emperor would do justice to well-meant efforts.

The meeting with the Emperor of Russia, at Erfurt, was now at hand, and Savary accompanied Napoleon thither; and, after this memorable interview, Napoleon, still taking Savary with him, hastened to Spain, and entered Madrid. The new administration of the government being arranged, he was pursuing the English army, when, at Astorga, he was surprised by intelligence of extraordinary movements on the part of Austria. Leaving Soult in command, he returned with all speed to Paris to hurry on the necessary preparations; and, again, Savary accompanied him in the perilous campaign of 1809, employed as before, sometimes in commands, and sometimes on occasional commissions.

The war over, Paris was occupied the succeeding winter and spring in the Emperor's marriage, and in the following June Savary was made Minister of Police, which terminated his military career, and introduced him to quite a new scene of business. Fouché left him completely in the lurch—would give him no manner of information, nor communicate even the names of his established agents, except those of the lowest class. But Savary's own activity, and the

interests of the old employés, soon familiarized him with the tricks of the office, which he, by degrees, remodelled according to his own conceptions of efficiency, and spreading his nets on all sides, was thus able, at any moment, to catch whom he pleased. He evidently speaks as if he had every thing under his thumb, though no man can doubt but he must have been for ever the dupe of the rascally agents, high and low, he employed. His accounts of the execution of police duties are decidedly amongst the most attractive and novel parts of his book—by far too complicated and extensive for us to analyze; but we may direct the reader's attention to them, as to portions that beyond all others deserve it.

As Minister of Police, he continued till the exile of Napoleon to Elba; and, though forbidden to take leave of him, was allowed to reside on his estate at some distance from Paris—taking no part in public affairs. The triumphant return of the exile surprised him. He went to the Tuilleries to meet him—was summoned by the Emperor as Minister of Police—executed an order given on the spot, but peremptorily refused to resume the invidious office, though he seems to have taken the command of the *gensdarmérie*. He was not at the battle of Waterloo; but was one of those who faithfully proposed to accompany the Emperor, wherever his destinies led him. He was with him on board the *Bellerophon*; but both he and *Lallemand* were harshly refused permission to share his exile at *St. Helena*. After Napoleon was put on board the *Northumberland*, *Savary* and *Lallemand* were conveyed away to Malta, thrown into prison, and kept there till April of the following year, and then turned adrift. *Savary* went to *Smyrna*, and concealed himself in the family, first of an Englishman, and then of a Frenchman, till he learned by the papers his condemnation, *par contumace*, and was urged by his friends to fly. He took the first ship, and was landed at *Trieste*, where he was seized, and carried to *Gratz*, when, very unexpectedly, he found himself at liberty. Luckily the Emperor of Austria and *Metternich*, were passing through *Gratz*, and *Savary* obtaining an interview with *Metternich*, engaged him to get him permission to reside at *Smyrna*. To *Smyrna*, accordingly, he returned, when, in March 1819, he found himself again exposed to the vexatious harassings of the French Ambassador at Constantinople, and compelled to quit his asylum. He was now resolved to face his difficulties, and present himself to the authorities at Paris; and, being brought before a court-martial, was tried, and acquitted, and left at large.

Of *Bernadotte*, *Moreau*, *Fouché*, *Talleyrand*, and their treacheries, as well as of a multitude of less distinguished personages, the reader will find particulars in abundance. The whole must, however, be received with caution—but whose memoirs

ought not to be so received? Here and there, perhaps, there is *unusual* glossing.

*The Protestant*, by *Mrs. Bray*, 3 vols., 12mo.; 1828.—The author—for the feminine termination is so wholly un-English that it is not to be borne with—the author, we were going to say, has conspicuously, more than any body we could readily mention, the merit of irrepressible perseverance, and is now reaping, what every body does not, the fruits of it. She mends, and mends decisively. Though not, we confess, disposed to admire the selection of topic, and still less the spirit, in which the story is developed, we readily allow it is well told, and simply told; not complicated by circumstances, and encumbered with details; her characters are fairly and fully worked out, and her authorities, such at least as she has chosen to trust to, carefully consulted and correctly represented. The impression which the author leaves, is that persecution under *Mary's* reign was universal, over men, women, and children; clergy and laity; perpetual and unceasing; and burning as common as dining, though the number of the sufferers is thoroughly known. *Mrs. B.* will not so far misunderstand us, as to retort upon us a desire to apologise for catholic enormities.

We trust to the good sense we are sure the author possesses, to take our expostulation, or rather our lament, in good part, while, as is our wont, we sketch slightly her simple and afflicting story. The 'Protestant' is an aged clergyman, a friend of *Cranmer's*, who had taken orders at forty, and then a married man. He had an excellent wife, a very amiable and beautiful daughter, and a son who had imprudently suffered himself to be drawn into a correspondence with *Wyatt*, in his attempt to raise a party in favour of *Elizabeth*. The scene of the story is in the neighbourhood of *Canterbury*, and the precise historical event connected with the family story, is the survey and visitation of the churches in *Mary's* reign; which was executed in the *Canterbury diocese* by *Thornton*, called the *Suffragan of Dover*, and *Hampfield*, archdeacon of *Canterbury*, and a Spanish priest, the confessor of a catholic family in the neighbourhood. These personages are represented as thorough-paced bigots, or knaves—*Thornton*, licentious and profligate—*Hampfield*, cruel and savage—the friar, as cunning as cruel, and all the subordinate agents, rogues. The story opens with the visit, apparently friendly, of *Thornton*, whose object is to entrap the aged protestant into an explicit declaration of his heretical sentiments; but manœuvres are quite superfluous; he is not ashamed of his doctrines, and disdains concealment. He resists the importunities of his wife, who urges him to be cautious; and a crafty and scoundrel attorney is at hand to take notes of the conversation between him and the suffragan. Officers are

forthwith introduced, and the old gentleman is conveyed to the castle, at Canterbury, and flung among felons; and the old lady, in like manner, is consigned to a solitary apartment in the bishop's house; to do public penance, in due time, in a white sheet, as a harlot, the law not recognising a clergyman's wife.

Just as they have gone, and the daughter, with the old servant, are on the point of abandoning the parsonage, comes the son from the continent, who upon hearing the sad details, flies to the neighbouring squire, his father's friend, who is sheriff of the county, and has jurisdiction, we suppose, in the city, to implore his assistance; and on his way, in the plantations, encounters the daughter of the said squire. Now this daughter and he were once, with the consent of her mother, half a protestant or more, affianced; but religious differences, and the bigoted obstinacy of the squire, had long broken off the connexion, though the young man was still resolved to hold her to the contract, and she was nothing loath. A conversation and a sort of explanation follows, and then he proceeds to the house, where, at the door, he meets with the confessor, and is prompted by some insolence of his, to knock him down. Disposed sufficiently before by religious feeling to injure the youth, Spanish revenge makes him ten times more malignant than ever, and stirs all his worst energies. He leagues with a cousin of the young man, who stands in his way also to a great inheviatance, to ruin him. He has also, as confessor, full controul over the squire, and by misrepresenting the young man, enrages the squire against him, past all conciliation; and then proposes and urges with all the weight of his spiritual thunder, the cousin as the husband of his daughter. This cousin is a perfect and profligate villain: he charges the youth with an act of treason, of which he himself had been the chief contriver, and attempts to force the young lady's consent to a marriage, by engaging to save him. She indignantly repels him, and is finally consigned to the charge and controul of the monk, who drives her, by his severities, into a state of incipient madness.

In the meanwhile the persecutors proceed in their horrid course. Thornion has an interview with the old protestant's daughter, and attempts to seduce her to be his 'lady-love'; and in revenge for her rejection, turns her over to Hampsfield, who also, exasperated at her steadiness, threatens her with the stake, and finally, by way of specimen, holds her beautiful little hand over the candle, till the sinews snap. Then follow the trial of the old man, and the day of burning for him, his servant, an old woman, and a blind boy. The particulars are all minutely detailed—the daughter hangs bags of gunpowder about the necks of the victims—the bishop himself is putting the torch to the pile, when he is

seized with a fit, and then another and another attempt is made, till the sheriff appears in sight, riding on a foaming horse, and cries God save Queen Elizabeth—which implies the death of Mary, and ensures the pardon of the victims. Finally, the squire's daughter recovers, is converted, and marries the somewhat moody and impetuous son of the protestant; but no husband is found for Rosa, with the burned hand, which seems very unkind and quite incorrect.

*Past Feelings Renovated; or, Ideas occasioned by the Perusal of Dr. Hibbert's Philosophy of Apparitions; 1828.*—Few persons could have read Dr. Hibbert's book on the Philosophy of Apparitions, without a conviction that he has given a death-blow to the existence of very many ghosts. He did not set about the annihilation by asking to what purpose they came, or why they were so rare, or why they selected some in preference to others, or why they observed no rule at all, or why the reality of their visits was still questionable; but hearing of ghosts, which indubitably proved to be no ghosts, but the sheer effect of morbid impressions, he was prompted to conclude they were all alike; and subsequent inquiries ripened his conclusion to conviction. In his own estimation, he had discovered a touchstone for all sorts and sizes, and was well disposed to bring them—all-abounding as they do—in old books especially—no new stories have been added of late years we think—to his test. But the want of circumstantiality in the stories precluded a general application, chiefly from the absence of details relative to the health and previous habits of the witnesses; and Dr. Hibbert could, consequently, only start certain suggestions, the realization of which would have brought them within his theory. This inapplicability has been seized upon, and a strange sort of exultation exhibited, that his victory is not complete. Dr. Hibbert established the fact, that in certain states of diseases, old impressions re-appear, without the actual presence of the original object; these re-appearances, when the case was not understood, were mistaken for ghosts; and the possibility followed at once that all the ghosts upon record were of the same unimportant character. The case on which he relies for the basis of his theory, is the very memorable one of Nicholai, the bookseller of Berlin, who experienced these re-appearances, these day-dreams, and minutely recorded them, and accompanied them with the minutest details of his mental and bodily state. Farther inquiries brought numerous confirmations.

The writer of the book before us, is something of an alarmist; he detects infidelity and materialism, and the book must, on the common demands of duty, be answered. To question the reality of ghosts is, in his eyes, to deny revelation, and



accordingly all the ghost-stories that were ever heard of, are to be raked up, and forced down our throats, with any evidence, which he chooses to consider of the most irrefragable kind. Lord Clarendon, for instance, reports the apparition which presented itself to Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and who can refuse the testimony of such a man as Clarendon? yet he, in truth, bears no testimony to the truth of it; but introduces it thus—"There were many stories scattered abroad, at that time, of several prophecies and predictions of the duke's untimely and violent death. Amongst the rest there was one, which was upon a better foundation of credit than usually such discourses are founded upon." Now what is there here to rest upon? Lord Clarendon does not give his *authority* at all; and if his evidence is to be regarded as personal, as being admitted by a man of undoubted veracity and intelligence, the utmost he says is, it was better supported than others. The author talks of judges and rules of evidence—why, there is nothing here that would not be rejected instantaneously, as mere hearsay, or wholly irrelevant, upon any two-penny matter that ever came into court.

Then comes Colonel Gardiner's story, as *narrated*, not as *attested*, though believed, by Dr. Doddridge. Dr. D., we are told, was 'eminently pious;' but what has that to do with the story? Nobody questions Dr. Doddridge's veracity—no, nor Colonel Gardiner's. The doctor reported what Gardiner told him—Gardiner told what he seemed to see and hear; but is here evidence to establish miraculous interposition? "With regard to the vision," observes Dr. H., "the appearance of our Saviour on the cross, and the awful words repeated, can be considered in no other light, than as so many recollected images of the mind, which, probably, had their origin in the language of some urgent appeal to repentance, that the colonel might have casually read, or heard delivered. Dr. H.," adds the anonymous replier, "hints also at some *possible* injury of the brain." This is true, and is founded upon the fact of Colonel Gardiner's having a short time before received a severe fall from his horse—which the replier has chosen to conceal.

But why should we doubt of ghosts, when every man has his guardian angel—

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.

This the author professes to believe no poetic vision—and on what ground? Its being allowed by some of our best divines, who have even made it the subject of discourses from the pulpit. Now, how in the name of common sense, are divines to know any thing more of the matter than the laity? The reader will see the cast of the writer, and how little qualified he must be to judge of a point of evidence; and this,

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we suppose, is a question that rests, except in the case of individual experience, solely upon testimony. Dr. Hibbert is charged with fabricating a theory, and then looking up evidence to substantiate it; whereas facts, first pointed to the theory, and then other cases were *tried* by it. But we are spending more time than the book deserves. It will do Dr. Hibbert no harm; but collecting, as it does, all the stories of any notoriety, ancient and modern, the record will be convenient for reference.

*Mémoires inédits de Louis Henri De Lomenie, Comte de Brienne, Secrétaire d'état sous Louis XIV; 1828.*—Three Comtes de Brienne held in succession the office of secretary of state in the 17th century. The second, Henry Augusti, left behind him memoirs, which were published in 1719, and his son and successor, Louis Henri, left also, it seems, *his* memoirs, which are now for the first time printed, by Barriere, who edited Madame Campan's book, and has prefixed a long essay, of no great value, on the "Mœurs and Usages of the 17th Century." De Brienne, the well known Archbishop of Toulouse, a descendant of the family, was in possession of these papers, and only prevented from publishing them by the outbreak of the revolution giving him something else to think about. The originals are now in the hands of the Editor, and there exists, we believe, no reason for throwing a doubt upon their authenticity.

The author was born in 1636, two years before Louis XIV., and when seven years old, was introduced as a playmate to the young king, of whose early propensities and extraordinary precocity, a variety of details are given. At fifteen, obtaining, by the favour of the Queen Regent, the reversion of his father's office, he was admitted into the council, and, under Mazarin's control, executed some of its functions. But the next year, during the confusions of the Fronde, he was sent upon his travels, and, what no Frenchman had ever done before, visited the remotest regions of the earth, and after an absence of three years, was courteously welcomed by the queen, and commanded to give a relation of his adventures. The queen and her ladies, and all the favourites of the court assembled, he commenced his *viva voce* narrative in this style—"You shall see the Laplanders such as they are; I do not suppose they will please you, but I shall be but too happy, if he who is going to speak of them does not displease you. Imagine, then, Madame, a nation of pygmies, covered with the skins of reindeer, with nothing of the human about them, but their voice. The ladies are all smaller than Mademoiselle's dwarf, and more ugly—their complexion smokey—eyes very red—teeth the colour of ebony—mouth very large—lips very pale, and nose as flat as a negro's. Their hands are short and

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black, and more like a monkey's paws than a woman's hands, though they never take off their gloves, not even to eat or to sleep. These gloves, to be sure, are not of the perfumed kind, nor like Martial's; but muffles of deer skin, the fur outside, with nothing but a thumb and a sort of bag for the fingers. Their gowns are of the same material, and their head-dress like the hoods of the Canons of Notre Dame. They are only two feet and a half high, with high shoulders, chicken breasts, large splay feet, and always booted. They are all nymphs and naiads, nevertheless, if hunting and fishing, their sole occupations, entitle them to that appellation," &c.

Till Mazarin's death, he seems to have acted as a sort of private secretary, and when Louis took the government into his own hands, he enjoyed under that monarch many of the privileges of a favourite; but at the end of two years, for some reason or other—he refuses himself to give any hint of it—he was suddenly disgraced, and threw himself, apparently for refuge, into some religious institution. After a time, he escaped into Germany, but returning again to France, he was finally shut up, and confined, apparently as a madman, for twenty years, at St. Lazare, and other abbayes, where, under similar pretences, by the order or agency of government, many others appear to have been immured. To beguile the hours of solitude, these memoirs, it seems, were written. They betray no particular discontent—and consist chiefly of gossip relative to the members of the court. Richelieu and Mazarin are the chief *figurants* of the scene. Of Richelieu he himself, of course, could know nothing—he was a child when the cardinal died, but his father held office under him during the whole of his administration, and Richelieu must naturally have been the frequent topic of family conversation.

The old story is repeatedly alluded to, of Richelieu's passion for the queen; and an anecdote is very circumstantially told of his *dancing* before her. She was, it seems, full of frolic, and once she and her confidante, Mad. de Chevreuse, chatting about the cardinal's folly, Chevreuse suddenly said—I know I can make him do any thing to please you—will you see him dance? For the fun's sake, the queen consented—the communication was forthwith made—the cardinal fell into the trap—and presented himself to the queen in full costume, with silver bells at his garters, and castanets in his hands, to dance a sarabande. The musicians and the ladies were placed behind a screen, and laughed aloud at the ridiculous attitudes of the cardinal, “and no wonder,” says De Brienne, “since, though fifty years have passed, I cannot help laughing myself.” The sarabande over, the cardinal seized the favourable opportunity, and made his declarations in form; but the queen, treating the whole as a matter of

pleasantry, and turning all into ridicule, changed love to hatred—“and in the end paid,” says De Brienne, “dearly for the pleasure of seeing his eminence dance a sarabande.”

But the chief interest of the volumes falls upon Mazarin, of whom De Brienne, from his official connexions, had a very near view. He represents him to have been a good looking man, something above the middle height; of a fresh complexion, with eyes full of vivacity, and a prominent nose, but suiting well with the contour of his face; a fine forehead, chesnut hair, and curly, with a beard of a darker colour, and always carefully curled. He took great care of his hands, which were very good, and was fond of perfumes. Unless you were early with him, you could not perceive *qu'il sente mauvais*. He was keen, observant, and prompt. He was never seen with his breviary—and probably had a dispensation on the score of business—but attended mass every day, and communicated on the great festivals—*c'est toujours quelque chose*. For the rest, adds De Brienne, he was not very scrupulous, and kept in his own hands some thirty or forty benefices, or more. He was fond of spectacles, parties, fêtes, &c., and passionately devoted to gaming, to which he gave up full as much time as to business. He was impatient under losses, and eager for gain, and lost no opportunity of what he called taking his advantages, which seems to have meant cheating.

The interval between Richelieu's and the king's death was but four months, in which period Mazarin concurred in the appointment of a sovereign council, consisting of the Prince de Condé, himself, and two others, to control the Queen Regent, and her Lieutenant d'Orleans. This, however, by the first act of the Parliament was broken up immediately on the king's death, and the queen's absolute regency confirmed. All seemed over with Mazarin—he had already packed up for Italy, when, suddenly, and most unexpectedly, he found himself in high favour, and higher authority than before. Beauvois proved incompetent—Mazarin was sounded, and found more compliant than was expected—at the first hint he passionately declared himself the queen's devoted slave, and offered to sign the declaration, literally, with his blood; and all was forthwith put into his hands, apparently at first only as a temporary arrangement, but which his adroitness made a permanent one.

De Brienne discredits the stories that were afloat of their subsequent personal intimacy; but he judges of what he saw during the last five or six years of Mazarin's life, for he could have no acquaintance with the state of matters between them earlier of his own knowledge. In his opinion, if Mazarin was a lover, his was a sort of cupboard love—for what he could get; “this,” says De Brienne, “may be called *ambition*, but not *love*.” No real attachment existed, he

thinks, between them, or Mazarin never would have said, as he often did, in his presence—that she was a fool, and never could have steered the vessel of the state without him—that she was more attached to the interest of Austria than France—that the king her husband had good reason to hate and distrust her—that she was devout solely from necessity—had no taste of any kind but for good eating and drinking, and troubled herself, indeed, with nothing else, &c. On some occasion, the queen gave La Beauvois, her femme de chambre, an order to take some stones destined for the building of the Louvre. She must have lost her senses, exclaimed the cardinal, to make such presents. “This,” says De Brienne, “put me in a passion; and I told the queen what he had said.” “If,” replied she, “I had given them to him, there would have been no noise about the matter. But, say what he will, La Beauvois shall have the stones. Very pretty for him to control my liberalities—he, to whom I have given so much, and who has taken so much more than I gave.” But all this indicates only alienation, not original dislike. The ground of hostility between them, apparently, was her haughty refusal to consent to the marriage of one of his seven nieces with the young king.

In the conferences with Louis de Haro, to settle the terms of peace, the cardinal seems to have exerted himself beyond his strength; and on his return to Paris, his health sensibly and rapidly declined. The queen visited him in his chamber, and inquiring how he found himself, he suddenly threw his legs naked out of bed—“See, Madame, these legs, which have lost their repose in giving it to France.” “And, indeed, in a miserable state they were,” adds De Brienne, “all withered and discoloured. The good queen,” says he, “shed tears at the sight—it was a Lazarus coming out of the tomb.” One of his medical attendants ventured to tell him of his perilous state. “How long may I live?” “Two months.” *Cela suffit!* A few days after, De Brienne surprised him looking intently at some beautiful tapestry in his gallery, and exclaiming several times—“I must leave all this.” Then turning to some other object—“and that too; what pains have I taken to get these things—I shall see them no more where I am going.” De Brienne, in sympathy, sighing very deeply, recalled the attention of the cardinal; and on some papers being presented, he said, “I am no longer able to attend to business—speak to the king—I have other things

in my head.” Then recurring to his previous thoughts—“see, my friend, that beautiful Corregio—that Titian’s Venus, too—that incomparable Deluge by Caracci—for I know you love pictures, and understand them—I must leave them all—farewell, dear pictures, which I have loved so much—and which have cost me so much.”

Avarice, indeed, was his ruling passion, and the compelling motive for gaming. When he could no longer hold the cards, he had the tables brought into his chamber, and betted upon the players. De Brienne tells a story, though not from actual knowledge—“that a few days before his death, Tabeuf (privy purse to the queen) brought him the balance of a sum, which he had lost at Hoc Mazarin, a game of Mazarin’s invention, to which he had given his own name, as he was very fond of doing to all sorts of things.” The sum amounted to 15,000 francs. The cardinal took the money, and put it into his casket, which lay beside him—and while talking with Tabeuf, took up his rings and jewels one after another, repeating several times, and deliberating—“I give to Madame Tabeuf.” “What,” at last said Tabeuf, expecting of course some valuable brilliant. “*Bon jour,*” added the cardinal, and closed the casket.”

On the cardinal’s death, Louis, on the cardinal’s hint, it is said, took the reins into his own hands. De Brienne was present at the first council, and describes very minutely what took place, on announcing his intentions of becoming his own minister. Fouquet’s arrest and disgrace, which occurred within a year or two, is told with much detail, and attributed to his attempt at rivalling the king in the affections of Madame de Vallierie. Fouquet had made the lady an offer of 100,000 francs, which she communicated to the king. He had accumulated immense property, and, next to building, his great passion was purchasing the favours of the distinguished of the court. He once offered 250,000 francs to a celebrated duchess—who bravely resisted. He seems, indeed, in spite of his liberality, to have been often unlucky—Mademoiselle Meneville took his 100,000 francs, and jilted him. The money appears, however, to have been finally returned. De Brienne himself was a little enamoured of De Vallierie, and was actually closeted by the king on the subject; but he got out of the scrape on this occasion, by declaring his admiration was all platonic. The secret of Fouquet’s disgrace, however, seems rather to have been Louvois’s enmity.

## PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

## INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

*Paris.*—July 21, 1828.—MM. Dumeril et Cuvier delivered a report on the memoir of MM. Audouin and Milne Edwards, concerning the respiration of crustaceous animals. The details of this report, which extended to a considerable length, tended to show, in the most satisfactory manner, that the organization of the crustaceæ offers the strictest analogy to that which has been observed among certain fish; and the highest approbation of the Academy was bestowed upon these accurate and ingenious naturalists. MM. Cordier and Beudant reported favourably on a memoir by M. Bonnard, relative to the locality of the Manganese of Romaneche, in the environs of Macon, which was ordered to be printed in the *Recueil des Savans Etrangers*. M. Arago communicated a letter of M. de la Rive, in which this philosopher details several new facts, which appear to him favourable to the exclusively chemical theory of the voltaic pile. M. Dureau de la Malle read a paper on the fabrication of sugar from beet-root by M. Beaujeu, at Veaulories, near Rimalard (Orne). M. Milne Edwards communicated some observations he had made on the circulation in the *Nymphon gracilis*. M. Cauchy read a memoir on a new principle of rational mechanics. M. Virey presented the discourse which he had pronounced at the funeral of M. Bosc, and declines presenting himself as candidate for the vacant place in the section of medicine. M. Raspail communicated an experiment, which appeared to him to explain the circulation in the chara, and made some remarks on the use of Amici's microscope. MM. Arago and Mirabel express an opinion the direct contrary of that of M. Raspail.—28. A letter was read from Doctor Alibert, who, while he expresses the highest respect for the Academy, declines appearing as candi-

date for the place vacant by the death of M. Chaussier. Upon a ballot for the election of a member in the section of medicine, the numbers appeared for M. Serres thirty-eight, M. Degenettes five, and the other votes were divided among MM. Double and Segalas, the former was of course elected. M. Brongniart read an extract from a letter of M. Julius Delanoue, which states his having found in the grotto of Miremont (Dordogne) fossil bones, for the most part like those which have been discovered in the caverns of Germany, France, and England. M. Dutrochet read a note on the clearing away of the heath called *la Gatine*, in the department of Vienne.—August 4. M. Thenard gave an account of his examination of a substance, which, it was pretended, had fallen from the sky in Persia, and which turned out to be a moss.—11. M. Dominicò Bocchini, advocate at Naples, transmitted to the Academy a philosophical and historical account of Sirrens, which was ordered to be presented to the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. M. de Mirbel was elected for presentation to the minister, to fill the place vacant by the death of M. Bosc. M. Moreau de Jonnés read a memoir, entitled researches on the botanical geography relative to maize, the synonym of this vegetable, its original country, the extent of its cultivation, and its antiquity among the aborigines of the new world. A note by M. Adolphe Maller on the periodical oscillations of the barometer was then read. M. Cagnart Latour read an abstract of a memoir on the action of hissing, when that sound issues from the human mouth.—18. M. Moreau de Jonnés gave an account of different earthquakes, and of an epidemic disease resembling rheumatism, and the scarlatina, which afflicted the island of Martinique.

## VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

*Geography.*—That the grandest discoveries of one age should be melted into the elementary knowledge of the succeeding one, is what, if the bounds of the human intellect are to advance, must necessarily ensue; and though the writings of ancient philosophers must for the most part justly be neglected, yet the names of their authors live to attract the admiration of a grateful posterity. Except by the curious, the works of the old sages are rarely seen; life is too short for those really interested in the progress of the mind, to waste their time in ascertaining how little their ancestors knew; and while they feel grateful to those who first cleared the path they are labouring to pursue, they likewise experience that they

have themselves too many obstacles to surmount, to allow of their looking except to the infinitely distant goal before them. The success of an author must depend much upon the nation for whom he writes; the sound, sober sense, and profound researches of a sombre German, would scarcely be noticed in France; the mercurial, superficial flippancy of a Frenchman, would be scouted in Germany; in either country, if any fortuitous circumstance rendered current what was suited for the other, the force of habit or feeling would soon overcome the power of fashion, and the author and his works, however valuable, when their ephemeral popularity was gone, be consigned to the "tomb of the Capulets." This has been

particularly the case with D'Anville—possessing much critical acumen, profound learning and great industry, united in a degree which we believe was never before nor since found among his countrymen; his works are for the most part unknown at present, and ancient and modern comparative geography has scarcely advanced one step since his death. D'Anville's maps have been reduced and re-published *usque ad nauseam*. Even where that great man had fallen into error, his servile copyists have blindly followed; and this country, though professedly classical in its pursuits, could not boast any decent atlas of the ancient world. This state of things which had been of such shameful continuance, at last attracted the attention of the first school in the kingdom, and Eton has been the cause of giving to the world, by far the best system of ancient geography which Europe can boast. We give Mr. Arrowsmith, whose name this Comparative Atlas bears, full credit for the undertaking, which we recommend to the public as equally suited for the instruction of youth, and for a companion to the scholar's library. The ancient and the modern map of each country being arranged opposite to each other, affords an unusual facility of reference, of which we availed ourselves with much pleasure, when we found that the number of ancient towns and cities ascertained by D'Anville had been nearly doubled, and numerous corrections in the positions of others, which only more extensive research into ancient authors, combined with the results obtained by recent travellers, could have enabled him to effect. To render the work more generally useful, a map of the western hemisphere has been introduced; we could have wished that one of North, and another of South America had also been given—the trifling addition to the cost of a very cheap work, would scarcely have been grudged by those who think it as requisite to have an universal knowledge of geography, as an acquaintance with those parts of the world which fell within the limited knowledge of the ancients.

*Substitute for Tea or Coffee.*—At one of the last meetings of that very useful institution, the Medico-Botanical Society of London, a communication was read from Sir H. Willock, K.L.S., Charge d'Affaires at the court of Persia, on the cichorium intybus of Linnæus. The author states, that the root of this plant, which is well known in England under the name of indive, or succory, is employed, when roasted and reduced to powder, by the inhabitants of Moscow, and indeed the greater part of Russia, as a substitute for tea or coffee; and that he himself had derived so much benefit from its use as a beverage, that he had provided a considerable quantity to take with him to Persia. We trust that this hint will not be thrown away.

*Velocity of Sound.*—An account has been

recently published of some experiments made between Untersberg and Moenchstein, near Saltzbourg, by Major Myrbach and M. Stampfer, on the velocity of sound; the distance between the stations was 30,601 Parisian feet, and the difference of level 4,198. The mean of 88 observations gave 1025.9 Parisian feet for the velocity of sound per second, at the temperature of melting ice.

*Hindu Sculpture.*—A writer in the *Madras Gazette* states, that the proportions of the human form, as exhibited in all Indian sculptures, are derived from an ingenious rule laid down in the *Silpi Sastra*, or *Principles of the Fine Arts*, which is an ancient Sanscrit work—by comparing these proportions with those of some celebrated ancient statues, as given in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the rule will be found surprisingly parallel. Let the height of the figure be measured, including the crest, as AB; then bisect AB at C, BC at D, AD at E, BE at F, make EG=EF; bisect AG at H, GC at K, CK at L, GK at M, AK at N, make BP=AH. Now if we assume a line of 24 inches, and divide into 480 parts, being twentieths of an inch, the proportions are as follow:—15 parts AH, the crest; 53 HN, the face (GM is also 53); 15 NM, the neck; 53 MK, the breast; 53 KL, the waist (or 52? the umbilicus); 53 LC, the middle (pubis); 90 CF, the upper leg; 30 FD, the knee; 102 DP, the lower leg (or 104?); 16 PB, the foot; G and E are merely measuring points. The proportions correspond very nearly to those of the Apollo Belvedere, the Grecian Shepherdess, the Antinous, and some other standard works of Greek sculpture; but all the old statues are not on the same proportions. A curious circumstance connected with these Indian measures is, that they are always made with a straw, a strip of cocoa-nut or plantain leaf. The sculptor who explained the result, used a piece of paper, the folds in which may all be made in a few moments. The cross measurements are derived from these thus: the Indian artist requires the face to be nearly round; the width of the breast to equal two faces, and also that of the loins, the waist one face, and so forth. The same proportions are used in statues of either sex; but the arms are always (according to European ideas) made disproportionately long. The formula of this measurement has been altered in a few points, for the sake of perspicuity, from the native method, but the results are precisely those given in the Sanscrit rule for *folding the leaf*.

*Height of the Aurora Borealis.*—The ability displayed by M. Dalton in the various researches in which he has been engaged, and the cautious diffidence with which his various discoveries have been announced to the world, imparts to his opinions a weight which those of more hazardous philosophers do not enjoy. From a

paper by this gentleman on the height of the aurora borealis above the surface of the earth, which appears in the last part of the Philosophical Transactions, we extract the following results, *viz.* that the luminous arches of the aurora which occasionally appear stretching from east to west, are all of the same height, and that height about one hundred miles. What length the upright beams, or, to speak more properly, those parallel to the dipping needle, may be, which are the ordinary forms of the aurora, we have not observations to determine. Whether those beams arise above the arches as from a base, or whether they descend below, as if appended to the arches, we cannot absolutely determine. If the parallel bands be usually about twenty degrees asunder, their distance from each other will be about thirty-six miles. It is remarkable that the arches and beams should rarely, if ever, be seen cognate or in juxta position, but always in parts of the heavens at a considerable distance from each other.

*Rowing by Steam.*—The employment of steam vessels for the purpose of *tracking* on canals, has hitherto been found impossible, the wave created by the action of the paddles being such as would entirely destroy the banks, unless they were faced with brick-work or masonry. Some attempts to obviate this by diminishing the velocity of the wheels have recently been made on the Forth and Clyde canal with tolerable success; and at the beginning of the month of December, some experiments were made in the Thames with paddle-wheels constructed according to the plan of Lieutenant Skeene, in which the floats, having a motion on an axis, offer but little resistance, when being raised from the water, when, in addition to the speed of the vessel being considerably increased by this contrivance, it was found that the wave thrown off laterally was comparatively so trifling as to afford a reasonable prospect of steam boats being introduced on canals, without any mischief resulting to the banks.

*New Fulminating Powder.*—A German chemist has discovered, that by mixing two parts of nitrate of potash, two parts of neutral carbonate of potash, one part of sulphur, and six of sea salt, all finely pulverised, a fulminating powder of the greatest strength is obtained; and what is very remarkable, the force of the explosion is constantly directed below.

*Roses.*—M. Desportes, an experienced French botanist, has recently published an account, professedly of the roses indigenous in France; but as it appears from his preface that those of England as well as of France are the subject of his labours, we think that the following abstract of his researches will be interesting to our readers. He divides into eleven tribes the seventy-nine species of the rose, which are actually known, omitting eleven doubtful species, together with their varieties. The number of

varieties which may be considered as ascertained amounts to 2,533, divided very unequally among the species, as may be seen in the following table, in which the most interesting species are enumerated.

Species.	Varieties.
Rosier mousseux . . . . .	13
— des chiens . . . . .	20
— des Alpes . . . . .	21
— de Francfort . . . . .	30
— thé . . . . .	45
— rubigineux . . . . .	57
— noisette . . . . .	89
— de damas . . . . .	117
— cent feuilles . . . . .	121
— pimprenelle . . . . .	123
— blanc . . . . .	125
— de Bengale . . . . .	254
— de Provins . . . . .	1215

*Electricity.*—An interesting discovery, made by M. Becquerel, was communicated to the Institute of France in November last. It is known that when the two poles of a voltaic pile are connected by a short wire, and a proper charge is passed through it, the middle of the wire becomes red hot. This phenomenon has generally been explained by supposing the temperature of the wire to be the same throughout its whole extent, but that the extremities being first cooled in consequence of their contact with the pile, the middle alone should display a more elevated temperature. M. Becquerel, who has been engaged for a long time in investigating the nature of the electric principle, proposed to determine the temperature of the different points of a metallic wire, of such a length as that the effect of the cooling of the extremities need not be apprehended, when this wire is traversed by an electric current. The result of this experiment showed that the temperature continues to increase from each extremity to the middle, and that consequently the cause which creates an electric current, of which the intensity is constant in each point of the wire, acts as an accelerating force for developing heat.

*Steam Packets to India.*—A Mr. Thomas Waghorn, of the Pilot Service in the Ganges, has proposed to bring out the mails to Calcutta from England (making Falmouth his port of departure) in seventy days. The vessel for the intended experiment is to be of about 280 tons; the masts of the vessel are to be after the fashion of the row boats of the river, to be made short, and to strike at pleasure. She is to have very square yards, of the lightest possible dimensions, as lightly fitted as can be, and to spread by means of studding sail booms, &c. a press of sail, the canvass being of the lightest qualities which will stand a breeze; masts and yards to be so rigged, that in four hours they may be got up or down. The vessel will be schooner rigged if on a wind; having lower top and top-gallant gaffs, and square rigged when before it. In order to have the whole space of the vessel under

deck available for fuel, of which the vessel will be capable of carrying enough for full thirty-five days' consumption, there will be one small cabin on deck, in which the commander, officers, and crew, are to mess and sleep, until the expenditure of coals may make room for them below. The crew will consist of one commander, one mate, two engineers, one boatswain, one carpenter, six seamen, and six stokers. Forty tons of the coals will be filled in tanks, and, as they are consumed, the tanks will be filled with water, which will by a peculiar contrivance run into the vessel, and be thrown off by the engine; and by these means she can be lightened and deepened at pleasure. It is proposed to have three or four depôts for coals on the passage, so that whenever steam is used, the full power may be employed. In the S.W. monsoon, the packet will touch at Madras, as the wind and current favour her on the western side of the bay at that season. In the other monsoon, she will not touch on the coast. The packet will carry nothing but the mails and small parcels; letters four shillings each the single letter, parcels four shillings per ounce.

*Russian Coinage of Platina.*—A report which has been for some time in circulation is now confirmed, that the Russian government has resolved to coin a large sum in Siberian platina. It appears that Count Denidoff, the proprietor of the locality where the platina was discovered, has disposed of the quantity of that metal which had been collected, to the government. He has sent four young Russians, destined for official situations in Siberia, to be educated at the Mining Academy of Freyberg.

*Straw Paper.*—A manufactory for the fabrication of paper from straw was established some years since in the neighbourhood of London, but was shortly abandoned. Mr. Cobbett has recently been calling the attention of the public to the same subject, only proposing to substitute the stem of the Indian corn for that of wheat; while an American gentleman has taken out a transatlantic patent for the same object. The last process is this: take any quantity of straw, hay, or other vegetable substances, and boil it in a solution of salts of ley pot or pearlsh, or other alkali or lime, in the proportion of one hundred and fifteen pounds of the former to from fifteen to twenty pounds of the latter; boil them about thirty minutes, or steep the materials in the solution a few days, or until saturated; then draw off the water, and put them into a common engine, to be manufactured like rags into paper.

*Organic Remains.*—The jaw of an enormous unknown fossil animal was dug up a short time since at Eppenheim, canton of Avirrey, on the left bank of the Rhine. Many teeth, similar to those contained in this, had been previously found. These teeth square, and with two transvers protuberances, very like those of the tapir,

had given rise to the belief of the antediluvian existence of a gigantic species of these animals; this, however, appears not to have been the case. The animal to which these valuable remains belonged, is a new genus, of which the dimensions were truly extraordinary. For supposing that the head bore as small a proportion to the body as in the case of the hippopotamus, the quadruped of which the proportion between the length of the head and that of the body is the least, the total length of this animal must have been nineteen feet. The most bulky quadruped hitherto known is the megalonix, a gigantic sloth, of which the length was only twelve feet.

*Artificial Diamonds.*—An American professor, bearing the unlucky name of Silliman, announced some two or three years since, that he had succeeded in the chemical production of diamonds; a repetition of his experiments in Europe proved their fallacy, and in that quarter at least the subject has not been further heard of; while in France a distinguished chemist, M. Cagnart Delatour, who, as appears from a sealed packet left with the Institute of that nation in 1824, and which has recently been opened, has been engaged for several years in the attempt, has at length succeeded in crystallizing carbon, and has submitted to the inspection of the Academy some tubes filled with diamond dust (crystallized carbon), and one tube containing a perfectly diaphanous crystal, of which the pyramidal form is evident, and the weight four centigrammes. These, however, are only to be regarded as the result of his first attempts, and he hopes in a short time to be able to submit to the Academy some specimens of from three to four lines in diameter. This eminent experimentalist has further succeeded in crystallizing silix by one of his processes. At the time that the communications on this head were made to the Academy, M. Arago stated, that an acquaintance of his had endeavoured to obtain the same result, by decomposing carbonat of sulphur with the voltaic pile. Hitherto, the want of conductivity in the carbonat of sulphur had presented an insurmountable obstacle to success, but still hopes were entertained of ultimately obtaining a different result. It is but right to state, that the process employed by M. Cagnart Delatour, is totally different from one which has recently been tried and published by M. Gannal.

*Winds in Northern Europe.*—From the numerous observations and researches of Professor Schonen on the direction of the winds in Northern Europe, it appears that westerly are more frequent than easterly winds; this rule is without exception. But the westerly winds diminish more and more in proportion as we approach the centre of the continent; they are more frequent in England, in Holland, and in France, than in Denmark and the greatest part of Ger-

many; they are more often observed in these countries than in Sweden and Russia. At London the easterly winds (N.E., E., S.E.) are to the western (N.W., W., S.W.), as 1 : 1.7; at Amsterdam, as 1 : 1.6; at Soendmoer, as 1 : 1.6; at Copenhagen, as 1 : 1.5; at Stockholm, as 1 : 1.4; at St. Petersburg, as 1 : 1.3. The western winds approach nearer the direction of those of the south as we get nearer to the Atlantic ocean; toward the interior of the continent they approach more to the W. or N.W. direction. The north winds appear to increase toward the east. Among the winds which come from the W., the S.W. predominates in England, Holland, and France; that of the W. in Denmark, and the greatest part of Germany; at Moscow, the N.W.; at St. Petersburg and at Stockholm, the north wind is much more frequent than in the most western parts of Europe. In the western and middle parts of the north of Europe, as England, France, Denmark, Germany, and Norway, the westerly winds are much more frequent during summer than during winter and spring. This appears not to be the case in Sweden and Russia. During the winter the western winds incline more to the south; they are more direct, or more northern, during the summer. Yet this rule does not appear to extend to Eastern Europe.

*Scientific Expedition to the Morea.*—The French, who have at all times availed themselves of the protection of their armies to extend their scientific researches, have

resolved that the opportunity afforded by the occupation of the Morea by their troops, shall not be neglected, and, on the 21st of last November, the minister of the interior requested the three academies to consult on the immediate appointment of an antiquarian, a naturalist, and an architect, and to draw up instructions for their proceedings, by which every thing that fell within their respective departments in Greece, might receive the illustration to which the celebrity of that country entitled it.

*Fashionable Novels.*—The example set by Lord Byron, in *Childe Harold*, was much too flattering to individual vanity, or afforded too much facility of execution to be neglected in these novel-manufacturing days; and the whole troop of successful authors have contrived to represent their personal histories in the form of works of fiction. Of this sort are the *Adventures of a King's Page*, a book we are tempted to notice, for the sake of inquiring whether or not this system of making even the information obtained in official situations afford materials for a novel is such a breach of confidence as ought to be allowed. That such a knowledge of remarkable persons, and the events connected with them, as can only be obtained by their more favoured attendants, will always be, as in the present case, most interesting to the public, is assuredly true; but we much doubt if it can be communicated to them without loosening the strongest bonds of society.

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#### FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

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THE novelties of Art, during the past month, have been confined to that very limited but delightful portion of it, the Panoramas: for who shall deny that, now-a-days, these objects are not to be classed among the products of fine art?—or who will attempt to promulgate a set of principles which shall exclude them?

There are few things more pleasant to be met with in London, on a raw, dark, drizzling day in December, than to pass from the miry, misty streets, and after winding your way through long, narrow passages of almost utter darkness, and encountering two or three miserable specimens of humanity (called money-takers and check-takers) doing penance for their sins in the solitary confinement of little dim dens, ascending a flight of steps, and suddenly emerging upon a scene, glowing with sunshine, beaming with every kind of natural beauty that the vegetable kingdom can produce, bright with blue winding waters, picturesque with human dwellings scattered gracefully among all these, and alive with human forms and faces under every aspect and attitude to which the scenes about them can give rise. And such is one of the new Panoramas which we have now to notice—that of Sydney, New

South Wales, as exhibited at the upper circle at Leicester Square. There are portions of this delicious scene, which are, in their way, the perfection of romantic beauty. Such is nearly the whole of the right-hand department as you enter, including the Governor's house and grounds, the botanic garden, the innumerable coves and creeks, rich with stately vessels, and studded with little jewel-like islands, and the whole of the rising woodlands beyond, and the blue hills that bound the view. There is also an air of novelty given to the scene, especially in the foreground, by the character of the buildings, the nature of the animal tribe that are common to the island, and the mixture of the "natives" with the European portion of the inhabitants. On the lawn of the Governor's grounds, for instance, you see ostriches pacing along with stately steps instead of swans, and kangaroos sporting in the place of sheep or deer. At another point, you behold a splendid rainbow-tinted bird, pierced in mid-air, and falling to the earth, by a long spear, flung from the unerring hand of a native black. In one spot you see a group of European females and children, attired in all the fantastic elegance of a London or Paris costume; pacing



flower-crowned lawns that would grace the front of an Italian villa; and, in another direction, you see a herd of half-naked negroes, practising their uncouth and barbarous dances and distortions. In fact, this scene is extremely well chosen, no less on account of the adventitious interest that is attached to it as the most flourishing and delightful of our youthful colonies, than by reason of the intrinsic beauties and attractions of the scenery itself, and the artificial contrasts which the nature of its present circumstances offer to the artist's pencil. The only fault of the scene for a purpose of this kind, we take to be the altogether poor, and unpicturesque character of the buildings—with one exception only—that of the Governor's stables. And the only error we would hint at in the execution of the painting is, the brilliant Arcadian-looking—or rather let us say, English-looking *green* of the ground, the foliage, &c. The climate of Sydney is too delightful to admit of this redeeming effect of an uncertain one like our own. The grass in New South Wales never looks as it does in this picture, at the period of the year when the trees look as *they* do: one or the other must be incorrectly given. In all other respects the painting is executed with great skill and taste, and with a real feeling for the beauties which are here depicted. The figures are also given with great spirit and effect. As an instance of this, we may notice the group of the Governor and his friend on horseback, saluted as they pass by a group of the natives on foot.

The other new Panorama which has been opened during the last month is at the lower circle, in the Strand; and it represents Paris, as seen from the centre of the Place de Louis Quinze. The chief objects and points included by this view will at once occur to the reader; and when it is recollected that, among them, are the Palais Bourbon—the Pont de Louis Seize and the superb view beyond it—the Garde Meuble and the Admiralty—the Gardens of the Tuilleries—the Champs Elysées—and the whole line of the Seine in this direction—it will readily be supposed that a proper extent and gran-

deur of effect cannot possibly have been produced in a circle, the extremities of which you can nearly touch with your hand. This smallness of scale, is, in fact, the crying defect of the picture, and one which nothing else can compensate for; because the distinguishing character of the view chosen to be depicted, results from its vast extent. The feelings excited in the spectator when standing on the actual spot, spring from the consciousness of being placed in the midst of a vast city, yet with scope about him for the eye and the mind to expatiate freely in any direction, as if he were on a vast open plain. The view is a noble one, chiefly on this account: for the public edifices which it takes in are not of such surpassing beauty or grandeur, as to produce such an effect if they were huddled together into half the compass they now occupy. That this is true, may be seen by the picture before us. Every individual object in the actual view is of course introduced; and they are all depicted with infinite skill. But the effect of the whole is any thing but that produced by the real view. And it must not be said by the artist (or for him) that this is the necessary defect of his art—or of this particular department of it: for the truth is, that in the space which some of our Panoramas have occupied, the fault here complained of need not have existed. If painted on a reasonable scale, and no better painted than it is here, an adequate notion of the scene might have been conveyed to those who had not witnessed it, and an agreeable recollection of it furnished to those who had. But we cannot say, that either of these is achieved in the present case. Nevertheless, the picture is beautifully painted, and some of the single effects are admirable—that, for instance, produced by the Chambres des Deputés—or the long receding line of the Champs Elysées—or the charming Wattecoo-like scene between the trees of the same. The long group of revellers who are bearing the eleemosynary wine to be distributed (the day being the fête of St. Louis) is also executed with great spirit and effect.

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## WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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### WORKS IN PREPARATION.

War Maxims, by Napoleon Buonaparte.

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Prophecies of Christ and Christian Times; selected from the Old and New Testament, and arranged according to the Periods in which they were Pronounced. By a Layman. Edited by the Rev. H. Clissold, A.M.

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The Arcana of Science and Art for 1829, will be published early in January; and will contain all the Popular Discoveries and Improvements of the past year, illustrated with upwards of Twenty Engravings.

A Descriptive Account of the North Western Division of Somersetshire, including the Towns of Western-Super-Mare, Banwell, and Axbridge; and the Antediluvian Bone Caverns in the Mendip Hills, with Engravings by John Rutter.

The Legendary Cabinet, a Selection of British National Ballads, Ancient and Modern, from the best Authors, with Notes and Illustrations. By the Rev. L. D. Parry, M.A. of St. Peter's College, Cambridge.

A Letter to Sir Alexander Malet, Bart, in reference to his Pamphlet on the late Expulsions from Winchester School, with a word in passing to the Editor of the Literary Gazette. By an Old Etonian.

Mr. Parkin has in the press, The Abomination of Desolation, or A Voice to Jews, Philo-Judeans, and the people of God in Babylon, in which will be shewn that the destruction of Jerusalem is not predicted in Matt. 24, Mark 13, and Luke 21, and the principal parts of these chapters explained.

A Guide to the Zoological Gardens and Museum, with numerous Engravings,

Mr. John Hinds, Author of the Veterinary Surgeon, has a new work in the press, entitled "The Groom's Oracle and Pocket Stable Directory."

The first Number of The London Review, to be published quarterly, edited by the Rev. Blanco White, is now in the press, and may be expected to appear early in the ensuing month.

The Annual Peerage for 1829, with new plates of the arms.

A new Novel, entitled The Collegians.

The Rev. G. Oliver has ready for publication his History of Institution, or an Account of all the Secret Celebrations of the Heathen World, forming a Continuation to his Signs and Symbols of Freemasonry explained. Also, a History of Antiquities of the Conventual Church of Great Grimsby, in the County of Lincoln, 8vo. Also, the History and Antiquities of Beverley, in the County of York, 4to.

Dr. Epps, Author of the Internal Evidences of Christianity, deduced from Phrenology, proposes to publish three Phrenological Essays:—On the Faculty of Veneration.—On Morality.—On the best Means of attaining Happiness.

William Howitt has nearly ready for the Press, the Book of the Seasons; a volume intended as a companion for the lover of the country.

Mr. I. A. St. John, and Mr. Leitch Ritchie announce a History of the Revolutions of South America, with a Sketch of the History of the Country from the earliest Times, &c. Also, a History of India, from the earliest times.

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## LIST OF NEW WORKS.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

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### MR. BONINGTON.

Richard Parkes Bonington, a young and rising artist, removed in the very dawn of his fame, was born on the 25th of October, 1801, at the village of Arnold, near Nottingham. His father was a drawing-master, and had some skill in portrait and landscape painting. This may, in some measure, account for the very early love and devotion which the child, Richard, evinced for the fine arts. It is said that, when only three years old, he was in the habit of sketching almost every object that struck his fancy; and that, occasionally, he even ventured upon designs in pen and ink. It is said, too—but we always receive such statements *cum grano salis*—that some of these designs, yet remaining in the possession of his parents, were illustrative of history, and surprising for their accuracy. To marine subjects—a department of the art, in which his talents first became known to the public—he was particularly attached.

Receiving every attention from his father, with the view of his adopting the art as a profession, Richard Bonington, at the age of seven or eight years, made some drawings from old buildings, at Nottingham, which surpassed all his former efforts. About the same time, his partiality for marine subjects, coast scenery, &c., became more decided. At the age of fifteen, his father took him to Paris, where he obtained

permission to draw in the Louvre. There, by his attention to the Italian and Flemish schools, he acquired great improvement, and attracted much favourable notice. Soon afterwards, he became a student at the Institute, and, also, under the immediate eye of M. Le Baron Gros. Rather as relaxations, than as studies, he, about this time, produced several fine drawings of coast scenery, fish markets, &c., with groups of figures. For these he, at all times, found a ready sale. It was at the British gallery, in the spring exhibition of 1826, that he first became known in England, by two subjects of this description: one of them, French coast scenery, the other, the French coast, with fishermen. These productions were amongst the chief ornaments of their class, in the gallery. They evinced a knowledge in grouping, in colouring, in perspective, and, especially, in the effects of sunlight, that would have reflected honour on a veteran of the art.

Mr. Bonington's study from the human figure, and, also, from architectural subjects, was good; but, certainly, his great strength and excellence lay in the delineation of marine scenery. When he first exhibited in Paris, his drawing was sold the moment the exhibition opened. The next time that he came forward, he received the gold medal, when Sir Thomas Lawrence was decorated with the order of the Legion of Honour.

Mr. Bonington visited Italy, where he studied closely and profitably, and brought home with him some beautiful results. One of these—the Ducal Palace, at Venice—was exhibited last spring in the gallery of the British Institution. Altogether, it possessed great merit: every object in the piece was remarkable for its distinctness; but the almost total absence of air-tint, struck us as a defect. Perhaps, too, it was somewhat deficient in imaginative power. Yet it was impossible to look upon the picture without being reminded of Canaletti. It is understood to have been Mr. Bonington's intention to paint a series of pictures, similar in style to the Ducal Palace. As far as we are aware, however, he completed only one—the Grand Canal, with the church *La Virgine del Salute*, Venice, which was exhibited last summer at the Royal Academy. In the same exhibition were two other pictures; one, Henry III. of France; the other, a coast scene. Though all different in character, they were all highly meritorious.

Several of Mr. Bonington's productions are in the possession of the Duke of Bedford, the Marquess of Lansdowne, the Countess De Grey, Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Vernon, &c. His latest picture, we believe, was painted in May last. It consists of two female figures, and one male, in a picturesque landscape. An engraving from it appears in "The Anniversary," one of the new annuals for the forthcoming year.

The mind of this amiable man, and highly-gifted artist, is said to have been overpowered by the numerous commissions which poured in upon him, in consequence of his rising reputation. His nerves were shattered—rapid consumption ensued—and, in about four months, he was consigned to an early grave. His latest exertion was to travel from Paris to London, for the purpose of consulting a Mr. St. John Long, an unprofessional man, who pretends to have discovered a new mode of treatment for the relief and cure of pulmonary complaints.

Mr. Bonington expired on Tuesday, the 23d of September; and, on the Monday following, his remains were deposited in a vault, at St. James's Chapel, Pentonville. Sir Thomas Lawrence, Mr. Howard, Mr. Robson, Mr. Pugin, and other artists, paid their last tribute of respect to his memory, by following him to the grave. The funeral was attended, also, by private friends of the deceased, to the number of about thirty.

#### THE HON. SIR GEORGE GREY, BART.

The family of Grey, or de Croy, has long been settled in the north of England, and manors have appertained to it, in the county of Northumberland, from the period of the Conquest to the present day. The head of this family was created Baron Grey, of Werke, by James II. Sir Charles Grey K. B., the father of Sir George, to whom

this notice is devoted, was, in 1801, created Baron Grey de Howick; and, in 1806, he was further advanced to the dignities of Viscount Howick, and Earl Grey. George, the fourth son of his lordship, and brother to the present Earl Grey, was born on the 10th of October, 1767. He was bred in the royal navy; was a lieutenant of the *Resolution*, in Rodney's action, in the year 1782; and, at the commencement of the war in France, in 1793, he served as a lieutenant on board the *Quebec* frigate. From the *Quebec*, he was promoted to the command of the *Vesuvius* Bomb; and, on the 1st of November, in the same year (1793), he obtained post rank in the *Boyne*, bearing the flag of Admiral Sir John Jervis, with whom he served during the memorable West India campaign. He commanded the *Boyne*, at the time when that ship was accidentally burnt at Spithead.

At the siege of Guadaloupe, Captain Grey commanded a detachment of 500 seamen and marines, landed to co-operate with the army. He subsequently commanded the *Glory*, of 98 guns, forming part of the channel fleet. His next ship was the *Victory*, bearing the flag of Sir John Jervis, with whom he continued during the whole period that that officer held the command on the Mediterranean station. He consequently assisted at the defeat of the Spanish fleet, off Cape St. Vincent, on the 14th of February, 1797.

In 1800, when Earl St. Vincent hoisted his flag in the *Ville de Paris*, as commander-in-chief of the Spanish fleet, Captain Grey assumed the command of that ship, which he held till the 12th of March, 1801. He was soon afterwards appointed to the *Royal Charlotte* yacht, in attendance on the royal family at Weymouth, in the room of Sir H. B. Neale. In that service he continued till 1804, when he succeeded Sir Isaac Coffin, as commissioner of Sheerness dock-yard. From Sheerness, he was removed as commissioner to Portsmouth; an appointment which he held until the time of his decease.

In the month of June 1814, his present majesty, then on a visit to the fleet at Spithead, in company with the allied sovereigns, presented Captain Grey with the patent of a Baronetcy; and, on the 20th of May, 1820, he was graciously pleased to confer upon him the order of K.C.B.

Sir George Grey married, in the year 1795, Mary, sister of the late Samuel Whitbread, Esq., M.P. for Bedford, by whom he had a numerous family. He died on the 3d of October, at his residence in Portsmouth dock-yard, after a long and painful illness. In title and estates he is succeeded by his eldest son.

Commissioner Charles Ross, C. B., succeeds Sir C. Grey at Portsmouth dock-yard.

#### THE EARL OF ERNE.

John Creighton, Earl of Erne, Viscount

and Baron Erne, of Crum Castle, Governor of Fermanagh, and a Trustee of the Linen Manufacture of Dublin, was descended from a branch of the Viscounts Fren draught, in Scotland. One of his ancestors, Abraham Creighton, Colonel of a regiment of Foot, distinguished himself at the battle of Aughrim, in 1692; another, David, distinguished himself in 1689, at the age of eighteen, by his gallant defence of the family seat of Crum Castle, against an army of 6,000 chosen men of James II.

Abraham, the first lord, was created Baron Erne, of Crum Castle, in the county of Fermanagh, in the year 1768. He married Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of John Rogerson, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, by Elizabeth, daughter of Stephen Ludlow, Esq., ancestor of the Earl of Ludlow. The second son, by this marriage (the first having died young) was John, the nobleman to whom this brief notice refers.

His lordship succeeded his father in 1773. He was created Viscount Erne in 1781, and advanced to the dignity of Earl of Erne, in 1789. His lordship married, first, Catherine, daughter of Robert Howard, Bishop of Elpin, and sister of Ralph, Viscount Wicklow. That lady having died in 1765, his lordship married, secondly, in 1776, the lady Mary, eldest daughter of Frederick Hervey, fourth Earl of Bristol, and Bishop of Derry.

The Earl of Erne was one of the representative Peers of Ireland. He was uniformly a supporter of the Constitution, as established in 1688; and, in illustration of his principles, it is proper to remark, that the last political act of his life was to enrol himself as a member of the Brunswick Club.

His lordship died, full of years and full of honours, on the 15th of September. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son by his first marriage—Abraham, now second Earl of Erne.

#### SIR ANDREW SNAPE HAMOND, BART.

Sir Andrew Snape Hamond, Bart., was born at Blackheath, about the year 1738. His father was a merchant and considerable ship owner in London; his mother, Susanna, said to have been a woman of unusual strength of mind, was the sole heiress of Robert Snape, Esq., of Lime-kilns, near Blackheath, brother of Dr. Andrew Snape, one of the Queen's Chaplains, and Provost of Queen's College, Cambridge. After receiving the education of a gentleman—a character which, throughout life, he maintained in all its lustre—he entered the naval service of his country. He was lieutenant on board his majesty's ship *Magnanime*, in the action of *Hawke* and *Confans*, on the 20th of November, 1759; was promoted to the rank of post-captain on the 7th of December, 1770; and, during the greater part of the American war, he commanded

the *Roebuck* frigate, of 44 guns, in which he was constantly employed in the most arduous service. For his able, brave, and spirited conduct, his Majesty, in 1778, conferred upon him the honour of knighthood.

In 1780, Sir Andrew brought home the despatches from Vice-Admiral Arbuthnot, announcing the capture of Charlestown, with the shipping and stores in that harbour. "The conduct of Sir Andrew Hamond, of the *Roebuck*," remarked the admiral, in his official letter, "deserves particular mention: whether in the great line of service, or in the detail of duty, he has been ever ready, forward, and animated."

Captain Hamond was soon afterwards appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the province of Nova Scotia, and a Commissioner of the Navy at Halifax; situations which afforded him ample opportunity for the display of judgment and integrity, benevolence and humanity.

After the peace, in 1783, this distinguished officer was raised to the dignity of a Baronet, designated of *Holly-Grove*, in the county of Berks, with a limitation in favour of his nephew, Sir Andrew Snape Douglas, Knt.

From 1785 to 1788, Sir Andrew Hamond held the appointments of Commodore and Commander-in-Chief in the river Medway; in 1793, he became Deputy-Comptroller of the Navy; and, in 1794, on the death of Sir Henry Martin, he succeeded to the responsibilities of that office as principal, and presided over it with equal honour to himself and benefit to his country, for twelve years; one of the most anxious and extraordinary periods in the political and naval history of Britain—a period which terminated with the death of Nelson, the victory of *Trafalgar*, the extinction of the naval force of continental Europe.

Twice, during the time that he held the office of Comptroller of the Navy, Sir Andrew Hamond was returned to parliament by the loyal interest, as one of the representatives of the Borough of Ipswich; a town in which, to the latest moment of his existence, he was loved, honoured, and revered.

On the death of Mr. Pitt, Sir Andrew Hamond resigned the Comptrollership of the Navy; and, in 1809, he purchased an estate at *Torrington*, near *Lynn*, in the county of *Norfolk*. There, not less venerable for his virtue than his age, he continued to reside until the time of his decease, which occurred on the 12th of September.

Sir Andrew Snape Hamond was a Fellow of the Royal Society, an Elder Brother of the *Trinity House*, &c.

#### DR. PEARSON.

George Pearson, M. D., F. R. S., &c. was a man of great eminence as a physician,

and much celebrated, also, as a chemist. He was senior physician to St. George's Hospital; some years since, Lecturer on Chemistry, and the Practice of Physic, and physician to the Duke of York's household, and the Vaccine Institution. Dr. Pearson was a man of indefatigably studious habits; and it was his custom to sit up later at night than any other person of his family. On the night of Saturday, the 24th of October, he is supposed to have been proceeding towards his bed, and to have fallen backward on reaching the top of the first flight of stairs. In the morning, he was found at the bottom of the stairs, alive, but with a large wound on his head, breathing heavily, and senseless. He was placed in bed, and, through professional aid, he, in the course of the day, recovered his consciousness, but

expired towards the evening. His death took place in his own house, in Hanover Square. He is understood to have been between seventy and eighty years of age.

Besides many articles contributed to the Philosophical Transactions, Dr. Pearson was author of the following works, all of them more or less distinguished by originality of thought:—Observations and Experiments on the Buxton Waters, 2 vols., 1784;—A Translation of the Table of Chemical Nomenclature, 4to. 1794;—Experiments on the Potato Root, 1795;—An Enquiry concerning the History of Cow-Pox, 8vo. 1798;—Lecture on the Innoculation of Cow-Pox, 1798;—Examination of the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons, on the Claims of Remuneration for the Vaccine Innoculation, &c.

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### MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

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To wind up our agricultural and economical reports of this variable and chequered year, 1828, the autumn just concluded will dwell on the memory of our country friends, as most memorable for its superiority over the preceding summer; and with few interruptions for its most propitious forwarding, not of this or that, or a part, but of every required or possible operation of husbandry. No living man has witnessed, no Chronicle has recorded, a more practicable and bountiful autumnal season. Nature, however, has decreed that the best of things must have some alloy. The balance is our object.

The April-December now fast flitting away, has even exceeded the two preceding months in mildness. Two days and nights of frost, at least in the south, have proved the sum total of frost or cold, during the season. At the commencement, the heavy and repeated falls of rain forced up such a sudden growth of latter grass or *fog*, as was apprehended would be little beneficial, if not prejudicial to the cattle grazing upon it, and during some weeks, little improvement appeared in their condition; but subsequently, in consequence of the brisk winds and general warmth of the atmosphere, evaporation took place so speedily and constantly, that the quality of the grass became gradually improved, and a simultaneous improvement followed in the condition of the grazing stock. The arable soils also were equally benefited, and generally have been in the finest state imaginable, whether for the seed process or for fallowing. In the mean time, we have to lament some serious calamities from storms of wind and from floods. Wheat sowing, which had been impeded by the state of the land, in certain districts, has since commenced, and has been finished in as husband-like a state as the disgraceful accumulation of weeds, of every known family and description, could possibly admit. This process, renewed in December, has touched nearly upon Christmas; an uncommon practice, since it seems to have been heretofore the rule, to defer latter wheat sowing until the commencement of the New Year. The favourable season and the shortness of the last crop, have certainly proved a stimulus to increase the breadth sown; and our letters reiterate the opinion given in our last report, that never before were so many acres sown with wheat in Britain. As to the deficiency of the last crop, it has been reported in Mark Lane, where information may be expected most universal and correct, to be on the average one third *minus* on the most productive soils; on the waste, from one third to a half. From the genial warmth of December, the latter sown wheat was above ground sooner by two or three days than the early. A great drawback upon the benefits of the season, is the general devastation of the slugs, unless we may calculate on the benefit of thick sowing. Did our slovenly farmers merit such a piece of good fortune, how it were to be wished that these slugs, alas, too well qualified by nature, both in smell and taste, would take or mistake the weeds for the corn. The trading of sheep has somewhat abated this evil, for which frost is the best specific. The winter tares have suffered full as much as the wheat, from vermin; both crops, however, generally, are in a beautiful state of health and luxuriance, the wheat is now said not to be *winter-proud* to that degree which might have been expected from so prolific an autumn. The winter or Swiss beans, of which Messrs. Gibbs have a fine sample, has been cultivated to a considerable extent.

Notwithstanding the obvious benefit to the public at large, from the late bill, by the greater facility and encouragement it afforded to importation, wheat must necessarily maintain a high price in the spring, vacillating, however, from the effects of speculation. The deficiency of the late harvest having been general in foreign countries, the supply, by

import, cannot be overwhelming, and the capitalists will doubtless be cautious in that respect; but should they hold back too long, and the new crop prove abundant, a re-action will certainly ensue, not at all to their advantage. The old English wheats have, as we always supposed they would, held out in ample quantity; and even now the stock is not entirely exhausted. The best of the barley does not seem to have a good character for malting.

The straw yard, at present, is a mere nominal convenience in the country, cattle and sheep remaining still abroad, with abundant herbage springing under their feet; and should the winter, in defiance of many prognostics, prove mild, the accumulated resources of straw, hay, and roots, will be at a discount exactly comparable with the premiums of less fortunate seasons. But the wary and provident husbandman will not be beguiled and led astray by casual occurrences; yet we have heard not a few farmers complain of the trouble of storing *mangold*, an improvement of expression lately taught us by the "Farmer's Journal," the literal translation from the German, of *mangold wurtzel*, being beetroot. The charge for keep of sheep has been from 8d. down to 4d. a head; and where this, in some seasons so precious an article, has been superabundant, flocks have been kept gratis for the sake of their manure. Turnips run too much to foliage to increase in bulb. We have before remarked on the vast quantity of latter made and ill got hay, and would remind the unlucky possessors of such, of that excellent improver of it, SALT, without which, in sufficient quantity, it may be highly injurious to sheep; with it, the fodder will be eaten greedily by all stock. Store cattle, sheep, and pigs, continue to bear high prices: so high indeed, from the quantity of food to be consumed, that the graziers express great apprehensions on the score of repayment, complaining of the present prices for fat stock, and bemoaning themselves as the "victims" of the butchers, who are said to be accumulating immense profits. Turn the tables, and we should expect to hear precisely similar complaints from the butchers. *Hodie mihi, cras tibi*. Turn and turn, all fair, no restriction on either side. But for the numbers of cattle from Ireland, the supply could not have been obtained. The rot in sheep has made an alarming progress, chiefly in the west; and none can be safely trusted on any but high and thoroughly dry grounds. The salted hay will be of great use to the stock, with pea or bean haulm; in fact, any but the shortest and dryest grass is dangerous in the case. Cows, before sufficiently dear, have been enhanced in price, from the demand for them as consumers of that grass which would be poison to sheep. The scarcity of draught horses, notwithstanding the extensive imports through a number of years, seems not to have abated, and prices continue nearly as great as ever. Good coach and saddle horses are in similar request throughout the country, although in the metropolis, many of apparent qualification are daily offered at moderate prices. Many common sense sales of English carding-wool have at length been made, the stock of moths, by especial contract, being thrown into the bargain. A qualified observer of the South Down sheep at the late Smithfield Cattle Show, could have no possible hesitation on the wool question. This exhibition in days of yore, so attractive of the great, of late has to boast of few titled visitors; of the inferior, however, and middling ranks, the squeeze is delightful.

In some parts of the country which we have lately visited, chiefly eastward, we heard no complaints from the farmers, of either want of labour, or of distress among the labourers. The report was of an opposite tendency. But our correspondence in the west, and indeed general report, tell a very different and very alarming story. Wages are from 8s. to 12s. per week, and it is acknowledged by employers that men with families cannot possibly be fed and clothed upon such pay, and that already they begin to make serious complaints, and to express great alarm at the probability of an advance in the price of necessaries. Moreover, a vast body of *roundsmen* still subsists in various parts of the country, at a weekly allowance of 4s. or 5s. The case of our agricultural labourers is a most fearful one; and fully impressed with that sentiment, the present writer directed his reflections to a plan, which might possibly afford some general and fundamental relief in the case; the very character, in all probability, which would have ensured its ill success, had a public communication been made. The general prosperity of the country in respect to national opulence, the arts and sciences, and all the conveniences and elegancies of life, is unquestionably beyond all precedent, in any age or nation. But there is a cankerworm in the state, which corrodes its bowels, and which remaining unscathed, will ultimately sap the foundation of its prosperity. There is an almost general dissolution of morals, among the inferior classes. It has gradually arisen from various causes. With respect to the labourers in husbandry, the chief or immediate cause is most prominent. Too many of them, must either poach, steal, or STARVE; or at least, support life in so deplorable a way, and under such circumstances of dereliction and contempt, whilst in the daily view of so much ease and comfort and happiness above them, that they must have the souls of negroes or Indians, not to be agitated by the most determined and furious desperation. The conduct of incendiaries and the maimers and houghers of cattle—Englishmen too!—is an appalling illustration. Neither the gallows nor Botany Bay, yet both of acknowledged necessity, can ever prove specific in this dreadful moral epidemic. Is it too much to say that our system is any thing rather than curative in the case?—or, that the general disposition



of the public, is not at all favourable to measures of that extent and consequence, which could be alone, in any sufficient degree available? Some kind of settlement with distracted Ireland, is no doubt at hand, which will have the effect of improving that country, and of enabling us to draw from thence still greater and increasing supplies of produce, to the constant convenience and emolument of both countries, and the perpetuation of their fraternal connection.

*Smithfield.*—Beef, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 8d.—Mutton, 4s. to 5s. 2d.—Veal, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 8d.—Pork, 5s. 6d. to 6s.—Rough fat, 2s. 8d.

*Corn Exchange.*—Wheat, 52s. to 94s.—Barley, 30s. to 44s.—Oats, 21s. to 34s.—Bread, London 4 lb. fine loaf, 1s.—Hay 50s. to 84s.—Clover ditto, 60s. to 105s.—Straw 28s. to 36s.

Coals in the Pool, 30s. to 37s. per chaldron.

*Middlesex, December 22d.*

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## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

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*Sugars.*—The demand for Muscovadoes has considerably increased during the present week, occasioned no doubt by the general opinion, that no sugars would be offered for sale next week on account of the holidays; this day the certainty of the Colonial market being closed all the next week, brought forward all the buyers, and the total sales are estimated at 2,200 hogsheads and tierces. The refined market is little varied: there are more buyers of refined goods, particularly from prices 32s. and 38s., and for crushing, bastards are also in some request for export; there has been some demand for bright yellow Mauritius sugars; all other descriptions have been neglected.

*Coffee.*—The public sales lately brought forward are quite inconsiderable, and this week the only transactions are small parcels of Jamaica and Berbice; for the home consumption the prices have been fully maintained: no sales of foreign coffee are reported.

*Rum.*—The transactions in rum have not been extensive this week: the sale of Lewards we alluded to last was 2 over at 2s. 5d., since which, a large parcel of 6 over is reported at 2s. 6d.; the other purchases are quite inconsiderable.

*Brandy.*—In brandy or Geneva there is little alteration.

*Hemp, Flax and Tallow.*—The tallow market was very firm all the week till yesterday, when the price rather gave way. In hemp and flax there is little variation.

<i>Stock of Tallow</i>	1827.	1828.
In London - - - -	41,539	41,844
Delivery weekly - - - -	2,774	2,105
Price Mondays - - - -	38s. 3d.	39s. 9d.

*Course of Foreign Exchange.*—Amsterdam, 12. 2.—Rotterdam, 12. 2.—Antwerp, 12. 2.—Hamburg 13. 13½.—Paris, 25. 45.—Bordeaux, 25. 75.—Frankfort, 151.—Petersburgh, 10.—Vienna, 10. 3.—Madrid, 37.—Cadiz, 37.—Bilboa, 37.—Barcelona, 36½.—Seville, 36¾.—Gibraltar, 46.—Venice, 47½.—Naples, 39¾.—Palermo, 120½.—Lisbon, 45½.—Oporto, 46½.—Rio Janeiro, 31.—Bahia, 35½.—Dublin 1½.—Cork, 1½.

*Bullion per Oz.*—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 9d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9½d.—Silver in Bars, (standard), £0. 4s. 11¾d.

*Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, 295*l.*—Coven-try, 1,080*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 110½*l.*—Grand Junction, 302*l.*—Kennet and Avon, 27¾*l.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 460*l.*—Oxford, 700*l.*—Regent's, 25*l.*—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.), 810*l.*—Warwick and Birmingham, 255*l.*—London DOCKS (Stock), 38*l.*—West India (Stock), 220*l.*—East London WATER WORKS, 118*l.*—Grand Junction, —*l.*—West Middlesex, 69*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 9¼*l.*—Globe, 156*l.*—Guardian, 22*l.*—Hope Life, 5¼*l.*—Imperial Fire, 106*l.*—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Char-tered Company, 52¼*l.*—City, 185*l.*—British, 12 *dis.*—Leeds, 195*l.*

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

*Announced from the 22d of November to the 23d of December 1828; extracted from the London Gazette.*

## BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

W. Grey, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ship-broker  
 J. Swan, Alsop's-buildings, coal-merchant  
 G. Buck, Regent-street, tailor  
 J. Baird, Manchester, brass-founder  
 R. Rodel, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street, wine-merchant  
 John Slater, Francis Slater, and G. J. Skilbeck, King-street, Cheapside, fustian-finishers  
 J. Bissell, Tipton, Staffordshire, baker  
 T. Clark, Union Tavern, Union-street, Blackfriars, victualler

## BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month, 127.]

*Solicitors' Names are in Parenthesis.*

Andrews, D. Cranbourne-street, straw hat manufacturer. (Webber, Hatton-garden)  
 Ausley, W. Hell-Hole-Gill, worsted-spinner. (Taylor, New Inn; Riley, Bradford)  
 Arthur, J. H. Garlick-hill, stationer. (Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle)  
 Alexander H. Salford, common brewer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Heslop, Manchester)  
 Appleton, T. White Horse-court, High-street, Southwark, hop-merchant. (Pierce and Oakley, Southwark)  
 Bedford, T. Goswell-street, carpenter. (Hutchinson and Co., Crown-court, Threadneedle-street)  
 Blackburn, J. Coleman-street, auctioneer. (Rixon, Jewry-street)  
 Brown, J. Greenwich, currier. (Carter and Co., Lord Mayor's Court-office)  
 Barber, W. Gray's-Inn-lane, grocer. (Fairthorne and Lofty, King-street, Cheapside and St. Aibans)  
 Beaumont, J. and A. Kirkheaton, manufacturers of fancy goods. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-Inn-fields, and Whitehead and Robinson, Huddersfield)  
 Brown, J. B. Bulley, Gloucester, trader. (King, Serjeant's-Inn; Abel and Co., Gloucester)  
 Brunker, J. Westbury, clothier. (Parker, Furnival's-Inn)  
 Brown, J. Manchester, cotton-dealer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Seddon, Manchester)  
 Banks, W. Wood-street, lace manufacturer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Fearnhead and Co., Nottingham)  
 Bulcock, J. Strand, printseller. (Spurr, Warrford-court)  
 Broughton, F. Great Russell-street, chymist. (Henson, Bouverie-street)  
 Becket, J. and J. jun. Bilston, grocers. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-Inn-fields; Mason, Bilston)  
 Bolton, G. and J. and J. Wigan, brass-founders. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Pendlebury, Bolton)  
 Blackburn, R. Cleckheaton, printer. (Highmoor, Walbrook; Rowland, Dewsbury)  
 Clarkson, A. Arbor-terrace, Commercial-road, ship-owner. (Nind and Co., Throgmorton-street)  
 Christian, T. Crown-street, Finsbury-square, woollen-draper. (Gale, Basinghall-street)  
 Cohen, A. Lloyd's Coffee-house, merchant. (Evitt and Co., Haydon-square)  
 Cooper, J. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. (Vallop, Suffolk-street; Parsons, Nottingham)  
 Clark, A. St. Mary-at-Hill, coal-factor. (Lowrey and Co., Nicholas-lane)  
 Cafe, D. S. Beaumont-street, grocer. (Johnson, Quality-court)  
 Crompton, J. Rushcroft, fustain-manufacturer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Booth, Manchester)  
 Clark, J. Kensington Gravel Pitts, victualler. (Branch, Union-court, Old Broad-street)  
 Corser, G., G. Naylor, and J. Hassall, Whitchurch, bankers. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court, Brookes and Lee, Whitchurch)  
 Cockin, G. Sheepridge, fancy-manufacturer. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-Inn-fields; Whitehead and Co., Huddersfield)  
 Dodson, H. Red-lion-street, Southwark, hop-factor. (Astons, Old Broad-street)  
 Dunningt, J. Cheapside, toyman. (Shepherd and Co., Cloak-lane)  
 Dodgson, W. F. Leeds, victualler. (Smithson and Co., New-Inn; Dunning, Leeds)  
 Davis, D. Friday-street, cotton-factor. (Clarke and Co., Old Jewry)  
 D'Oyly, J. Oxford-street, draper. (Ashurst, Newgate-street)  
 Dodgson, R. Preston, inn-keeper. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Bray, Preston)  
 Dickenson, J. Almondbury, fancy cloth-manufacturer. (Fenton, Austin-friars; Fenton, Huddersfield)  
 Emberton, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, tanner. (Dunn, Gray's-Inn; Kell, Gate-head)  
 Elliott, Mary, Bawtry, tool-seller. (Bell, Gray's-Inn)  
 Ellis, T. Sidney-street, Commercial-road, victualler. (Dover, Great Winchester-street)  
 Fry, W. and J. and J. Chapman, St. Mildred's-court, bankers. (Pearce and Co., St. Swithin's-lane)  
 Farrar, J. Liverpool, merchant. (Wilson, Southampton-street; Curr and Co., Blackburn)  
 Fisher, J. H. Exeter, carver and gilder. (Brutton and Co., New Broad-street; Brutton, Exeter)  
 Fulwood, W. Birmingham, vicualler. (Norton and Co., Gray's-Inn; Hawkins and Richards, Birmingham)  
 Fozard, J. Conduit street, mercer. (Goren and Co., Orchard-street)  
 Golding, W. Lyncombe, Somerset, dealer. (Highmoor, Walbrook; Hodgson, Bath)  
 Goodhugh, R. Glasshouse-street, fishmonger. (Pain, Golden-square)  
 Gee, J. A. Salisbury-street, morey-scrivener. (Walker, Gloucester-street, Queen-square)  
 Graham W. Leeds, draper. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-Inn; Lewtass, Manchester)  
 Gibbs, E. Theobald's-road, corn-chandler. (Hall, Great James-street)  
 Hirst, H. sen. Northallerton. (Hall and Bishop, Serjeant's-Inn; Panson, Bedale)  
 Horneyman, H. A. Threadneedle-street, tobacconist. (Birket and Co., Cloak-lane)  
 Hudson, R. Norwich, stationer. (Austin, Gray's-Inn; Staff, Norwich)  
 Hargreaves, G. Liverpool, tailor. (Chester, Staple-Inn; Hinde, Liverpool)  
 Hirschfeld, F. Z. Billiter-square, merchant. (Jones and Howard, Mincing-lane)  
 Head, J. Egrement, paper-manufacturer. (Dobinson, Carlisle; Helder, Clement's-Inn)  
 Hebron, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant. (Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Forsters, Newcastle)  
 Hiatt, D. Camberwell, scrivener. (Fox, Finsbury-square)  
 Harice, J. Buckingham-street, wine-broker. (Smith and Co., Middlesex-street)  
 Howell, H. Bengal, merchant. (Child and Mann, Upper Thames-street)  
 Hatchett, G. Hampstead, coal-merchant. (Wilboughby, Clifford's-Inn)  
 Harper, J. Reading, draper. (Jones, Size-lane)  
 Jones, E. O. Gloucester, timber-merchant. (Brittan, Basinghall-street; Bevan and Co., Bristol)  
 Jones, J. jun. Aston-juxta, Birmingham, gun-maker. (Austin and Hobson, Gray's-Inn; Palmer, Birmingham)  
 Jacob, J. Trevelin, victualler. (Bicknell and Co., Lincoln's-Inn; Croft, Pontypool)  
 James, D. Minorics, woollen-draper. (Thomas, Fencourt)  
 Kennington, J. Sheffield, mason. (Tattershall, Temple; Tattershall and Co., Sheffield)  
 Kirby, W. Francis-street, music-dealer. (Cocks, Finsbury Circus)  
 Knight, C. Worthing, victualler. (Hicks and Dean, Gray's-Inn; Whitter and Co., Worthing)  
 Kaye, W. Almondbury, fancy-cloth-manufacturer. (Fenton, Austin-friars; Fenton, Huddersfield)  
 Kirkman, H. R. St. Paul's Church-yard, silk warehouseman. (Turner, Basing-lane)  
 Lavers, J. Buckfastleigh, worsted spinner. (Blake, Essex-street; Taunton, Totness)  
 Lowick, W. Moulton, butcher. (Vincent, Temple; Cooke, Northampton)  
 Luntley, F. J. and T. Milnes, Broad-street-hill, druggists. (Russell and Son, Southwark)  
 Linsdell, W. Tower Royal, umbrella-manufacturer. (Webster, Queen-street, Cheapside)  
 Mason, G. Cheeld, horse-dealer. (Bodenham, Furnival's-Inn; Woodward, Pershore)  
 Morris, T. Manchester, cotton-manufacturer. (Milne and Parry, Temple; Whitehead and Barlow, Oldham)  
 Manning, T. B. Lamb's Conduit-street, money-scrivener. (Coombes, Token-house-yard)  
 Munton, T. Staines, linen-draper. (Hardwicke and Guest, Lawrence-lane)  
 Marden, J. Halifax, coach proprietor. (Edwards, Basinghall-street; Stocks, Halifax)  
 Mason, G. Pershore, horse-dealer. (Preston, Token-house-yard; Rogers, Pershore)

- Mellor, E. Linthwaite, clothier. (Batty and Co., Chancery-lane; Stephenson, Holmfirth)
- Mealings, W. High W;combe, upholsterer. (Goddard, Thaives Inn)
- Moore, J. Camden Town, builder. (Ewington and Co., Walbrook)
- Nightingale, H. Queen's-row, Pimlico, bookseller. (Ashurst, Newgate-street)
- Norton, G. Radcliffe-Highway, cheesemonger. (Baker, Nicholas-lane)
- Norton, W. and F. Jackson, Cateaton-street, warehouseman. (Rodgers, Devonshire-square; Rodgers, Sheffield)
- Norton, W. Clayton, fancy-woollen-manufacturer. (Lever, Gray's-Inn; Laycock, Huddersfield)
- Newsome, S. Batey, woollen-manufacturer. Lake, Cateaton-street; Barker, Wakefield
- Nichols, W. H. Birmingham, victualler. (Norton and Co., Gray's-Inn; Hawkins and Co., Birmingham)
- Oakes, J. and R. Thomas, Carnarvon, grocers. (Chester, Staples-Inn)
- Oldershaw, H. Union-place, wine-merchant. (Gunning, St. George's Hospital)
- Peake, H. S. Rosemary-lane, victualler. (Norton, Jewin-street)
- Paten, R. Paddington, slate-merchant. (Carlon, High-street, Marylebone)
- Pillin, J. Talbot-Inn-yard, High-street, Southwark, hopmer. h.t. (Piercy and Oakley, Three Crown-square, Southwark)
- Pagett, F. West Smithfield, publican. (Conway, Castle-street, Holborn)
- Pringle, E. North Shields, wine-merchant. (Francis, Gracechurch-street, Fenwick and Co., North Shields)
- Pocock, J. W. Huntingdon, builder. (Clennel, Staples-Inn; Wells and Barrat, Huntingdon)
- Rowe, R. Whitebury-street, builder. (Burt, Carmarthen-street)
- Robinson, C. Stone, wine-merchant. (Barbor, Fetter-lane)
- Rider, T. Ashton-under-Lyne, cotton-spinner. (Batty and Co., Chancery-lane; Gibbon, Ashton-under-Lyne)
- Robinson, J. and J. Kitching, Sheffield, Britannia metal-manufacturers. (Batty and Co., Chancery-lane; Dixon, Sheffield)
- Smith, J. Brighton, maker of sweets. (Sowton, Great James-street; Attree, Brighton)
- Sandeman, A. M. Fleet-street, wine-merchant. (Smiths, Dorset-street)
- Smith, N. Withington, miller. (Woodward and Co., New Broad-street; Devereux, Bromyard)
- Smith, T. R. Wigmore-street, linen-drapeer. (Davidson, Bread-street)
- Smith, J. Cheltenham, tailor. (Bousfield, Chatham-place; Workman, Evesham; Bubh, Cheltenham)
- Shelley, J. Hanley, sponge-dealer. (Dax and Son, Gray's-Inn; Jones, Hanley)
- Stobbs, H. J. Newgate street, warehouseman. (Lawrence, Doctors' Commons)
- Seymour, E. Gerrard-street, dial-maker. (Norton, Walbrook)
- Stevens, M. H. James's Place, Lambeth. (Heathcote, Coleman-street)
- Stevens, J. Kennington Common, bricklayer. (Cook and Hunter, New Inn)
- Smith, W. E. Rotherhite, boat-builder. (Dashwood, Three Crown-square, Southwark)
- Serbutt, J. Battersea, victualler. (Norton, New-street, Bishopsgate)
- Turfrey J. and J. Osborne, Hackney-road, cabinet-makers. (Hill, Roof-lane)
- Thomas, S. Leeds, victualler. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Foden, Leeds)
- Turner, W. Great George-street, Bermondsey, builder. (Sutcliffe and Birch, New Bridge-street)
- Tucker, T. Sheldon, ship-builder. (Alexander and Son, Carey-street; Marshall, Plymouth)
- Tombs, J. Kempford, cattle-dealer. (Sharpe and Co., Bread-street; Wilkins and Kendall, Burton-on-the-Water)
- Vinton, R. Union-street, Old Artillery Ground, tailor. (Norton, New-street, Bishopsgate)
- Williams, L. Grove Cottage, Holloway, merchant. (Ogle, Great Winchester-street)
- Williams, E. Liverpool, builder. (Jones, Temple; Jones, Liverpool)
- Wanklin, J. and B. Cheltenham, plasterers. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-Inn-fields; Walter and Billings, Cheltenham)
- Willis, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, builder. (Bell and Broderick, Bow Church-yard; Dawson, Newcastle)
- Wainwright, J. Sheffield, button-mould-manufacturer. (Bigg, Southampton-buildings; Haywood and Branson, Sheffield)
- Wood, T. Shepton Mallet, victualler. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Reeves, Glastonbury)
- Wyatt, T. St. Paul's Church-yard, warehouseman. (Burfoot, Temple)
- White, J. Wakefield, carpenter. (Evans and Co., Gray's-Inn-square; Robinson, Wakefield.)

## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERENCES.

Hon. and Rev. G. Pellew, to the deanery of Norwich.—Rev. J. Peel, to a stall in Canterbury cathedral.—Rev. G. W. Scott, to the rectory of Kentisbeare, Devon.—Rev. H. J. Lewis, to a minor canonry in Worcester cathedral.—Rev. J. Toplam, to the rectory of St. Andrew cum St. Mary, Witten, Droitwich, Worcester.—Rev. F. Blick, to the prebend of Pipa Parva, Lichfield cathedral.—Rev. C. Eddy, to the rectory of Fugglestone St. Peter, with Bemerton, Wilts.—Rev. W. Thomas, to the rectory of Orlestone, Kent.—Rev. W. Whiter, to the rectory of Little Bittering, Norfolk.—Rev. J. Custance, to the rectory of Brompton, Norfolk.—Rev. S. Byers, to the episcopal chapel of St. James, Isle of Wight; and Rev. M. Mughes, to the curacy of Binstead, adjoining.—Rev. G. Hodson, to the vicarage of Colwich, Stafford.—Rev. J. F. S. F. St. Join, to the mastership of St. Oswald's hospital, Worcester.—Rev. W. Harbin, to the rectory of Esher, Surrey.—Rev. W. W. Mutlow, to the rectory of Rudford, Gloucester.—Rev. H. H. Tripp, to the perpetual curacy of St. Sidwell, Exeter.—Rev. G. M. Drummond, to the pastoral charge of the congregation of St. Mark's episcopal chapel, Portobello.—Hon. and Rev. R. F. King, to be chaplain to the Duke of Clarence.—Rev. J. Atkinson, to the vicarage of Owersby, with Kirkby and Osgarby annexed, Lincoln.—Rev. E. Pelling, to the vicarage of Norton Cockney, Notts.—Rev. W. W. Smyth, to the vicarage of Manton, Rutland.—Rev. R. B. Byam, to the vicarage of Kew and Peter-

sham, Surrey.—Rev. J. T. Price, to the rectory of Loys Weedon, Northampton.—Rev. Dr. Richardson, to the rectory of Brancepeth, Durham.—Rev. R. Harrison, to the vicarage of Lastingham, York.—Rev. J. Bishop, to the vicarage of St. Mary de Lode, with Holy Trinity annexed, Gloucester.—Rev. R. Jones to the vicarage of Brookthorp, Gloucester.—Rev. J. D. Hurst, to the rectory of Clapton, with the vicarage of Croydon, Bedford.—Rev. E. Trelawney, to the rectory of Northill, Cornwall.—Rev. T. Roberts, to the rectory of St. Mary's, Stamford.—Rev. G. Shifner, to a stall in Chichester cathedral.—Rev. J. A. Park, to the rectory of Elwick, Durham.—Rev. W. G. Broughton, to the archdeaconry of New South Wales.—Rev. C. Tomblin, to the vicarage of Walcot, Lincoln.—Rev. J. Conner, to the rectory of Sudbourn with Orford, Worcester.—Rev. W. J. Hutchinson, chaplain to the Duchess Dowager of Roxburgh.—Rev. R. T. Tyler, to the rectories of Merthydevan and Winvybe, Glamorgan.—Rev. J. E. N. Molesworth, to the living of Winksworth, Derby.—Rev. J. Davison, to the vicarage of Old Sodbury, Gloucester.—Rev. T. Bourdillon, to the mastership of the free grammar school of Macclesfield.—Rev. J. D. Hustler, to the rectory of Great Fakenham, Suffolk.—Rev. R. Collyer, to the vicarage of Dersingham, Norfolk.—Rev. C. Echersall, to be chaplain to the Earl of Southampton.—Rev. C. W. Cleeve, to the chaplaincy of Livery Dole.

## POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

T. Cartwright, esq., now Secretary to the Legation at Munich, to be Secretary to the Embassy at the Netherlands.—G. Tierney, esq., attached to the Embassy at the Netherlands, to be Secretary

to the Legation at Munich.—His Majesty has conferred the honour of Knighthood upon Jeffrey Wyatville, esq.

## INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

## CHRONOLOGY.

November 25.—A meeting of bankers, merchants, and others, held at the London Tavern, presided by the Lord Mayor, for taking into consideration the destitute condition of the Spanish and Italian refugees, who were driven, for self-preservation, to seek an asylum in England, when a further liberal subscription of upwards of £2,000 was entered into.

December 1.—The Recorder made his report of the convicts capitally convicted at the Old Bailey October sessions, to Privy Council, when four of them were ordered for execution December 8.

— Two convicts executed at the Old Bailey.

2.—A Deputation of gentlemen connected with the Silk Trade waited on the Chancellor of the Exchequer, at the Treasury, and held a long conference with him.

4.—Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

—At a meeting of the Waterloo Bridge Company, it appeared that the expenditure for the last half-year, including the 23d of August, amounted to £7,825. 9s. 2d.; received for tolls £7,243. 6s. 2d., and for rents of vaults £382. 7s. 6d.

5.—Right Hon. R. Peel, Secretary of State, wrote to the Lord Mayor, complaining of the state of the gaol of Newgate, respecting the classification and treatment of the prisoners, and calling his Lordship's immediate attention to the subject.

— Orders for the Court going into mourning during three weeks, for the Dowager Empress of Russia.

6.—News arrived at the Foreign Office from Lord Cowley, at Vienna, with the intelligence of the Russians having been obliged to raise the siege of Silistria.

— The Lord Mayor ordered a circular to be transmitted to the Mayor, and other principal officers of corporations throughout England, in behalf of subscriptions for the Spanish refugees.

8.—Four convicts executed at the Old Bailey.

9.—His Majesty took up his residence at Windsor Castle.

13.—Right Hon. R. Peel, Secretary of State, informed by letter, the several Lords-Lieutenant, "that his Majesty's government have determined to submit to Parliament a Bill for effecting some reduction in the Militia Staff."

14.—Court mourning commenced for the Queen Dowager of Saxony, for three weeks.

15.—Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 24 convicts received sentence of death; a very considerable number were ordered for transportation for 14 and 7 years (4 for life), and others to imprisonment from two years down to seven days.

16.—Parliament prorogued to Feb. 5., then to meet for dispatch of business.

## MARRIAGES.

At Leeds, Mr. J. H. Wiffen (the Quaker poet, and translator and biographer of Tasso), to Miss Whitehead.—At Durham, T. B. Fyler, esq., M.P. for Coventry, to Miss Dorothea Lucretia Light.—At North Aston, J. H. Slater, esq., to Lady Louisa Augusta Scott, second daughter of Earl Clonmell.—Henry Maxwell, esq., M.P. for Cavan, to the Hon. Anna Frances Hester Stapleton, youngest daughter of Lord Le Despencer.—At St. George's, Hanover Square, the Right Hon. Charles Manners Sutton, Speaker of the House of Commons, to Mrs. Home Purves, widow of the late J. H. Purves, esq., of Purves, N. B.—Lieut. Col. Sir W. I. Herries, brother to the Right Hon. C. Herries, to Mary Frances, third daughter of J. Crompton, esq., of Esholt-hall, Yorkshire.—Rev. P. Hewett, son of General Sir G. Hewett, bart., to Anne, daughter of General Sir J. Duff.—At Otley, D. C. Wrangham, esq., son of Archdeacon Wrangham, and private secretary to the Earl of Aberdeen, to Amelia, second daughter of the late W. R. Fawkes, esq.—At Edinburgh, J. Hope, jun., esq., writer to the signet, and son of the Lord President of the Court of Session, to Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Justice Clark.—John Forbes, esq., M.P., eldest son of Sir Charles Forbes, M.P., to Jane, eldest daughter of H. L. Hunter, esq.

## DEATHS.

In Canonbury-square, Mrs. M. Rivington, 74.—Rev. Charles Este, who, in conjunction with Major Topham and Mr. J. Bell, established the *World* newspaper.—At Portsea, Rev. D. Cruikshank, 90.—At Beckenham, R. Lea, esq., many years Alderman of London.—At Parkerswell House, near Exeter, Mrs. Gifford, mother of the late Lord Gifford.—At Brighton, S. Rolleston, esq., many years assistant under secretary of state at the Foreign Office.—At Kingston, Hon. Mrs. Lisle, sister of the late Marquess Cholmondeley.—Miss Julia Burgess, daughter of the late Sir J. Lamb, bart.—At Scriverly-court, the Hon. and Rev. J. Dymoke, the King's Champion; by his deputation, his son, H. Dymoke, esq., (now the champion) executed that office at the last coronation.—At Taunton, Mrs. Dundas, relict of the late Rear-Admiral Dundas, and sister to Lady Harris.—Captain Sir W. Hoste, bart., a distinguished officer, who commenced his naval career under the immortal Nelson.—At Bath, General Ambrose, 75, formerly chamberlain to the Emperor of Austria.—At Coombe Wood, the Right Hon. the Earl of Liverpool.—Near Truro, Admiral Thomas Spry, 76.—At Pull-court, General W. Dowdeswell, formerly M.P. for Tewkesbury.—At Bath, Mrs. Priscilla Gurney, 74, minister of

the Society of Friends.—At Skirbeck, Mrs. Sarah Gunniss, 102.—At Brynkinalt, North Wales, the Lady Viscountess Dungannon, daughter of Lord Southampton, and niece to the late Duke of Grafton.—Lady Catherine Waller, 78, mother of Sir C. Waller, bart., Writhlington House, Somerset.—Samuel Marryatt, esq., 67, one of his Majesty's counsel.—In the greatest possible penury and wretchedness, within the walls of White Cross-street prison, Mrs. Frances Simpson Law, niece of Dr. Philip Yonge, formerly Bishop of Bristol, and afterwards translated to the see of Norwich.—At Bellevue, Wicklow, Peter La Touche, esq., 96.—At Inverness, Mrs. Macfarlane, 77, relict of Bishop Macfarlane.—At Woolwich Common, Major R. H. Ord.—At Maidenhead, Sir G. East, bart., 65.—At Hampton court, Sir J. Thomas, bart., 83.—Hans Francis, Earl of Huntingdon.—J. C. Curwen, esq., M.P. for Cumberland.—In Harley-street, Lady Harriet Anne Barbara, 69, wife of the Right Hon. J. Sullivan.—At Boxford, A. Hogg, esq., Purser, R.N.; he had been with Capt. Cook in his voyage of discovery in 1777.—At Guildhall, Mrs. Woodthorpe, wife of the Town Clerk.—Colonel Bernard, M.P. for King's County.—In Somerset-street, Mrs. Fellowes, 93.

#### MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Paris, R. T. Evanson, esq., to Henrietta Catherine, daughter of the late Admiral Sir Chichester Fortescue.

#### DEATHS ABROAD.

At Gibraltar, Rev. W. Barber, after reading the burial service over 18 persons, buried in one trench, he was seized with the fever, and died.—At Paris, the Dowager Duchess of Rohan.—At Paris, Donna Marie Therese de Bourbon, Countess of Chinchong, daughter of Don Louis, of Spain, and sister to the Cardinal de Bourbon, Archbishop of Toledo. She was compelled to marry Emmanuel Godoy, Prince of Peace, the favourite of Charles IV., from whom she had lived separate since 1818. She resided with her brother, the Duke de San Fernando, who, as well as the Cardinal de Bourbon, had been forced to leave Spain in consequence of their political opinions. Her cousin, Ferdinand VII., had allowed her, since last year, the means of living at Paris in a manner becoming her rank.—At Vevay, W. Farquharson, esq.—In the Isle of Cyprus, the infant daughter of Rev. Mr. and Lady Georgiana Wolf.—At Vienna, Thomas Jackson, esq., 69, third son of W. Jackson, esq., of Exeter, and for many years Minister Plenipotentiary to the late King of Sardinia.—At Nantes, Colonel George Gledstones.—At Trinidad, Philip Reinagle, esq.—The King of Madagascar, Radama; his loss will be much felt from his active co-operation with our Government for the abolition of slavery.—At Nice, Aurora, wife of the Rev. J. Voules, of Stowey.—At Boulogne-sur-Mer, Sir Walter Roberts, bart.

### MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

**NORTHUMBERLAND.**—We understand that the following plans of public improvements have been lodged in the office of the clerk of the peace for Northumberland, as a preliminary step to obtaining acts of parliament for carrying the objects into effect. A plan and section of an intended railway or tram-road from Newcastle-upon-Tyne to Carlisle, with a branch therefrom. A plan and section of a proposed bridge over the river Tyne, at or near Scotswood, and of the proposed roads, avenues, or approaches thereto, with certain branches therefrom. A plan of part of Morpeth, shewing the proposed site for a new bridge, and approaches. A plan of an intended ferry by steam or other boats, between North and South Shields, and of the roads, avenues, ways, and passages thereto. A plan of that part of a proposed road between Edinburgh and Newcastle, which lies in the county of Northumberland. A plan of roads, under the Wooler Turnpike Act with proposed alterations.

On the 1st of December, a beautiful specimen of that uncommonly rare British bird, the fork-tailed petrel, was shot near Benwell boat-house, on the river Tyne. It is the smallest of all web-footed birds, the stormy petrel excepted.

There were heavy floods in the first week in December, in the counties of Durham and Northumberland. Part of the battlements of the bridge half way between Newcastle and Shields, near to Willington, were swept away.

A dispute has arisen between the Corporation of Newcastle, and the stewards of the incorporated companies of that town, as to the right of the former, on their leave, to break the ground for the

purpose of coming at the minerals beneath the Town Moor, the property of the freemen.

**DURHAM.**—Nov. 28, the foundation stone for the new harbour at Seaham was laid by the Marquess of Londonderry, amidst an immense concourse of people. The same day Lord Seaham laid also the foundation of the first house of the new town of Seaham. The expense of the harbour will considerably exceed the original estimation of £80,000; it is to consist of an inner and outer harbour. The business part of the new town is to form a crescent, with inclined planes at each extremity, down to the harbour, forming a beautiful object from the sea.

A new spire to Durham cathedral, which has been for some time in the course of erection, is now finished, and adds much to the beauty of that edifice.

A petition from the clergy of the county of Durham is circulating for signature, against the Roman Catholic claims.

**YORKSHIRE.**—On the 5th of December, the Leeds' Liberals called a meeting to address the King in favour of the Roman Catholic claims. There were about 20,000 persons present: and an amendment to the address was moved by Mr. Alderman Hall. On a division, the majority was certainly in favour of the amendment, but the Chairman declared that the address had it. A protest against this determination has been forwarded to the Secretary of State, signed by upwards of 13,000 persons.

The cuckoo was heard on the 2d of December,

on the grounds of G. B. Drewry, esq., at Shelton, near York.

In the first week of December, the tides on the Yorkshire coast, owing to the unsettled state of the weather, were as unsettled as were ever remembered. At the Humber dock, Hull, on the 3d, the difference between the height of the water, morning and evening, on the top of high water, was *five feet five inches*; on the following day it was only *four inches*; and the day after that, but *two inches*.

Three weeks back, a coal-pit at Denholme, near Keighley, was filled up, in the course of one night, by a number of persons engaged in rival collieries.

The project for establishing a rail-way between Hull and Leeds, is revived under favourable auspices.

An extraordinary fine cod-fish, weighing, when dressed and cleaned, 26lbs. was caught in the Humber, opposite Hevlewood House, on the 14th of December.

The Leeds' radicals, after several refusals, have at length consented to a rate for repairing the new churches in that town.

The weather, throughout Yorkshire, during the month of December, has been remarkably mild. Spring flowers are in bloom almost universally in the gardens.

The clergy of the archdeaconries of Richmond have agreed to a petition against any further concessions to the Roman Catholics.

**NORFOLK.**—More herrings have been caught off Yarmouth this year than have been known in any season during the last 20 years. One boat has caught 61 lash, several upwards of 40, and the Victory, Captain Balls, caught 14 lash (or 140,000 herrings) in one night.

**LANCASHIRE.**—The committee for conducting the late musical festival at Manchester, have advertised, for the information of the public, the manner in which the surplus money, applicable to the purposes of charity, has been distributed, *viz.* Infirmary, £2,500; House of Recovery, £350; Lying-in-Hospital, £300; Ladies' Auxiliary to ditto, £50; Eye Institution, £150; Deaf and Dumb School, £300; Salford Dispensary, £500; Charlton Row ditto, £400; Ardwick and Ancoats ditto, £300; Lock Hospital £100; Humane Society, £50.—Total £5,000!!!

**DERBYSHIRE.**—The frame-work knitters of Derby, Duffield, and Belper, and the broad silk weavers, tailors, and shoemakers of Derby, have joined the general trades' union of the kingdom. The object of the union is, the adoption of measures tending to check the progressive reduction of wages; and the means by which it is intended to accomplish this object, are—affording advice and mutual pecuniary assistance in cases of oppression—collecting and diffusing knowledge on the circumstances which affect the wages of labour—and endeavouring to obtain Parliamentary regulations, tending to improve the condition of the artisans.

**DORSETSHIRE.**—At the annual meeting of the trustees and managers of the Dorchester Bank for Savings, held at the Guildhall, a general statement of the accounts of the Institution to the 20th of November last was produced. By this state-

ment it appears that there are vested in government debentures, and in the Treasurer's lands, a total of £41,941. 17s. 4d., of which the sum of £41,058. 13s. 1d. belongs to the depositors, and the remaining sum of £883. 4s. 3d. is the amount of the surplus interest, the half of which being £441. 12s. 1½d. was, according to the directions of the late and former Acts of Parliament, ordered to be divided amongst the depositors.

At the Annual General Meeting of the Bridport Savings' Bank Trustees, &c., a report was presented up to Nov. 20, when it appeared that the amount of payments was £50,094. 15s. 1d. £6,939. 18s. 1d. of which had been received during the present year 1828.

Many of the Portland Islanders, as well as others, will be enabled to enjoy the Christmas holidays most merrily, from the effects of the late high tide and heavy gale of wind; which have been the means of throwing up on the beach bars of gold and silver. Guineas, crowns, and dollars, are picked up in abundance, which have been buried in the sea for many years from the various shipwrecks; the old adage "it is a bad wind that blows no one good," is thus amply verified.

**SOMERSETSHIRE.**—The inhabitants of Taunton have held a meeting at the Guildhall to consider the present state, and severe distress of the silk weavers of that town, and the adjoining parishes, and have "resolved that, without entering into the question of the policy of the present free importation of foreign wrought silks, it is expedient to afford a temporary relief to the distressed silk weavers during the accumulated pressure of the severer winter months, and that subscriptions for that purpose be immediately received at the several banks in the town."

The new market-house at Minehead was opened for business, Dec. 10, under salvos of cannon, and other rejoicings. It is a beautiful little structure of the Ionic order, built at the sole expense of W. Luttrell, esq., M.P. of Dunster Castle, who has made it a free gift for the benefit and accommodation of the town and neighbourhood.

**WARWICKSHIRE.**—The commissioners for carrying into effect the Act for better paving, &c., and otherwise improving the town of Birmingham, have published their laws, rules, and orders, for licensing and authorising a sufficient number of hackney coaches, chariots, cabriolets, cars, and other public carriages, to ply for hire within, and for four miles round that town, together with their rates and fares, which were put into effect Dec. 5, 1828, and upwards of 40 stands nominated for that purpose.

A meeting of the weavers to petition against Free Trade, has been held at Coventry, when a memorial to the Board of Trade was read and adopted, and several resolutions entered into for that purpose.

**NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.**—The twist trade of Nottingham continues on the decline, and a reduction of a halfpenny per rack is submitted to by the workmen employed in that branch. This has extended itself to females in warehouses, whose hours of labour are consequently restricted, and lower wages accepted. This is severely felt when connected with the present high price of bread.

**CHESHIRE.**—At a highly respectable meeting lately held at Stockport, it was resolved unanimously, “That it is highly desirable to form a railway for the purpose of connecting the Liverpool and Manchester with the Cromford and High Park Railway, and for the purpose of giving the town of Stockport a direct communication with each of those railways. Subscriptions were entered into for application to Parliament in the approaching session for the purpose. It is calculated the expense will not exceed £166,000, to be raised by shares of £100 each; £13,000 were subscribed in the room. Upwards of £70,000 have been subscribed in Liverpool alone.

In the memorial lately presented to the Board of Trade, by the broad silk and ribbon weavers of Congleton, and vicinity, it is stated that, “Prior to the introduction of foreign wrought silks your memorialists could, by industry and economy, maintain their families in comparative comfort and happiness, as the average of an expert workman would, under the prohibitory laws, amount to twenty-four shillings weekly; but under the present system they have sustained a continual reduction, both in the price and quality of the material, and in the regularity of employment, so that the same average wages of the same workmen, at the present time, will not exceed ten shillings weekly, in both instances subject to a deduction of three shillings per week, for the unavoidable expenses in performing the work, leaving an average of clear wages at the present time, of seven shillings weekly.”

“We have for some time past forbore to comment on the state of trade in this town, but cannot, under the impression made by the daily cases of distress which present themselves to our view, refrain any longer from publicly condoling with our manufacturers, throwsters, and artisans, upon the distress now felt in this town and district. What few goods the masters are getting up are for an already overstocked market, at prices which are by no means remunerative to them; and the workmen are weekly reduced in the time of labour, so that their earnings are inadequate to their support. The workhouse is besieged with applicants, who have increased in a four-fold degree within the last six weeks, and the rates are on the increase, with diminished means of payment.

**SUSSEX.**—On Sunday night, Dec. 7, there, was a very heavy storm of hail, rain, thunder and lightning, at Brighton; the wind blew a hurricane, and the sea ran mountains high. The tide was also very high; and the waves dashed with the utmost fury against the Chain Pier and Esplanade, which sustained little injury; and the Pier itself stood firm against the wind and tide. Part of the new sea wall was washed down near Lamprell's baths. The storm was the most violent that we have had since the memorable one in November, 1624; and the spray dashed, as it did then, although not to a similar extent, upon the marine-parade, being carried over the saloon, and up the new steine, to the imminent drenching of the numerous spectators who fell in its way.

**DEVONSHIRE.**—Notice has been given in the London Gazette, of the intention of constructing a jetty in the harbour of Ilfracombe.

A numerous meeting of the inhabitants of Plymouth was held at the Guildhall, pursuant to a notice issued by the mayor, in compliance with a most respectably signed requisition, to consider the propriety of expressing their sentiments to Government, with respect to the contemplated measure of dispersing the Portuguese refugees resident there. Resolutions were passed, and a petition to the Secretary for the Home Department, praying that the refugees may not be dispersed or removed, was adopted.

The foundation stone of the Episcopal Chapel, to be built for the Rev. J. Hawker, in Plymouth, to be called “Eldad Chapel,” was laid, Dec. 3, by the Mayor, attended by the Aldermen, Common Councilmen, and other members of the Corporation, in the presence of several thousand persons. The interior of the chapel (which is to be Gothic) will be 102 feet long, by 56 feet wide, and sufficiently large to comfortably seat 1,500 persons, besides some free sittings.

Dec. 5. the first annual meeting of “The Tiverton Institution for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge,” was held at the Guildhall, Tiverton, the Mayor in the chair. The report of the Committee was read, which detailed the operations of the Institution for the last year. Several of the most respectable ladies and gentlemen of the town were present, and appeared to take much interest in the welfare of the Institution.

The Exeter canal was opened Dec. 12, by which vessels of 200 tons will now be enabled to come up to the quay at the lowest tides. This is the first time the sea has flowed up so near the city of Exeter for many centuries.

A meeting has been held at Crediton, for the purpose of considering the propriety of cutting a new line of road through that town, when several resolutions were passed, and subscriptions entered into for that purpose.

**OXFORDSHIRE.**—At a late general meeting of the governors and subscribers to the Oxford Lunatic Asylum, it was resolved, still farther to add to the honour and advantage of this charity, and to mark the sense entertained by this society of the munificent donations of the Radcliffe trustees (amounting altogether to £2,700), the Committee recommended “That the Asylum be called ‘The Radcliffe Asylum;’ and that the style and title of the charity be ‘The President and Governors of the Radcliffe Asylum, on Headington Hill, near Oxford, for the Relief and Cure of the Insane, from whatever Country recommended.’” After acknowledging Dr. Warneford's late munificence, of £550, the Report stated, “That in two years and a half, 76 patients had been admitted—that of these, 25 continued in the house—and that 4 had died—that 20 had been removed by their friends, either from motives of economy, or as convalescents; that of those 20, 10 had recovered—that 27 had been discharged, cured—and that the result of these facts would be, that if to the 27 discharged, cured, there were added the 10 just mentioned, the total number of cures, upon 47 discharges, would be 37, or about 3 out of 4.”

**GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**—Cirencester is at length likely to be much improved. A considerable number of old and ill-fashioned houses, most inconveniently situated in the very centre of the town, are about to be removed, and some handsome

buildings to be erected in their stead, which will be so arranged as not only to be more convenient to the occupiers, and more pleasing to the eye, but will also render the streets more commodious and safe to the traveller.

A report has been presented to the Chamber of Commerce, at Bristol, by a committee appointed to investigate the capabilities of that city and its neighbourhood for the establishment of such manufactures as have not yet been introduced, and the improvement and extension of those already established there. It dwells with much force on the advantages likely to result from the establishment of cotton manufactures in the district; a cloth and wool hall are also suggested as peculiarly desirable, from the situation of the city with reference to the districts in which the woollen manufacture is already so extensively carried on.

**WORCESTERSHIRE.**—It appears by the Treasurer's Abstract Account of Receipts and Expenditure, that from Michaelmas 1827, to Michaelmas 1828, the sum of £7611. 15s. 11d. was paid on account of this county; upwards of £6,000 of which was expended in criminal jurisprudence, vagrants, &c. Although in the Sessions' prosecutions the expense has increased about £200, yet there has been a decrease of upwards of £700 in Assize prosecutions from the preceding year.

**HERTFORDSHIRE.**—At the winter goal delivery for this county, 6 prisoners received sentence of death, 8 of transportation, and several imprisoned for various periods.

**ESSEX.**—At the winter assizes for this county 11 prisoners were recorded for death, and 12 transported.

**HUNTINGDON.**—At the 12th annual meeting of the Hunts' Savings' Bank, the report of the Managing Committee, upon the present state of the Institution, was presented and approved. It appears that the number of existing depositors, including 25 Friendly Societies, and 21 Charitable Institutions, is 758, and the sums deposited, on the 20th of November last, with the interest thereon, amount to £26,053. 2s. 9½d. A bonus of 2d in the pound (from the Surplus Fund) was ordered to be added to the amount of deposits and interest due on the 20th of November last; but no calculation to be made on the fractional parts of a pound. The interest, in future, will be £3. 6s. 8d. per cent.

**BEDFORDSHIRE.**—We perceive by the annual statement published by order of Act of Parliament, that the funds of Sir William Harpur's charity, which originally produced a rental of only £180 per year, have now increased to the enormous sum of very nearly £12,000. Under the head of expenditure, among other items, we remark the following:—For the use of the grammar and other schools, £1,794. 5s.; for exhibitions, £240; marriage portions for maidens, £240; hospital for the maintenance and education of boys and girls, £744; apprentice fees, £835. 10s.; donations and benefactions to apprentices after service, £263; for the support of almshouses, £1,670. 11s.; distribution to the poor in same, £489. 10s. Too much credit cannot be given to the trustees for the admirable manner in which these funds are applied. We reckon this charity second to none in England.—*Herts' Mercury.*

**CORNWALL.**—The poor Germans who have been so long at Falmouth, and on whose behalf subscriptions have lately been entered into at Truro, and other parts of the county, have embarked for Brazil. They have been amply provided with every necessary for the voyage, and leave our shores in much better condition than it appears they left their own originally.

**WALES.**—A large fish of the whale species, measuring 19 feet in length, 10 in girth, and weighing two tons, was lately destroyed at Penarth, Glamorganshire, by R. Forman and D. Meyrick, Esqrs., who were staying there. The monster was discovered early in the morning, floundering on the mud opposite the house; and those gentlemen immediately loaded their guns, and approaching within a moderate distance, dispatched it, by firing several ball cartridges at its most vulnerable parts. It was then given to some labouring men, belonging to the village, and has been by them exhibited at Cardiff and Mertyr.

La Jeune Emma, of Cherbourg, from Martinique to Havre-de-Grace, with sugars rum, &c. was wrecked off Cefn Sidan Sands, Carmarthen Bay, the night of Friday se'night. The Captain had mistaken the Lundy lights for those on the French coast off Ushant, an error which led to the melancholy catastrophe, and the hazy state of the weather for several days previous rendered it impossible for the Captain to take a single observation. The passengers were Col. Colquelin, of the French Marines, and his daughter, an interesting young lady, niece to Josephine, *ci-devant* Empress of France, and their two servants, and we regret to add, that all perished. Four of the crew, by clinging to spars and fragments of the wreck, succeeded in reaching the shore alive, and two more were rescued from destruction by the noble exertions of Mr. Thomas and Mr. Griffiths, making only six survivors out of 19. On Sunday the vessel went to pieces, and only 300 gallons of rum were saved out of the cargo. The staff of the Carmarthen militia, under Captain Haiding, hastened to the scene of disaster. Too much praise cannot be given to all the resident gentlemen in the neighbourhood, for the humanity and attention they showed to the unfortunate survivors of this calamitous wreck; but with equal grief and indignation we state, that some diabolical wretches, a disgrace alike to their country and to human nature, the very outcasts of all that is vile and infamous, attempted to rob the unfortunates whom the storm had spared, and desolation and misery had thrown on their hospitality, strangers in a foreign land!!!—*Shrewsbury Chronicle, December 5.*

**SCOTLAND.**—**EDINBURGH** IN 1828.—Population (including Leith) 170,000, a royal palace, a college, 31 professors, a riding-school, a military academy, 700 teachers of all branches of education, a royal exchange, 70 churches, 2 theatres, 13 courts of justice, 400 advocates, 800 writers to the signet and solicitors, &c.; 86 accountants, 40 physicians, 70 surgeons, 160 apothecaries, 7 libraries, 11 newspapers, 42 insurance companies and agencies (34 of these are English), 11 public hospitals, 60 charitable institutions, 25 literary societies, 80 royal mail and stage coaches, 86 hackney-coaches, 400 carriers, 80 public offices, 850 streets, squares, lanes, &c., and 5 bridges.—*Scotsman.*



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ENGLAND AND EUROPE,

AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SESSION.

ENGLAND, by a course of valour exerted in a righteous cause, by councils manly and wise, by a national spirit unequalled for the love of freedom, for energy, and for generosity, and lastly and chiefly, by the possession of the purest form of the purest religion, stands at this hour in the foremost place of the civilized world.

Where is her rival now to be found? Russia, the only power whose influence might have seemed to menace her supremacy, has been taught in a single campaign the feebleness of an empire whose strength is founded upon the brute force of armies. That she has been taught this lesson no lover of the peace of Europe, or the true interests of mankind, can regret. Wherever grasping and insolent ambition receives its chastisement, a great good is done to the cause of justice; and wherever the true weakness and fragility of despotism can be contrasted with the intrinsic and inexhaustible vigour of a government of freedom, there human rights have made a progress, and the victory is gained for human nature. Whether the next Russian campaign will be more successful than that which has now closed in such signal disgrace to the ostentatious and unjustifiable spirit of aggression, which urged the emperor into the Turkish war; or whether the first campaign shall be the last, is of no importance to the main question. The Russians have been defeated, and that too under the most humiliating circumstances—not at the close of a long struggle, where their troops, discipline, and spirit, might be supposed equally broken down; but with the most completely picked army that the empire ever sent into the field; with all the advantages of discipline and equipment in the troops, and experience in the generals; with a national and superstitious enthusiasm to stimulate them to efforts even beyond the exploits of soldiership, and with the whole temptation of the opulence of European and Asiatic Turkey to reward their easy march over the bodies of the enemy.

In this struggle too they were not to contend with the organized and iron power of the great European kingdoms; Austrian discipline, French activity, and British courage, were not to turn the bayonets of the grenadier-army of all the Russias. Nicholas was to march against

a rabble, almost entirely new to the field, ill equipped, ill officered, and stubbornly adverse to the adoption of the improvements of modern war. The personal bravery of the enemy was acknowledged, but superior tactics make personal bravery in the enemy rather a snare, than an element of success. Victory was secure!

Three months of a campaign against half naked barbarians and mouldering walls, were enough to extinguish the flame of Russian ambition. The veterans of the north fled before the peasantry of Asia; discipline gave way before brave disorder; and fifty thousand Russian corpses, three armies utterly dismantled, enormous financial losses, and the lost military name, that Russia had expended her blood for a century to purchase, are the monuments of her Turkish war.

Russia is still a great empire, with great means of good or evil. But the secret of her weak place has been betrayed by herself. To invasion she may be inexpugnable. She may present a barrier of adamant in the severity of her climate, the barren immensity of her dominions, and the rude patriotism of her people; but beyond her borders she is feeble; like her own north wind, her force is in her native region: it decays in its descent into Europe, and finally softens and sinks away. As a menacer or a rival of England, Russia is no more. When shall we hear again of Armed Neutralities; of North-Sea Coalitions; or of the March to India; those showy charlatawries with which the adroitness and artifice of Catherine and Alexander contrived at once to occupy the eyes of European statesmen, and conceal the actual weakness of their empire? We have now a chain upon the neck of Russia, which we shall leave in the hands of the Turk; and which, at the first growlings from the northern den, we shall teach him how to tighten. But peace with all, and peace among all, is the golden rule of England. Every shot fired in Europe, is a shot virtually fired against her; and as her injury would be the injury of every corner of the earth where man is above the beast of the field; so is her supremacy the mighty promise and pledge of strength, knowledge, and happiness, to the circle of the globe.

The failure of the Russian campaign may be followed by lessons still more important than the chastisement of unprovoked hostilities. It ought to furnish a great lesson of the actual weakness of the despotic form of government. The leading cabinets may be made awake to the living evidence, that the rigidity of authority to which they sacrifice the incalculable benefits of national freedom, is not worth the price; that while it is directly injurious to the mighty nerve to be found in commerce, knowledge, manly enterprize, and that general magnitude and force of the human mind, which can grow up only where man is master of himself; the external power of the nation is not the more exempt from the severest casualties: that this hard and close investiture of a nation, this forcing the national frame into perpetual armour, is no preservative against defeat; and that the wisest plan may be to hang up this memorial of the times of feudality and barbarism among the reliques of years in the grave, beat the sword into the ploughshare, and leave man to follow the open and generous impulses of genius and nature.

All the other leading European states, are either in close alliance with us, or too keenly busied with their own difficulties, to dare the chance of English war. France has learned by the slow wisdom of suffering, the infinite importance of peace with a country to which all her coasts are open, yet which is totally inaccessible by her: whose fleets can at a

word, sweep her commerce from the ocean, shut up her ports, and cut off her intercourse with her colonies; and which, when the struggle comes at last on the land, can show that the British soldier is made of the same materials as the British sailor.

Spain and Portugal are too eagerly employed by dissensions at home to think of hostilities. The monks are the masters of both: the monks hate the freedom, the religion, and the knowledge of England; and desperately would they show their hate, if they dared. But their daggers are for other breasts; the spirit of jacobinism keeps the spirit of monkery in employment too anxious for foreign mischief. One devil has been called up to controul the malice of another. They are fit antagonists, and will rend each other with fang and talon, until their work is done, until the Peninsula is sunk into the final degradation of a wilderness scattered over with a few superstitious slaves; or startles the world by the brief and bloody supremacy of a jacobin empire.

Austria lies in that massive tranquillity which has characterized the reign of the house of Hapsburg. But of all the continental states, she is the most essentially bound to the alliance of England; by her position in the midst of the great military powers; by the absence of any source of rival ambition; and by the habits of old connexion, and combined struggle against Napoleon. She has all the strength of passive power; her military position is impregnable, unless betrayed by negligence or imbecility; her troops are brave, and she can recruit her armies from an immense extent of territory filled with a hardy population.

There has not been a moment since the close of the revolutionary war, when the politician would be entitled to calculate more securely upon the general peace of Europe. Even the late disturbances of the military states have only assisted this probability. The interval since the fall of Napoleon had been long enough for a generation to start into public life, who knew nothing of the miseries of war. Man is a restless animal; and in every continental nation, there was a rapidly rising tendency to recommence the scene, where their fathers had suffered so deeply. But, as if for the express purpose of checking this hazardous tendency, there is scarcely an European nation, which has not, within a short period, had a trial of war, not sufficient to draw the blood fatally, yet more than enough to teach them the misery that can be inflicted by the sword.

The Turkish campaign has given the armies of Russia a trial of war, that has palpably checked the passion of her people for tampering with military glory. The French soldiery were beginning to exclaim against the indolence of peace. The expedition to the Morea, slight as its losses may have been, has palpably answered the purpose of checking the insane love for laurels; and every man now on the Greek soil is exclaiming against the folly that sent him from home. If Belgium, a power of great importance to England, has suffered herself to be drawn into the views of Russian ambition, she has had a trial of war in the East, which will long disgust her armies.

There is the additional security against European war, that is to be found in the interior disturbance of the continental states. It is a remarkable characteristic of the times, that insurrection, open or concealed, is in the bowels of every kingdom of Europe. The most formidable enemies of the Spanish and Portuguese thrones are notoriously active within their own realms, sometimes defying them in the field, and perpetually menacing the royal authority. In France, the spirit of disturbance lives

in the two-fold shape of the Jacobin and the Jesuit ; and the slightest relaxation of the vigilance of government might let loose civil war through the land. In Belgium, one half of the population is suspicious of the other, and the whole power of government is employed in restraining the mutual violences of superstition and fanaticism. In Prussia, the whole military strength of the crown is not too strong for the suppression of revolutionary opinions. Even in the heavy quietude of the Austrian monarchy, jacobinism, fanaticism, and the sullen repugnance of newly conquered countries to a master of a strange speech and soil, are felt to be demands on all the vigilant suspicion of the cabinet. The revolutionary impulses of the north of Germany have made their way even into the lazy provinces of the Danube. The Hungarian nobility, too, molest Austria with their old demands of privilege ; and the keeping of the Italian conquests is a perpetual business of the prison and the sabre. The Greek revolt plagues the Ottoman with the common trouble of European thrones. The Polish disaffection, and even conspiracy to an enormous extent in the Russian army, must exercise the fears of the Emperor, and teach him, if he is to be taught by experience, the necessity of applying his vigour to the correction of evils at home. Whether these extraordinary tendencies to popular disturbance are to be looked on as the last heavings of that time of tempest which wrecked so many European thrones, or as that ominous and instinctive rising of the great deep of society, the "ground swell," which portends the final and tenfold storm, its present operation must be to retard the hostilities of the monarchs of Europe, to assist the efforts of England for general peace, and to give hertime to perfect those noble plans of national and European amelioration, for which she seems to have been raised by the especial hand of Heaven.

We have seen the singular concurrence of what the world calls accident, in giving England a paramount influence abroad. We shall call it by a loftier and more cheering name ; and exult in the proof that to nations strenuous in well-doing, is extended the same protection that has been promised to the virtuous among men. By this high protection, England, one of the smallest territories in Europe, has been raised into an eminence never equalled by the greatest ; has been made the sovereign of realms, to which the mightiest of the European kingdoms would be but a province ; has become the mother of colonies that already assume the magnitude of empires ; has planted her arts, her laws, her literature, and her religion, in the uttermost parts of the earth ; and is at this hour, even in the midst of the strifes and jealousies of Europe, acknowledged as the universal friend, appealed to as the great arbiter, by whose will contending nations are to abide ; whose friendship is to be a pledge of safety, as her hostility is to turn the tide of conquest, to overwhelm the insolence of the triumphant, and to give breathing time and restoration to the undone.

But, to look to the course of our domestic policy, we are persuaded that there too protection is capable of being traced ; that evil has been palpably controuled to good, and that a proud and rapid progress of amelioration has been preparing, in the midst of what seemed to be but a choice of calamities.

Scarcely more than two years ago, the nation was in the hands of Lord Liverpool, whose avowed policy was to govern on any terms that might avoid a collision of parties. Lord Liverpool's intentions were

sincere, but his habits of life had made the retention of office a part of his being; and for that retention, he unconsciously sacrificed the principles of the British constitution. The system of governing by a divided cabinet, was his favourite and fatal secret; and the confidence reposed in his moderation and honesty, might have made us regardless of the evils of his policy, until the bulwarks of the national faith and freedom had been irremediably broken away. A cabinet in which no one leading measure could have been resolved on, without parings down and concessions on both sides of the council-table, would have been at last trained to the discovery, that all rights and principles were the legitimate subject of barter.

A change in the premiership, suddenly and irresistibly showed the perniciousness of this system. The new minister had found the cabinet following its separate styles of thinking on the Popish question, he resolved that they should try how far separate styles of thinking could be agreed upon in all the principles of the constitution, and with a stroke of the pen he made one half of the cabinet Whig. The nation cried out against the treachery of the man, and the iniquity of the measure, and idly lamented the simple integrity of Lord Liverpool. But it was his wily successor that played the involuntary patriot. He showed the true tendency of the system, by a cabinet in which, not merely no act could pass the council without mutual concession, but no act whatever could pass. The fellow advisers for their country's good, had but one principle in common, that of keeping their situations in defiance of public scorn. All the great questions were flung under the table, all the mouths of council were padlocked, by mutual consent; and the dexterity of this amphibious cabinet was exhausted on contrivances for doing nothing. The Catholic Question, the Test Act, the Corn Question, the Parliamentary Reform, the Finance Question, all were alike buried in the equivocal bosoms of this heteroclite cabinet of chicane. It was the deprecated power of Mr. Canning that did the state this service. It was he who shewed, to demonstration, that the divided cabinet must degenerate into a gang of political swindlers; the evidence was given, and the involuntary patriot passed away before he had time to mature his fellow conspirators into that ripeness of conciliation, which would have at length learned the folly of standing at arms' length, when they might approximate, and pick the nation's pocket together. Peace be to his grave. His life was of use, if it gave us but one lesson, never to trust the professions of a man struggling his way up to office; and never to decide on the panegyric, until it can be rectified by the epitaph, of a statesman. An undefinable government followed, a government of invalids past their labour, and recruits not come to their age of service; of minds long ago laid up in obscurity, and minds not arrived at the years of discretion. Its activity was in a life of post chaises from London to Windsor, to inquire whether it was in or out; its deliberation was in the peace-making of two clerks, and its title to the national gratitude was in its speedy discovery that it knew nothing about the national business, and that it was high time for it to withdraw. The lesson of the divided cabinet had now been fully given. A man of genius and vigour assumed the premiership. Accustomed to the sure course of things, he left the fools to expose their own folly, and the knaves to outwit themselves. The folly and knavery soon did their work, and the clearance of the cabinet justified his expectations, almost before they were pronounced.

He will not forget the lesson wrought for his strength, by his weak predecessors. He will purify the cabinet, and the nation, already rejoicing, shall yet more rejoice, in the casualties that prepared the way for the supremacy of a great minister.

Another memorable working of good out of evil, is still before us in full action. Six months ago the public mind seemed asleep to the most momentous question that can concern a people; the question whether the free constitution and scriptural faith of England shall be laid at the mercy of the slaves of an Italian priest, and the haters of Protestantism? Popery was making stealthy but rapid strides during this slumber. The indolent friends of the constitution felt themselves justified in their indolence, by the apparent neglect of the nation; the timid looked round, saw no help, and made a traffic of their timidity; the knavish saw in the general somnolency, only a more secure season of providing for themselves, popery recruited her ranks from them all.

Suddenly an individual made a speech at a public dinner, implying that the premier was a convert to the views of the papists. His speech was an error or a fiction, but its tidings were heard with dismay by every well-wisher to the empire. The exultation of popery followed it, with insolent triumph. But then followed the nobler results: the menace broke the sleep of Protestantism. Its supposed desertion by Government, roused it to the exertion of its own brave energies; the premature menaces of popery invigorated its remembrance of the tender mercies of popish rebellion. It sent its summons through the land, it collected and combined, its speakers developed, in a course of masterly appeals to the common sense of the nation, the resources, the dignity, and the sacredness of the national cause. Its voice was heard in England, and echoed by the aroused and generous sympathy of our land of freemen. In Ireland, the Brunswick Clubs already number upwards of four hundred thousand individuals, the representatives of the property, learning, religion, and principle of the country; a force that at once puts the nation in a state of security, leaves the mind of the minister at its ease, to pursue its course of manly wisdom; and establishes the saving truth that Protestantism, if faithful to itself, can never fail.

In England, the rights of our religion and freedom have since been, again and again, authenticated by the mightiest voice of her people. Myriads have already pledged themselves, by the most public and unquestionable declarations, to the resistance of all conspiracy against their faith and laws. The hypocrite and the sycophant, the rabble-leader, and the specious liberalist, have been turned into contempt: the summoning of the nation soon taught them the difference between a corrupted mob and the fearless and high-hearted multitudes of England. Kent, Cornwall, Devon, and a crowd of important districts, have already pronounced their will. The slightest attempt to carry the question now, would stir the land from north to south, and from east to west, into one grand movement; and if, instead of exulting, as we do, in the vigour, we had to dread the weakness of government, we should find the noblest refuge in the colossal shadow of the uproused nation.

Let one more instance be given. The feebleness of the Irish parliament, in 1793, gave the franchise to the papist forty-shilling freeholders. Liberalism was the folly of the day; and it proclaimed that then, for the first time, the Irish peasant was to be lifted into the rank of a human being; that, with the power of voting, his moral condition must rise in

the scale ; and that, with political influence, he was to be the heir of the whole inheritance of freedom and virtue.

The romance was ridiculed, and the reasoning was disproved. But the Irish parliament was already marked for suicide ; and its last work was to leave a legacy of mischief to its country. The instant operation of the boon was the shame of modern philosophy. The condition of the peasant became instantly darkened. His original evil, the minute subdivision of the land, was increased tenfold by the eagerness of the landlord to increase the number of voters. The land was perpetually cut into still smaller fragments ; for the spot that could sustain nothing else, could sustain the false oath of a mock freeholder. The peasantry were thus reduced to the verge of beggary ; and their moral condition was as much sunk as their physical. One-third of these freeholders were without the value of forty shillings on earth ; but it was enough for the landlord's purpose if they had the hardihood to swear. The elections became, year after year, a thicker tissue of abomination. Perjury was notorious, till it almost ceased to be thought a crime. Then came a rebellion that wreaked its vengeance on this perjured peasantry. Next came a more enduring and final vengeance, that smote the landlord through his pride—The house of merchandize, the temple, turned by his atrocious traffic of conscience and honour into a den of thieves—the Irish parliament, was extinguished for ever.

The punishment was inflicted, but the crime remained. The manufacture of false oaths and false freeholders, the only manufacture of popish Ireland, went on flourishing to the highest hope of every scorner of the common decencies of truth and law. At the last numeration, made in 1815, the freeholders, above twenty pounds a-year, were not quite 20,000 ; while the forty shilling freeholders, or those who perjured themselves by the name, were no less than one hundred and fifty-seven thousand ! Electors, of whom the vast majority knew no more of the qualities of a representative than of the philosopher's stone ; two-thirds of whom could not read, write, or even speak the English language ; and almost the whole of whom were as much under the slavery of the priests, as ever dog was under the lash of his master.

Mr. O'Connell at last made the daring attempt to turn this infamous abuse to the purposes of that Association, which "governed the government" of Ireland. He solicited the aid of the lords of the rabble, the priests ; and the priests forthwith issued their indisputable commands to their slaves. The mob of Clare carried the day at once. The landlords were trampled down in the general rush round the triumphal car of the "Liberator." Old memories of benefits, the natural connexion of the tenant with the proprietor, the whole of the links of mutual kindness, obligation and service, were snapped at a touch of the priestly hand ; and Mr. O'Connell, the mock representative, was returned, by a mock election, to a parliament within whose doors he was never to set his foot.

The Clare election struck the timid with the last dismay. They saw in it the total abscission of the people from their natural representatives ; Ireland in the hands of the mob of superstition and civil turbulence ; and the English parliament besieged by a host of popish radicalism ; or every county of Ireland virtually disfranchised by the return of disqualified members.

The prospect was as alarming as the offence was monstrous. And yet it

is in this enormity that the safety of both Ireland and England are at this hour taking root. The daring insult of electing a representative in utter scorn of law, first shewed the lengths to which the popish faction were ready to urge their lawless partizans. The daring interference of the priests, next shewed the utter nonsense and hollowness of all the liberalism that had pretended to draw a line between the temporal and spiritual influence of Rome; and the daring and gross contempt on the part of the peasantry, of all the ties of gratitude and service to their landlords, thirdly, shewed these landlords the way to future security. And this way they are now adopting in all parts of Ireland. Without waiting for the tardiness or dubiousness of legislative enactment, they are rapidly depriving the popish freeholders of the power of ingratitude to their landlords, of treason to the Constitution, and of perjury in the sight of Heaven. They are refusing *leases of lives* to their papist tenantry; and thus, without injury to the natural feelings of humanity, or breaking the natural connexion between the orders of society, they are at once relieving the state from the power of a fierce and guilty faction, themselves from a mass of domestic hazard and hostility, and the peasantry from an employment unfit for their capacities, and which redounded to them only in increased poverty, embittered natures, and perpetual crime. A few years of this system, vigorously and conscientiously adhered to, will relieve the whole of the popish peasantry from the fatal incumbrance of electioneering. If the priests are still destined to have dominion over their ignorance; their contempt of an oath will, at least, not marshal them in battle array against the gates of the legislature. If the Association shall be still suffered to insult the religion and government of the empire, it shall, at least, not be endowed with the power of sending its orators to disfranchise the Protestant electors of Ireland. Time will be obtained for sober thoughts, faction will fall into scorn, and the country will be saved.

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A REVERIE.

—  
 "Chaos indigestaque moles."—OVID.  
 —

LONG years, methought, had gone, since I had slept  
 The sleep of death, and in an unknown tomb  
 My form lay mouldering; suddenly the trump  
 Thundered a summons to the dead, the grave  
 Sent back an awful echo, and from hill  
 And vale, and sun-kissed mead—from mountain heights,  
 Untrodden save by thought—from ocean depths,  
 Where the rare monster of an elder world  
 Wantons in licensed solitude—from glen  
 Unpierced by human glance, and so remote  
 That the strong cataract beneath roars on,  
 Unheard by aught above—from river, sea,  
 And lake, the myriad shroudless ghosts sprung up  
 High in heaven's destined concave: I, too, woke  
 To sense, to agony; and each particle  
 Of dust, so aged that the very worms,



Who long had battered on the yellow corse,  
 Had crumbled piecemeal too, was fashioned  
 To form distinct: before the throne of Him,  
 The Unknown, I stood—when once again the trump  
 Rang through the affrighted world.

Earth, sea, and sky,  
 Decked with its infinite isles of splendour, set  
 Like gems upon an Indian coronal,  
 Rocked to the centre; Night, tremendous Night!  
 Fell like a cold blight on the world, and shrunk,  
 As a guilty thing, from the dread sight of death.  
 Hark! 'twas the parting groan that Nature gave,  
 Conscious of fate; Time heard the awful sound,  
 And knew his hour was come, and spreading wide  
 His pinions, black as Erebus, he flew  
 To where proud Chimboraco's regal front  
 Soars like some giant of the elder time,  
 Glorying in might omnipotent.—  
 Thrice the fierce trump awoke an echo; thrice  
 The wide world reeled in conscious dread, as one  
 From fit of deepest inebriety  
 Shocked into sudden soberness; above  
 Glory came streaming forth, and a bright form,  
 Begirt with flame, companioned by a choir  
 Of sun-lit souls, broke the dunnest gloom,  
 And all was light again; Time saw the God,  
 And crumbled into nothing; Nature paused  
 But for an instant, and the thunders rolled  
 Their last sad peal. Oh! then commenced the work  
 Of desolation! from the livid sky  
 The sun dependant dropped, the billows boomed  
 And lashed themselves to madness, and the face  
 Of Nature, reverend in years, grew black  
 With the convulsive spasms of decay.

The world—a fearful sight—was gone, and heaven  
 Flamed as a scroll, by whose sulphureous light,  
 Swathed in the shroud of dead Eternity,  
 The ghost of buried ages moved along.  
 Then voices broke from the abyss; and Time,  
 And Fate, and Death the skeleton, athwart  
 The deep gloom flitted, waiting the behest  
 Of Sovereign Deity. I saw no more;  
 Sense fled my vision; feeling lost her helm;  
 Existence, but not life, of negative  
 Dominion, governed me; I knew I lived—  
 But where, or how, or in what character,  
 Was all a blank.

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## A TRAVELLER'S RECOLLECTIONS.

I HAVE been for many years a rambler, but chiefly through Europe. The traveller's club was not established when I began my career, and I therefore was not under the necessity of "booking myself for China," as is required by the statutes of that great locomotive institution. A simple sight of Mount Caucasus was enough for me. I ventured only within a days sail of Columbia; and saw no more of New Holland, than might be communicated by the sight of a native, whom I met in a whaler, embalmed, by order of the governor of Sydney, as a present to the Zoological Society.

In my wanderings, too, I differed from the tourists of this world in another point. I eschewed picture galleries, cathedrals, crown jewel offices, and "glorious châteaux," that no man living could distinguish from a Dutch stable. An English one would offer no comparison. My business was with man, much; and with woman, a little. I have always thought a man of sense, to the full as amusing as the tallest steeple that ever pierced the sky; and the colour on a lovely female cheek worth all the carnation ever laid on canvas by the pencil. From the pomps of Palladio, and the magic of Titian, I turned to living lips and eyes; and, though the whole world of Dilettanti, measuring-rod and sketch-book in hand, must be struck dumb at my gothicism, I am still wedded to my heresy, and shall, to the last, think that the happiest descriptions of brick and mortar may grow dull, the liveliest catalogue of pictures lose its gaiety, and that, while we have our senses about us, the pleasantest "study of mankind is man."

As the specimens of this unusual study rose before me, I frequently made brief memoranda, sufficient to mark the leading features. Of those I shall give you a few in succession. My first is of a beautiful creature whom I met at Vienna. She was French, but with a grace and Italian look of sensibility that seldom honours the countenance beyond the Alps. Strange to say, with my picture-antipathy, my first knowledge of her was from a picture.

I was one morning at the Leopold Museum, where all Vienna flocked to see the portrait of Madame de M. I contemplated it with a pleasure justified by the perfection of the features, and the finish of the execution. The beauty of the original had augmented the talent of the artist.

The grave Imperial Aid-de-camp who accompanied me, after smiling at my long trance of admiration, proposed to introduce me to the acquaintance of the model, and in the evening conducted me to the *soirée* of the Comtesse de M. The portrait of the salon lost much of its merit in my eyes, as soon as they caught a glance of the original. The painter could not seize and arrest on the canvas the grace which distinguished each motion of the young Comtesse. The spirit and animation that heightened her slightest expression, that mingling of dignity and affability, which reflected itself on her countenance, rendered it one of the loveliest, one of the most seductive, that I had ever seen. After having dispersed her card tables—arranged the players—seated her Boston in the middle of the room—shut up in a corner the eternal picquet—the fair Comtesse came to rejoin, at one extremity of the apartment, a little group, so lucky as to escape the distribution of the markers—and to prefer to the melancholy pastimes of whist or *écarté*, the more rare pleasure of an agreeable and spirited conversation.

At the moment of the Comtesse's approach, a young privy councillor maintained—perhaps rather too warmly—that it was impossible to be deceived as to any one's origin, and that a certain air of dignity, in the whole appearance, betrayed, in spite of themselves, those who had the honour of being born in the privileged classes. This opinion was also that of an old lady, who finished all her phrases with—"as the late baron used to say"—and was opposed by a superior officer of most distinguished air, and an ex-minister, who had their own reasons for what they said. At last, to give an example that must lead every one to his side, the orator addressed the mistress of the mansion, and triumphantly inquired, whether, let fate have placed her in whatever inferior situation, her noble birth would not have been at once recognized from her air and manners. The beautiful Comtesse gave a smile at the words.

"What an unfortunate illustration, Monsieur de L.," said she.

"What, Madame—are you not the daughter of a comte?"

"No."

"Of a baron?" said the old lady.

"No."

"Of an officer?" resumed the colonel.

"No."

"Of an administrator?" added the ex-minister.

"No."

"You deceive us, Madame," replied the young privy councillor; "you certainly are of a family——"

"Of honest people, but who positively had no titles to boast of," said the Comtesse, smilingly. "You can vouch that I am no better than I assert," she continued turning to the friend who had introduced me. She was, at the instant, called away to decide some point at one of the tables; and, while the observations excited by her frank declaration were rapidly crossing each other, I inquired of the Aide-camp, "Who was the beautiful Comtesse?"—"She shall tell you herself," replied he.—"I have at home her sketch of her own memoirs. She lent it to me, and I will lend it to you—for she seems as little anxious to conceal what she has risen from, as what she has risen to."

My way lay through his street—he gave me the manuscript as we went home, and I read, before I slept, as follows:—

"My name is Angelique L'Arjou; I was born at Neuilly. My mother, who was surnamed the Belle Paysanne, died a few days after I came into the world, and her husband did not long survive her. An orphan from two years of age, I was reared by an aunt, who, having no child, became a second mother to me. Since the death of my parents, her garden had acquired a great increase—she had inherited all her sisters' customers, and her sole ambition was to make me the bearer of the finest fruits and flowers in the vicinity of Paris. I approached my fifteenth year. The animated glances of the young men who sought to meet me—the ill-temper of the young girls who avoided me—and the anxiety of my aunt, taught me that I was handsome. I had suspected it myself for a year back. But one is never pretty with impunity. All the youths of Neuilly paid court to me; however, though I cared for none, I thought proper not to offend any. Their rustic flames did not teach me how one can love—but their rustic eulogies taught me how one can please; and, with a little memory, lessons of this sort are not soon forgotten.

"For a whole year I maintained a sage equilibrium among all my

suitors. My aunt, who had the rage of husbands—she was the widow of her third—selected a spouse for me—a youth of my own age; the son of a rich tradesman. I had never seen him but once, and I accepted him with sobs. Already were the marriage trinkets purchased—the contract was even drawn up, when an accident that I had the luck to meet, broke my marriage, and began my fortune.

“In one of my visits to Paris, in entering the Hôtel de Suède, Rue de Richelieu, my foot slipped, and I sprained my ankle. My screams and sufferings attracted a number of the strangers who lodged in the hôtel. Among them was an old gentleman, who appeared to feel a lively interest in the accident; he did not quit me an instant, and his benevolence exaggerated my danger to allow him the pleasure of offering his attentions. In the fear that the slightest movement would augment my sufferings, he would not hear of my removal, and, on the spot, sent off his carriage and footmen for my aunt. She arrived—visited me—condoled with me—embraced me—was in despair—confused herself with excuses, lamentations, thanks—and, finally, yielding to the reiterated entreaties of my new guardian—she granted him a moment’s audience.

“Monsieur de Villefort was an old bachelor, who had spent his life in amassing wealth, without knowing who was to spend it. He had no heirs but very distant relations, who had, at various intervals, given him hints that he had been old for a long time. Those hints, at last, grew displeasing. One morning he quitted Grenoble, and came to Paris, with the intention of disinheriting his relations. Marriage appeared to him the most ready and certain means. My appearance pleased him; my youth had interested him, and he selected me for the instrument of his vengeance. My aunt took good care to offer no refusal. She dismissed the Neuilly bridegroom—published new banns—conducted me to the mayoralty—led me to the church—made me utter one little word in its proper place—and Monsieur de Villefort told me, with great ceremony, that I was his bride.

“This worthy old man occupied himself seriously with my education—I owe to him whatever little I know. I lost him at the end of three years from my marriage. I shall regret him all my life. He left me all his estates—his relations attacked the will—they lost their cause—and they appealed. It was necessary that I should go to Grenoble. To have right on one’s side, is a fine thing—but solicitations, recommendations, and importunities, have also their merits; and at law we should neglect nothing. I knew no one in this province, where I came for the first time; my residence was at the Lion d’Or; the windows of my apartment looked to those of a colonel of infantry, who, I knew not how, but I knew why, contrived to be always in my way. In a provincial town, a stranger has always the privilege of exciting curiosity. The motive of my journey was quickly ascertained; and my adversaries had the address to circulate little anecdotes of scandal, to prejudice the public opinion. Through one of those chances—common enough in the history of my life—the colonel read one of those libels; he was indignant, nor could he persuade himself that I was such as they painted me. He asked permission to present himself to me. He came—professed the profound attachment with which I had inspired him, and offered me, with true military frankness, his sword, his time, his attentions, and his heart. I accepted all; and I did well. Born in the environs of Grenoble, he was connected with the greater number of my judges; he

saw them—spoke to them—convinced them of the solidity of my pretensions—and as there are circumstances where justice will carry the day from intrigue, I gained my cause a second time.

“I could not dissemble to myself the obligations I owed to the colonel; he had powerfully seconded me, and his zeal had succeeded in destroying the reports raised by the relations of Monsieur de Villefort. Each day his visits became more frequent, his glances more expressive, his conversations more animated. At last he hazarded a demand for his reward; and, be it wisdom, or be it caprice, I found myself wedded a second time, without having had much more hand in it than the first.

“At the expiration of a few months my husband was called to join his regiment; but, led on too far by his courage, he was killed at the battle of Nuremberg, and I became a widow for the second time, at the age of two-and-twenty. As his family were allied to the best families of the province, I naturally found myself connected with the most distinguished persons of Dauphiny; and those connections contributed in no slight degree to correct whatever might have remained of the manners and habits of my childhood.

“I quitted Grenoble, after having arranged the affairs of my new inheritance, of which the value doubled my income. I had now been four years at Paris, when one of the colonel's sisters begged of me to make an application for her to a man of rank, who had promised to get the eldest of her sons on the establishment at St. Cyr. I drove to the Comte de N——; he received me *à merveille*—his countenance pleased me infinitely; his conversation made me forget the hour; he assured me he would interest himself in my request, and next morning he brought me the letter of admission. As the reward of this service, he asked permission to visit me, and had no difficulty to obtain it. Some days afterwards the comte demanded my hand—I really think I would have offered it to him.

As they drew up the contract, my names—which of course I was obliged to declare—drew from him an exclamation of joy and surprise that he was not sufficiently master of himself to restrain. This poor Comte de M—— loved me through reminiscence—never expecting to discover in the widow of Monsieur de Villefort, and General L——, the pretty little flower girl of Neuilly—the object of his first passion. On my side, how could I have recognised in the man I now loved, him whom ten years earlier I should only have espoused, because I could not help it. Each of us had made way in the world—every one made it at that period. The week following I married my lover; the first month that succeeded was a month of fêtes and pleasures; the second——”

Here ended the manuscript.

“What will your young privy councillor say to that?” observed I to my friend, as I next day returned him the Countess's memoir.

“Why, that the château of the Prince de —— is close to Neuilly—that his highness is an amateur of beauty—that the mother was called *la Belle Paysanne*, and was—secretly married to him?”

## FULL LENGTHS: NO. XII.

## THE ACTOR.

PERHAPS Fortune does not buffet any set of beings with more industry, and withal less effect, than Actors. There may be something in the habitual mutability of their feelings that evades the blow; they live, in a great measure, out of this dull sphere, "which men call earth;" they assume the dress, the tone, the gait of emperors, kings, nobles; the world slides, and they mark it not. The Actor leaves his home, and forgets every domestic exigence in the temporary government of a state, or overthrow of a tyrant; he is completely out of the real world until the dropping of the curtain. The time likewise not spent on the stage is passed in preparation for the night; and thus the shafts of fate glance from our Actor like swan-shot from an elephant. If struck at all, the barb must pierce the bones, and quiver in the marrow.

Let us instance an author who, by the aid of pen, ink, and paper—implements for immortality—makes him a world of his own, peoples it according to his desires, and lies basking beneath the sky of summer-blue. Let us take Milton, in his divine phrenzy, drawing "empyrean air;" let us contemplate him suddenly snatched from the heaven of heavens by a shrill warning from his landlady, that an unpoetic cobbler refuses to leave the newly heel-tapped shoes of "Mr. Milton" without the groat! Is not this a check? Is not our poet brought from his Pegasus with a jolt that threatens dislocation? We take it, the feeling of an Actor, really awakened to worldly pressure, is, in some degree, the same. He descends from his throne, and the breath of assumed royalty is scarcely extinct within him, ere "our anointed self" may receive a no very ceremonious deputation from a petty creditor, or the personal attack of an enraged "cleanser of soiled linen."

Our Actor—mind, we are speaking of players in the mass—is the most joyous, careless, superficial flutterer in existence. He knows every thing, yet has learned nothing; he has played at ducks and drakes over every rivulet of information, yet never plunged inch-deep into any thing beyond a play-book, or Joe Miller's jests. If he venture on a scrap of Latin, be sure there is among his luggage a dictionary of quotations; if he speak of history,—why, he has played in *Richard* and *Coriolanus*. The stage is with him the fixed orb around which the whole world revolves; there is nothing worthy of a moment's devotion one hundred yards from the green-room. It is amusing to perceive how blind, how dead, is our real Actor to the stir and turmoil of politics; he will turn from a Salamanca to admire a *Sir John Brute's* wig; Waterloo sinks into insignificance before the amber-headed cane of a *Sir Peter Teazle*. What is St. Stephen's to him—what the memory of Burke and Chatham? To be sure, Sheridan is well remembered; but then Sheridan wrote the *Critic*.

Our Actor is completely great-coated in self-importance—buttoned up to the throat in the impervious inch-thick vest of vanity. We never find his nature cold and shivering at the atmosphere of diffidence; no, it glows with all the comfortable fervour of self-opinion. Place him any where, and it is impossible that he should become frozen; every Actor is, in fact, his own Vesuvius. In *Mallim's South Wales*, there is a fine characteristic anecdote of the vanity of a dreamy Methodist: the man had come to so settled an opinion of his immaculate state, that he planted

his belief in dwarf-box, and thus saw the memento of his salvation sprouting greenly around him. "Howel Harris, saved by grace, 17—," taught by the clipping sheers, grew letter by letter in gratifying distinctness. Now this is precisely what an Actor practises, only with different agents. The walls of his house (if he have one) are plastered with his character-portraits; he is multiplied a hundred times; turn where we will, we meet him—not a niche is vacant.\*

A mackerel lives longer out of water than does an Actor out of his element: he cannot, for a minute "look abroad into universality." Keep him to the last edition of a new or old play, the burning of the two theatres, or an anecdote of John Kemble, and our Actor sparkles amazingly. Put to him an unprofessional question, and you strike him dumb; an abstract truth locks his jaws. On the contrary, listen to the stock-joke; lend an attentive ear to the witticism clubbed by the whole green-room—for there is rarely more than *one* at a time in circulation—and no man talks faster—none with a deeper delight to himself—none more profound, more knowing. The conversation of our Actor is a fine "piece of mosaic." Here Shakspeare is laid under contribution—here Farquhar—here Otway. We have an undigested mass of quotations, dropping without order from him. In words he is absolutely impoverishable. What a lion he stalks in a country town! How he stilts himself upon his jokes over the sleek, unsuspecting heads of his astonished hearers! He tells a story; and, for the remainder of the night, sits embosomed in the ineffable lustre of his humour.

An Actor can always be recognized in the street; he seems at ease (for where is he not?) in the crowd, yet not one of it. The peacock, stripped of its feathers, will still maintain its strut: the Actor has not forgotten the part of last night; his head, accustomed to the velvet cap, the overhanging plumes, and the sparkling gem, carries the meek beaver with a haughty, jerking air; his foot throws itself forth with determination, as though ambition, love, or tyranny yet burned in every toe; his hand still seems to grasp a hilt or cartel; the coat sets as though it knew it had usurped the place of tunic, vest, or robe; the very cravat dilates with the conscious pride of "station." He looks at the passers-by with the air of an old acquaintance—of one who has obliged them—suns himself in the fair eyes that have wept at his "serious business"—and bathes his spirit in the dewy lips that have tittered at his comedy. Verily, *we have seen* a successful Actor air himself in the Park: we have seen him, whilst his inward man was wholly inebriated with the looks and gestures that he drew upon him!

The vanity of our Actor is never more apparent than in his benevolent custom of helping the ignorant dramatists whose creations he embodies: his philanthropy is unbounded. Even the Bard of Avon's language sometimes gains correction and adornment. We once heard an Actor tag the exit of the starved *Apothecary* with an original interpolation. We should much like to have the measure of the importance of a popular Actor as taken by himself: it would be a curiosity for the study of the contemplative. We remember one striking instance. A celebrated mimic, a few seasons since, modestly expressed his hope that he might

\* It is odd to perceive how vanity haunts the tribe. There is now lying before us the address-card of a truly great tragedian. On the reverse is the Actor placed, like a naughty boy in the corner, with a cap on his head, and the following startling intelligence:—  
"Alanienouidet, chief of Huron tribe of Indians."

be the means of conciliating one quarter of the world with England. Only think of the comfortable state of that man's mind, who, having rubbed a hare's-foot over his cheek and nose, thinks himself sufficiently important to form a connecting link between Great Britain and America!

This feeling may, however, be reasonably accounted for. The Actor, unlike every other professional man, receives admiration through so violent and gross a medium—it comes with such a gust upon his senses, that he cannot maintain that equanimity arrived at by the poet, the painter, the sculptor. The man, accustomed to estimate his appearance as the signal of shouts and plaudits from congregated thousands, cannot soberly calculate his real importance, but is apt to confound his bearing in every other relation of life with his mere professional value. The admiration paid to men in other walks of art comes to them cooled, purified, and sweetened by distance—just as the voluptuous Turk draws the bounty of the weed through a dulcifying rivulet of rose-water. Now our Actor has it hot—“burning hot”—and rolling up around him, eyes, mouth, nose, ears, all take in the intoxicating vapour, and a large monster of vanity is thereby generated.

An Actor, in the full enjoyment of his art, must experience the most intense and violent delight. He fairly bathes himself in the plaudits showered around him: he seems saturated with commendation. His person dilates, his eye lightens, all the cares of existence are lost, annihilated, in the brief rapture of the moment. The consciousness of self-importance knocks hardly at his heart; his pulses are at full gallop; his very being is multiplied. It is to this cause that an Actor has less admiration for his author than has the uninitiated man. The Actor loses all recollection of the dramatist in self: he is persuaded that he has snatched the unformed lump from the author, and, by his own feelings and emotions, given shape and beauty to the plastic mass! It is *he* who has *made* the part.

The low, creeping envy of the Actor is to be accounted for on the same principle as his conceit: the approbation paid to another reaches him as loudly as that awarded to self. Actors come in more direct collision with one another than any kind of men besides. Hence, there is more envy, more low, petty intrigues, in a green-room, than in a court of France.

Popularity is the Actor's idol. No matter how it be gained, so that the precious spoil—the golden bough, the glittering *aureus ramus*—be acquired. We will close our paper with a brief, yet striking illustration, of this passion: it may stand as an index, a finger-post, to the motives of our subject. A manager—who must be taken as an Actor, with all his feelings and frailties in the most intense state of expression, who is, in fact, to an actor, what prussic is to oxalic acid—some short time since smote, not a noble Venetian, but a famous burletta-writer: the blow or kick was more deadly from the place where it was applied. Our author cited the manager before a justice, who, however, pursuing the soothing system, dismissed the parties to debate the matter with themselves. The manager spoke eloquently in extenuation of the error: the author still looked sullen. At length the manager hit upon a golden expedient; for, drawing up to the modern Lopez, he exclaimed, in a low, persuasive, yet prophetic voice, at the same time laying one hand, with gentle significance, upon our author's shoulder, “Never mind—never mind, my boy; it will make you popular!”



## TAM GARAI, THE GOOD BANYAN.

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"Glory is but the shadow of virtue: where the one is not, the other cannot be."—*Maxim extracted from the SAMA-VEDAM of the Hindus.*

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BEFORE the Tartars, the Moguls, the Mahrattas, or the English had been the conquerors of the finest countries of the east, the kingdom of Guzzerat was regarded as the great source of supplies, and the richest province of the Indian peninsula. Its rajah was just dead; his son, who had succeeded him, was daring, and distinguished by many brilliant qualities; the people, whose sovereign he had become, were mighty; the country he ruled was prolific; and the kings of Decan, of Jesselmire, and of Chitor were tributary to his power. With such temptations, is it strange that the youth should give way to ambition? He desired to surpass Alexander in his conquests, and Mariadramen in his equity. He even longed for reverses, that, in bearing them, he might rival Porus. The most learned brahmins of Benares, the most celebrated poets of India, were summoned to his court to celebrate the exploits he projected, and the virtues he was going to have.

He doubled the number of his soldiers, caused them to be attired magnificently, and determined to dazzle his people by personally passing his vast army in review.

Between the mountains of Bollodo and the gulf of Guzzerat spreads an immense plain, skirted by a double vista of palm and sandal trees. To that spot the troops of the young prince poured from all parts of the kingdom. Thither thronged the inhabitants of Barocha, Cambaya, Boudra, &c., eager for the proud array, and for a sight of their new sovereign.

The army took its position on the border of the gulf, and the royal retinue presently appeared. Two thousand rajputs, or sons of noblemen, formed its vanguard. They were all clad in baftas\* of the finest cotton, stuffs of striped silk, brocades of gold and silver. In their hands each bore either one of the famed bows of Multan, or the lance and axe of Kaboul. To the sound of every warlike instrument at once, wrapped in a scarlet mantle, his brow and breast covered with diamonds of Somelpour, Visapour, and Golconda, the prince appeared. He was mounted on a beautiful white elephant; its caparison was of surpassing splendour; it sparkled with the most precious stones of Pegu and the isle of Ceylon.

The bosom of our young hero swelled with pride at this prodigality and magnificence, which he regarded as the harbingers of glory. He lifted his head, and looked about him, with extreme self-complacency, to gladden his eye with the evidences of the impression he was making upon his people. But what was his wonder, when he perceived the multitude, instead of pressing upon his path to feast upon a nearer view of his mighty person, suddenly receding like a tremendous wave. Its swiftness increases momentarily, and, with tumult and terror, it reeled backward to the vistas which fringed the plain.

The cause of this consternation was a terrific panther, which had just

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\* Bands of muslin, in which they encircled the head.

darted out from the mountains of Bollodo. The rush of the animal had been checked by the sight of the recoiling throng, and it was advancing slowly, with distended jaws, in the wide space thrown open by its appearance.

A poor and tattered old man, who, from the first, had stood aloof from the crowd, was left, by its sudden flight, alone upon the path. He was an *Halachor*—as despised a caste as that of the *Parias*—and, even in the midst of danger, did not dare to mingle with his more favoured countrymen, lest he might chance to contaminate them by an accidental touch. The monster made a spring, caught the old man, and, with a glow of triumph, was bearing him towards the mountains.

Suddenly, a person darts from the throng, boldly cuts off the retreat of the panther, forces him to let go his prey, and thrusts his arm down his distended throat.

In vain did the baffled brute, panting with fury, and his eyes starting from their sockets, plunge his fangs into his adversary's side. The Indian resists and struggles; strangles him, and flings him, expiring, upon the sand.

The people sent forth a shout of joy and astonishment; but it was louder, and still more exulting, when they recognized, in the conqueror of the panther, the good banyan, Tam Garai, whose whole fortune had formerly been exhausted in succouring the poor of Guzerat.

When order was restored, the young rajah reappeared. He was in a warrior's costume, and mounted on a courser of Arabia. He made his steed prance with extraordinary skill, went through the ranks of his soldiers, and promised riches and honours to them all. The people admired the grace and dexterity of the young rajah; but every mind was intent upon what had just occurred; and every eye kept turning from the spectacle of grandeur to the mountains of Bollodo.

The breaking up of the review was announced for the morrow. The royal tents were pitched upon the bank; perfumes burned on every side; fires were lighted all over the plain. The brahmins invoked the benedictions of Heaven on a king who was the hope of Indostan; and the poets of the courts struck up their noblest strains to celebrate his skill in horsemanship, the lustre of his diamonds, and even the generosity of which, no doubt, they were desirous to have evidence.

The king entered his tent well pleased. He thought the praises he had heard of himself gave great evidence of the proper notions of his people. He could not consider any projects of aggrandizement too great for a people so deserving. He even began to ponder seriously on the wonderful things he meant to accomplish. But he was desirous of hearing nearer at hand of the vast impression he had made. If the great men and the poets were so struck by his display of magnificence and power, what must the populace say of it when they get among themselves, and can freely unbosom their delight? He wrapped himself in a simple garb of rajput, and set off on foot for the great avenue of palm and sandal. The multitude had hastily thrown up rude shelters there for the night. He saw groups every where in warm and eager conversation. He approached some of them. It was strange to be lurking about thus to hear his own praises; but he was curious to know what the lower orders liked him most for. He listened. The name of Tam Garai was the only one which met his ear! There were earnest questionings about his situation and his wounds; the excess of his magnanimity, in exposing his

own life to save that of a miserable Halachor, was extolled over and over again; every one had seen the struggle with the panther; and every one, in recounting it with different circumstances, increased the size of the monster and the boldness of the combatant. Indignant that, on the day of his grand review, such should be the general theme, the king turned aside to other groups. The other groups enlarged on the benevolence of the good banyan! During a year of scarcity, he had, at his own expense, kept more than a thousand persons from starving. By the secrets he had discovered and disclosed in medicine, he had preserved innumerable lives; and the name of Tam Garai, repeated from lip to lip, wearied the king, and he was mortified, and went back to his tent.

The young rajah had no sooner returned, than a brahmin, who had brought him up from infancy, and whose frankness and virtues he respected, was summoned before him. The sage heard with calmness the result of his ramble, and replied:—

*“ Show and splendour dazzle for a moment, and are forgotten. The memory of a good action never dies.”*

The prince drew a long breath, and, after a moment's pause, “ Well, then,” said he, “ I will perform good actions.”

The royal favourites now appeared, and the dancing-girls and jugglers were called in; and, in the midst of all sorts of surprising sleights and dances, half the night was consumed in chewing the betel,\* and in carousing arrack † and the juice of the toddi. ‡

Returning to Guzzerat, the capital of his states, now known by the name of Ahmed-Abad, the king, more eager than ever for glory, turned over in his mind by what means he could possibly achieve the noble actions he meditated. “ If it is good to overcome a panther,” said he, “ how much better must it be to overcome a people. War is the only thing of sufficient importance to render so great a man as I am illustrious.” He instantly sent for the minister charged with the finances of the kingdom. He asked him whether the rajahs of Jesselmire and of Decan paid their tribute with punctuality. He was answered that two hundred thousand rupees of gold had that very moment been paid into the treasury in their name. The prince was quite disconcerted by a precision which deprived him of all pretext for invasion.

That instant a messenger rushed in. He said the whole city was in consternation. The little river of Lambremetti, which runs through Guzzerat, and whose alternate deluge and disappearance are equal calamities to the public, was overflowing its banks, and had even then nearly swallowed up the dwelling of a rich merchant, which stood upon its shore. A woman and her child happened to be the only persons in the house. They were, as the messenger came away, upon the roof, imploring succour; but no one dared approach them. The waters were extending momentarily; every instant they rose higher up the walls, and must presently overtop the whole mansion. The torrents of rain, which had swelled the river, gave such turbulence to its waves, especially in this spot, which was strewed with rocks and unfinished edifices, that it was almost certain death to attempt a rescue, and no one could be found bold enough to venture.

\* Amalgamation of the nuts of arrack and quicklime, enclosed in a leaf of piper-betel, a viny plant of the pepper species.

† Spirituous liquor extracted from the sugar-cane.

‡ Sort of palm-tree.

The king darted, with all his court, to the seat of the disaster. In his hand he waved a massy goblet of gold, of inestimable workmanship, and enriched with the finest diamonds of the regalia.—“This for their preserver!” cried he.

A murmur of approbation arose on every side: yet not one of the numerous bystanders attempted to deserve the goblet. The king made it once more glitter before all eyes; all still withstood the temptation.

Just then there was a man perceived whirling down the rapid current of the Lambremetti in a little junk. After the Indian manner, he worked the oar with his foot, while he propped himself on his hands, and put forth all his strength to reach the wretched victims. But the frail bark was flung, by the turmoil of the waters, against a projection from their surface, and dashed to pieces, and, with its unknown navigator, disappeared. But the gallant boatman was seen presently to rise above the waves. Expert in swimming, he glanced from projection to projection—caught an axe from the scaffolding of an unfinished building which was nearly submerged, and, tearing apart some of the materials which formed it, laid them in order for a raft, and knit them firmly together with ligatures, which were flung to him from the trembling pair upon the adjacent house-top. He reached the mother and her child; he placed them on the raft, and bound them there, and launched them on the stream, from whose impetuosity he in some degree screened them by means of a rope which he held extended as he swam behind them. Driven at length into a creek of the river, they landed there in safety. The people rushed to receive them; the air resounded with acclamations; the hero was conducted, on the shoulders of the multitude, to the king.

It was Tam Garai. The young prince blushed to hear him named.

“Take this,” said he, offering the goblet; “you have deserved the promised recompence.”

“I cannot take it,” replied the banyan; “it will, in Brama’s eye, deprive the action of its virtue.”

“But, remember,” answered the astonished prince, “had you perished, none would have given you credit for your disinterestedness.”

“What care I for the judgment of man? I saw two fellow-creatures perishing. My heart prompted me to save them. I am more than rewarded in the approbation of my heart.”

“Be it so;—but I am aware that the prodigality of your benevolence has been your ruin. Let me be the restorer of your fortune.”

“Heaven has restored it, prince. A large sum which I lent formerly was restored to me this very morning.”

Nothing was spoken of at court but the magnanimity of the king, who would have sacrificed the most beautiful of his goblets to save two of his subjects. Nothing was spoken of among the people but the noble disinterestedness of Tam Garai.

The rajah said to the brahmin, “My father, are you satisfied with my conduct?”

“Yes,” replied the brahmin, “your action is noble; but that of the banyan will eclipse it. You sought a glory without peril;—he braved a peril without glory, for a triumph without reward.”

Some months more passed away in warlike preparations; but for what war, or for what object there should be a war, not even the king himself

could tell. He was bent upon one, however ; but he was too "just" to invade the neighbouring states, or to draw upon his loving subjects the terrible chances of battles, without some sort of pretext. In the hope there would arise one ere long, he thought he would amuse himself, in the interim, by building ; and so he laid the foundations of a vast palace in the middle of the Meidan, the great central square of Guzzerat. He watched over its progress in person. Every thing was planned with such admirable forethought, that, even if death had come upon him unawares, the building might have been carried on to its completion, intending that, if he never obtained a chance of conquest, posterity should at least have an intimation of what a prince he was from this superb monument.

When it was completed, "What do the people find to talk about now?" asked he of his veracious brahmin.

"The cistern of the good banyan," replied the brahmin.

"What cistern?" vociferated the prince, reddening with fury.

"Your majesty is aware," answered the brahmin with composure, "that, notwithstanding what the people suffer from the inundations of the Lambremetti, they are even more afflicted by the scarcity of water when it is dried up, as it is at present. Tam Garai, at his own expense, has constructed a vast cistern, which, by subterranean conduits, receives the superflux of the river in the time of rain, and preserves it for the time of drought."

"But my palace!" interrupted the prince, in a choked voice ; "what say the people of my palace?"

"The people think you will be magnificently lodged there."

"What! dare they weigh the finest monument of Indostan against a paltry cistern?"

"King of Guzzerat!" said the brahmin, raising his voice, "the esteem of the people is won by services, and not by splendour : they value monuments only by their usefulness."

More than twenty poems, in most musically-balanced periods, were instantly composed in praise of the palace of Meidan, the wonder of India ; but the rajah heard them listlessly, for the people had composed a song about the banyan, whose burthen ran—

"May Brama watch o'er Tam Garai!"

And often did those rude rhymes reach even the ear of the sovereign.

His disgust did not escape the courtiers. One, who was sharper-sighted than the rest, soon divined its cause. He hastened to the prince, flung himself at his feet, placed his right hand on his breast, set the other on the earth, then drew it back on his head, and exclaimed—

"Justice!—justice, in the name of Brama!—justice, in the name of the people!"

The young rajah was not unaware that to be equitable was one of the ways to attain glory. Indeed, he had long wished for an opportunity of eclipsing, by some signal judgment, the renown of Mariadramen, the Solomon of India. He commanded the courtier to speak out.

"Prince, a miscreant, a heresiarch, imbued with the detestable principles of Agamam, dares openly profess that all men are born equal."

"His name?"

"Tam Garai."

The banyan was brought before the king. He was found guilty of

having indiscriminately visited persons of every caste—of having even suffered the garment of an Halachor to touch his without instantly purifying himself from the contamination. This was quite proof enough of his being a sectary of Agamam. He was doomed to banishment. Even the good brahmin did not dare to say a word in his favour, for the offence was against religion. Besides, the king, when he pronounced the decree, declared that he would forthwith attempt to appease the wrath of the gods for the impiety of Tam Garai, by raising a pagoda in their honour at Guzzerat, which should surpass the united magnificence of all the gorgeous three at Jaggernaut, Multan, and Kalamak.

“My salutary counsels,” cried the brahmin, “begin to take effect upon the king. Now he plans *useful* monuments.”

It was then, especially, that every lyre was tuned to teach posterity the equitable judgment of the Rajah of the rajahs of Guzzerat. The people answered only by their favourite ballad—

“May Brama watch o’er Tam Garai !”

The prince now thought himself quite secure with posterity. His poets could not say more of him than they had done. No king had ever built so fine a palace. No king had ever pronounced a sentence so just, and, at the same time, so liberal. His virtue, in this case, had literally been its own reward. The equity of his decree had, at the same time, raised his fame, and rid him of his only rival with the people.

How is he to employ himself next? He had not yet distinguished himself in the career in which he had ever longed for distinction. Now a chance seems to offer. There is no other addition he can possibly make to his greatness. There is a fair excuse for war. Shall it be neglected? Certainly not.

The Sanganians and the Warrels had long harassed his coasts by their piracies. They had been quiet for the last few months; but offences had been committed, and might be committed again, and the offenders must be exterminated. However, there was no doing this without a powerful navy; and powerful navies cost money, and the people were already complaining of the taxes. “Double them,” said the courtiers; “the camel is never quiet until loaded.” The king listened to the courtiers, and lost the good will of the nation.

After long preparations, the forces were in readiness. On their way to embark at the gulf of Guzzerat, they were to pass through the wild villages of the Kowlis, to exterminate its tribes of brigands, and to dethrone the queen of Sangania. This done, they were to possess themselves of the sea, from the point of Diu to the coast of Malabar, and to force the Warrels to deliver up their arms and ships.

The Kowlis were taken by surprise, and made very little resistance. They were conquered, destroyed, or given up to slavery. The king conducted himself like a hero: he shared all dangers with his soldiers. With his own hand he slew the leader of the foe, and had two elephants killed under him. The defeat of the brigands was followed by three days of rejoicing. When these were accomplished, the victorious rajah pronounced the order to embark. But scarcely was the signal of departure given, when a ship from the Warrels and the Sanganians was seen to enter the gulf. The deputies from those nations prostrated themselves before the king. One of them addressed him in the following terms:—

“Rajah of rajahs! For a long time we had no resource but war. We have more than once given proofs enough of our prowess, in our reception of the united forces of your father and the kings of Decan, Cambaya, and Balagata. Let those convince you that, when we submit, it is only because we do not choose to conquer. It was once our highest ambition to be feared. We are changed now: we have a nobler ambition. The circumstance which wrought this change is one of too exalted a character to be concealed. Hear it. A merchant junk, captured by our Sanganians, had on board of her a passenger who proved to be a subject of yours. He was about to incur the usual fate of our prisoners,\* when some former inhabitants of Guzzerat, who served among us, recognized him, and implored his pardon of our queen. Struck with their touching picture of his virtues, she commanded him to be brought before her. The words spoken by the sage sunk deep into her heart. The effect of his counsels was soon conspicuous in the improvement of every thing around us. By his advice our numerous prisoners were no longer treated worse than brutes; their condition was rendered comfortable; their respective talents were ascertained, and called into active exercise. The arts and embellishments of society were thus suddenly implanted among us; and we began to find better uses for life than the making it a mere scourge to others. That maddening beverage, *bang*,† which, by inflaming our imagination, excited us to ferocity, fell into disuse; and, with its rejection, the natural gentleness of the Indian character returned. Our disarmed vessels offered to make exchanges with the neighbouring nations. At first, the offer was scarcely credited; but, gradually, we were believed. Commerce, at length, entered our ports. Our fields, which had been left uncultured, became productive. Our manners grew conciliating. The Warrels, who had ever been the allies of our sterner character, soon recognized the blessing of the change, and changed with us. True, there were some few untameable spirits who would not concur in the improvement, and who strove to throw us back into barbarism; but the virtues of our new legislator, and the firmness of our queen, prevailed, and established the revolution. This miraculous regeneration of two nations is the work of a few months, and of one man; and now the Sanganians and the Warrels, in union, repeat the favourite ballad of Guzzerat—

“ ‘Oh, Brama! bless the good Garai.’ ”

At this name, the prince started, and his brow fell. The ambassador went on:—

“Disturb not, great rajah! the happiness we are beginning to enjoy. Every pretext for war shall be removed. The ships captured from your subjects shall be restored. But leave our prosperity to increase unmolested, and name your own amount of tribute as an indemnity for the expense of this uncalled-for expedition, and it shall speedily be paid. Meanwhile, accept these hostages as guarantees of our sincerity,” added he, presenting two of the sons of the queen of Sangania to the rajah; “let them learn in thy kingdom the art of rendering nations happy. How can they acquire aught but virtue under his eye who can reckon in the number of his subjects a Tam Garai?”

\* These people, the moment they have made a prisoner, cut the tendon Achilles, to render it impossible for him to escape.

† Mixture of opium and henbane.

“Tam Garai!” echoed the young prince, bending up his brow, red with spite and fury—“must that name haunt me through the world? Must it for ever cross my triumphs—thwart my noblest hopes? Must I renounce conquest, and my ruling passion—glory, because there happens to be a Tam Garai?”

The veracious brahmin was near the monarch, and heresy and Agaman now formed no part of the question.—“If you love glory, shew more self-command,” said he, “and expose not your weaknesses to strangers. Accept the offer of the Sanganians. A treaty is of more value than a victory. It is nobler to vanquish by words than by arms, and to persuade is better than to conquer.”

“Then,” muttered the prince, “is the banyan greater than I!”

All this, however, did not prevent the conqueror of the Kowlis from entering his capital, borne, on a superb palanquin of tatta, by the first lords of his court; and yet even the clang of the trumpets, the beat of the drums, the shouts of the soldiers, and the songs of the bards, did not prevent his hearing voices murmur through them all—

“May Brama bless the good Garai!”

Being alone with his brahmin,—“Tell me,” said he, “father, whence is this? How chances it that the wretched member of a caste almost despised—who has neither army nor treasures—who drags on a joyless existence in alternate poverty and exile—can thus contrive to come into ceaseless competition with me, a rajah of rajahs—a king, the son of kings?”

“My son, it is because your object has been glory only—that of the banyan, virtue: the one benefits all—the other gratifies but one. Would you be truly great, and leave to posterity a durable and respected name, never forget the precept of the Sama-Vedam: ‘Glory is but the shadow of virtue: where the one is not, the other cannot be.’”

Certain confused ancient traditions would encourage a conjecture that the Indian monarch, of whose reign I have sketched the earlier years, died at a very advanced age. It is even probable that, at the time of his death, vast conquests had rendered him sovereign of all the region from between Chitor and Golconda to the Orixia mountains. At the close of the last century, however, I travelled through the ancient kingdom of Guzzerat, now a province of the Mahrattas. I sought to obtain some certain information of the hero of my narrative. Not a trace exists there of all his great achievements! His very name is utterly unknown—while that of Tam Garai is repeated with veneration throughout the whole oriental peninsula. Even the fine verses composed in honour of the rajah have met the fate of the hero whom they celebrated; but, from the mountains of Bollodo to the coast of Malabar, you may still hear the homely ballad of—The Good Banyan!



## THE FRENCH ANNUALS.

THE French Annals are not, in any respect, to be compared with ours, as far as paper, typography, and embellishments are concerned. Perhaps they are also inferior in writing; but that is a question into which we do not think it necessary to enter;—nor is it very material; for, we suppose, that the writing of these pretty books is the last thing looked to. One of the least ornamented among them, the “*Annales Romantiques*,” contains occasionally a passable copy of verses, or a readable prose article; and as, we believe, it is not much seen in this country, we venture on a translation of a couple of its pieces.

## A SCENE OF 1815, IN THE TOWN OF ———.

“Listen! listen!” cried a little man in black to the crowd which was pressing round a cask placed at the door of the Brown Bear, “I—a royalist——”

“Yes, yes!” repeated a thousand confused voices, “as great a royalist as a Chouan!”

All the efforts of the little man in black were in vain; he could not make himself be heard from the top of his barrel; his windpipe had got out of order from crying at the pitch of his voice; he had bawled himself hoarse, and from his tormented throat no sounds issued but such as resembled those of a muffled bell. He was red with rage—his eyes sparkled—and he shook, with a sort of convulsive motion, a long sheet of stamped paper, which he thrust in the face of the spectators who came too near his barrel. Observing in the group a lad of fifteen or sixteen years old, he made signs to him to approach: the youth hastened to climb the *tribune*; and the little man in black put into his hand the sheet of stamped paper, raised on his forehead his rusty iron spectacles, arranged the pen which adorned his left ear, and assumed the attitude of a listener.

The lad understood him, and a deep silence ensued among the multitude.

“Napoleon, by the grace of God, Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, Mediator of the Confederation of Switzerland——”

The boy stopped, and turning to the little man in black, “Monsieur le Greffier,” said he, “must I read the *et cæteras*?”

“Yes, yes!” hastily answered the little man in black, taking the sheet of stamped paper out of the boy’s hand—“*et cætera, et cætera, et cætera!*—Well! was not that courage? *Et cætera, et cætera!* People wear the cross of the Legion of Honour who have not done half so much. *Et cætera, et cætera!* Draw up a judgment of the tribunal of commerce in the name of Napoleon, with all the *et cæteras*, when the white flag was still waving over our church, on the 10th of March! I would not have wished that you, who laugh so much now, had been in my place then. I should have been a fine fellow, with my *et cæteras*, if the three old lancers, who were mustered with so much difficulty at beat of drum, had driven off the emperor! Hanged—hanged!”

So far the harangue of the little man in black had been listened to in silence; but the conclusion was received with a general roar of laughter. Even the very boy himself, looking the orator in the face, shared in the general hilarity; but, as for the little man, he, calm and imperturbable, contented himself in dwelling, with a most serious gravity, upon his *et cæteras*.

“Get off the barrel, then, Mr. Etcætera,” said all at once one of the spectators, who, with naked arm, seized the leg of the poor *greffier*, which he shook like the trunk of a tree. The little man in black tumbled a couple of paces off from the barrel.

It was the landlord of the Brown Bear, who, losing patience with listening to the *greffier*, had upset him. Mine host wore a white apron which reached to his shoes, and a cotton nightcap, adorned on one side by a brown bear, and, on the other, by an enormous white cockade, which, fastened by a pin, moved with every breath of wind.

"Old wretch of a greffier!" he cried; "rascally dauber of stamped paper! you shall have none of it. It is I, the landlord of the Brown Bear, who assures you of that. Every body shall have some, except you."

"Bravo! bravo, Master Laurent!" cried the multitude.

"And I, Mr. Laurent," said an old woman, who endeavoured to raise her withered hand and shrivelled fingers above the heads of the crowd; "and I—sha'n't I get any?"

"You! you, indeed!—the fruit-woman of the square!—you, too, want it? I suppose it is for having put between two flower-pots the busts of Louis XVIII.—the Count de Lille, I mean, as the emperor calls him?"

"You lie!" said the old lady; "look from your barrel, and see the busts of the emperor; and of his dear son, the king of Rome; and of his chaste spouse, Maria Louisa! Don't you see this pretty cradle? I have bought all the bushes of the neighbouring forest to make it."

"And I—won't you give me some, honest landlord of the Brown Bear?"

"Oh! as for you, it is another affair; you at least have done something. Was it not you who tore down the white flag?"

"Yes, and all the flags which have been for thirty years planted on our steeple. The birds of the cathedral know me; I have frightened them twenty times."

"You shall have two;—are you satisfied?"

"And me; I want some to complete my collection of national curiosities. I have already Marshal Saxe's pipe, one of the glasses of a pair of spectacles that belonged to Robespierre, Coligny's toothpick, and a rag of the king of Rome's frock."

"I'll not forget you, Mr. Antiquary; but it is on condition that you will not sell them to every Englishman who passes this way, as you did with the nail on which the First Consul used to hang his hat; you remember, faith! in this same hall, when he returned from Lyons?"

"I, too—should not I get as much, for having broken the windows of the *Procureur du Roi*?"

"And I, for having given a black eye to a royalist?"

Every one began to recapitulate his titles, vaunt his exploits, and extol his prowess. The only question was, who should arrive the soonest at the barrel, from the top of which the landlord was distributing some grains of a whitish powder.

"Don't be pushing—don't be pushing!" cried the landlord; "every body shall have some."

These words, however, only irritated the impatience of the more distant groups, who, not being able to get any thing, drove so furiously against the foremost line of the spectators as to upset them. Mine host struggled like a sailor in the midst of a tempest; but the waves had reached his frail bark, and broke it into a thousand pieces.

At this moment, the guard, drawn to the spot by the tumult, arrived, preceded by the greffier, and lost no time in driving aside the spectators by blows with the butt-ends of their muskets, going straight to the innkeeper, seizing him in the name of the emperor and king, and carrying him before the mayor.

The crowd was so great, that it was impossible to prevent them from pushing into the hall of justice. The innkeeper did not give the mayor time to ask him any questions.

"Monsieur le Maire," said he, "you shall soon see if I was wrong——"

"He was very wrong, Monsieur le Maire," interrupted the greffier; "he called me a Chouan."

"Silence, Mr. Greffier!" said the mayor; "silence! you shall speak in your turn."

"You know, M. le Maire," continued the innkeeper, "that the little corporal,\* passing through our town, lodged in the hôtel of your humble servant."

\* *Le petit caporal*—the pet nickname in the French army for Buonaparte.

“ The hôtel !” growled the little man in black—“ the hôtel, indeed !”

“ Silence, I say again, greffier !” said the mayor.

“ Yes, hôtel it is !” retorted the innkeeper ; “ an hôtel any time these two centuries.”

“ Stopped at the *hôtel* of the Brown Bear !” added the little man in black, shaking his head, “ when Monsieur le Maire would have given his majesty so splendid an apartment !”

“ *That’s true.*” said the functionary, in a mollified tone.

“ ’Tis possible,” said the innkeeper ; “ but Monsieur le Maire could not have given him a finer pullet. Well, then ! Napoleon did not eat the whole of it: he left some of the bones upon his plate. Now these bones are my property, and I can do with them what I like. I did not wish to give any to this greffier, who, out of revenge, has called the guard. I give bones of a chicken eaten by the emperor to a Chouan ! As for you, Monsieur le Maire, it is quite another thing. Here are two wings, scarcely half picked, which I have kept for you—*à tout seigneur, tout honneur !*”

“ Very well, very well, Master Laurent ; I accept your present.—Let the landlord of the Brown Bear be discharged.”

Thus ended the scene, in which the whole of the population of a town disputed for the bones of a chicken which Napoleon had left upon his plate !

\* \* If any body doubt this historical fact, we can refer to the *Journal de Lyon* for April, 1815, in which the names of the actors are given.

Let it not be thought, from this sneering at the zeal of certain provincial Buonapartists, that the emperor is not duly remembered with appropriate honours. On the contrary, his praises are often the theme both in prose and verse. For example, Comte G. de Pons addresses some very agreeable and harmonious verses to M. Horace Vernet, on the subject of that gentleman’s picture of Napoleon meditating on a military map, in 1815, just before the battle of Waterloo. We shall quote a few lines of the exordium :—

“ Sous tes pinceaux féconds, peintre de notre gloire,  
Un chef triste et pensif médite la victoire ;  
Puis-je le meconnoître, et faut-il le nommer ?  
C’est l’homme que le monde eut peine à renfermer,  
Qui nous semble long-temps le seul Dieu des armées,  
Et qui reste toujours, en dépit des pygmées,  
Après tant de revers vengeurs de nos succès,  
Le premier des soldats, et des soldats Français.  
Aux yeux des étrangers son ombre menaçante  
Remplit encor nos camps de sa grandeur absente.”  
&c. &c. &c.

He sums up the glories of his hero, but winds up with—

“ Dans son ivresse impie, et ses joyeux festins,  
Balthazar, égarant ses regards incertains,  
Vit en mots inconnus sur le mur de porphyre  
Un doigt vengeur tracer le fin de son empire.  
Il semble que ce doigt dans le fond du tableau,  
En traits ensanglantes, ait gravé WATERLO !”

There are many very pretty verses in this little poem ; but the concluding distich is sad bathos :—

“ Malgré ta chute immense, et l’envie en fureur”—

What then ?—

“ Tu naquis général, et mourus empereur.”

This, as far as poetry goes—we admit the rank is higher—is not better than

“Thou, Dalhousie! thou great god of war!  
Lieutenant-general of the Earl of Mar!”

There are many other Buonapartean compositions in the *Annales*; but as the *Annales* are *romantiques*, and conducted in the most ultra principles, and by the most renowned writers, of the anti-classical school—Victor Hugo, Ch. Nodier, &c. &c.—it is only fair to give a specimen of their romanticism upon a favourite subject—the secret societies of the middle ages. We select a dramatic sketch, by M. Loève-Weimars, who, we may remark, in passing, has translated—but, alas! into prose—Monk Lewis’s ballad of the Water King, in this Annual:—

A SCENE OF THE SECRET TRIBUNAL. 1362.

[HANS, GEORGE, and several Squires round a fire in a wood. Night.]

*Hans.* It is your turn, George, to tell a story.

*Geo.* I am going to tell you how the evil spirit twisted the necks of seven monks of the convent of Koenigslutter.—There was, once upon a time, in the monastery of Koenigslutter, seven monks, who cared for nothing but to troll the dice and to drink, who uttered as many oaths as words, and who would, any day, have left the Kyrie Eleison to follow a petticoat and two pretty feet under it. It was in vain for the abbot to preach to them, or to impose penances, or to pray to God to convert them: he gained nothing by it. What was the consequence? One day—— Don’t you hear a noise of footsteps behind this tree?

*Hans.* Bah! It is only a salamander coming to dance in our fire.

*Geo.* One day, then, as they were sitting in the refectory, chatting jovially and drinking (the wine had got into their brains), they forgot that there was an abbot in the cloister, a God in heaven, or a devil in hell; and they called upon Old Nick to come and make merry with them.—Stir the fire; this wood is very gloomy.

*Hans.* What are you afraid of?

*Geo.* Nothing.—Scarcely had they called on the devil, but the great gate, grating on its hinges, opens, and——

*A Squire.* Holy Virgin! it is he! Look!—look!

*Hans.* It is he?—who is it?

*Geo.* God keep us! Do you not see below there, in the trunk of the large willow, a ghost, which is only waiting for cock-crow? Don’t you see his sparkling eyes, which glow like burning coals?

*Hans.* Are not you ashamed, George? It is only a Will-o’-the-wisp!

*Geo.* No, I say, it is a human face. How torn he is, and covered with rags! It can’t be the devil; for Brother Hildebrand told me that he is always dressed out in silk and velvet when he wishes to buy a poor soul.

*A Squire.* He approaches.—Who goes there?

*Geo.* Make the sign of the cross, I say, all of you, to keep us from harm.

*Hans.* Who are you, wretched creature? what are you doing in the forest this freezing night?—See, George, how his sides are hollow and meagre! how he lifts over his head his shrivelled hands!—Speak, ill-omened bird! or my spear will untie your tongue. What do you want?

*Carl.* To warm myself.

*Hans.* His voice is as hollow as that of famine itself.—Approach! Why do you wander alone in the night?

*Carl.* The nights are my days; owls and bats are the nightingales which

delight me; lizards and toads are the food of poor Carl; moss and foul weed make his bed and his cloak. I am cold!

*Hans* (*aside to George*). 'Tis Carl de Wolffstein, as sure as I am a Christian—(*Aloud*). Why do you haunt the spirits of darkness, and go about thus, almost naked, covered with weeds and straw?

*Carl*. Carl is proscribed; the black sword seeks him.

*Geo*. What is your crime?

*Carl*. Raise your eyes, and look upon the heaven sowed with stars. My crime is written, in characters of blood, on the milky-way!—Hark! do you hear the crackling of the flame? It murmurs forth, like the north-wind, words that accuse me.—Have you nothing to eat?

*Geo*. Soldiers' fare—here's bread!

*Carl*. Put out the fire—it is so red. Who has spilled blood into it?

*Hans*. Don't devour so furiously; you may eat at your ease.

*Carl*. Carl has eaten brambles; his hunger would devour stones.

*Hans*. I knew you formerly.

*Carl*. You knew me!—The bell of the monastery calls me. Adieu!

*Hans*. Stop!—(*Aside to George*). Let us see if he will betray himself.—(*To Carl*). Were not you a rich prelate?

*Carl*. A cardinal;—see! I have the scarlet hat.

*Geo*. Holy Virgin! his skull is stripped of skin and hair!

*Hans*. Poor outcast! Put your head upon my knees; I'll apply a refreshing balsam on your wounds.

*Carl*. Dost thou wish to assist me, and art thou a man? Alas! the fire of hell burns within me. I drag myself across the fords on lizards and cold snakes; I lay me down on the rock where the waters of the torrent flow; nothing, nothing can cool me! Have you, in your castle, any dark and damp corner in which poor Carl can hide from his enemies? Let me follow you; I shall serve you as a horse-block, when you wish to mount your charger.—Hush! I hear steps. Save me—save me! They come!

*Hans*. Be calm; no one will come to do you harm.

*Geo*. Who goes there?

[*Two masked Pilgrims appear.*]

*First Pil*. Travellers, who have lost their way in the wood, and have been drawn hither by the gleam of your fire. Permit us to await the arrival of day in company with you.

*Hans*. Willingly. From what country do you come?

*Second Pil*. From Augsburg. We have made a vow to Notre-Dame-de-Bon-Refuge.—Whose banner do you follow?

*Hans*. That of the Count of Buhna.

*Carl*. I must go read mass before midnight. Let me depart.

*Hans*. Stay where you are, poor idiot! The wolves would eat you if you stirred.

*Carl*. I'd rather the wolves than the crows.

*Geo*. What news, Pilgrims, have you brought from your town?

*Second Pil*. None. Pride, the old hack, with gilt trappings, still leads the world. Her daughters, Treason, Lying, and Licentiousness, carry as usual the fur and the ermine. Every body respectfully kisses their imperious hands. The devil makes a fine crop of it.

*Geo*. Have you then oaks no longer in your forests, and free judges to assemble under their foliage?

*Carl*. I must depart, brother. I'll go look for glow-worms for you in the grass; ye shall put them in your morion as a crown of sparkles.

*Hans*. Stay!

*First Pil*. Old man, the Holy Vehme still watches. We have found in our way a terrible example of its justice. Two of its emissaries have seized a parricide within a few paces of us.

*Hans & Geo*. A parricide!

*Carl.* Shall I pick branches of the oak, master? Your limbs tremble with cold.

*First Pil.* For a long time they had pursued him through the forests. He had glided, like a serpent, through the thickest brambles; he had plunged, like the mud beetle, into the foulest morasses; he had climbed the rocks with the activity of the chamois;—but his footsteps had remained imprinted on the rock, the wood, the morass, the river—every where the curse of Heaven had made him known—

*Carl.* Hush! Do not wake the dead. I must go; my heart is freezing.

*Hans.* Wait for the dawn: we shall conduct you to the next monastery; the friars will cure you.

*First Pil.* Stones and thorns had torn his feet; his muscles were stiffened by rain and fatigue—

*Carl.* Oh! rub me with your balsam, brother; my flesh is falling off in fragments.

*Hans.* Poor madman!

*First Pil.* His eyes were dried up; and the hand of God had written upon his forehead—PARRICIDE!—

*Carl.* Oh! oh! How the tears fall into the fire from these dripping branches! They weep—they— Wipe my forehead; I burn!

*First Pil.* At last the emissaries of the tribunal seized him. They reminded him of what he had done; they announced to him that they were about to blot his name from the book of the living; and then advised him to recommend his soul to heaven;—but he could not pray—

*Carl.* Again—again! The worm eats my liver.

*First Pil.* They then passed over him the fatal cord—

*Carl* (*raising his hands*). Mercy! mercy!

*Hans.* And you remained cold and tranquil?

*Second Pil.* What could we do? They drew the cord round his neck—as we do to thee, Carl de Wolffstein, the Parricide!

[*The Squires draw their swords. Carl falls upon his knees.*]

*First Pil.* Do you not know the form of this poniard? In the name of the holy Wehmic Tribunal, we order you to return your swords into their scabbards. For the future, learn to know the free judges better.

*Carl.* My father! my father!

*First Pil.* Carl de Wolffstein, thy wife is declared a widow—thy children, orphans. Thy throat shall be delivered to the wolves—thy heart to the birds of the air—thy body to the fishes of the sea.

*Carl.* Save me, good brother—assist me! They are going to kill me.

*First Pil.* Assist thyself by prayers—save thy soul; but thy body must perish. Carl de Wolffstein, the spirit of thy father cries for vengeance!

*Carl.* Oh! untie this knot, that I may breathe. Help—help! Their hands burn me. Oh! grant me my life—my life!

*First Pil.* Thy death!—Move forward, sinner! [*They drag him off.*]

*Hans.* Hark! how he groans! His cries augment—they redouble! Ah! he cries no longer.

There is, of course, a tolerably large assortment of poetry in the *Annales*, and in general of the most sombre kind; for the *Romaniques*, to be as un-French as possible, are as melancholy as gibcats. There are some translations too—and rather well executed—from Lord Byron, who is, of course, a prodigious favourite. His lordship is also the theme of much laboured and most flattering criticism. They have published an original poem of his to Lady Blesington, which perhaps is not printed in his works—Lady Blesington's answer certainly is not; and, therefore, we give them, correcting the French cacography. It is a point of pride in France to mis-spell English; and a very wise point it is—

## LINES ADDRESSED TO LADY BLESSINGTON BY LORD BYRON.

You have asked for a verse—the request  
 In a rhymer 'twere strange to deny ;  
 But my Hippocrene was but my breast,<sup>1</sup>  
 And my feelings (its fountain) are dry.  
 Were I now as I was, I had sung<sup>2</sup>  
 What Lawrence<sup>3</sup> had pencilled<sup>4</sup> so well ;  
 But the strain would expire on my tongue,  
 And the theme is too soft for my shell.  
 I am ashes where once I was fire,  
 And the bard in my bosom is dead ;  
 What I loved I now<sup>5</sup> merely admire,  
 And my heart is as grey as my head.  
 My life is not dated by years ;  
 There are moments which act<sup>6</sup> as a plough,  
 And there is not a furrow appears  
 But is deep in my soul as my brow.  
 Let the young and the brilliant aspire •  
 To sing while I gaze<sup>7</sup> on in vain ;  
 For sorrow has torn from my lyre  
 The string which was worthy the strain.

## ANSWER BY LADY BLESSINGTON.

When I asked for a verse, pray believe,  
 'Twas<sup>8</sup> not vanity urged the desire ;  
 For no more can my mirror deceive,<sup>9</sup>  
 And no more can I poets inspire.<sup>10</sup>  
 Time<sup>11</sup> has touched with rude fingers my brow,  
 And the roses have fled from my cheek ;  
 Then it surely were folly, if now  
 I the praise due to beauty should seek.  
 But as pilgrims who visit the shrine  
 Of some saint, bear a relic away,  
 I sought a memorial of thine,  
 As a treasure when distant I stray.  
 Oh ! say not that lyre is unstrung,  
 Whose cords can such rapture bestow,  
 Or that mute is that magical tongue  
 From whence<sup>12</sup> music and poetry flow.  
 And though sorrow, ere<sup>13</sup> yet youth has fled,  
 May have altered the<sup>14</sup> locks' jetty hue,  
 The bays that encircle the<sup>14</sup> head  
 Hide<sup>15</sup> the ravager's marks from our view.

These verses are communicated by a gentleman who shrouds himself under the initials of " E. B. d'O."

<sup>1</sup> In the *Annales*, *heart*.—<sup>2</sup> *Mug*, Ann.—<sup>3</sup> In the French version, *Lawrence* ; but they put a note to say that he is a " célèbre peintre Anglois." It is only fair to add that the translation is, in general, elegant and faithful, though in prose.—<sup>4</sup> *Paculed*, Ann.—<sup>5</sup> *Non*, Ann.—<sup>6</sup> *Acta plough*.—<sup>7</sup> *Gap*.—<sup>8</sup> *I was*.—<sup>9</sup> *Deceie*.—<sup>10</sup> On this, the French translator adds this gallant note : " Lady Blessington est une des plus jeunes, et des plus jolies femmes de l'Angleterre.—<sup>11</sup> *Since*, Ann.—<sup>12</sup> *Essence*, Ann.—<sup>13</sup> *Are*, Ann.—<sup>14</sup> So in the *Annales* ; but perhaps, *legendum*, *thy*.—<sup>15</sup> *Stide*, Ann.—This is pretty printing

## DICK DEWLAP.

TAKING a stroll, the other morning, in the Regent's Park, with the intention of visiting the grounds of the Zoological Society, whom should I espy, sitting disconsolately on a bench not far from the entrance to that interesting emporium, but my old friend Dick Dewlap, whom I had not been able to meet, either at home or abroad, for the previous six weeks. Dick's taste for solitude arises from a circumstance serious enough to himself, but also sufficiently comic to every body else. Poor Dewlap, in short, though no glutton, is troubled with an unlucky tendency to corpulence, which he finds exceedingly difficult to be kept within tolerable bounds, as he is simultaneously plagued with an excellent appetite, which punctually reminds him of meal times, and, like the hungry demon of Poor Tom, often "croaks in his belly for the white herring," or for some other digestible plaything at least equally substantial.

Dewlap is thus placed in a pitiable predicament. He has a lurking notion that there is a natural dignity in fat (which indeed seems to be an instinctive feeling in all men); moreover, he does not at all relish the attempt, either to starve out the oily devil, or to eject him by persevering and violent exercise; but at the same time, he no less deprecates the "thousand natural shocks that *flesh* is heir to," particularly the aptitude of obesity to make its victim look older than he actually is—no trifling annoyance to a bachelor of five and thirty, who would still fain pass in the world for a young and interesting sentimentalist.

Beyond all other calamities, however, Dick execrates his office of *butt* to every witling and joker, friend or foe, wherever and whenever he becomes visible to human ken: so large a mark the most stupid archer cannot miss, and Dick thinks that even his acquaintance sometimes shoot with poisoned arrows; but he generally suffers in patient acquiescence, and sometimes (probably with the view of deprecating hostility) even volunteers a watery joke on the subject himself; albeit, by no means inclined to triumph, like Falstaff, in the consciousness that "men of all sorts take a delight to gird at him," and that, on this theme, "he is not only witty in himself, but the cause of wit in others." Indeed, he has a sort of settled spleen towards his male acquaintance generally on this particular account, and luxuriates in the gentler society of females, under whose soothing influence he has gradually become as plump and tender as a pet rabbit, and usually takes his walk solus, unless triumphantly caracollling as the escort of some genteely-shaped damsel; for he does not care to have a Venus of the Hottentot school, as a memento at his elbow. When thus honoured, Dick always, with great gallantry, gets to windward in cold weather, and effectually protects his charmer from the ruder breezes of Boreas; he is, however, exceedingly tenacious of allowing the like privilege to male applicants; and confessed to me that he was never so shocked at his own enormity as once (going over Blackfriar's Bridge in a storm of wind and rain) when a little shrivelled dwarf of a fellow got under his lee, and whatever pace Dick went, would follow him up, and use his overshadowing figure as a penthouse.

But although my fat friend is too indolent to make any regular or scientific effort to shake off the enemy who sticks so perseveringly to every part of his person, he yet confesses to making a modest attempt to



run away from it, now and then, when there is nobody within view. I never could catch him at this benevolent amusement, "larding the lean earth as he *ran* along;" but I suspect he had been thus employed on the present occasion, for his face was flushed, and he looked a little splenetic, which it struck me might arise from the cruel feeling that such diabolical practices—so contrary to his usual musing and sauntering habits—were necessary to prevent his hard-hearted tailor from enlarging the measurement, when next the fatal parchment of that inexorable artist encompassed his "nether bulk." I happened to be once present when Dick was placed in this trying predicament. After the measure had, with my assistance, been passed round his rebellious waist (which he made a painful effort to draw in as much as possible for the occasion), "Upon my word, Mr. Dewlap," said the tailor, "you get on; I see by my book you have increased an inch and a half in the last three months!" The barbarous communication was heard with as rueful an aspect as we might expect to see in the captain of a crazy ship, who should receive the intelligence that, in spite of every effort, the leak evidently gained upon the vessel. Dewlap's only resource was stoutly to deny the fact; he vehemently protested that he had fallen away at least the fourth of an inch; that his clothes absolutely hung about him (by the by, the buttons were starting in every direction); and that if Mr. Hopkins could not contrive to make a more accurate entry, he should be reluctantly obliged to carry his custom elsewhere.

Dick did not appear to notice my approach; so when I had arrived at the seat where he was planted, I was constrained to solicit his attention. "What, Dewlap, my dear fellow," said I, "how do you do? I was fearful I should never get sight of you again; not that it would be easy to ——" "Good morning," said he of the twenty stone; "pray do you happen to know whether there's a ship about to start for China?" I was of course startled at this abrupt interrogatory, and answered it, as is usual in such cases, by asking "why he wished to know at that particular moment?" "Why," replied Dick, "I saw your next sentence was to be redolent of something about my size; I only wonder how it escaped the first six syllables; so I chose to indulge in the luxury of starting the one-loved subject myself. In China, then (where I mean to go), as well as in other countries that we presumptuously call barbarous, you know that the lean and working commonalty pay proper deference to us victims of enjoying temperaments. A man of my dimensions might there stand a chance of being made a mandarin, as one born with nature's stamp of nobility; while here, the countless generation of whipper-snappers tease us perpetually, as though we were sent into the world merely to serve as cushions for their ricketty wits to repose on." "Well," said I, "I am sorry to see you so warm, Richard; but we'll discuss this matter as we walk; perhaps you'll take a turn with me into the grounds; I have to meet some friends there at twelve." "What," replied Dick, "some half dozen dapper little masters, I suppose, who are indulgently allowed to call themselves *men*, and would proceed to dissect me, *sans cérémonie*, with as much glee as so many young surgeons would cut up the mammoth or the mastodon, if they could get him in their scientific clutches? No, no; no new male acquaintances for me; I find it quite enough to be the standing, sitting, or walking joke of some five and twenty sympathetic friends, who have so judiciously dispersed themselves throughout the bills of mortality, that I cannot move

a furlong towards any point of the compass, without having my mental swallow choked with my own substance. Confound them! I wish they were obliged to swallow their own jokes, and found them as hard of digestion as I do. Not that I care a button about it (making at the moment a desperate but fruitless effort to fasten the two lower ligatures of his surtout); the women don't object to me as I am, and men are too envious to express their real sentiments. Don't you observe," added he, "that women as seldom think a man too fat, as men do a woman? The most intolerant critics on this point are sure to be of the sex of the corpulent beauty, male or female, though such critics have no right to a vote in the matter; while the opposite gender (whom alone it concerns) will no more object to an extra stone or two of loveliness, than they would to the liberality of the goldsmith, who should sell them plate at avoirdupois weight, instead of paltry troy. However, let men say what they will, I've this solid consolation, that three of the cleverest fellows of our time, have also been three of the plumpest—Charles Fox, Byron, and Napoleon—there was a podgy triumvirate! I fancy they'll go floating down the stream of time, with their heads buoyant, as long as it is natural for a fat man to swim better than a lean one! Besides, what does Hamlet's mother say of him?—'My son is *fat*, and scant of breath.' Shakspeare, who knew every thing, knew perfectly well that a fine tender-hearted philosopher, like Hamlet, could not be otherwise. I have often thought of playing Hamlet myself: depend upon it, that character can never be done to perfection by any man under fifteen stone—a performer of at least that weight, who had also the other requisites, would make the indolence, philosophy, good nature, and irritability of Ophelia's 'glass of fashion and mould of form' (an interesting creature that Ophelia!) all appear quite natural separately, and perfectly harmonious in combination."

Finding that Dick had talked himself into good humour, I took the opportunity of telling him they were ladies whom I was going to meet—the two Misses Lightfoot and their mamma—whose amiable manners, I flattered myself, he would find nicely conformable to his ideas of female taste and politeness. Dick brightened up at this intelligence, and immediately inquired, with an air of interest (having, I believe, for some time cherished the notion of getting himself well off his hands), "whether the mother was a widow, and what might be her age?" I informed him she was the relict of the late Commissioner Lightfoot, well dowered, and extremely genteel. "The young ladies," added I, "are respectively seventeen and nineteen" (Dick shrugged his shoulders); "they have learned—at least professors have been paid for teaching them—as many languages, arts, and sciences, as, to have known thoroughly, would have made a man illustrious half a century ago; but such is the fashion of the day; and my aunt Lightfoot does not choose that her daughters should be left behind in this forced march of intellect, whatever valuable time they may have thrown away in order to make a show of keeping up with it.

"A short time since (continued I) the damsels seemed likely to be sighing, like female Alexanders, for fresh realms of knowledge to subdue; but the introduction of calisthenics has, I should think, happily furnished them with employment for the rest of their lives, if they actually mean to make themselves mistresses of all the postures prescribed in the book from which they study. You are a humane man,

Mr. Dewlap; think, then, of the perplexity of a young lady, who is directed, as one of a hundred tasks equally easy, to 'place her two hands on her hips, raise the right leg and left arm as high as possible; the arm a little bent, and the hand above the shoulder; lower quickly the leg and the arm, placing the hand on the hip, and raising at the same time the left leg and the right arm.' I protest, for my own part, after reading this singular jumble of legs, arms, hips, and shoulders, I hardly know whether I stand on my head or my heels; what then must be the predicament of a girl of sensibility, after she has taken her tutor's advice, and 'repeated the exercise several times with celerity?' Surely she can never survive to go through the fatigues of 'crossing and jumping,' and numberless *et ceteras*. However, it is certain my poor cousins cannot do too much to strengthen digestions which have never been disturbed, and to keep down superfluous flesh, of which they have not the slightest symptom."

Dick heard all this with profound attention, observing, that perhaps the young ladies, at my intercession, would impart to him some of the inestimable calistheric knowledge, for which it seemed they had so little use themselves; and this, he said, would be the more compassionate, as he would die sooner than go through a course of gymnastics, in the presence of a set of male monsters, who would probably scoff at his efforts of agility, as we may suppose so many monkeys would, if they could catch an elephant essaying a hornpipe.

Dewlap now cordially gave me his arm; and as we walked towards the gardens, I primed him for his interview with the widow, by the information that she was not merely a *femme savante* in the general sense, but a particular connoisseur in painting; and that, in this character she could not fail to be struck with that predominance of the curve (allowed by all artists to be the line of beauty) which was visible in every part of his comely outline; his plump cheeks, double chin, and the gentle protuberance he carried in front. Dick looked ruefully at the semicircle I had last described. "Ah!" said he, with a sigh, "you'd hardly think what a perpetual torment I find this line of beauty, as you call it; the line of Jack Ketch would be scarcely less welcome; and, indeed, I did dream, the other night, that it had been the means of introducing me to an acquaintance with that worthy."

I could not help laughing at this nocturnal extravaganza, and asked him the particulars. "I believe," said Dick, "my dream had a commencement rather tragical than uncommon; for few people can acquit their consciences of having dreamed they were going to be hung, though I never could get any one to own that he also knew he had done enough to deserve the punishment. Unluckily for me, however, I had not even this consolation; I thought I was to be hung for being too fat; and so far was I from feeling shocked at the circumstance, that I was only surprised how I had escaped so long. Though in Newgate, I was perfectly tranquil; and received with resignation the intelligence that I was to be hung the following morning, the cause being, simply and solely, because two credible witnesses had sworn that, in their judgment, I was too fat to be allowed to live any longer.

"Still more at his ease, however, if possible," continued Dewlap, "was Daniel Lambert, who was, I thought, my fellow prisoner, and to suffer in the same way, for a far weightier offence of the same unpardonable description. As the kitchen (for, with a dreamer's privilege, I imagined

all this took place in a Newgate kitchen) as the kitchen, I say, was not over large—and my partner and I *were*—we could not move about without jostling each other; so I helped Daniel to perch himself on the top of an empty hogshead, that stood near the dresser; and there he sat, drumming with his mill-posts against the side of his pinnacle, his hands placed quiescently under his knees, and his pouting lips suitably employed in half-whistling ‘See the conquering Hero comes.’ I supposed that poor Daniel, being at least three times my weight (I found that circumstance no small consolation), had long considered his crime too enormous to pardon; and as hiding or running away was out of the question, had made up his mind that the affair would terminate fatally, from the moment he was seized and shoved into a waggon. I cannot help remarking, though, that Mr. L., had he seen the matter in a proper light, must have considered me a martyr in comparison with himself; the victim of a law, equally just and necessary as it regarded him, but, in my case, carried to a most cruel extreme.

“Affairs were in this interesting position,” continued Dick, “when Mr. Ketch made his appearance, bringing in his hand some twenty yards of cordage, about as thick as a brig’s hawser, and asked us, on our honour as gentlemen, whether we thought that would be strong enough to answer a certain purpose? I replied, that I could not speak from experience, but I flattered myself the line was strong enough, and that for me he need not be at the trouble of getting a chain cable. As for Mr. Lambert, I left him to speak for himself, as he had not favoured me with any remarks on things, either in general or particular. Daniel, I suppose, heard this remark; but he still kept whistling and drumming, with undisturbed calmness, and did not answer a syllable.

“When Mr. Ketch had withdrawn, it occurred to me, that, however merited my sentence (and I could not deny that I had enjoyed a long career of excessive stoutness), yet still the humane community, tempering justice with mercy, could only require that I should be despatched, no matter how; and that I might, therefore, as well make my exit in private as public, at ease as in pain. No sooner thought than done. A bottle of laudanum stood at my elbow. I poured a large quantity into a breakfast cup, and instantly drank it off, with the serenity of a Socrates. My friend Daniel witnessed the heroic performance with equal apathy, and still continued drumming and whistling ‘See the conquering Hero comes.’

“As a convicted fat man, anxious for the honour of the chief of his caste, I could not help feeling somewhat piqued at Mr. Lambert’s indifference to his impending disgrace. ‘Why, Daniel,’ said I, ‘will you be fool enough to be led out to-morrow morning, at eight precisely, to dance in the air for the amusement of the skin and bone scoundrels who have sworn away our lives, and will gloat over our fatal fall, as they would over the prize beef that they devour, as well as kill? Why don’t you behave like a man, and do as I have done?’ His reply petrified me. ‘I don’t know,’ answered the monster, coolly, ‘I think its hardly worth while. The fact is, that the Secretary of State (on condition of our eating no more rump steaks) has sent down our pardons, and I’ve got them both at this moment in my pocket.’

“Here was an answer to give a man whom he had just seen swallow laudanum enough to kill a cart horse! After staring at him for half a minute, with ‘thought too deep for tears’—indeed I was studying which

way to sacrifice him—my indignation at length found utterance—‘Why, you envious, overgrown villain,’ said I, ‘why did not you tell me this before?’ ‘Why did not I,’ replied he (as if confident I could not possibly object to his most exquisite reason), ‘why, because you did not ask me!’ What signified arguing with such a dolt? I determined to make short work of it. ‘Now, you fat fool,’ cried I (going up to him with my clenched fist), ‘now I must go and have the laudanum taken out of me with the stomach pump, through your stupidity—take that!’ (knocking him off his perch into the empty hogshead, the top of which suddenly gave way behind him); and I think I awoke with the noise he made in bawling out—‘What’s that for?’ From this specimen,” concluded Dick, “you may judge whether I am not as much to be pitied for my nightly visions as any opium eater in England. I’ll dream against the best of them for a veal cutlet any night he likes.”

This chat had brought us to the place which we intended visiting; we entered, and found the ladies had arrived before us. I introduced Dick, who blushed as he bowed, and was received very graciously, but with a kind of conscious reserve on the part of the genteel widow, which I thought augured not ill for him. Dewlap, though evidently gratified with his reception by the ladies, was not quite pleased to find they had brought with them our old acquaintance Toby Aircastle, a mere mathematical line of a man, whose lath-like apparition contrasts so provokingly with Dick’s circular tendencies, that few can resist hazarding a hit now and then on the subject. Toby, who is a married man, as well as a professed joker, rather relishes than dislikes this state of juxtaposition with Dewlap, and often provokes him to an encounter; in which, however, Dick is sure to suffer most, though he may seem to come off victorious; for he evidently envies Toby his leanness, and would give the world if the sarcasms which, acting on the defensive, he is obliged to let fly at Toby, could be fairly levelled at himself. Dewlap now, therefore (ladies being present), treated Mr. Aircastle (as he studiously called him) with the gravest respect, and seemed as fearful of making a false step in conversation, as a young legacy hunter would be of treading on the gouty toe of his rich and irritable uncle. Having, while the females were a little in advance, inquired, with the most considerate politeness, after the health of Mrs. A., and why she did not favour us with her company, “Oh,” replied Toby, “I’ve lodged a detainer against her; ‘she is as ladies wish to be who love their lords.’ By the by, Dick, I’ll hold two to one that she recovers her gentility of outline before you do.” Dewlap, though evidently nettled, merely bowed, and gravely observing that he never laid wagers, heartily wished Mrs. Aircastle a happy deliverance of twins.

In perambulating the grounds, I was much amused with the way in which the tenderness of feminine nature displayed itself towards the fiercer animals, whom our ladies spoke of as though they had been parrots or lap-dogs. “Oh, what a sweet tiger-cat!” exclaimed Sophy. “Yes, my dear,” said her mamma, “but look at this lovely leopard!” “What a darling tiger,” cried Matilda; “and look at this love of a lion, just like one of the judges!” “That may be,” replied her sister; “but I think this dear playful bear far more interesting, don’t you, Mr. Dewlap?” Dick had all along eagerly catered to their curiosity; and frisked about (being, as a subscriber, no stranger to the place), in giving them explanations, as though he had deposited some three stone of

fleshly frailty, together with his umbrella, at the entrance-lodge. He now thought this question of Sophy's afforded him a fair opportunity of getting remunerated with a little lady-like sympathy, and perhaps commendation, to counterbalance the jests of his male acquaintance.—“Why, Miss,” he replied, “I must confess ursa-major is to me the most interesting animal in the place; not merely because you say so, but because they tell us he retires, when grown ‘more fat than *bear* beseems,’ into dignified solitude; and after living six months simply by sucking his paws, issues forth a perfect specimen of ursine gentility. This is a practice from which I have often thought it would be wise in me to take a hint; and I only wish I had fortitude enough to set about it.” Dick's stratagem took effect. “Dear me!” said the widow, “what can have put that odd notion in your head, Mr. Dewlap? I'm sure you are not at all too stout.” “Oh, not the least in the world,” echoed the two young ladies, in the same breath (the sweetest, I dare say, in Dick's estimation, that ever issued from rosy lips). His gratitude rushed into his cheeks, and he made a bow of profound deference to their superior judgments. Aircastle winked at me, with the eye that was turned from the rest of the company, but with laudable forbearance held his tongue. Shortly afterwards, Richard, with an air of triumphant courtesy, that would have done honour to his lion-hearted namesake, offered his puissant arm to Mrs. Lightfoot, and we left the gardens, much pleased with our visit and ourselves.

As we walked towards the residence of the ladies, which skirts the park, the subject of calisthenics was started; and, at my suggestion, the obliging damsels proffered, if Mr. Dewlap really thought himself rather too stout (which, however, was by no means apparent to them), to give him, from their book of knowledge, some instructions, which they had no doubt would quickly invest him with a waist like that described by the poet (exemplified in each of their own, by the by), “fine by degrees, and beautifully less.” The offer was of course accepted with gratitude; and, when we arrived at the house, Dick allowed me, as a special favour (resolutely excluding poor Toby) to be present at his inaugural lesson.

Mr. Dewlap was first directed to take the dumb-bells, and open his chest, as the best preparative for other amusements that awaited him; with these practised for some minutes, when, with panting pathos, he requested a truce, and begged that his exercise, though he found it exceedingly pleasant, might be varied as often as possible. In order to accommodate him, a skipping rope was now put into his hands, and his grotesque performances with it, made me think the days of Orpheus and jumping towers had returned; the skipping-rope, however, was soon withdrawn, at it is well known our houses now-a-days are not built with any view of resisting the shock of an earthquake; moreover, the cook came up to complain that all the plates and dishes in the kitchen were tumbling about her ears.

It were useless to describe, even if it were possible to remember, the numberless contortions (all doubtless equally useful and ornamental) which poor Dick had to exhibit in this his initiatory service at the altar of the Graces. At its conclusion, however, his fair instructors allowed that he had acquitted himself with astonishing fortitude and cleverness, and, moreover, favoured us with an invitation to dinner.

We walked home to dress, and on our way Dick told me, in confi-

dence, that he felt wonderfully exhilarated by the occurrences of the morning; that he had had no previous notion of his great powers of activity and endurance, which he had now no doubt would soon enable him to cast away all superfluous flesh, and with it all superfluous sorrow. "I must own," added he, "it will be rather unkind to deprive Aircastle and the rest of my facetious friends of their moveable Joe Miller; but since I find the enemy is to be got rid of, I don't see why I should continue to drag about a fat folio jest book, merely for their accommodation. As to how much of my outward man I ought to throw off, I shall take an early opportunity of requesting the private opinion of the widow, and make a compromise between her taste and my own; for, between ourselves, her bright eyes, amiable manners, and solid turn of thinking, have made an impression on me, which can be removed only by death—or marriage!"

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L I F E.

WHAT art thou, Life? Pale Vanity!  
 Dim Shadow of the things to be!  
 Weak as the wind, and sightless as the grave!  
 Thy gold but yellow dross; thy fame,  
 Thy pomp and pride, an idiot's game—  
 The rattling of the chains that load the slave.

Thou, and the scenes that round thee rise,  
 What are ye? Loose uncertainties:  
 Yet still we hug ourselves with rash presage  
 Of future days serene and long—  
 Of pleasures fresh, and ripe, and strong—  
 And active youth, and slow-declining age.

Like a fair prospect, still we make  
 The future shapes of beauty take:  
 First verdant gardens rise and pansied fields,  
 Then lofty groves and bowers appear,  
 Then rills and winding rivers clear,  
 While change of landscape still new pleasure yields.

Farther bold castles we espy,  
 Where lordly wealth and honours lie;  
 Beyond a gorgeous picture fills the stage,  
 Till the remoter distance shrouds  
 The plains with hills, the hills with clouds;  
 There we place Death behind old shivering Age.

When Death, alas! perhaps too nigh,  
 In the next hedge does skulking lie,  
 There plants his engines, there lets fly his dart,  
 Which, while we ramble without fear,  
 Will meet us in our full career,  
 And drive the world's wild follies from our heart.

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS : N<sup>o</sup>. IV.

“ London Bridge is broken down.”—*Old Song.*

WHILE the spirit of improvement is advancing with such rapid strides under the auspices of the Board of Works, and the Committee of Taste, at the west end of the town, the Aldermen and Common Council of the City of London, have not been idle in the east. For more than half a century the state, the decay, and the inconveniences of London Bridge, have been the subject of discussion at city meetings ; and, from time to time, engineers have been employed in surveys, and reports, and on estimates for repairs and rebuilding. At length the corporation screwed up their courage to the sticking point, and came to the resolution of building a new London Bridge, a little to the westward of the old one, which, in spite of the interesting chronicles attached to its history, and of all the old associations connected with it in the mind of every good citizen of London, from Sir Richard Whittington, down to the entertaining wine and walnut collector of its chronicles, was doomed to destruction.

Plans and estimates were advertised for ; those of the Messrs. Rennie approved—the work is now rapidly advancing towards completion, and promises, by the solidity of its construction, and the stateliness of its appearance, to save the good citizens of London the like trouble for many centuries to come.

It seems, however, to be the fate of the improvements at the east end of the town, as well as those at the west end, that difficulties should arise in their progress, and unanticipated inconveniences attend their completion. For, as at the Treasury, Mr. Soane has given the public the half of a building that can never be finished, so have the Messrs. Rennie given the good citizens and Southwarkians a noble bridge, without any approaches ; and now that the structure is nearly completed, all the members of the Bridge Committee, with the engineers, are laying their heads together, to find a way to get at it. In addition to these legitimately appointed planners, several volunteers have likewise started with ideas, some of which we believe have been laid before, and are actually engaging the attention of the Common Council.

How such an undertaking as that of building a bridge between two such populous neighbourhoods, as the city and Southwark, could have been carried on, even to the commencement of the building, without having ascertained and determined the approaches, we are at a loss to guess—and to whom so great a fault is attributable we know not ; all we do know is that such is the fact, and that, at this moment, there are seven or eight plans, to obviate the difficulty, under consideration, without any one having yet been determined on.

In an age of science, like the present, and what is, perhaps, more surprising, in an age of so much common sense, we cannot help wondering that there could be found any body of men to commence an undertaking, in which so much property is concerned, and in the completion of which a million must be expended, without having taken every circumstance connected with the undertaking into consideration—but that such a palpable part of the plan as the approaches on both sides of the bridge should not have been accurately ascertained, and completely determined before the commencement of the building, would induce the supposition that “ all the wise men had indeed come from the east” before the new London Bridge was thought of. This deficiency is still more surprising, when we reflect that the rebuilding of the bridge has been the conversa-



tion of succeeding corporations for full half a century. We are anxious to do full justice to the design and the construction of the bridge itself; to the science which has been displayed in almost every department of its building, as well as to the ingenuity with which the piers of the old bridge have been removed, and the arches supported, at the north and south ends of the old bridge, to facilitate the navigation during the progress of the works of the new bridge; but we cannot pass over a neglect which threatens to impede the utility of the new construction, and to destroy so much of that property, which is now rendered so valuable, by forming the lines of approach to the present bridge. Such a neglect will give proprietors excuses for enhancing the value of their loss, and give many of those who do not come directly within the line of approaches just cause of complaint, and, perhaps, reasonable ground of action for the damage which their premises and their property must naturally sustain. At this moment a number of persons are actively employed in obtaining data, on which to found claims of this nature, by counting the carriages and passengers which pass up and down Thames Street, and such other means as their ingenuity can invent to sustain their complaint of a deterioration in the value of their premises.

In all undertakings of this kind, it is but fair that every one living within reach of the effect of the projected alteration should previously be made fully acquainted with the extent of the intended improvement. This would have two good effects; it would apprise every one of the nature of the loss or improvement their property might sustain, and produce, previously to the undertaking, such notices of claims as would prevent the woeful inaccuracies of estimated losses, which have generally attended the execution of London plans of improvement. It would likewise diminish the actual loss, and many of the inconveniences sustained by those whose property and business are affected, by giving them more time to provide against contingencies, and to take such steps as would lessen the injury which their business might sustain.

Finding that no accurate account or plan had been given of the intended approaches, one or two of the inhabitants of the different districts affected by the bridge, have published their ideas of the most beneficial plans for accomplishing the object in question; and among these an ingenious plan of Mr. George Gwilt has been submitted, and, likewise, that of a local architect, Mr. George Allen, has also been submitted to the consideration of the city, and subsequently published, with his observations, in the form of a pamphlet.

In this pamphlet is described a system of vacillation, not at all creditable either to the New Bridge Committee, or their engineers, who it is stated have actually laid six plans for these approaches before their employers, without either of them having yet been approved, or at least adopted.

Mr. Allen, from living on the spot, may be well supposed, from his locality, to have obtained accurate notions of the value of the property necessarily affected by the alteration; and it has been his employment, in the valuation of some of the contiguous wharfs, and Thames frontages, that led him to a more elaborate consideration of the best plan for the approaches to the new bridge. With this view, in 1826, Mr. Allen prepared a plan of a new street, commencing at the Watch House, near Bridge-yard, and proceeding towards the bridge, to the south of the existing properties, in Tooley Street, till it entered the Borough, High

Street, at White Horse Court. Finding, however, that a professional friend had prepared a plan nearly similar, and which was on the point of publication, he gave up all idea of publishing his own, and the plan alluded to was accordingly published in May 1827.

It appears that, up to this period, Messrs. Rennie had no idea of departing from the old line of Tooley Street, upon which, according to the contract plan, the ascent to the new bridge was to be formed; but after the publication in May, of the plan above-mentioned, they prepared and submitted to the New Bridge Committee an entirely *new series* of plans, in which three different modes of attaining the New Bridge, from the city side, were suggested; but for the approaches from Southwark, though the engravings were also three in number, yet the designs were one; the plans not only being all alike, but so far as related to the new approach from Tooley Street, were precisely the counterpart of the plan before alluded to, as being published in the May preceding.

“This coincidence,” Mr. Allen says, “is too remarkable to be considered accidental, as it comprises another very important feature of the plan published in May; namely, the suggestion of a new street, to extend from London Bridge to the Bricklayer’s Arms; yet, without even a hint being given in the Report which accompanies it, of the idea having originated with another party.”

If the new plans of the Messrs. Rennie were actually the result of the publication of this plan, it was certainly an ungenerous omission not to allude to it—and with this omission the above paragraph certainly charges these gentlemen. It is, however, no unusual thing in these days of *liberality*, to see the heads of a profession obtain wealth and fame, by carrying the suggestions and plans of uninfluential and obscure artists into execution, as their own. It may one day be our task to trace many of the late plans up to their original sources, and give the wreath of the fame, if we cannot give the wealth which has been their produce, to the original projectors.

The new plans for the approaches designed by Messrs. Rennie, were published in the Repertory of Arts, in December 1827, six months subsequent to the previous publication—and they bear too evident marks of having been at least very materially grounded on the others, to permit a supposition that the coincidence is merely accidental. The three great considerations in such plans, are, of course, economy, convenience to proprietors, and the easiest accomplishment of the object proposed; yet, in defiance to nearly all these considerations, in their proposed new street to the Bricklayer’s Arms, these gentlemen have intended passing through the centre of St. Thomas’s and Guy’s Hospitals; thus entailing either the destruction or the removal of two of the most valuable public institutions of which the Metropolis and its environs can boast.

Finding that the new approach to the bridge, from Tooley Street, was coldly spoken of in Messrs. Rennie’s Report, as “productive of considerable expense and inconvenience,” although admitted to be an “immense improvement,” Mr. Allen determined to give publicity to his ideas on the subject, as, from his local knowledge, he was convinced that the result would be directly the reverse of that represented in the Report, and that it would effect, “upon the lowest calculation, a saving to the city of a hundred thousand pounds.”

With much difficulty and delay, Mr. Allen, at length, finding that there were objections in the Bridge Committee to receiving them, obtained leave to lay his plans before the Common Council; and these are,

therefore, at this moment, in addition to the plans of Mr. Allen, one of Mr. Gwilt's, and a sixth plan of the Messrs. Rennie's, under the consideration of the city, it being still undetermined which shall be adopted. As there appears incontestable evidence that none of these latter plans were copies of the others, their similarity is extraordinary; and, as the same idea, with regard to the Southwark approach seems to have struck three ingenious and scientific men, it may well be imagined that the outline of the plan is the best that can be devised. In this their sixth design, the employed engineers at last concur in recommending that the approach to the new bridge, from Tooley Street, be made to open in front of St. Saviour's Church; we may, therefore, guess that this plan will, at last, meet the approbation of the New Bridge Committee.

The most probable approaches, on the Southwark side, therefore, will be, by widening the High Street in the Borough, from the present Town Hall, and by a proposed new street, to lead from Bridge-yard, in Tooley Street, till it intersects the High Street, opposite to St. Saviour's Church. From this intersection a wide street, adorned on either side with handsome buildings, will lead immediately to the bridge. In this plan, sites are marked out for a new Town Hall, and other public buildings—St. Thomas's and Guy's Hospitals are left unmolested—and the line will be the least expensive that can be planned. The great object, however, and certainly the grand desideratum of this plan, is to lay open St. Saviour's Church. It has long been the regret of every man of taste, that so many of the finest buildings which the Metropolis can boast, should be concealed from view by the mass of rubbishing houses which surround them—and none of them has occasioned more regret from this circumstance, or would excite more public admiration, if more exposed to view, than this structure of St. Saviour's—now scarcely perceptible in the dirty neighbourhood by which its beauties are hidden. To display the long hidden architecture of such venerable structures as this, is one of those objects to which some considerable expense of property may be legitimately sacrificed.

For this purpose it is proposed to lay open a circular site, and thus form a circus round the church, which is to be approached by steps, leading to a platform from the High Street, towards which the whole front of the church will remain open; by this means the whole of this beautiful church, with its venerable architecture, will be in full view, and form a striking object at this entrance to the metropolis. In front of the church will be a large open space, from which the road will gradually ascend, to meet the slope of the bridge.

Such is the general outline of the plan which will, most probably, be adopted on the Southwark side of the bridge; and as there is no possibility of obtaining a direct line of street from the Bricklayer's Arms, without such a destruction of property, including the two hospitals above-named, as would render the accomplishment of such a plan nearly impossible, it is, perhaps, the best that could be adopted.

By this design, the present Tooley Street will pass under a dry arch, similar to that of the Commercial Road, at Waterloo Bridge, and lead into a new street, proposed to form a more direct line of communication with Blackfriar's Road, along the banks of the river, than is afforded by the tortuous path that at present forms the only connection between the two bridges. Upon the whole, this appears to us, both as it respects convenience and economy, and as affecting the property in the neighbour-

hood, the most feasible plan that the Committee, under the circumstances, could adopt; while the venerable church of St. Saviour's, surrounded by a series of modern handsome buildings, will gratify the curious in architecture, and greatly add, by its beauty, to the improvement.

As pounds, shillings, and pence are, however, in the opinion of John Bull, paramount arguments in all questions of improvement, we may, perhaps, cite the economy of this plan as the most likely argument in favour of its adoption. Stairs, in the dry arch, to lead up to the High Street, in addition to the street to lead under it, would greatly diminish the claims of the occupiers of premises in Tooley Street, for loss of business in consequence of the elevated level of the new bridge; and the formation of a new road leading thereto, would most likely produce the means of acquiring an increase of business, arising out of their being situated directly in the channel of a water-side street, leading to the west end of the town.

On the city side of the bridge, the approaches seem to be quite as undecided as on the other; the height of the new structure, its not coming opposite to any opening wide enough to give a chance for a competent approach, have added to the difficulties of the decision; while the clamours of the inhabitants of Upper Thames and Gracechurch Streets, and Fish Street Hill, distract and alarm the Committee, by the expression of their fears, and the threatened amount of their claims for compensation. For our own part, while there is still the possibility of accomplishing it, we think that expense ought to be the secondary, and the greatest improvement, the first object, in the minds of the Committee.

Nearly two centuries of regret at having, from false motives of economy, rejected Sir Christopher Wren's plan for re-building the city, after the fire of London, ought to be a lesson to the citizens, not to throw away the present opportunity of a great improvement in the very heart of their city. We confess, we think, that all private benefit should give way to public good, and that a great object ought not to be prevented by such principles of economy as will render the improvement abortive. We would, with one fell sweep, get rid of as many of those tortuous and winding alleys, misnamed streets, as are in the present neighbourhood of Thames Street, and which stand in the way of some grand and direct communication with the new bridge; and as it appears but natural that this communication should lead to the greatest and most considerable marts of commercial intercourse, we hope that plan will be adopted, which will give us one grand street, leading from the foot of the bridge immediately to the Bank and Royal Exchange. A street of this kind, leading from the present London Bridge to the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange, was suggested and laid before the public, as long ago as 1796; and was further brought into notice, as connected with the new bridge, in a letter from Dr. Price of Cannon Street, which appeared in the *Eclipse* newspaper in 1824. By this plan, a neighbourhood would be destroyed, which, for the tortuous and narrow streets it contains, is literally a nuisance; and a cross street communicating with Fish Street Hill, would greatly obviate any injury that the inhabitants of that Hill and of Gracechurch Street might sustain, and thus diminish their claims for compensation, at the same time that it lessened the inconveniences of that great thoroughfare. This cross street might open opposite to the Monument, which would then stand in a more exposed state than at present; and

being one of the finest monuments of this kind in the world, it is well worth while to open it as much as possible to the public view. A dry arch might be carried over Thames Street, so as to prevent any interruption in that great thoroughfare to the water-side wharfs, and Sir Christopher Wren's Church of St. Magnus, might become the principal ornament of a large space to be appropriated as a quay for the accommodation of the passengers and luggage of the numerous steam packets, which has been a desideratum long since wished by every body. For the further accommodation of these vessels, a dock might be formed, and by such means this site would be rendered an ornamental appendage to the bridge, as well as a great commercial convenience. Such appear to be the outlines of the best plan yet submitted for the consideration of the city, as they are detailed in Mr. Allen's pamphlet, and we heartily hope the Committee will be induced to adopt it.

By devoting the site contiguous to St. Magnus Church to the above purposes, two very important objects will be attained; "First, that a new description of trade and traffic will be supplied to the inhabitants of Fish Street Hill and the parts of Thames Street adjacent; and, secondly, that the city would derive from the vessels resorting thereto, a very considerable source of revenue in the way of pier and quay duties."

These are two great objects attainable: and the ornamental is so blended with the useful, that the very decoration will tend to fill, instead of empty, the coffers of the good City of London.

"The resort of steam vessels to this quay," continues Mr. Allen, "would likewise form an interesting and animated object, which would not only much enhance the effect of the New Bridge, but would convey an idea of the beauty and commercial importance of the British metropolis, both in embarking from, and landing on the British shore." Such a quay and dock too, would also obviate the danger and serious inconvenience which has been found of late years to arise from the difficulty of obtaining access to the numerous steam vessels which now lay off the Tower, and which at present form such frequent subjects of dispute and complaint, and not unfrequently endanger the lives of boatmen and passengers. Under all these circumstances, and deeply anxious for the advancement of the commercial interests of the City of London, so far as they may depend on the improvement of the public avenues, and solicitous to promote its architectural magnificence, and economize its funds, Mr. Allen has submitted to the board, models, plans and illustrations of a design embracing the above objects; and we heartily hope that those who have any influence in the affairs of the bridge, will neither be blind to the advantages or deaf to the arguments which such a plan presents, as a claim to their favourable consideration.

Having entailed upon themselves the difficulties which must naturally arise from their having commenced their undertaking without having contemplated its end, these seem to be the best plans for obviating them, since it is now impossible for them to obtain, what ought to have been their first object—namely, magnificent streets on each side the river in a direct line with the new bridge.

Such a want of foresight is a little extraordinary, but it is still more extraordinary, that the same neglect has characterized the proceedings of those concerned in the construction of Waterloo and Southwark bridges; both of which, on the north side of the river, are still without any direct line of communication to those parts of the town, to which it was originally intended they should lead.

S. S.

## TWELVE YEARS' MILITARY ADVENTURE.\*

THAT must be a curious moment, and, to the person whom it most concerns, at least, an interesting one, in which it occurs to him that the adventures of his past life deserve to be recorded, and that what he has seen and done are worth being told for the amusement or information of the public. To a man little in the habit of writing at all, and wholly unacquainted with the craft of authorship, the notion must come with overwhelming force; and one may imagine the embarrassment with which he sets about his new task—the doubts that assail him, whether any body will read what he is laboriously committing to paper—and the still more serious hazard he runs of being censured or ridiculed for intruding himself upon public notice. And yet nothing is more true than that which has been so often said—that there is hardly any man who has led an active life who could not make an interesting narrative, if he would tell all that he has witnessed or enacted, and the remembrance of which is worth preserving. The qualities necessary to make such a narrative are neither so rare, nor so exclusive, but that they fall within the reach of almost every one who can write or tell a story. The first requisite is veracity, and the next simplicity. If a man will write without embarrassment or affectation—if he will content himself with telling his tale plainly, and relating events as they really happened, confining himself to what he personally underwent or saw, and giving up the attempt to create a more forcible impression on his readers than was made upon himself—there is hardly a possibility of his failing to gain the first object of his labours, and of engaging the attention and exciting the interest of the persons he addresses. There can be no proof more striking and satisfactory of this than in a narrative which has just been published by an officer, detailing the military adventures which occupied twelve years of his life. A man less likely to have produced a book, judging from so much of his character as is developed in the work before us, can hardly be imagined, and yet with no other qualification than a certain gaiety of temper, and a frank unconstrained manner of telling his story;—relying upon his memory chiefly, and upon his imagination not at all, he has put together a pair of very readable volumes. There is nothing very new in them; but yet they are very agreeable, because they relate to affairs of which every one knows something, and in which every one has an interest, more or less remote. They are told, too, in so unpretending and familiar a manner, as places the author at once upon the footing of an old acquaintance. There is one particular in which he is tiresome. He is fond, like all soldiers and sailors, of sentiment, and he handles the weapon “as a bear would a musket.” When he means to be very pathetic, he is only maudlin; and at the moment he thinks he has raised the tenderest sympathy, the reader bursts into a loud laugh. To do him justice, however, he does not sin in this respect so frequently as to make it offensive. In the main, he tells his tale plainly and unaffectedly; and, without much skill in description, or any elegance of style, his sketches of a soldier's life, rapid and concise as they often are, keep the attention of the reader very pleasantly excited.

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\* Twelve Years' Military Adventure in Three-Quarters of the Globe; or, Memoirs of an Officer who served in the Armies of His Majesty and of the East-India Company, between the Years 1802 and 1814; 2 vols. London. Colburn.

Our author had the good fortune to be born when that delectable system prevailed in the army of giving commissions to boys at school—the remnant of a worse system under which old ladies were captains of horse, maids of honour received pay as ensigns of grenadiers, and which enabled *Serjeant Kite* to enlist *l'enfant du régiment* of a week old, whom he benevolently fathered; and to enter him on the roll as “absent on furlough.” Being one of six sons, and having been endowed by nature with “shoulders of requisite breadth, and a head of suitable thickness,” he was devoted to the military profession, and, at nine years old, a commission was obtained for him. Soon afterwards, the Duke of York's regulations, which abolished that absurd practice, were passed, and the young soldier retired on half-pay. The mischief, however, he says, was done; and he throws all the blame of having been an incorrigible dunce at school upon the fatal circumstance of having borne his Majesty's commission at too early an age. As he would learn nothing at Winchester, he was transplanted to Woolwich, where he made some better progress, and, in the ripeness of time, was sent as a cadet to India. The incidents which occur upon a voyage to India are neither so many, nor so varied, that they are very well worth describing; and our author, determined that the irksomeness of the reality shall not infect his narration, passes them over very lightly. His account of the company usually found on board such vessels is amusing and characteristic:—

“The generality of our society on board was respectable, and some of its members were men of education and talent. Excepting that there was no lady of the party, it was composed of the usual materials to be found at the cuddy-table of an outward bound Indiaman. First, there was a puisne judge, entrenched in all the dignity of a dispenser of law to his majesty's loving subjects beyond the Cape, with a *Don't tell me* kind of face, a magisterial air, and dictatorial manner, ever more ready to lay down the law, than to lay down the lawyer. Then, there was a general officer appointed to the staff in India, in consideration of his services on Wimbledon Common and at the Horse Guards, proceeding to teach the art military to the Indian army—a man of gentlemanly but rather pompous manners; who, considering his simple and equivalent to the bows of half a dozen subordinates, could never swallow a glass of wine at dinner without lumping at least that number of officers or civilians in the invitation to join him, while his aid-de-camp practised the same airs among the cadets. Then, there was a proportion of civilians and Indian officers returning from furlough or sick certificate, with patched-up livers, and lank countenances, from which two winters of their native climate had extracted only just sufficient sun-beams to leave them of a dirty lemon colour. Next, there were a few officers belonging to detachments of king's troops proceeding to join their regiments in India, looking, of course, with some degree of contempt on their brethren in arms, whose rank was bounded by the longitude of the Cape; but condescending to patronize some of the most gentlemanly of the cadets. These, with a free mariner, and no inconsiderable sprinkling of writers, cadets, and assistant-surgeons, together with the officers of the ship, who dined at the captain's table, formed a party of about twenty-five.”

The author is one of those practical philosophers who, being convinced that to enjoy life is the true end of living, determine on being as comfortable as they can in whatever situation they find themselves. He looks always on the bright side of events; when any thing disagreeable happens, he leaps over it—passes it as a thing to be endured, but not talked about—and hurries to something more pleasant. He is no grumbling traveller—wonders that any body else can grumble—says the

complaints of officers at not getting readily into society in India are wholly groundless, for he never met with any difficulty—"Such fellows," as Cowslip says, "would find room anywhere."—thought the ladies of India very charming, because they were the *only* ladies there, and says Mrs. Grahame ought to be ashamed of herself, for insinuating that they are given to tippie. We have all possible respect for our *adventurer*, and admire his gallantry of all things; but we suspect that Mrs. Grahame is a better witness than he on this point, and, what is more to the purpose, she is not the only one.

The author was attached as a subaltern of engineers to the army encamped near Vellore, and commanded by General Stewart. His description of an Anglo-Indian camp is curious and striking. A much greater space is occupied than in European camps, and the number of persons belonging to it, and the quantities of draught cattle accompanying the army, give it a novel and picturesque appearance.

"Supposing the force encamped to consist of 10,000 fighting men, the front would be about two miles, and the depth about half a mile; the greater part of this parallelogram, not taken up by the regular tents of the army, being covered with the booths of the bazaar and the small tents of the camp-followers. Imagine that over this space are scattered bipeds of all shades, from the fair European down to the pariah, whose skin rivals the polish of Warren's blacking, intermingled with quadrupeds of all sizes, from the elephant down to the dog, and you will have a tolerable idea of an Anglo-Indian camp.

"The breaking up of such a camp is perhaps a more curious sight than the camp itself. Soon after the general has sounded the preparation to march, the tents disappear, and, in their place, an innumerable swarm of living creatures are seen busily moving about like a disturbed ant's nest; or, to a person taking a bird's-eye view of the scene, it would seem as if an immense hatch of oviparous animals had just broken from their shells."

The adventurer beguiles the tediousness of the march, by telling some mess-room stories, which, to those who have not heard them before, may be amusing enough. The following is not bad:—

"An officer, whose stock of table-linen had been completely exhausted during the campaign—whether by wear and tear or accident I cannot say—had a few friends to dine with him. The dinner being announced to the party, seated in the *al fresco* drawing-room of a camp, the table appeared spread with eatables, but without the usual covering of a cloth. The master who perhaps gave himself but little trouble about these matters, or who probably relied upon his servant's capacity in the art of borrowing, or, at all events, on his ingenuity in framing an excuse, inquired, with an angry voice, why there was no table-cloth? The answer was, 'Master not got;' with which reply, after apologizing to his guests, he was compelled, for the present, to put up. The next morning he called his servant, and rated him soundly, and perhaps beat him, (for I lament to say that this was too much the practice with European masters in India,) for exposing his poverty to the company; desiring him, another time, if similarly circumstanced, to say that all the table-cloths were gone to the wash. Another day, although the table appeared clothed in the proper manner, the spoons, which had probably found their way to the bazaar, perhaps to provide the very articles of which the feast was composed, were absent, whether with or without leave is immaterial.

"'Where are all the spoons?' cried the apparently enraged master. 'Gone washerman, Sar!' was the answer. Roars of laughter succeeded, and a tea-cup did duty for the soup-ladle."



This is followed by another story, of a man who used to beat his maty-boy, and who, in order to indulge himself at his leisure in this very noble recreation, called him into a bungalow at the bottom of his garden, when, having locked the door, he told the boy that nobody was within hearing, and that he was determined to rub off a long score of punishment which his disobedience had contracted. "Master, sure nobody near?" asked the Indian. "Yes, yes, I've taken good care of that." "Then I give master one good beating," replied the boy; and, being the stronger of the two, he was as good as his word, after which he ran away for ever. The story is a good one; and though neither new, nor Indian, it may be said of it—*se non è vero, è ben trovato*.

Poor Captain Grose, son of the antiquary, and who was killed at Seringapatam, had left a reputation for wit and love of fun, which was still fresh when our author was in India. The airs which the staff-officers of the army then were in the habit of giving themselves, and which are said to have been equally offensive and ridiculous, provoked a whimsical retort from him.

"Having had occasion to make some communication to head-quarters, he was received much in the usual manner by one of the under-strappers, who told him that no verbal communications could be received, but that what he had to say must be sent through the medium of an official letter. He happened, some days afterwards, to have a party dining with him, and among others were a few members of the staff. In the midst of dinner a jack-ass came running among the tent-ropes, exerting his vocal organs in a manner by no means pleasing to the company. Grose immediately rose, and thus addressed the intruder:

"I presume, Sir, you come from head-quarters. I receive no verbal communications whatever, Sir. If you have any thing to say to me, Sir, I beg you will commit it to paper.' The will which Captain Grose made the night before the storming of Seringapatam, under a presentiment of his fate, was quite in character. It began with the apostrophe of "O my nose!" and among other bequests contained the present of a wooden sword to an officer of rank to whom he bore no good will, and who was supposed not to be endowed with any superfluous quantity of personal valour."

At Hurryhur, that detachment of the army which the author accompanied was joined by that under the command of the Duke of Wellington, then Major-General Wellesley. This occurred soon after an event which has been frequently alluded to by the enemies of that distinguished personage, and which, as it has been almost always misrepresented, ought to be set in its true light. The author had the details of the circumstance from Colonel M'Kenzie, who accompanied the duke on that occasion; and his explanation is, in every respect, satisfactory. That it was felt, at the time, that no imputation could rest upon Colonel Wellesley, is quite clear; because, if there had been the slightest foundation for such a charge as has been brought against him respecting this affair, his military reputation must have been (and not undeservedly) destroyed. His subsequent career is a sufficient reply to the malignant whisperers who have ventured to attack him; but, as that reputation has become, in some degree, a matter of national interest, we are not sorry to see the particulars made public, on such authority as Colonel M'Kenzie's:—

"Shortly after the investment of Seringapatam, Colonel Wellesley, who commanded what was called the Nizam's detachment, was ordered to dislodge the enemy from the ground intended as the scene of our operations

during the siege. The night appointed for this duty was particularly dark. Pushing on rather too eagerly with the light company of the 33d regiment, which had, by those means, got separated from the main body, he came suddenly on a work of the enemy's, who opened a heavy fire. The light company, finding themselves unsupported, retreated rather precipitately, leaving Colonel Wellesley and Captain M'Kenzie by themselves. In this predicament they endeavoured to regain their division; but in the attempt, owing to the darkness of the night, they quite lost their way, and it was not till after groping about for some hours that they succeeded in regaining the British camp, but without their division. Having proceeded to head-quarters, to report the state of affairs, Colonel Wellesley, hearing that General Harris was asleep, threw himself on the table of the dining tent, and, being much fatigued with the night's labour, fell fast asleep. The next in command had, in the interim, after the repulse of the head of the column, and the loss of the commander, thought it prudent to proceed no further, and made the best of his way back to the camp with the division. Arriving at the tent of the commander-in-chief to make his report, he was surprised to find his missing superior, fast locked in the arms of Morpheus, in the situation above described. This affair, of course, made considerable noise, and things were whispered about not at all to the advantage of Colonel Wellesley; and it is to be supposed that the commander-in-chief must have partaken of this feeling towards the Colonel, otherwise he would not have ordered General Baird to undertake the attack which had failed the preceding night. General Baird most handsomely requested that Colonel Wellesley might again be appointed to the duty, as he was convinced that the circumstances which had caused his failure were purely accidental. Colonel Wellesley was accordingly directed to make another attempt the night following, and succeeded: yet, so poisonous is the breath of slander, and so rapidly is it wafted, if not by the loud trumpet of fame, at least by the low but quick vibrations of malice, that it required years of victory entirely to wipe away the impressions then received from the minds of those who are more ready to listen to evil than to good report."

The district which is traversed by the Toombudra is infested by Bheels, who are thieves by birth and education; for, in India, the divisions of society are so strongly marked, that even the robbers form a distinct and, for some purposes, a recognized class. The stories that one has heard of the ingenuity of these thieves almost pass belief. The author contributes to the stock the following:—

"A bet was laid by a gentleman that he would procure a Bheel who should steal the sheet from under a person without waking him. The thing was effected in the following manner: the Bheel approaching the person, who lay on his side, from behind, carefully folded up the sheet in small compact plaits till it reached his back; then, taking a feather, he tickled the nose of the sleeper, who immediately scratched his face and rolled over on the other side when with a slight effort he completely released the sheet, and bore it off in triumph."

You can scarcely ever talk with a person who knows this part of India, or any part in which the Bheels are to be found, who cannot furnish similar instances of their ingenuity and dexterity. As no disgrace attaches to them for the exercise of that which is their profession, and their only means of living, they make no scruple of practising it openly; their sole object, next to making good their booty, being to escape detection. Their powers of endurance are extraordinary, and they will suffer any pain or privation in the pursuit of their design. An old officer of our acquaintance, was marching a small detachment up the country, when owing to the damps which the monsoon had produced, he was attacked by a rheumatic fever, which confined him to his bed. He

was lying in his tent at night, when he heard a noise resembling that of an animal moving about his room. He thought it was a dog or some such thing, and called up his orderly serjeant, who slept in an adjoining tent. The man got a light, looked all round the tent, but could discover nothing; and the officer having bade him leave a long dirk unsheathed by his bedside, again tried to sleep. When all was still he heard the same sound, and was convinced that something was approaching his bed. He could not move his lower limbs, but reaching for his dirk, and aiming a blow at the spot whence the noise proceeded, which was close beside his bed, he felt that he struck some firm body: he repeated his blow—a low grunt followed—after which all was still, and the night passed away without further disturbance. In the morning his man found marks of blood in the tent, which he traced through an opening that had been made by removing one of the pegs, and some paces further he found the body of a Bheel pierced with two wounds, the effusion of blood from which had caused his death.

Another story, which displays the ingenuity of the Bheels in a stronger light, was told by the same officer. The pay-serjeant of the company, a native, and a fellow of uncommon sharpness, heard that there were Bheels at hand, and knew that, by reason of his office, he should be the object of their particular attention. He always carried his money concealed about his person by day, and at night, thought he had contrived most effectually to disappoint the thieves. He dug a small hole in his tent, in which he deposited his money-bag, and spreading his mat over it, he lay down to sleep, with his feet towards the opening of the tent, so that nobody, as he thought, could enter without awakening him. In the middle of the night, a Bheel introduced himself into the farther part of the tent, by loosening one of the pegs; at the same moment another, crawling on all fours, put his head into the tent at the opening, and seizing one of the pay-serjeant's great toes, he bit it to the bone. The serjeant jumped up in agony to seize his assailant, but caught only a shaven head which was well oiled for the purpose, and slipped through his hands almost as soon as he touched it. As he left his mat, the other Bheel, of whose presence he was unconscious, darted upon it, scrambled the bag out of the hole, and got out of the tent as he had entered; the whole affair occupying much less time to act, than it takes to tell it.

The author was at the battles of Assaye and Argaum, which have been so often described that it is hardly worth while to go over the ground again, and so, indeed, the author seems to think, for he does little more than state the result of each, accompanying them with a few anecdotes of his companions. Withstanding the temptation which these events hold out to him to talk about himself, he gives a very simple account, and for his own part confesses that he was soundly frightened, and that he forgot his sword; by which moderation, for our own part, we have a much higher opinion of his courage, than if he had told us he enacted more wonders than Bobadil.

The most agreeable parts of his book are those in which he gives sketches of local customs and manners, or of events connected with them. There is something very stirring and spirited in his description of the transport of the troops across the Kistnah, which the south-west monsoon had filled from bank to bank, and which being, therefore, not fordable, it became necessary to procure boats to cross:—

“ But, as only two wooden ones, and a very few basket-boats could be procured, we were obliged to set to and make a good number of the latter class ourselves. Though their construction is rude and simple, consisting merely of a round wicker-work basket, about ten feet in diameter, shaped just like a saucer, and covered with hides, they are capable of transporting artillery; but no attempt is ever made to put horses or cattle into them. In fact it is not necessary; for, with a little management, the horses are made not only to swim with the boat, but to drag it after them. For this purpose two horses are generally taken with each boat, having a watering bridle in their mouth, and a rope attached to the mane close to the withers. Their heads being turned the right way, which is the only difficult part of the job, they make for the opposite bank without hesitation, dragging by the rope, which is tied to their mane, and held by some person in the boat. It is altogether a gallant sight. Their eager look, their inflated nostrils, and the occasional dashing of their forelegs above the water, produce an effect which might not unaptly be compared to the foaming team which fabulists have yoked to the car of Neptune.

“ Indeed, if it had not been for the cavalry horses, I know not how we should have crossed the river; for, besides being nearly half a mile in width, full from bank to bank, and running at a most rapid rate, the wind blew so strong against us, that not a single boat which attempted to cross without a horse succeeded; and, as it was, the stream generally carried them half a mile down the river before they could gain the opposite bank. There were very few instances of the horses attempting to turn back when once their heads were fairly turned in the proper direction, notwithstanding the great distance they had to swim, and the load they had to draw; so that very few of these noble animals were lost. The elephants in general took the water well, though one or two of them could not be persuaded to go in of their own accord; two or three of the strongest of their own species were therefore sent to compel them. These, after having given the refractory gentlemen a sound drubbing with sticks, which they held in their trunks, fairly shoved them into the water, and did not quit them till they were landed on the opposite bank. It was a curious sight to witness, and perhaps the strongest instance of the power of man over the brute creation that can well be imagined. Their manner of swimming is curious. The whole of the body is immersed in the water, sometimes to the depth of two or three feet, and occasionally they send their trunk up to the surface for a fresh supply of air. Thus their keeper has no very pleasant birth of it, being sometimes soused over head and ears. Camels cannot be persuaded to go into the water at all: and it is consequently necessary to lash them to the side of the boat. Bullocks will swim well, but cannot be used like horses for dragging the boats.”

It was the author's misfortune to be in the immediate neighbourhood of Vellore, when the mutiny, which occasioned so much bloodshed, took place there. Two battalions, one of the 1st and the other of the 23d regiment of the Madras army, had conspired to gain possession of the garrison, which they meant to keep in the name of Futteh Hyder, one of Tippoo's sons. The plot had been so well arranged, that at first it succeeded entirely:—

“ About four o'clock, the battalion of the 23d regiment having fallen in on their parade by order of their native officers, as if preparatory to the drill, and ball-cartridge having been served out to them, as if for practice at the target, a body of the sworn mutineers belonging to the 1st regiment, who had been told off for that purpose, marched silently down to the main-guard, which was composed partly of Europeans, the massacre of whom was to be the signal for the general movement. As soon as this party had approached sufficiently near to give assistance if necessary, the sepoy's of the main-guard,

who had previously loaded their pieces privately, presented them at the breast of their sleeping or unheeding comrades, and soon dispatched them. At the report of the firing some of the principal mutineers came running to the sepoy barracks, calling out that the European soldiers had risen and were murdering all the natives they could lay their hands on; and that it was necessary that they should immediately march to the European barracks, to put a stop to the business. Upon this the battalion on parade, the greater part of whom were Hindoos and ignorant of the plot, allowed themselves to be marched off, and drawn up round the 69th barracks, into the windows of which they poured a volley over the heads of the scarcely awaked soldiers, on whom they continued to keep up an incessant fire. Meanwhile parties of the 1st regiment, among whom were the principal conspirators, proceeded to secure all the posts of importance, and a select band commenced the bloody work of massacring the European officers, in which, unfortunately, they were but too successful. Having obtained possession of the powder magazine and arsenal, the mutineers were enabled to supply the sepoys, engaged in firing into the European barracks, with ammunition; and, having also found two field-pieces ready mounted, they brought them down into an unoccupied barrack immediately fronting that of the 69th, and thence opened a fire on the latter building. In the mean time the Europeans, taken by surprise in this extraordinary manner, while naked and unarmed, and having no officers with them, became quite paralyzed, and lay crouching under their beds, or behind pillars, to screen themselves from the fire, without making any effort for their defence, except in the instance of a serjeant or two, who, rallying a few of the stoutest hearts, kept possession of the gate, from which they made some successful sallies."

Some of the officers who had escaped the first attack of the mutineers, managed to keep them in check for a short time, and being joined by about a hundred men of the 69th, who were headed by two young assistant-surgeons, kept up a fire upon them. Soon afterwards, Colonel Gillespie, who had been at Arcot, arrived, with the author and a squadron of the 19th dragoons, and the rest of that regiment soon followed. They effected an entrance into the town, the sepoys were soon silenced, and the ringleaders suffered a summary punishment, which, severe as it was, had been deserved by them, and was absolutely necessary to maintain the discipline of the army. This tragic affair cost the lives of 200 Europeans, a large proportion of whom were officers, in addition to a much larger number of natives who fell in the conflict, and were put to death after it was over. But the most melancholy reflection arising from it is, that it was occasioned by the mischievous meddling of some persons whose piety was of that exclusive kind that they would not let the Hindoos and Mussulmen of the native army go to heaven in their own way. The sepoys had been threatened with alterations in their costume, and had been assailed by missionaries and the distribution of religious tracts in a manner extremely injudicious on the part of the authorities by whom it was sanctioned, and most offensive to Indian prejudices. Of the value of missionary labours, a pretty general and just estimate seems now to be entertained in this country. The author says that their converts consist only of persons who become Christians because their worthlessness has driven them out of the pale of their own religion; but, when the quackery of the missionary system extends so far as it did in this instance, it ceases to become merely ridiculous, and assumes a shape so dangerous, that those who are interested in preserving the British dominion in India, would do well to curb the misguided zeal of men whose hobby-horsical piety may produce extensive destruction, if not general ruin.—Among the anecdotes which are told of the events con-

ned with this affair, there is one which is strongly characteristic of that habitual indifference to danger which is so common among English soldiers. A private of the 69th had been placed sentry over the magazine:—

“ In the midst of the work of slaughter, an officer, who was running for his life, passed him at his post, and, seeing him walking up and down with the utmost composure, hastily asked if he knew that the sepoys were murdering all the Europeans. ‘ I thought as much,’ he replied. ‘ Why don’t you fly for your life then?’ exclaimed the officer. ‘ I was posted here,’ he said, ‘ and it is my duty to remain. I’ve six rounds in my pouch, and I’ll sell my life dearly.’ The noble fellow was afterwards found dead on his post.”

The captain is fond of a joke, and does not like it the less for being a practical one, as the following story will testify:—

“ Among my mathematical instruments, I had an inverting telescope, which I used sometimes to let my servants look through, that I might enjoy their surprise at seeing the world turned upside down, and, in particular, the astonishment they expressed, when they saw men and women walking on their heads, without their clothes falling down. It got about in the cantonment that the engineer *Saheb* had a telescope which could turn people upside down, without the latter part of the phenomenon being generally known. So I used sometimes to amuse myself by pointing my glass at the women as they passed my window; upon which they would run as fast as they could, holding their clothes down with both their hands.”

He accompanies the expedition to the Isle of Bourbon, and on his return is made *aid de camp* to Sir Samuel Auchmuty. The importance which this accession of dignity gives him in the eyes of some of his Madras acquaintances, and the respect they commonly pay to rank, is ridiculed humorously enough:—

“ Although I had generally been well received in society at Madras, yet, when I came to mount the *aid-de-camp*’s coat, I observed many persons eye me with a degree of consideration which I never could obtain from them when in the garb of a simple subaltern of engineers. Many a cordial greeting did I now receive, where once a simple nod was thought sufficient; and many a whole handful of fingers would now be thrust into my palm, where formerly a couple of digits at most were brought forth to balance my five. This respect and attention paid to my new coat was not confined to the male sex; so that, however I might have benefited, in many respects, by the change, my *amour-propre* was not much flattered, nor my estimation of mankind much raised, by the little peep into the human heart which I had thus obtained. In every society there will always be a certain number of low-minded persons, who pay no respect but to rank or riches. One family I recollect in particular at the Presidency, which was so notorious in this respect, that a trick which was played them by a captain of the navy whom they had offended, afforded considerable amusement, if not gratification, to the greater part of the Settlement. Expecting to meet this family at the assembly-rooms, he brought a young midshipman ashore with him, and introduced him as the *Honourable* Mr. so and so. As he anticipated, the bait took, and a set was immediately made at this sprig of nobility by the party in question. The daughters monopolized him as a partner during the evening. His dancing was admired, his face pronounced truly patrician, his manners considered superior, and even his *gaucheries* set down as the *véritable ton*. They begged as a favour that the captain would allow him to stay ashore with them for a short time—they would take such care of him. To which the captain, after some demur, for ‘ he was given into his special charge,’ consented. The next day Middy is taken round to see the lions, and to be introduced to their most fashionable acquaintance. His cocked hat is rather the worse for a sea voyage, and his

dirk is grown shabby : they stop at the Europe shops, and new ones are presented to him by the hands of the young ladies. A ball is given on purpose for him. In short, every possible attention is paid to the little *honourable*, whose noble parents will doubtless seek out the family on its return to England, to repay the obligation ; and already had they begun to anticipate the pleasure which they should enjoy at the Countess's fashionable parties, and the advantages they should derive from being introduced into the *beau monde* through the means of her ladyship. In fact, Middy was in clover. To be obliged to part with their young friend at last was painful. It cost the fair members of the family some tears, and gained Middy some caresses, and, what was of more value, some substantial tokens of friendship ; and fame went so far as to say that he carried away a lock of hair belonging to one of the young ladies. Nor did they part without mutual promises to renew the acquaintance in England. The next day, as the ship was about to sail, the master, a gruff, tobacco-chewing tar, waited upon the family, to thank them for their kindness—to his son !”

For some period after this, his life in India was a very active one. He was in the expedition to Java, at the taking of Batavia, Cornelis, and Samarang, and on his way back visited Seringapatam. His observations upon the natives and the government of India, are in general concise, but very shrewd and sensible ; and are always made in a spirit of candour and fairness. *En passant*, he has a word to say about Dr. Leyden :—

“ Before we left Java we heard accounts of the death of Dr. Leyden, a man well known in the literary world, but more as the friend of Sir Walter Scott, who has dedicated to him one of his poems. He was a wonderful linguist, and an incessant talker ; so that while Nature supplied him with the talent of acquiring languages, she also amply furnished him with the disposition to give utterance to them. In him great learning and volubility of tongue were associated. The reverse we generally find to be the case—those who have most to communicate being commonly the most reserved, not liking, I suppose, to cast their pearls before swine. Dr. Leyden was besides a great antiquary and botanist. He died from exposure to the climate of one of the islands to the eastward ; but whether in search of heathen images or botanical specimens, I could never learn. He was on the medical establishment of the Madras army ; but Lord Minto, who knew how to estimate and to patronize genius, had lately attached him to his person. I once heard him call Sir William Jones, in his strong North country accent, “ an *elegant* humbug.”

This is in the true taste and tone of a modern Athenian, who could not forgive one of the most accomplished scholars and amiable men that the nation has produced, for being born south of the Tweed. Without meaning to detract from the real merit of Dr. Leyden, who, notwithstanding that he has been egregiously puffed and overrated, was really a clever man, we may be permitted to say, that whatever there was of *humbug* in his character was much more apparent than his *elegance*.

The author gets tired of India, and hearing of Lord Wellington's campaign in the Peninsula, then in its progress, he feels a strong desire to join him, quits the East, sails for England, pays a short visit to his mother, has his liver repaired at Cheltenham, procures a commission, and embarks for Lisbon.

Notwithstanding the stirring nature of the events in which he now became an actor, the latter part of his narrative is much less agreeable than the former. The ground has been so beaten, that little new is to be said about it, and this he seems to have felt. His description of the battle of Vittoria, of the attack on Salamanca, and of the march in

pursuit of the French army, are vivid and forcible, but they lack that spirit of fun and good humour which is the very salt of his earlier relations. A story which he tells of the way in which a German soldier excused himself for stealing fowls, is odd enough:—

“ One day that I was quartered in a farm-house, along with some of our German dragoons, the owner came to complain to me that the soldiers had been killing his fowls, and pointed out one man in particular as the principal offender. The fact being brought home to the dragoon, he excused himself by saying, ‘ One shiken come frighten my horse, and I give him one kick, and he die.’ ‘ Oh, but,’ said I, ‘ the *patron* contends that you killed more than one fowl.’ ‘ Oh yes; that shiken moder see me kick that shiken, so she come fly in my face, and I give her one kick, and she die.’ Of course I reported the culprit to his officer, by whom he was punished as a notorious offender.”

On the termination of the war, the author quitted the army, and now reposes under his laurels. One is very sorry to part with him, for a more agreeable good tempered companion, during twelve years, one is not likely to meet with; and although the book is the simplest and most unpretending possible, it is infinitely more amusing, as well as intrinsically better, than some modern publications, the authors of which claim for themselves, with great complacency, the praise due to works of genius and imagination.

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#### THE THEATRES.

THAT superb affair the KING'S THEATRE, having fallen into the hands of a Frenchman, the “ abstract and brief chroniclers of the time,” will have it that preparations for unrivalled success are made for the season. But we have seen the same thing said of the monarch of the Muscovites; and we have become sceptical as to bulletins of all kinds, imperial and theatrical. Monsieur Laporte, like his royal prototype, is said to have a little insurrection at home. If Nicholas is in awe of the Poles, M. Laporte is at war with the fiddle-sticks. The orchestra is in a state of discord; and those veteran leaders Lindley, Dragonetti, the head of the *élite* of clarionets, trumpets, and bassoons, declare that they will neither *bow* nor *blow*, for his Gallic majesty. Spagnolletti, is said to have left the camp, and, like a true Italian, come over to the paying side. But he was of no use to either side. The sterner spirit of the true born English fiddlers is still unsubdued, and M. Laporte must bring reinforcements from his native territory, or be forced to make, like Nicholas, a frost-bitten retreat of it, and comfort himself by swearing at the climate and the malevolence of fortune.

In the meantime he is entrenching himself in the pit, where to the astonishment and chagrin of all those sons of freedom and Fop's Alley, who used to range over its mighty level, free as a Cossack over the plains of the Ukraine, a series of barricades have been constructed, impassable by all who have not the managerial pass of a regular annual subscription. Why this has been ever suffered, we are at a loss to understand. Things that are charming to the Parisian, have sometimes a different aspect to the English. The Parisian may like to be escorted every three steps by a *gensdarme*, to take his seat only by direction of a fixed bayonet, and to keep it with his eye perpetually fixed on the movements of a horse-guard blue. He may like to be told off with his playgoing brethren into little sections and fragments of audiences, fixed in the basket-work of an open gallery, or the back benches of a play-house *patterre*, with the satisfaction of seeing that the gentleman on the bench



three inches before him, is separated by a barrier, which distinguishes the gentleman from the *no* gentleman, and that the whole house can discover at a glance, that he has come in for sixpence less than his fellow before him. But these tastes are not popular in our stubborn and old fashioned country. We love to see men take their fair chance of being mistaken for gentlemen, and the principle of equality left to thrive without the restriction of ten rows of high-backed chairs with locks to them.

Let the nobility have their private boxes, since this has been the custom; but let the gentry have their rights, since this has been the custom too. If no places can be kept in an English theatre after the first act, why should they be kept in the Opera pit? We hope the question will be tried in the plainest way, on the very first night of the season.

But we turn to a more congenial subject; those works of genius, in which we defy competition; those brilliant compounds of wit, scenery, magic, and jumping, which enchant all ages alike, which give the nursery the first taste of the raptures of life, the mature the full fruition, and the ancient the bright retrospect of the days when they were young, when the prospect of Christmas holidays brightened half the year; when the spirit of man was not flattened between the pressure of the times, and the march of intellect; when Jack the Giant-killer was an original hero, and Mother Goose a greater wonder-worker than Pope Joan with her seventy cardinals at her back, and her sceptre in her hand.

The pantomime at DRURY LANE, is entitled "The Queen Bee, or Harlequin and the Fairy Hive." The Honeycomb Palace is discovered with its swarms of Lady Bees, whose dances are interrupted by a complaint against a Drone for idleness and disorderly conduct. The Drone is summoned before her stinging majesty and sentenced to be "*transported* to roam the flowers of *Botany*." No sooner is he drummed out in form, than "a golden radiance in the sky," proclaims some celestial visitor; and Fortune, in her splendid temple, appears. She tells the queen she comes to complain of Harlequin, who has grown so fat from "drinking double X, to double excess," that he is utterly incapable of his regular Christmas duty. The Queen says she knows the disgraceful cause; it is owing to his having been idle nearly a year; and she sends Rose Rifle, one of her attendants, to "lie ambush'd in some rose's cup," till summoned to execute her commands on the delinquent. The country house of old Harlequin is now displayed. He out-Falstaff's Falstaff in obesity. He has a valet as monstrous as himself; and a son whom he discountenances from a double jealousy of his agility, and of the interest taken in him by a young female, the village schoolmistress, to whose hand the old gentleman, being a widower, aspires. She refuses the lover, who is about to vent his rage on her, when the fairy, Rose Rifle, interposes. She bids her be of good cheer; directs her to aid young Harlequin in getting possession of the charmed sword, which his father, out of malice and avarice detains from him, locked useless in a box. The youthful couple get into the chamber of the "ton of flesh," and obtain the box; but the house is alarmed: when Fortune and the Queen Bee come in together, delegate the power to the son—to whom, of course, Margery is Columbine—and the pursuit begins.

The rival wonder at COVENT GARDEN, is "Little Red Riding Hood, or The Wizard and the Wolf." The story passes on the banks of the Seine, near Rouen. It begins with a tremendous Freischutz sort of scene, in which the Wizard of the Dell appears, awaiting the manufacture of a charmed girdle, which is managed after the manner of the charmed balls of Caspar. Strange birds and reptiles caper about, and at length a gigantic spirit rises with the girdle completed, and gives it to the Wizard of the Dell, telling him three shall possess it, but it shall afterwards revert to him. The Wizard is in great glee at this, and splutters about the Fairy of the Rosy Bower, and intimates that he now means to "feed the ancient grudge he bears her." The Wizard of the Dell has a son, who, by the power of the fairy, was deformed at his

birth. Humpo, this son, appears: and to do the fairy justice, she certainly succeeded in producing a sufficiently hideous gentleman. Humpo now discloses a greater calamity under which he has fallen, than even his distortion: he is in love! There is a little rural beauty, who has bewitched all the neighbourhood; lawyer, curate, and miller, are all enamoured of her, and Humpo has fallen under the general fascination, and shares in the general despair. Rose d'Amour, for such is the name her loveliness has brought upon her, has chosen secretly for herself, and cares for none of them. The miller's son, young Colin, is the man—and, of course, Colin is not in the most enviable position. But the Wizard of the Dell encourages his boy to look for a triumph. By the magic girdle, he changes Humpo into a Wolf, and bids him watch Rose d'Amour. The Wolf seizes her, and she screams. Colin and the Miller, and all the parties interested, rush on to her rescue. A struggle follows; the Wizard comes to the aid of his son. The Fairy changes Colin and Rose, to Harlequin and Columbine; and the Miller and Grandmother, to Pantaloon and Clown. The Wizard charges his son to bring Harlequin's sword to the "ivy tower;" the Fairy bids Harlequin bring the magic girdle to her "rosy bower." Rose d'Amour is to be the reward of whoever succeeds. The pursuit then begins, and, of course, ends in the loss of the girdle, and Harlequin's triumph.

The pantomime at the SURREY THEATRE, is "The Golden Goose, or Harlequin and the Goblin of the Mine;" "founded on the popular legend Die Goldene Gans, in the *Kinder und Haus Marchen* of M. M. Grimm." Carl Von Brandencoken, a charcoal burner, has three sons; the youngest, Dolph, is a sort of male Cinderella, loaded with all the work of the family. The retreat of the charcoal burners is in the Crimson Mountains, at Alterbourg, which is also the scite of the Lake of the Silver Swans, where Sunbeam, the Genius of Light, has her domicile. The piece opens with a view of this romantic region of firelight and moonlight, where Dolph has been set to tend a pile of burning charcoal. His father, and his two brothers, Rip and Klaus, are comfortably asleep on a bed of leaves and skins. Dolph, weary of long watching, falls asleep, also, at his post. Sunbeam appears on the bosom of the lake, and the silver swans lift their heads and exult. He is the guardian genius of the Princess Una, the daughter of Maximilian the Sixth, Emperor of Oriana, the kingdom of the Gold Mines. Maximilian had incensed Swartz, the malignant Goblin of the Gold Mines, by drawing, with too unceremonious a liberality, upon his treasures; and Swartz, in revenge, has cast a spell upon the Princess Una—has plunged her into a melancholy, which there is but one hope of overcoming—and that is, by getting possession of "a wonderous talisman, a golden goose," which is "deep buried in Swartz's dwelling;" an achievement to be accomplished only by a tender, virtuous, and courageous, youth! "Here are three young men," adds Sunbeam, "let me try what I can make of them." A mantle descends upon Sunbeam, and gives him the appearance of a decrepit old man. Carl and his two favourite sons awake, and discover Dolph sleeping. He is ungently roused up and ordered to get breakfast, which the others eat, giving him the fragments. Carl and Klaus begin to replenish the charcoal piles with logs, Sunbeam steals forward and implores charity of Rip, is spurned away, and goes out threatening vengeance, which is speedily executed, for when Rip casts a log upon the pile, a flash darts out from it and burns his face. Sunbeam, asking arms of Klaus, is alike repelled, which is requited by the same punishment, and Klaus is also taken out by his father, greatly astonished at this double accident, to the doctor. Sunbeam now tries the sensibility of Dolph, the youngest son. Dolph tells the old man his store is scanty, but such as it is, he is welcome to it. Sunbeam replies that he has long sought a heart like his, and having found it, will give it the reward it merits. Sunbeam discloses himself in all his glory, and tells Dolph he is destined "to win a throne and wife." He bids him seek the Golden Goose in the

haunted Gold Mine; and to haste with it to Maximilian's court, there to disenchant the Princess Una, and gain her hand. To provide him with a guide and aid, Sunbeam strikes a pile of charcoal, out of which tumbles Nip, who is instructed by Sunbeam in his duty, and presented with "a fam'd almagest of wond'rous power." Dolph receives the miniature of Una, with whose beauty he is enraptured. We at last see the outer cavern of the haunted Gold Mine, its guardian demon is fighting with a serpent, when Nip leads in Dolph, who, stimulated by a look at the miniature, proceeds. All sorts of shadows and "chimeras dire," vanish at the almagest of Nip. Presently Swartz, the "Goblin of the Gold Mines and Incubus of the Golden Goose," is seen in "the magic cavern of the Golden Goose." He calls his goblin spies, Firedamp, Mouldwarp, Dross and Zink, and the Blue Devils, and tells them, "by the pricking of his thumbs," he knows there's something wicked in the wind. They all peep about, but, by the magic of Nip's almagest, are eluded and depart. Dolph and Nip, after many skirmishes with the imps, succeed in finding the goose. They go to a tavern to rest themselves. The fame of their achievement, and the value of their acquisition, has got abroad. Dolph falls asleep at the table with the goose under his arm, and the landlord and his family steal thither in the dark to get possession of it: but ignorant of its quality of making people adhere together on touching it, each is bound to the other; they shriek and alarm Dolph, who recovers the talisman and departs, leaving the party vainly endeavouring to disentangle themselves. The court of the Empero Maximilian is next discovered. Every dress and every article of furniture has been contrived with the view of exciting merriment. A proclamation is exhibited, promising that he who shall first succeed in making the princess laugh, shall have her hand and her father's crown. The princess appears, wrapped in the most immoveable gloom. Various officers of state cut antics before her, but it will not do. A baron of the court presents himself, in full confidence of obtaining the prize. He, with the rest, makes himself ridiculous to no purpose, and is greatly annoyed at the failure. Intelligence is brought of the arrival of a person unquestionably possessing power to revolutionize the lady's muscles. Officers of the court are dispatched in quest of him. Dolph enters, followed by the messengers, all sticking together. Stumbling, in their attempts to get apart, against the king and his ministers, the whole court is suddenly entangled so absurdly, that the princess can resist no longer, and bursts into an immoderate fit of laughter. The charm having wrought its effect, Dolph releases the groupes, and demands his recompence. The disappointed baron asks the king if he can disgrace himself by receiving a poulterer's boy as his son-in-law, and bids Dolph begone, as the proclamation was a jest. The king sides with the baron, and orders his guards to seize Dolph. Una pleads for him, and the youth keeps them at bay with the goose, till Swartz rising out of the earth, tells the king that falsehood has renewed the spell upon his daughter, and restored the goose, which Swartz now seizes. Nip waves his talismanic wand, and Sunbeam appears, and defies Swartz, and to show that mirth shall not forsake either the princess or the youth, they are transformed into Harlequin and Columbine, and attended by the faithful Nip as Pierrot; while to punish the king and baron for their folly, she turns them into Clown and Pantaloon. Swartz then flies off, declaring that, do their best, Harlequin shall never be united with Columbine, till, from the "depths of night," he regains the Golden Goose; and here the harlequinade commences; at the close of which, Swartz appears with the Golden Goose in the realms of fog. Signs and omens have warned him that his prize is in peril, and he invokes the mists to hide him from pursuit. The wand of Harlequin, and the talisman of Pierrot, combined, enable them to intercept Swartz and seize the Goose. This done, Sunbeam dispels the clouds, Swartz owns himself vanquished, and the loving couple are happy.

The fourth of these Christmas novelties, that at the COBURG, is "invented

and produced" by Mr. T. Dibdin. It is entitled, "Harlequin and Jack the Giant-killer, or the Golden Castle." Gaffer and Gammer Goodenough, the father and mother of Jack, are discovered in their cottage, counting the chimes of the village clock. It is getting late. They are in great distress about the absence of their boy; but a voice bids them be of good cheer; and when they ask, why? a cuckoo from the top of a clock, in the corner, sings, "Because a fairy will return him safe and well before midnight." But at this moment, thunder increases their alarm. They talk of three giants that are abroad, and more to be dreaded than even the storm. One of these giants, Galligantus, has an establishment in the neighbourhood, "The Golden Castle," and is a monster of peculiar terror. In a facetious song, perfectly *à la Dibdin*, which is given in the course of the piece, he is said to be so tall, that, when at church, he hangs his hat upon the steeple: that he makes the Monument his walking-stick; and once stepped over Waterloo Bridge, to save the toll: that his face is so broad, that when one eye is at Drury Lane the other is at Vauxhall: that, being locked out one night, he put his hand down the chimney and opened the street door: that, although he looks like a *Hy-man*, yet he was once unfortunate in a hymeneal attempt; and, on that melancholy occasion, with a couple of his gentlest sighs, "he drove two vessels out to sea, and sent one plump ashore!"

Of the more rational novelties, Drury Lane has produced a tragedy, since Christmas, and Covent Garden an opera. Both have been successful,

The tragedy at Drury Lane appeared on Monday, January 12. It turns on the subjugation of Wales by our first Edward.

There is considerable intricacy and interest in this plot; but the excess of intricacy is its fault. The language is smooth; but the style does not vary with the speakers. Mr. Walker, however, may be satisfied. Nothing could have been more warmly applauded; and for the applause of the million it seems to have been written. Still, mere plot seldom carries a play over a season. Even those who are most strongly wrought upon by striking adventures, care little for them after they once knew their end. Who reads a circulating library novel twice? It is only when blended with striking and obvious character, that interest has a sterling and enduring value. Young performed Caswallon. He was powerful, and always full of meaning. May we venture to suggest, that the enunciation of Miss Phillips would be much the better, if she would get rid of an awkward habit of dwelling on the letter *s*, especially at the end of sentences? Her *Eva* was often picturesque, sometimes touching, and never unattractive.

The opera at Covent Garden was produced on Thursday, January 16, "The Nymph of the Grotto, or, The Daughter's Vow." It was much applauded. Madame Vestris, Fawcett, Miss Jarman, Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Chatterly, Mr. Wood, Mr. Bartley, and Miss Cawse, were all in it, and all did their best, with such opportunities as were given them. A Mr. Stansbury made his first appearance in it at this theatre. He was encouragingly received. If his powers were as high as his shoulders, he would make Braham tremble. Madame Vestris sang delightfully. Two songs by Wood, are the best—one, on "Time," is likely to become popular. The music of the piece is the joint work of Liverati and Lee,—this song, of "Time," belongs to Lee's share. The dialogue is generally ostentatious; and even Fawcett is made to talk in long and lofty sentences.

Mr. Dimond takes to himself the praise of exclusive originality in his story. "It is," says he, "neither a translation, nor an adaptation from the stock of any foreign stage." But he is mistaken in fancying this confusion of the sexes entirely his own. With the recent story of the female husband, whose wife, a new wonder of "woman's love," puts patient Grizzle out of countenance, the possibility of long concealments of this sort ceases to be questionable. But such an incident has been used more than once upon the stage; ay, and in the "stock" of *more than one* "foreign stage," too, in the same way in

which Mr. Dimond has employed it. The papers have pointed out the story in an old collection of French *nouvelles*, as well known to the French, as patient Grizzle is to us: the name of the heroine, while she appears as a man, being Agenor D'Agen,—afterwards, Leonor. But did Mr. Dimond never read Moliere? There is a play of Moliere's, from which many English writers, of the days gone by, have pilfered. Dryden, for instance, in his "Mock Astrologer;" Ravenscroft, in his "Wrangling Lovers;" and Vanbrugh, in his "Mistake;"—we allude to the "*Dépit Amoureux*." To this play we think we can show that Mr. Dimond's *unborrowed* plot is to be traced. Our stock farce of "Like Master like Man," is the underplot of Vanbrugh's modification of the same original. Moliere, it is said, took it in his turn from a Spanish romance, called "Deceptio Vissus," or "Seeing and Believing are Two Things;" which some romance afforded Corneille the ground-work of his "Engagemens du Hasard;" but it is more probable that he owed it to the ancient Italian piece "La Creduta Maschia," or "The Daughter believed to be a Son," which contains all the leading events of Moliere's fable. A French enthusiast for Moliere, Monsieur Cailhava, was so particularly struck with the beauty of this very play, that, finding it mutilated by the players till it had entirely lost its first form, he took infinite pains to re-establish it in five acts. Discovering a copy of the Italian piece, he concocted a five act arrangement of the story from that and from Moliere.

The *personal* theatrical history of the month is brief. Young Kean *re*-appeared rather creditably at Drury Lane, and old Kean *dis*-appeared rather discreditably from Covent Garden. He was to have acted Richard II., but in his dressing-room was taken *ill*, and was thence taken home. No manager being in the house, Mr. Warde called a council of safety, and told the audience the calamity, and begged for time to collect performers for the Beggar's Opera, which did not begin till after eight, when Fawcett took advantage of the first disapprobation to come forward in *déshabille*, profess his devotedness, explain his absence, and state that he "*supposed* Mr. Kean was ill," in a way which, an epigrammatist says, plainly "meant that no one else should suppose it." The papers have taken up the matter, and nettles have been thrown about, which may sting Mr. Kean when he comes again to Covent Garden. At the Surrey, old Elliston has shewn himself again; and, though he looks wrinkled, plays as well as ever. Young Elliston has appeared there, but with nothing of the father but the name. Stansbury's *entrée* at Covent Garden we have already noticed. Jack Johnstone's exit from the world occurred on the 26th of December. To the great surprise of many, who had venerated him as a man worth fifty thousand pounds, he has left but twelve thousand: about one thousand in legacies, and the rest closely tied up for the children of his daughter.

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## DANCING.

I NEVER to a ball will go,  
 That poor pretence for prancing,  
 Where Jenkins dislocates a toe,  
 And Tomkins *thinks* he's dancing :  
 And most I execrate that ball,  
 Of balls the most atrocious,  
 Held yearly in old Magog's hall,  
 The feasting and ferocious.

I execrate the mob, the squeeze,  
 The rough refreshment-scramble ;  
 The dancers, keeping time with knees  
 That knock as down they amble ;  
 Between two lines of bankers' clerks,  
 Stared at by two of loobies—  
 All mighty fine for city sparks,  
 But all and each one boobies:—

Boobies with heads like poodle dogs,  
 With curls like clew-lines dangling ;  
 With limbs like galvanizing frogs,  
 And necks stiff-starched and strangling ;  
 With pigeon-breasts and pigeon-wings,  
 And waists like wasps and spiders ;  
 With whiskers like Macready's kings',  
 Mustachios like El Hyder's.

Miss Jones, the Moorfields milliner,  
 With Toilinet, the draper,  
 May waltz—for none are *willinger*  
 To cut cloth or a caper:—  
 Miss Moses of the Minories,  
 With Mr. Wicks of Wapping,  
 May love such light tracasseries,  
 Such shuffle-shoe and hopping:—

Miss Hicks, the belle of Holywell,  
 And pride of Norton Falgate,  
 In waltzing may the world excel,  
 Except Miss Hicks of Aldgate.  
 Well, let them—'tis their nature—twirl,  
 And Smiths adore their twirlings,  
 Which kill with envy every girl  
 That fingers lace at Urling's.

I laugh while I lament to see  
 A fellow, made to measure  
 'Gainst grenadiers of six feet three,  
 " Die down the dance" with pleasure.  
 I laugh to see a man with thews  
 His way through Misses picking,  
 Like pig with tender pettitoes,  
 Or chicken-hearted chicken ;

A tom-cat shod with walnut-shells,  
 A pony race in pattens,  
 A waggon-horse tricked out with bells,  
 A sow in silks and satins,  
 A butcher's hair *en papillote*,  
 And lounging Piccadilly,  
 A clown in an embroidered coat,  
 Are not more *gauche* and silly.

Let atoms take their dusty dance,  
 But men are not corpuscles ;  
 An Englishman's not made in France,  
 Nor wire and buckram muscles.  
 The manly leap, the breathing race,  
 The wrestle, or old cricket,  
 Give to the limbs a native grace—  
 So, here's for double-wicket.

Leave dancing to the women, Men—  
 In them it is becoming :—  
 I never tire to see them, when  
 Joe Hart his fiddle's strumming,  
 Or Colinet and mild Musard  
 Have set their hearts quadrilling ;—  
 Then be each nymph a gay Brocard,  
 And every woman killing.

I love to see the pretty dears  
 Go lightly caracolling,  
 And drinking love at eyes and ears,  
 With every look their soul in !  
 I like to watch the swan-like grace  
 They shew in minuetting ;  
 It hits one's bosom's tenderest place,  
 To see them pirouetting :

But when a measurer of tape  
 Turns butterfly and dandy,  
 Assumes their grace, their air, their shape,  
 I wish a pump were handy !—  
 I never to such balls will go,  
 Those poor pretexts for prancing ;  
 Where Jenkins dislocates his toe,  
 And Tomkins *thinks* he's dancing.

ILLUSTROR.

## NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

THE Marquis of Anglesey has at length, to the general gratification of the empire, been exported from Ireland. How much better and more congenially would this gallant hussar have been employed in smoothing his own mustachios, or docking his horse-tails, for the last six months. He had begun to make the discovery in the course of the first week, and but for the visits to his stud, and an occasional frolic at the neighbouring fairs, would have perished of ennui, like any of his brother hussars exiled from the perpetual paradise of St. James's. His chagrins rapidly thickened on him; for the gentlemen of Ireland quietly shrank from his levees, while the mob orators thronged his halls. He gave claret and quadrilles to a set of bog-trotters, who swallowed his hospitality by the hundred, and did him, in grateful return, the honour of begging every thing, from a gaugership up to a peerage. As to the Irish ladies, his Excellency took a sure way of ascertaining their sentiments. He brought over his wife; and the Irish ladies, for what reason that wife may best know, whether vanity, hurt by her superior attractions, physical and moral, or some of those odd prejudices which mothers inculcate in their children, took wing, and left the Marchioness to the solitary exercise of her virtues. Here we drop the subject, with no attempt to explain. Female caprices are problems with which we have no idea of meddling. But the Marquis began, for the whole, to discover that Ireland was as unfit for his wisdom, as unlucky for his popularity. A pair of his best beloved magistrates and liberators were kicked out, green ribbons, medals, and all. His tenderness for their little error in abusing the constituted authorities, and soldiery, became the subject of an opinion from headquarters, which was enough to have ruffled the sensibilities of any hussar that ever wore ringlets. His Excellency was not a man to take a buffet of this kind tranquilly; and, in a moment of indignant heroism, he entered into a correspondence with that very notorious printer and publisher of MSS., Dr. Curtis. It was once said by Socrates, that the sword and the pen were equally dangerous; the sword in the hands of a brave man, and the pen in those of a fool. He might have added, that if the sword of the former generally cuts up his enemy, the pen of the latter universally performs the same office on himself. The Marquis wrote his wrath in the strain of the following extract, which we give from a popular paper:—

“ I tell you, in defiance of the Duke of Wellington, that you ought not even to appear to bury your grievances; for if you did, a base advantage would be taken of it by your persecutors, who would represent it as the consequence of a *panic with which they by their threats and violence had inspired you*—and by proclaiming that *if the government at once had peremptorily decided against concession, the Catholics would cease to agitate, all the miseries of Ireland will be to be re-acted!*”—*Times*.

A version not quite so vividly expressed has been since suggested; but the meaning is not diluted by a single drop of water to its gall.

We now give a fragment of the Marquis's mind, delivered but a little more than twelve months before this manifesto—being an extract from his speech on the popish question, May 17, 1825.

“ Emancipation is *not* the object of the Catholics. They now *evidently* look forward to *Catholic ascendancy*. Every concession that has been made to the Catholics has been followed by *increased restlessness and irritation*.



“ The conduct of that body, and the language which they adopt, are such as to shew that emancipation alone will *not satisfy them*; and that they will be content with *nothing short of Catholic ascendancy*.

“ Now if it must be a trial of strength between the Catholic and the Protestant interest—and something like this is implied in the intemperate language of the Association, when they talk of six millions of men that can be repressed only by force—if it must be a struggle, I think that the present time, and the present position, *are the best that can be chosen to bring the matter to issue.*”

Thus, on the 17th of May, 1825, his Lordship's opinion was, that war should be made upon the papists, with horse and foot, sword and gun; and that the six millions should have the matter brought to issue in the fair field. If his words do not mean this, we cannot, under Heaven, conceive that they have any meaning whatever. In the month of December, 1829, his Lordship writes his dispatch to the six millions to the foregoing effect. Has his Lordship changed his mind? We do not believe a syllable of it. The six millions are just as much alive, their claims are more exorbitant, and their orators more open-mouthed than ever. Has the simple act of eating his *cotelette* at the Irish side of the Channel given him new knowledge of Ireland? Let those suppose it who will. But Ireland is as well known in the club-houses of St. James's, as in the Castle of Dublin. We leave his Lordship to reconcile his opinions; and think whether Philip drunk, or Philip sober, was the better hussar, to ask pardon at the next horse-guards levee.

Those who wish to fathom the depths of this miserable intrigue, we refer to that masterly detector of pro-popery knavery and folly, the *Standard*; a journal which almost redeems the character of the newspaper press, by the spirit of its style, and the accuracy of its information; and still more, by the steady honour and soundness of its principles.

Stephenson the banker's flight, after having given the idlers something to talk of in the icy interval before the meeting of Parliament—after buoying up the spirits of the Bow-street officers with the hope of the 1,000*l.* reward—and after erecting even Sir Richard Birnie into something of public importance—has given birth to the curious metaphysical question: “ Whether a banker ought to live like a gentleman?”

One of our clever contemporaries goes through the problem, as he would go through a speech of Lord John Russel's, or any other Whig lauding popular election and returned for a close borough, the *élite* of Opposition, the proud and independent representative of my lord's bailiff and barber. He dashes the difficulty to the right and left, and pronounces boldly that there is no earthly reason why bankers should not live like gentlemen. To this we fully agree, with only the proviso—if they honestly can. And this proviso includes the whole question. If a money-dealer is rich enough to live showily, there is no law to make him live otherwise; and, if there were, it would have no more effect than a law against poaching. However, this notion of bankers living like gentlemen, seems to be urged a little too far, when it means that bankers should live like peers—nay, like princes. The first operation of a banker of the present day is what was the last of a banker of the past day. A magnificent establishment—a couple of town houses, acknowledged—probably as many more to which he does not allow the

honour of his name, but which are not the less costly—a succession of dinners in town, a couple of routs a week for his wife's visitors, and a couple of months' round of "particular friends" at his villa in the shooting season, with a subscription to the nearest hounds, if he does not keep a pack of his own—are the earliest furnishing of a modern banker. To this there are, of course, exceptions. But the race of the Fauntleroy is not yet extinct; and those gentlemen of Grecian villas, and various establishments, are still a tolerably numerous body. In all this it is to be recollected, that they are figuring on the property of others, and that, in nine instances out of ten, they are figuring beyond it, and rich in a capital in the clouds.

This fact is so well known, that the principle has actually been stated, and not by Mr. MacCulloch, but by persons supposed to be men of sense, that a banker cannot be expected to confine his speculations to his *bonâ fide* means. The consequence is, that, on the first attempt at the resumption of the property deposited with him, the showy personage breaks down—takes the first skiff for France or America—or heroically comes forward to stand the brunt of the Commission Court, and offer his creditors, in return for their confidence, sixpence in the pound. How widely this ruin must extend—what pittances of widows and children, old persons and struggling families, are swallowed up in this wreck—every man can conjecture; and it is the villas and the hounds, the palace at the west end, and the twelve horses in the stable, that have done this. For the trade of banking is a good one; its expenditure is the slightest, and its profit the most secure, ready, and undiminished in the return, of any trade. It is the rage for living like nobles, the emulation of the shew of high life, the presumed necessity of keeping up to the established rank of "bankers," that precipitates the ruin.

Another result of these fine conceptions, is negligence in their shops. The villa-keeping gentleman, loaded with the delightful employments of his west-end and rural existence, visits his bank merely as a novelty—a pleasant half-hour's *délassement*—and thus come the clerks into play. These gentlemen also see too much of the glory of the banking life, not to feel their fingers a little excited towards the means in their possession. They have their villas too, their cabriolets, and perhaps their curricles; they falsify their accounts, and when they have got all that they can conveniently carry away, they carry it away. The senior partner has been at his villa, entertaining a duke during the pheasant season; the second has been canvassing a knot of Scotch burghs; the junior partner, who had been left to wield the sceptre, and who knows no more of business than his worthy seniors care for it, finding his time heavy on his hands in the compting-house, has gone for a week to Brighton, or has kept an appointment at Bath, or has a bet on the St. Leger, and likes to see how matters are going on at the course. As no man can be in two places at once, his presence is not likely to disarrange his clerk's plans, who, finding the coast clear, puts fifty thousand pounds in his pocket, puts on his hat, and drives to Dover in a chaise and four, leaving the partners the pleasure of being very much surprised, of returning to town by express, and of discovering, to their infinite astonishment, that their fugitive clerk had been cheating them to their teeth for the last ten years.

Now a vast deal of this foolery would be avoided, if the banker-generation did not think it incumbent on them to figure as first-rate person-

ages. Rowland Stephenson would probably have never found the necessity of robbing his creditors, if he had not found that an Opera-box, a country-seat, and a dozen *dilettanti* dinners a year, were a regular part of the accomplishments of a banker. Fauntleroy would not have felt the necessity of being hanged, but for the discovery of similar necessities; and three-fourths of the bankruptcies, that make half a million of pounds not worth half a million of farthings, and wrap thousands of the industrious and honest in the ruin of a single shewy firm, would never startle commerce "from its propriety."

As to the general point—why they should be considered so peculiarly gentlemen—we should first be told what there is so peculiarly constituting the character, in the mere act of trafficking paper against gold, of keeping other men's accounts, or of dealing professionally in the sale of stock. The fact is, that the mere trade of banking has no more to do with gentlemanhood than the mere trade of scrivening, or book-keeping, or any other vulgar and mechanical occupation of the pen. If the bankers are men of education and good-breeding, their claims must be acknowledged, but not on the strength of their firms. Let scholarship, personal accomplishment, high-bred manners, or active ability, give a title to general consideration in society; but let us disdain to accept the supremacy of the purse as the title to respect. It is the glory of England that there is no aristocracy of talent, and that every man of mental attainment may establish his right to public attention. But the mere fact of making money by the most common-place and mindless method of accumulation, should establish no title to any rank beyond that of a money-dealer.

But, if they are to figure at all, let them figure in the way of their trade. Let the English banker be like the foreign one, and he may become as public a character as his strongest passion for publicity can desire, without leaving his credit to the fingering of underlings. Every traveller on the Continent has felt the advantage of the hospitality, protection, and valuable introductions of which the great bankers are the direct instruments. The foreign banker opens his house, at intervals, for the general meeting of his correspondents with the principal persons of importance in the place; and thus not merely serves them in the general purposes of his trade, but greatly adds to the personal gratification and convenience which induce the resort of strangers. The Lafittes and Torlonias of the Continent do more in a year for the promotion of good society, by their occasional *soirées*, than the whole race of the London bankers for a century. What foreign tourist, coming to this country, ever knows more than his banker's counter? The stranger finds no place where he may reckon on a reception, as abroad. While the superb English banker is aping the habits of the superb English lord, and exceeding the expenditure of the superb English prince, his correspondent knows no more of his house than that it is the largest in some patrician square—or of his hospitality, than that the newspapers mention his having had half the Cabinet to dinner. Let our bankers attend to their ledgers, if they will not be cheated and ruin their customers; and, if they will solicit public importance, let them do it in the way of their business, by exercising fair English hospitality to their correspondents at home and abroad, and being as little like dukes, and as much like honest tradesmen, as their fathers were.

*The Duke of Wellington.*—WE had all along relied upon the manly views of the Minister, and laughed to scorn the attempts of the popish journalists to intimidate the public by hints, promises, and oaths, that the Duke was a friend of the faction. His letter to Dr. Curtis has, we presume, settled the doubt tolerably. But let those who offered such an insult to his common-sense and constitutional knowledge, refresh their memories by reading the subjoined authentic record of his opinions, extracted from a revised report (revised, we have reason to know, by the Duke of Wellington himself) of the speech delivered by his Grace on the debate of the Catholic Question in the House of Lords.—[It differs materially from the report which appeared in the newspapers at the time]—

“The question is one merely of expediency; and I ground my opposition not on any doctrinal points, but on the *church government* of the Roman Catholics. My Lords, I do not intend, on the present occasion, entering into any detail, because I do not wish to say anything invidious, or which might hurt the feelings of any man; but I must nevertheless observe, that nobody can have looked at the transactions in Ireland for the last 150 years, without at the same time seeing that the Roman Catholic Church has acted on the *principle of combination*; that this *combination* has been the instrument by which all the evil that has been done, has been effected; and that to this cause the state of things in Ireland is to be attributed. My Lords, the Noble Marquess has talked of the aristocracy being powerless, and of the people being powerful, but under the influence of their priests and demagogues; and he has attributed this state of things to the state of the law, rather than to the combination to which I have referred. I do not think that the state of the law can account for this state of things; the *combination* to which I have referred *certainly will*. We are then told—be the cause of the evil what it may—that Catholic Emancipation is the remedy. My Lords, I am afraid that if, in addition to Catholic Emancipation, we were to give up to the Roman Catholics in Ireland, the Church Establishments in Ireland, we should *not have found a remedy for the evil produced by this combination*, unless we could find the means of connecting the Roman Catholic Church with the Government of the country. But, my Lords, we are told, that there are securities. I am willing to admit, my Lords, that from the moment this question was first launched in this country—from the time of the Union to the present day—those who agitated it in Parliament have always stated, that *securities ought to be required*. It is also perfectly true, that the Right Honourable Gentleman under whose auspices the Union was brought about (Mr. Pitt), and who supported this question, stated, in the very letter alluded to by the Noble and Learned Lord (Lord Plunket), and I believe also in Parliament, that provision must be made to secure the State, including, of course, the Church of England, as established by law, its rights, privileges, and churches; its union with the state; the King’s supremacy, and the denial of the claim of any other person whatever to any power or authority within this realm. But I likewise know that that Right Honourable Gentleman never stated in the cabinet, or elsewhere, what in his opinion, ought to be *the nature of those securities*. I have talked with those who were very intimately acquainted with that Right Honourable Gentleman, and who have held frequent conversations with him on that subject, and I have never yet been able to hear *what securities* they were that he had in contemplation.

“I beg leave to remind the Noble Marquess, and the Noble and Learned Lord on the cross-bench (Lord Plunket), of a fact which they *cannot deny*, that the Catholics themselves have *all along objected to all securities*. But the Noble and Learned Lord tells us that we ought not to attend to what we hear in Ireland on this subject. Now, though he may know that this is the case, I do not see how we, in this country, and in this house, are to get at this knowledge; or, indeed, how the people of England are to become acquainted with it. These

things may be known to the Noble and Learned Lord, but I do not see what we can do but *believe what we hear*; and he cannot, therefore, be surprised that we, who *feel strongly* on this subject, should wish to *feel secure as to the safety of the Church and State* before we venture to proceed on such an *experiment as this*. My Lords, I am very much afraid that the Roman Catholic religion, in its natural state, *is not very favourable to civil government* in any part of Europe; and I must beg your Lordships to observe, that in all the countries of Europe, the Sovereigns have, at different periods, found it necessary, as has been stated by my Noble and Learned Friend (Lord Colchester) on the cross bench to-night, to CALL UPON THE POPE TO ASSIST THEM IN THE GOVERNMENT OF THEIR PEOPLE."

The first art in the art of writing is to know how to choose a subject. There are men, and clever ones too, who, with the tide of pence and publication before them, have suffered their voyage to run into flats and shallows, till they were stranded in that Godwin Sands of genius, the King's Bench, through the simple want of knowing how to catch a taking topic. Memoirs on the longitude; histories of the Royal Society; treatises on moral philosophy; annals of the Revolution of 1688, and of all other revolutions; mathematical memoranda; lives of philosophers, patriots, and heroes; voyages round the world; and discoveries from pole to pole—are fatal. They die of the yearly distemper that loads the Paternoster Row cemetery with such mortality of quarto. No man reads their epitaph; and their authors, growling at the degeneracy of the age, sink into the tomb with their own labours, calling all the surviving world, to their last breath, Goths and Vandals.

Yet, from time to time, the misery of an injudicious choice may be palliated by the address of the chooser. We have known a mathematical folio come to some favour, notwithstanding its horrid perversion of the arts of printing and engraving, by containing a "demonstration of squaring the circle," by giving, in perches, the height of a mountain in the moon, or by the infallible proof that the sun was only a gazometer on a considerable scale. Memoirs of great men may be made popular by memoirs of the great men's wives, and of the little men that licked the dust off the great men's shoes; voyages to the pole may find a charm in the loves of those bear-skin and blubber beauties, the Esquimaux; and histories of the French war, or even of that most horribly hackneyed portion of it, the peninsular campaigns, may be made swallowable by a little radicalism, and a sly hit now and then, tending to prove that the Duke, on certain occasions, did not know his right hand from his left, and, at the best of times, saw no farther than his own Roman nose. The only unequivocally and irrecoverably destined to extinction are all treatises on modern divinity, proceeding from either of the universities, and there, *κατ' ἐξοχην*, if proceeding from the divinity professors. The letters S. T. P. are never failing on the occasion of oblivion; they are the brand on the offender's forehead, which saves all the trouble of the judge on any future appearance in the dock. A man would as soon buy a gown and cassock from Gibraltar as clothe his literary loins in this article stamped, with death in every plait. Such is the inevitable law of lecturing on a port and pudding regimen, with "prodigious prospects" in reversion! We say no more—the tale is melancholy, moving, and true; and let the race of "compilers," however buzz-wigged and bulky—the gatherers of other men's stuff; with the addition of all the stuff that they can fabricate of their own—look to the solution of the problem.

But let us turn from the church-yard to the mart—the crowded, gay, and living promenade of the saleable.

Novels are well received in this shewy receptacle of all animated things ; but there are distinctions. The historic novel is at a formidable discount. Like an old belle of ton, it has walked the world so long that no one cares how soon it walks out of it. Like the Duchess of ———, it has rank, but not fashion ; its figure has a touch of the grandmother more than borrowed from its costume ; and we unanimously wish it out of the troubles of this life as soon as possible.

The novel of Character is likely enough to follow this venerable maiden—but not in decrepitude, but in disdain. It finds dandyism the rage, and it leaves the ladies to find out what charm their happy fancies can, in honey-water wigs, kid gloves, Caoutchouc slippers, a cheek tipped with carmine, and a tongue lipping alternately the language of the *boudoir* and the Newgate Calendar.

Medical books are good.—“*Cum grano* ;” that is, “good for the writer, bad for the reader.” We have known a peer and foot-ball player of the first rank of calcitration, read himself into an irresistible belief that every toe in his machinery was only an elongation of a foot of pure chalk ; and a country squire, of the usual squiralty faculties—a *helluo* of beef and mutton—a feeder before whom a turkey and chine vanished, as if they had suddenly resumed their original legs and wings—a three course and three bottle man—demonstrably convinced, by a week’s study of the “Art of prolonging Life,” that he had not another week to live—that he had no more digestion than a dormouse—that his lungs were cobwebs, the coats of his stomach isinglass, and his liver and spleen nonentities. Medical books are good for the faculty, who thus play the double card of making pages and patients together. But of these the very best are the treatises on the “digestive functions.” These are the things that come home to the heart and bosom after all. What are the West Indian Question, or the Greek Loan, to a man who cannot eat a three hours’ dinner without being called to account for it by a nightmare? What is it to the martyr in the cause of taste whether the Russians pull off the Turks’ caps, or the Turks pull off the Russians’ beards, if every moment of table-delight is to be darkened into an age of suffering in bed—if every slice of venison is to rise up in vengeance in the shape of a fiery scymitar in the hand of a bottle of champagne, transformed into a giant breathing red-hot coals—if his three gentle bottles of Carbonel’s best are to pursue him over hill and heath, like another Orestes, in full chace before the three Furies—or a perigord-pie open, at its delicate incision, a perpetually-expanding bird’s-eye view of the bottomless pit?

The world has often heard the inquiries for a new pleasure, and for the philosopher’s-stone. They would be both revealed in the book that could teach an additional faculty of reception to the stomach, without the penalty of dying of our supper. But for the fear of apoplexy, the life of an alderman would be as happy as the life of a hog. The writer who could give us the indulgence of eating two dinners where we now dare eat but one, would cheer innumerable bosoms distended with more than sighs, might raise for himself a statue of diamond on a pyramid of gold, and, when he died, leave the residue of his professional profits to pay the national debt, build a bridge from Calais to Dover, cut through the Isthmus of Darien, and even satisfy the Scotch peerage.

On the strength of a mere approximation to this sublime discovery, Dr. Paris sells an edition of ten thousand in as many months; Dr. Uwins pours out octavos unnumbered; Dr. Philip shines a star of the first magnitude in the catalogues; and a hundred other aspirants for the honour of contributing to the ease of the human stomach, roll in their own cabriolets.

But John Bull is a straitforward animal, and cookery-books have a still higher claim on his love. The power to know of what his medicine may be composed, is prohibited by the physician, for, probably, very sufficient reasons; but the power to ascertain the ingredients of his own dinner, is an indulgence which no man, born in a free country, can be fairly expected to relinquish. On this principle, cookery-books have exhibited the finest instances of popularity since the invention of printing. Amatory tales, political libels, and Moore's Almanack, may boast of a handsome circulation; but what are their exploits to the half-million annual copies of Mrs. Rundell's modes of dressing fish, flesh, and fowl—to the late ever-lamented Kitchiner's receipts for sorrel-sauce and salmagundi—to the ancient glories of Madame Glasse, or the rising fame of "Every Man his own Cook-Maid?" Yet, if these fine applications of human genius to human utility take the highest rank, next, and not far below, are those works which look to the well-being of the human outside. Such works are hitherto few among us; and we have not more than half-a-dozen that teach a yellow skin to rival the snow, or a snowy skin to assume the tincture of the rose. The ladies generally manage these matters for themselves, without the aid of books; but there are cases in which neither a Parisian *marchande*, nor Messrs. Bayley and Blew, can help them; and the case to which Mr. Wadd turns his charitable pen is one.

We must let his title tell his story; nothing can be more expressive:—

COMMENTS ON CORPULENCY;  
LINEAMENTS OF LEANNESS;  
MEMS. OF  
DIET AND DIETETICS.  
BY WM. WADD.

Every particle in this *epigraph* is full of intelligence. Even the author's name is one of those happy instances of fortune, which, like that of Kitchiner to a cookery-book, is equivalent to excellence. "Fasting made Easy, by Wadd," will, we undertake to say, be considered a stock-book until the art of distention is no more.

The book begins in the mysterious manner suited to its lofty subject:—"The celebrated traveller, Dr. Clarke, alluding to the Pyramids, says, 'The mind, elevated by wonder, feels at once the force of the axiom—that in Vastness, whatever be its nature, dwells sublimity.'" From this the conclusion is rapid and irresistible:—"Why may not the mountains of fat—the human Olympi and Caucasi—excite our attention? They fill a large space in society, are great objects of interest, and ought to afford us *no small matter* of instruction."

On the matter of cookery, he quotes that unquestionable maxim which has given immortality to Monsieur Ude:—"Music, dancing, fencing, painting, poetry, generalship, politics, and mechanics in general,

possess professors under twenty years of age ; whereas, in the first line of cookery, pre-eminence never occurs under thirty !”

Having thus thrown open the vestibule of this Temple of Taste, we leave it to the reader to enter, assured that, if he come out a more corpulent man, he will not have studied for *nothing*. The book is handsomely furnished with *plates*, of different human proportions, *dressed* according to the most approved receipts of the Board of Aldermen.

We leave our popish rebels to digest the following :

*Letter of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland.*

“ To the Right Hon. the Earl of Enniskillen, Deputy Grand Master of the Royal Orange Institution of Ireland.

“ My dear Lord :

“ *Berlin, Nov. 1, 1828.*

“ Having had the gratification of accepting the office of Grand Master of the Loyal Orange Institution of Great Britain, as successor to my much-lamented brother, the Duke of York, and having presided at its anniversary in the month of June last, it cannot but afford me great gratification to accept the proposal made to me, through you, to fill a similar office in Ireland, where that loyal society originated, for the defence of the constitution in a time of peril, and where, still more even than in Great Britain, every energy is needed to defend the sacred causes of Protestantism.

“ My attachment to that cause, which I imbibed from the instructions and example of my late revered father, George III., has been increased and strengthened by experience and reflection ; convinced as I am that the British constitution, the most invaluable that ever existed, from its religious and free character, cannot continue, should Protestant ascendancy be destroyed. I shall ever be found to abide by those principles which guided the conduct of my honoured father and Sovereign, and of my beloved brother, the present King, and the late Duke of York ; and which I cannot but consider to be those for the defence of which the House of Brunswick was called to the throne.

“ I rejoice that the time is arrived when the laws no longer forbid the revival of the society in Ireland, and that I have the pleasure of confiding its interests to you, my dear lord, as Deputy Grand Master.—Believe, my dear lord, your’s very sincerely,  
“ ERNEST.”

The *United Service Magazine*, projected by one of the most active and ingenious publishers of the day, does credit to his invention. All the reading world have been long anxious to see something of the kind ; while our soldiers continued to remember the curious variety of adventure, and the powerfully interesting scenes of the late war. For the narratives that such reminiscencies might supply, a magazine is the true receptacle. Brief memoranda may be best treasured there ; striking traits of intelligence, bravery, and presence of mind ; facts which, apparently slight, may yet be of the highest use to history ; memoirs of gallant men, whose example may be yet a guide and a stimulant to British intrepidity ;—those, and a hundred similar features, find their natural place in a well-conducted Naval and Military Magazine.

The writers who will sit down to the labour of a volume, cannot be numerous in the active profession of arms. But there are few who have not fragments and anecdotes, of the most peculiar interest, within their recollections ; and to those a periodical work is the true *dépôt*. The



officers of the United Service, too, have of late years, much to their honour, shewn that they can manage the pen with effect; and it certainly becomes a matter of importance with them that they should not suffer the record of their exertions to be mutilated by the hands of individuals who, from their book-shelves, venture to fight battles and decide upon reputations. Let our military and naval officers once take this method of doing justice to themselves, and we shall see an end of the whole generation of pen and ink tacticians—those Cæsars and Turennes of the closet and the circulating-library—military historians, who have formed their notion of battles from a volunteer field-day, and who imagine a campaign to be something very like a cricket-match or a village scuffle.

The murder-trade of Burke and his accomplices is not among the subjects that we would willingly approach even with an observation. But it stands among the prominent features of the day; and it is perhaps fortunate, for the interests of humanity, that this hideous trade has forced itself upon the public eye.

There can be no doubt of the value of occasional dissections to the operator, in some of the nicer cases of surgery; but there can be as little doubt that this use of the dead has degenerated into an abuse—that private lecturers have laboured to attract pupils, by the frequency of those mutilations of the dead—and that the pupils have been indulged in the grossest and most unnecessary violations of the respect that human nature itself suggests as due to the remains of man.

As to the wretched villains by whom the grave is habitually robbed for this purpose, they are described, by those who know them best, to be capable of every crime; and the occupation, which thus tempts and hardens man to villainy, is so far obnoxious to moral abhorrence and public justice. But, what answer can be made by the surgeons, and other professional persons who have trafficked with Burke, is beyond our competence to conceive. We cannot understand how men of science could have believed that the bodies which he brought to them, fresh from murder, had ever been in the grave. The appearances are so distinct to the common eye, that nothing but the most singular blindness could have concealed the truth from the anatomists. In one instance, a body was said to have been sold with their hair in *papillotes*. The conclusion must have been irresistible; yet it was undrawn. How are we to account for this? We repeat, that the whole transaction must undergo the strictest inquiry—that no Scottish favouritism must be suffered to screen the abomination, to whatever quarter it may be traced—and that Mr. Peel is bound, by as sacred a duty as he ever took upon himself, to see justice done to the character of England, of science, and the feelings of human nature.

But how are the anatomical halls to be supplied? In the first place, undoubtedly, the necessity for this repulsive supply is greatly exaggerated. In all the earlier stages of anatomy, *models* are decidedly the best mode of giving a knowledge of the human frame. They have been already brought to an extraordinary degree of accuracy; and the leisure which they allow for study is so infinitely superior to the hurried and, at the best, sickening examination of the actual subject, that a student of the model will know as much of the human construction, peculiarly

in its finer texture, in a month, as a student of the actual subject will in a year.

For the practice of operations, the body is required; but even this in by no means a frequent degree, and only in the highest grade of the art. The simple inspection of an ably-performed operation in an hospital, will give more real knowledge than a dozen dissections. But even where these are required, there is the most complete facility of obtaining the subjects from France. The Custom-house has hitherto objected to this, on the ground that it might be turned into a means of smuggling, and that the officers could not be expected to undertake so unpleasant a duty as the search. But the objection might be instantly obviated, either by the offer of some additional salary from the College of Surgeons or others, to the examining officers, or by the appointment of half-a-dozen surgical pupils to the work of examination. To this, in some shape or other, the matter must finally come; and the sooner the better.

The last hours of such a wretch as Burke can be looked on only with horror; yet it is a striking trait at this time to see the working of the popish superstition. His priest attends him, hears his detail of crime, gives him absolution, and the murderer is sent to death with the absolute conviction, as far as Rome can give it, that he is "as innocent as the babe unborn!"

Such is the fatal practice of popery, which suffers men to go on in the most horrid atrocities, with the feeling, that, when they can go on no farther, the priest washes them from guilt at the moment, and sends them pure to the future world! The belief in this monstrous doctrine has been one of the chief treasures of Rome. For every crime there is a price; and the revenue of dispensations and absolutions thus acquired has flowed into the papal coffers for a thousand years. In Italy, in Ireland, in all the earth where popery is suffered to bewilder the minds and pervert the moral feelings of mankind, this atrocious practice is still the same. The Irish murderer walks, with the blood of his landlord red on his hands, to the priest—makes his confession, which the priest is never to disclose—and, on the strength of his having thus easily cleared his conscience, receives full absolution, and is ready to commit the murder of any body else's landlord on the night after.—Who can wonder at the murders of Ireland?

The Italian bravo, the regular trader in assassination, whose profession is to stab for hire, is generally one of the most regular at the confessional; if he has any more hazardous butchery than usual to do, he takes the sacrament, and purifies his soul beforehand; but always, if he escapes with life, returns to the altar, and there makes himself sinless for a sixpence.—Can we wonder that Italy is a seat of midnight murder—that its roads are infested by gangs of desperadoes—and that the common passage, in open day, from Rome to Naples, one of the most frequented highways in Italy, is a constant peril?

The whole fabric of continental society is rotted by this guilty system. The habitual adulteress goes as regularly to confession as the maiden—comes away from it, with as full a consciousness that her impurity has been wiped away—and instantly embarks in her old career, with the same assurance of perpetual absolution.—Can we wonder at the general pollution of character throughout the papal world?

The priest, educated in the midst of this pollution, shares it in instances unnumbered. It is on record that, in the single province of Murcia,

three thousand ecclesiastics were lately charged, in the course of a few years, with the attempted seduction of women at the confessional!—Can we wonder at the general degradation of the female character in Spain, at the gross habits of popular life, or the horrid abominations that, from time to time, transpire in the monkish annals? Or can our surprise be any longer excited at the feebleness of those once mighty nations—at their failure in all attempts at rational freedom—at their intestine wars, and bloody and fruitless revolutions—at the whole long train of national evils, which, rooted in domestic impurity, irreligion, and blind confidence in the dark and vitiating doctrines of popery, overrun and strangle every bud and branch of national prosperity?

The Irish papists treat their English great-folks in a very pleasant style of radicalism. The poor old, and very imbecile, Duke of Norfolk, lately having ventured to exhibit at a papist meeting here, unluckily for himself uttered the sentiment that he and his compatriots might, by possibility, condescend to give protestantism some pledge, that the first act of popish admission into parliament would not be an attempt to break down the constitution. Upon this, Mr. O'Connell, naturally indignant at such a humiliation of the glorious cause of papal supremacy, and scorning any terms with a nation of heretics like the English, attacked the unlucky old man with his best language, and covered him, from head to foot, with oratorical mire. That the poor old duke deserved this recompence, nobody will deny but himself. The act of mixing his name with the cause of that rabble, who, in the presence of such men as Lord Anglesey, fearlessly laugh at all common sense, discretion, and subordination, is an offence that deserves a deeper punishment than can be inflicted by the tongue of any brawler of them all. Let his pride digest what his folly has brought upon its stomach; and let this weak old man learn to be satisfied with the discovery in time, that if the faction once came into power, they would trample upon him, and that stick of office, which he holds with such burlesque dignity in the Lords.

The next subject of castigation is the unfortunate Lord Shrewsbury, a simpleton who, by the decease of the late lord without issue, succeeded to the title a year or two since. In England, money does much; and the Shrewsbury money lifted this innocent and easy-souled young man into a little importance. In an evil moment for his quiet, he tried the career of a popish champion. But he was not made for such things. He was too much of a gentleman, and too little of a knave. The ruffians of patriotism did not like him, and he did not like them. He had lived a good deal abroad, where, even to the poor, society is accessible; and, in his poor days, he had been suffered to ramble through such society as is to be found cheap on the Continent. But his first contact with papistry at home disgusted him. He shrank from suffering every dirty fellow who called himself a "Catholic" to rub against the skirts of his good breeding—declined the readily thrust-out hand of the descendant of Irish kings, as if it had been thrust out by a Highlander—and closed his ears and his pocket alike to the rough requisitions of the rent. Day by day he began, more and more, to feel that the scene was not made for him. He loved to whistle and sing, play upon the guitar, and lounge about in the train of the old, supper-giving marchesas, that make life sweet at Rome. He loved to pore over prints, and prose on sculptures, and spend his day, rambling and gossiping, from one artist's studio to

another, and slip through life as quietly and uselessly as any casino-hunter of them all.

To a soft-souled personage like my lord, the life of popish championship was abominable; it was, at once, dulness and defilement—troublesome and base compared with his *calèche* during the morning, and his picture-fancying till dinner, and his quadrilling and private theatricals till midnight. He accordingly fled his “beloved country,” left the “glorious cause” to take its chance, and alike left her “illustrious champions” to the fate that, if there be any virtue in law, or any vigour in government, will overtake them, great and small, before his *dilettante* lordship’s return.

For this timely fugitation—the only act of his life that implies the possession of brains—he has fallen under the lash of the popish parliament; and its acting executioner, in the absence of his chief, has laid the scourge on as handsomely as a fugitive lord could wish. Yet it must be owned that Lord Shrewsbury did all that he could before he escaped. He published a book, as thick as ever was penned by peer; and, though he might be guiltless of having written a line of it (the work being probably compiled by the priests harboured under his roof), he yet had the fortitude to issue it with his name. The work, thereupon, went instantly down to the lowest depths of forgetfulness. He next made a speech: nothing could be more similar, in compound and fate, to the book. What more could man do? He accordingly, having put down ten pounds, as the worthy contribution of a man of forty thousand pounds a year, to the rent that was “to save his country and his religion!” ordered his coach for Italy, and is now serving her “glorious cause” in looking at Punchinello, and in buying bargains of old pictures.

But the Dublin radicals will not let him sigh and smoke away his soul in peace; and their flagellation has extorted from him a succession of sorrowings, in the shape of a letter nearly as long as the noble personage himself. The letter is, as might be expected, nonsense from beginning to end—finished, for sentimental perusal, with a little of that whining about “lost privileges” (the lost privileges of a dandy!), and the asseveration of an eternal passion for his long-suffering and hard-drinking country, which will last till—he gets to Calais, and be remembered as honestly at Rome as every other duty that this generous *absentee* has thought proper to have forgotten.

At Rome let him stay. The society of shuffling picture-dealers, dangles about decayed belles, yawning Opera-loungers, and the whole nameless and contemptible mixture of vicious and unmarked life that makes Rome the sink of Europe, may be the fittest for his capacities, as it is evidently the most congenial to his tastes. We must lament that chance should have thrown the means of doing good, that his income implies, into hands that can make no better use of them than by a wretched spirit of shrinking from all the honourable and humane offices of an English landholder. But there let him go; we are better without men like him. Let him, a thousand miles off, talk of wishing well to the country that he has deserted; let him propitiate, by paltry flattery, Shiel, who lashed him, and who must scorn this attempt to qualify his deserved correction; let him kiss the Pope’s toe, who must despise a man hiding his head in perpetual exile; let him linger out his life in cabarets and casinos, spend his rents and his years abroad, and, with his last breath, play *Scrub* to the old Lady of Babylon!

KING'S COLLEGE has been as much on the "look out" for a local habitation, as any "gentlemen that had left his lodgings." The discussions, inquiries, and solicitations for some place of rest to this pilgrim of literature, have been innumerable, and still no rest is found for the "sole of its unblest foot."

It first was to alight on Highgate-hill, for the benefit of the air, and then on Hampstead, for the benefit of the scenery. Whitechapel then wooed its presence for the good of the circumcised population, who were, on the earliest opening of its doors, to forswear the sale of old clothes, shave their Rabbinical chins, and turn converts to the sermons of Mr. Mathias. Then Northumberland House was thought convenient, as the Admiralty and Foreign Clerks might step in, between office hours, and learn to spell. Then the Regent's park combined all voices, from the salubrity of the atmosphere, and the exercise of the pupils in walking from six to ten miles every morning from the city to school; but the tigers were there already. Then the King's *news*, on the strength of a pun of that very lively nobleman, Lord Goderich, as the native soil of the metropolitan Apollo. Then the site of St. Margaret's, Westminster, with the double advantage of removing a notorious eye-sore, and studying the memories of great men in the Abbey. Then Vauxhall, from its proximity to the more profligate quarters of London, and the advantage of planting such a seminary of purification under the eye of Lambeth. Then the site of Billingsgate market, with a similarly double purpose of extinguishing a commercial nuisance, and of rectifying the proverbial piscatory dialect of that eminent vicinage. Then Somerset House, the taxes having fallen off, the clerks having been put on half-pay, and the Strand and Fleet-street affording a clear and decorous promenade for the students. Then the Artillery Ground, on the strength of teaching the young idea how to shoot. All these plans have been duly considered and rejected. We understand that the favourite conception, at present, is that of establishing this great institution in the Castle of Dublin, the Castle being vacated by the sinecure government: the students to be carried over in classes, by steam-boats regularly in waiting at Tower-stairs for the purpose: and the lecturers, for greater dignity and expedition, to be conveyed in balloons, to start every half hour with the newest regulations of principle and costume, from the Golden Cross, Charing Cross.

We give the outline of the establishment, already drawn up by the Committee:—

**VISITER.**—The visiter will be invested with all the powers usually belonging to his office.

**GOVERNORS.**—All fundamental regulations concerning the course of studies, and the internal discipline of the college, which the council may frame from time to time, as well as the appointment and removal of all the officers of the college, will be subject to the approval of the governors.

**COUNCIL.**—The council will direct the financial concerns of the college. They will regulate the payment for attendance at the several lectures, but will not interfere with the discipline of the college, except by promoting such regulations as they might think expedient for the approbation of the governors. They will also appoint the principal and professors, subject to the confirmation of the governors.

**PRINCIPAL.**—The internal government of the college, and the general direction and superintendence of the course of education, will rest with the principal. He must be a clergyman, having the degree of M.A. at least, in one of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, or Dublin. It will be his duty to

preside over the public examinations, to preach often in the college chapel, and to report from time to time the state of the college to the council and governors.

**PROFESSORS.**—The professors will be appointed by the council, and must all be members of the church of England, except in the case of the teachers of Oriental literature and modern languages.

The prescribed course of lectures, to which all students regularly admitted will be required to conform, will comprise religion and morals, classical literature, the lower branches of mathematics, the elements of natural philosophy, English literature and composition, and modern history.

The professors in all these branches will have salaries secured to them out of the college funds, besides such addition as the council may think proper to make, in proportion to the number of students who attend their lectures. They will be expected not merely to lecture their classes, but to ascertain individual proficiency by frequent examination.

Lectures also will be given in law, the higher branches of mathematics, natural and experimental philosophy, chemistry, medicine, and surgery, anatomy, natural history, the principles of commerce, Oriental literature, modern languages, and such other branches of literature and science as may be hereafter directed. The attendance on these lectures will be optional on the part of the students. The remuneration of the professors who lecture on these subjects will be regulated by the council, and will depend wholly on the number of students in their respective classes; some part of the payments made by the students being reservable for the general purposes of the college.

**TUTORS.**—Tutors will be appointed by the principal, with the approbation of the council. One or more of the tutors, under the direction of the principal, will reside in each house, or in each portion of the college allotted to the reception of students; they will be responsible to the principal for preserving good order and discipline, and will be removeable by him, with the approbation of the council.

The remuneration of the tutors will be provided for, according to the number of their pupils, out of the college fund.

Every student, whether resident or not, must be entered under one of the tutors, who will direct and superintend the course of his studies, and assist him with private instruction.

**STUDENTS OF THE HIGHER DEPARTMENT.**—Students will not be admitted under the age of 16, except in cases of remarkable proficiency, recommended to the principal, and approved by him. An inquiry will be made by the principal, previously to the admission of every student, both into his proficiency and his former good conduct.

The principal alone will be authorised to admit or reject students, and to determine the number of pupils to be entered under each tutor.

The resident students will be subject to such regulations as the principal may from time to time announce. They will be required to attend the service of the church of England in the college chapel on Sundays.

The non-resident students will be allowed to attend church on Sundays with their families; the principal to be, in all cases, satisfied that they have so attended: but whenever required by him, they must attend the service in the college chapel.

Prayers will be read on all other mornings, at which the attendance of all students, resident and non-resident, will be required.

**PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS.**—Public examinations of the students will take place at stated periods, when prizes and other honorary distinctions will be awarded.

At these examinations, the student's knowledge of the evidence of natural and revealed religion, and of the doctrines and duties of Christianity, as taught by the united church of England and Ireland, will be carefully inquired into. Every student will be expected to exhibit a certain degree of proficiency in these subjects.

**OCCASIONAL ATTENDANTS AT LECTURES.**—Persons, properly recommended,

will be allowed, under the sanction of the principal, to attend lectures in any particular course of study; but never to such an extent as to interfere with the education of the students, or the discipline of the college. Persons so attending will not be recognised as students, nor will they be entitled to contend for prizes or rewards; nor will certificates of attendance at lectures be granted to any persons who have not gone through the prescribed course of religious instruction.

All persons under 20 years of age, so attending, will be required also to attend such parts of the course of religious instruction as, in the opinion of the principal, may be expedient in each particular case.

**LOWER DEPARTMENT.**—The lower department, which, in its detail, will be totally distinct from the higher, though intended to afford an education preparatory to it, will consist of a school for the reception of day scholars.

This department will be placed under the separate management of a head-master, appointed by the council, and a competent number of under masters, appointed by him, all members of the church of England.

The system here carried on will embrace a course of religious instruction suited to the age of the pupils, classics, arithmetic, elementary mathematics, the modern languages, &c.

The salaries of the masters will depend on the number of the pupils.

One or more public examinations will take place every year, at which prizes will be distributed.

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We hope, for the honour of English common sense, that the following story is not true:—

“A superb diamond necklace is said to have been ordered for the young queen of Portugal, and is understood to be actually in hand at the manufactory of Messrs. Rundell, Bridge, and Co., jewellers, Ludgate-hill. Report says the design is most tastefully contrived, consisting of brilliant heart’s-ease, surrounded with other flowers, and leaf-work of various hues and colours. It is expected to be finished in the course of the present week, and intended to be presented to her majesty by some great personage, whose name has not transpired.”

Have we not had enough of this poor child, whose little Portuguese brains must have been long ago completely addled by presentations, addresses, gracious receptions, hand-kissing, and the other gingerbread of court ceremony, to a sovereign of nothing, a wife of nobody, a child sent rambling through the world like a gipsy, by her copper-coloured papa, rejected by uncles, aunts, godfathers, and godmothers: and now employing her regal leisure in the inquiry who is to pay the next quarter’s salary of the yellow fellows about her? ’Tis true, we English have a national propensity for foreign shows. Every half-baboon monarch of every South-Sea fragment of an island, every king of Squawmania, is received here with all the honours of regular kingship; has a public table for his unbreeched aids-de-camp, an establishment for his unpetticoated harem, sits surrounded by his coffee-skinned council; and, if he does not choke himself with English beef in the first fortnight, break his neck down the tavern stairs, or go mad from overdoses of brandy, is leaved, hawked about, gives his black paw to kiss, and promises to send his three canoes to the assistance of the English navy, in their first war with the emperor of Tongutaboo.

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The Pimlico Palace is beginning to be—there is no other word for it—puffed in the most approved manner. But all the puffing on earth will not make it a palace fit for George the Fourth. We, however, believe,

that as a specimen of bricklaying, plastering, and making up an architect's bill, it is unexceptionable, and there our belief ends. We give Mr. Nash's description of his work:—

“ The grand entrance in front, which is to be reserved for the especial use of his Majesty and the Royal Family, will be composed of white marble, and will be a faithful model of the arch of Constantine, at Rome, with the exception of the equestrian figure of his Majesty George IV. on the top. The workmanship of this arch is expected to rival any thing of the sort in the kingdom, and to equal the finest works of antiquity. From each side of the arch a semicircular railing will extend to the wings, executed in the most beautiful style, in cast-iron, and surmounted by tips or ornamental spears of mosaic gold. The area, within, will consist of a grass-plot, in the centre of which will be an ornamental fountain, and the whole will be bounded by a gravelled road.

“ The wing on the left will comprise his Majesty's chapel, the kitchen, and other offices; and that on the right, his Majesty's private suite of apartments. The entrance to the former is from the back, near to where Buckingham-gate formerly stood, and it is by this door that the visitors to the palace on gala days, will be admitted. Passing through the building, they will enter a spacious colonnade, which extends along the front of the body of the palace, and in front of each wing; above the colonnade is a magnificent balcony, supported by columns of the Doric order. At the end of each wing is a pediment, supported by Corinthian columns. The entablature of each pediment is tastefully filled up with groups of figures in white marble, exquisitely carved in *alto relievo*, illustrative of the arts and sciences. On the extreme points of the wing on the left, are fixed statues representing History, Geography, and Astronomy; and on those of the right wing, Painting, Music, and Architecture. On the entablature of the pediment, in front of the main body of the palace, it is intended to place the Arms of England; and on the top are placed Neptune, with Commerce on one side, and Navigation on the other. Around the entire building, and above the windows, is a delicately worked frieze, combining in a scroll the Rose, the Shamrock, and the Thistle.

“ The entrance hall is about thirty-three feet in height. The pavement is of white marble slightly veined with blue. The entire hall is bordered with a scroll of Sienna or yellow, centred with rosettes of puce-coloured marble, inlaid in the most masterly style of workmanship. The walls are of Scagliola, and the ceiling is supported by a succession of white marble pillars. From the hall are the avenues leading to the state apartments—drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, throne-room, statue-gallery, picture-gallery,” &c.



## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*Sailors and Saints.* 3 vols. 12mo.; 1829.—This is the joint production, not of a sailor and a saint, but of a sailor and no saint, *hie est*, a *templar*—the Orestes and Pylades of the Naval Sketch Book, a book which met with a warmer welcome than any thing, so technical and professional, since the days of Dr. Moore. The templar's share in the concern is not very detectable, though without doubt the scene of a Scotch reformer, soliciting signatures from the sailors against pressing and flogging, is his, for it smacks of politics; and in some courts of the Temple there is, we know, more politics than law. The title is chosen mainly, or merely, for the alliteration—the mother of the heroine is, to be sure, a saint, and, so far as she is concerned, the object is to shew how thoroughly worldly an attendant on preachings and biblical meetings can, or rather must, be—which is, we think, a little invidious, because, though profession is not a good thing, profligacy is not better; and profession may be accompanied with correct conduct, whilst profligacy has nothing to redeem or relieve it. It shews no great advance in good feeling to be impatient of others' professions, or of pursuits uncongenial with our own.

The leading purpose of the chief contributor is, plainly, not to tell a story, but to exhibit the life and profession of a sailor, and, above all, the management and conduct of a ship—to detail the constituents of good seamanship—the superiorities of the existing practice, &c., of all which we are no competent judges; but the author writes confidently, and, as far as we can see, clearly and cleverly. Insular as we are, the English language is as full of sea metaphors as the Greek; and there is as strong a leaning to bring them into popular and public use—and even our poets and novelists cannot refrain. Blunder, there can be no doubt, they do often enough, and the author has taken occasion to overhaul a few of them—sometimes in the shape of notes, and sometimes by the taunts of the commodore. “Breasting her broad bow to the billows, she dauntlessly cuts through the foaming fluid, as the huge ship bore up gallantly against the wind.” “Downright nonsense,” exclaims the Commodore—“who ever heard of a ship bearing up in the wind's eye?” Among the “lubberly” phrases he detects in the “Mariner's Song”—“wet sheet, and a flowing sea,” the author of which, he supposes, must somewhere have heard of a *flowing sheet* and a *following sea*, and to have confounded the real reading with the metaphorical meaning. A ship is said to have a “flowing sheet” when the wind crosses the line of her course at right angles, that is to say, a ship steering south, with the wind at west, has a flowing sheet; for if she were “close hauled,” she would lie two

points nearer to the wind, viz. S.S.W. We may add here, too, from the authority before us, that the *sheets*, which are universally mistaken by “English Bards,” and even “Scotch Reviewers,” and their readers, for the *sails* themselves, are no other than the ropes employed to extend the clues, or lower corners, of the sails to which they are attached.

Now to the story. An old captain, of the Trunion school, laid upon the shelf, has a cottage on the shore near Dartmouth, in which every thing is kept ship-shape. His old coxswain is his factotum—dressed in blue jacket and white trowsers—another Pipes, only a little more talkative, who manages every thing within and without, and as well as his master, can talk nothing but sea slang. The family consists of a widowed sister—the saint—and her daughter, a very charming girl, of course, for she is to be the heroine. Matters commence with a brig of war anchoring in the offing, and the approach of an officer, whom the old commodore mistakes for the captain, and is induced by the young lady to go forward and meet him. Though mounting an epaulette, he proves to be nothing but the second lieutenant. In the commodore's days, this epaulette marked the post captain; but honours and insignia have always advanced, *pari passu*, with corruption. Though annoyed by this blunder, he gives the youth a hearty welcome, and an invitation to dinner. The lieutenant is a clever and active fellow, with a constant eye to promotion, and falls in love, of course, with the young lady, and contrives to get on shore every day as long as the brig remains in the neighbourhood. The intimacy proceeds, not only with the commodore, but also with the young lady. Mamma looks blue—and does all she can to repress the growing inclination of the parties to each other. The commodore delights in depreciating the new fangled ways of the navy, and deals out his criticisms very liberally. By and by a party is proposed to visit the ship; when, unluckily, a fit of the gout ties him by the leg, and the ladies are entrusted to the coxswain. An accident follows, the young lady is precipitated into the sea, and rescued by the lieutenant at the hazard of his life. This of course seals the matter of affection between them; and the mother is driven to sundry indirect manœuvres to keep them apart.

In the meanwhile the ship puts to sea, and speedily takes fire, and a scene, as the reader will imagine, is got up, in the writer's best manner—which is a very superior manner—detailed, indeed, in the most minute and painful degree. The crew are of course preserved, and brought to shore. The youth, though in a worse condition than ever, for he is now even without a ship, flies with all speed to the Dartmouth

Cottage, and, unluckily, as he naturally thinks, just as he reaches the village, he is overturned, and dislocates his shoulder. This event, however—such is the course of things—was the very means of bringing him within reach of his mistress. The commodore hears of the accident, and insists upon swinging a hammock for him in his own cottage till he recovers. The mother is as watchful as a cat, but of course, eventually, the young folks get an interview, and all is explained. The coxswain detects the lieutenant kissing the young lady's hand, and reports—and as saints seldom do any thing, it seems, *direct*, she manœuvres with the apothecary, alarms the commodore for his health, and effects a removal to Cheltenham—to get rid of the lieutenant. But just as this is brought about, a letter arrives to summon the lieutenant to his old post on board a new ship—with a promising prospect of prize money from *American* captures.

The commodore and the ladies, nevertheless, proceed to Cheltenham, where the widow presently flirts with the preacher; and a military officer, just returned from India, rich as the mines of Golconda, smiles upon Emily. The commodore, finding himself neglected, determines on returning to the cottage with the coxswain—and soon receives a communication of the approaching marriage of both mother and daughter. But suddenly presents himself again the young lieutenant. His ship had encountered an American vessel of war; in the engagement—which is detailed with great particularity—the captain and first lieutenant were killed—the second fights the ship, and after a desperate struggle defeats the enemy, for which he is made post. With his new rank, and £3,000 prize money, he demands the commodore's consent to propose for Emily, which is promptly given, accompanied with a declaration that he is probably too late. He is, however, not too late—and Emily is rescued at the very altar; and the preacher, finding the widow not so rich as he had anticipated, holds back, and leaves her finally in the lurch—or to look out for another of the order.

*Legends of the Lakes of Killarney*, by T. Crofton Croker. 2 vols.; 1829.—At the very announcement, every body knows what he has to expect from Crofton Croker—vernacular exhibition of Irish extravagance—humour we scarcely venture to call it. But he is a very clever fellow, with a pencil at once light and vivacious, dextrous and effective. He shews off all his accomplishments—scribbling, sketching, and scoring. Many of the sketches are equal to Mr. Hood's, and quite in his style—and the music is, we dare say, accurately given, and conveying a meaning which words of course cannot—and for our own part we welcome any thing calculated to supersede verbal description. The legends, unluckily, in spite of all his manœuvring, pall upon the

taste, from the sameness, not so much of the tales and their incidents, as from the cast and character of the absurdity. He has not, we dare say, any thing like exhausted his wares, but another budget will be perfectly intolerable—nobody wants more than a specimen of what is radically absurd.

The book furnishes a survey and tour of these celebrated Killarney lakes—every spot has a name, and every name a legend—and Mr. Croker has no mercy. The cicerones of the place, who are as cunning as foxes, cover their roguery and inventiveness with the cloak of simplicity, and keep up the ball by playing into each other's hands—the stimulus, too, is a powerful one—the best talker is the best guide, and the best paid. Generally, the legends are sheer extravaganzas, which it soon becomes difficult to grin at. We caught ourselves, several times, when we came to a new one, turning over the pages to see how long it was—a strong symptom of weariness, we take it, and of the incompetency of these things to keep up an interest. The author has contrived to interweave his compliments to his literary acquaintances with great dexterity—nothing like this kind of "*clawing*."

The Legends, however, are not all—the volumes furnish a number of little characteristic incidents, indicative of deep-seated prejudices and impressions, which can be the result of nothing but the corrupt teaching of the country.

"That's a wonderful story—where did you get it, Daniel?" This is said in reply to a legend of St. Bridget—who made three ears of corn grow out of a griddle-cake. "Why then," said Daniel, "I read it many a long day ago in the *Scripturs*, or the lives of the Saints, or some such book; and surc, I suppose it's all one; but at any rate we ought to put our trust in God."

On coming out of Killarney Church, an immense crowd assembled to see, what in Killarney was a wonder, a Protestant Lady Kenmare coming out of church—

Mixing with the crowd, I could not avoid overhearing some of the remarks:—"Why then, isn't she a fine figure of a woman?" said one.

"Oh, but isn't it a pity to see her coming out of a church, where a Lady Kenmare never went before, since the world was a world?" said another.

"Och," said a third, "she'll soon be taught the right way, and come to the true church; for didn't my lord take her to Rome to see the pope? And doesn't she go to visit the ladies at the *convint*, and hear the *childer* the right catechism? And doesn't the priest stand by, and be explaining the *maning* of it all to her ladyship?"

"That's true for you," was the reply; "and, sure, if she was at last mass to-day, she'd have *hard* a beautiful fine *sarmin*, from Bishop Eagan, that would have *convarted* her entirely, so it would. For didn't he tell how the Catholics was the only true church? and how there wasn't much *differ* between them and the *rale* protestants? for, sure, there is a great *differ* between the *rale* protestants and such *methodises* and

new lights as little Stephen, that preaches in Wat Agar's barn."

An old woman solicited, for the honour of God and the glory of the Virgin, a trifle towards burying her—

"Why, Molly," said Mr. Lynch, "you ought to have been buried six months since."

"What, buried alive?" said I.

"No—but dead and buried," replied Mr. Lynch, "at least, all the preparations for the funeral were, to my knowledge, made last Christmas; but, perhaps," he continued, addressing the mendicant, "you have not yet determined as to whether it is to be at Mucrus or Aghadoe."

"Oh, then, long life to your good honour entirely," ejaculated the old woman, "and may every day be full of blessings, and luck, and grace be with you, and the widow's blessing be upon you wherever you go."

"Weil, Molly," said Mr. Lynch, "which is it, Mucrus or Aghadoe you are to be buried at?"

"'Tis, it is the cruel hard question for a poor *cratur* like me to answer; for sure there's my husband lies in Aghadoe, God be good to him, and my father, and my six brothers, Lord rest their *souls*, at Mucrus. And sure then it would be only proper for me to spend a little time with my father and my brothers, but then 'tis a deal more natural for me to go to my poor husband."

"My good woman," said I, "it appears to me a matter of very little consequence what becomes of your body after death."

"Och, 'tis easy for quality like your honour to say so," she answered; "but 'tis I that knows well enough, if 'twas buried I was at Mucrus along with my own people, 'tis my husband would be coming looking after me every night. And indeed, a *cushla*, 'tis only last Saturday week that I saw my husband through my sleep, and his legs were all cut from the knees down, for the want of the shoes and stockings. So the little trifle I had to make a comfortable wake for myself, I couldn't find it in my heart to keep, and poor Paddy in want of the shoes and stockings, so I bought a pair for him; and I saw him since he got them, and now he's quite comfortable."

"What, buy a pair of shoes for a dead man! I never heard of such a thing."

"May be not: why, your honour, 'twas not myself, you see, bought them, for sure there would be no use in that, but 'twas the priest, long life to him, took the money."

One legend we think we must give for the honour of St. Patrick—

"By the by, Sir," said Spillane, "I believe there is a story, something about a great serpent, I think—do you know any thing of it, Picket?"

"The serpent is it?" said Picket in reply. "Sure every body has *hard* tell of the blessed Saint Patrick, and how he *druve* the *sarpints* and all manner of venomous things out of Ireland. How he 'bothered all the *varmint*,' entirely. But for all that, there was one *ould sarpint* left, who was too cunning to be talked out of the country, and made to drown himself. Saint Patrick didn't well know how to manage this fellow, who was doing great *havoc*; till, at long last he bethought himself, and got a strong iron chest made with nine *boults* upon it.

"So one *fine* morning, he takes a walk to where the *sarpint* used to keep; and the *sarpint*, who didn't like the saint in the least, and small blame to him for that, began to hiss and show his teeth at him like any thing. 'Oh,' says Saint Patrick, says he, 'where's the use of making such a piece of work, about a gentleman like myself coming to see you. 'Tis a nice house I have got made for you, *agin* the winter; for I'm going to civilize the whole country, man and beast,' says he, 'and you can come and look at it whenever you please, and 'tis myself will be glad to see you.'

"The *sarpint* hearing such smooth words, thought that though Saint Patrick had *druve* all the rest of the *sarpints* into the sea, he meant no harm to himself; so the *sarpint* walks fair and easy up to see him and the house he was speaking about. But when the *sarpint* saw the nine great *boults* upon the chest, he thought he was *sould* (betrayed), and was for making off with himself as fast as ever he could.

"'Tis a nice warm house you see,' says Saint Patrick, 'and 'tis a good friend I am to you.'

"I thank you kindly, Saint Patrick, for your civility,' says the *sarpint*, 'but I think it's too small it is for me'—meaning it for an excuse, and away he was going.

"'Too small!' says Saint Patrick, 'stop, if you please,' says he, 'you're out in that, my boy, any how—I am sure 'twill fit you completely; and, I'll tell you what,' says he, 'I'll bet you a gallon of porter,' says he, 'that if you'll only try and get in there'll be plenty of room for you.'

"The *sarpint* was as thirsty as could be with his walk, and 'twas great joy to him the thoughts of doing Saint Patrick out of the gallon of porter, so, swelling himself up as big as he could, in he got to the chest, all but a little bit of his tail. 'There, now,' says he, 'I've won the gallon, for you see the house is too small for me, for I can't get in my tail.' When what does Saint Patrick do, but he comes behind the great heavy lid of the chest, and, putting his two hands to it, down he slaps it, with a bang like thunder. When the rogue of a *sarpint* saw the lid coming down, in went his tail, like a shot, for fear of being whipped off him, and Saint Patrick began at once to *boul*t the nine iron *boults*.

"'Oh, murder!—won't you let me out, Saint Patrick?' says the *sarpint*—'I've lost the bet fairly; and I'll pay you the gallon like a man.'

"'Let you out, my darling,' says Saint Patrick, 'to be sure I will—by all manner of means—but, you see, I haven't time now, so you must wait till to-morrow. And so he took the iron chest, with the *sarpint* in it, and pitches it into the lake here, where it is to this hour for certain; and 'tis the *sarpint* struggling down at the bottom that makes the waves upon it. Many is the living man," continued Picket, "besides myself, has *hard* the *sarpint* crying out, from within the chest under the water, 'Is it to-morrow yet?—Is it to-morrow yet?' which, to be sure, it never can be: and that's the way Saint Patrick settled the last of the *sarpints*, Sir."

The Hedge schoolmaster is a capital *morceau*, after Mathews's style, and which he could not do better than adopt. It is too long to quote—but as a piece of confusion, botheration, and effrontery, inimitable.

*The Man with two Lives.* 2 vols. 12mo.; 1829.—This is at least no every day story. The hero is from his earliest sensations impressed with the reminiscences, at first vague, but gradually defining and fixing, of a previous state of existence. Scenes, names, persons, incidents recur, particularly of Frankfort-on-the-Maine—a place at which, at least as Edward Sydenham, he had never been—till proof upon proof establish the conviction of some extraordinary destiny, and finally force him to the scene of his supposed former existence. The recollections, which relate to his personal history, are none of the most agreeable. Frederick Werner, whose representative, or successor, or continuator, he appeared to be, had abandoned a lovely wife, for the blandishments of a public singer, and ruined the peace of a relative by a groundless charge of adulterous intercourse with the wife he had deserted. Accompanied with these impressions of former offences, was the onus of atoning for the wrongs he had committed. The duty and object of the life of Edward Sydenham seemed to be to cancel the crimes of Frederick Werner.

At first, all was attributed by his friends to illusion, or fancy, or fabrication; but so correct, consistent, steady, and conscientious, was his general conduct in every relation of life—and, finally, the evidence he furnished of an antecedent acquaintance with places and persons, so conclusive, even to natives of Frankfort, that his parents, and especially a *German* friend, themselves shared the conviction, and furthered his views, and encouraged him to develop the mystery.

To Frankfort he accordingly went, where he was immediately introduced to the house and family of a wealthy banker, consisting of two very lovely daughters, and was invited to take up his residence with them. Sydenham found himself at once at home—and literally so, for it had been Werner's residence. In the dressing-room, he met with a very curious cabinet, which he instantly recognised to have been his own; recollecting a compartment with a secret spring, he touched the spring, and the drawer flew open; but he hesitated to go further, for now he recollected also he had there deposited a mass of private papers; and it now became a question of morals, whether he could honourably look at what he could not legally or *personally* claim, though by the evidence of his own conscience he knew them to be his own. Luckily, his perplexity was removed by the banker's accidentally making the discovery himself; and the papers were put into his own hands as a matter of curiosity. They consisted chiefly of reflections expressive of remorse for the writer's treatment of his wife and relative.

Circumstances soon shape themselves to enable him to proceed in the work of atonement. In the church, which he had visited

on his first arrival, he had seen his own tomb, and at the tomb a lady deeply veiled, kneeling. To this lady, an intimate friend of the banker's family, he is quickly introduced; she is forcibly struck by his appearance and by the tones of his voice; confidences follow; he reads to her Werner's papers, and in the name of Werner throws himself at her feet, and implores forgiveness. At all this no amazement is expressed—Germans are too much familiarized with the wonderful for this. The syren that had enchanted is still living—little shorn of her charms, and not at all of her musical powers, though no longer exhibiting them on the stage. She resides some few miles from Frankfort, and Sydenham finds her no longer a coquette, but a staid philosopher; and his first introduction was at one of her conversations, where she figures among the learned, like another Lady D. With this lady, however, nothing in the shape of *eclaircissement* takes place—he had done no wrongs which demanded reparation; but she is finally induced to repeat the part of Medea, in the manner in which she had done two or three and twenty years before, in the presence of Werner's wife, when in the height of her influence over the husband, she had, by sheer strength of talent, forced even that lady's admiration. At this repetition scene, Werner's widow, though unknown to Sydenham, is herself present; the singer suddenly recognises her, and, glancing at Sydenham, seems intuitively to take in the whole singular realities; but nothing farther passes, except a request to be allowed to sing at Sydenham's marriage.

A visit is now in like manner made to the injured relative, who mysteriously grants his forgiveness; and on this final retributive event, Sydenham feels the guilt of Werner no longer a burden upon his own conscience. He has acknowledged the virtue of his wife, and the innocence of his friend—has confessed his offences, and been forgiven by both. Henceforth he lives singly for Edward Sydenham. He enters upon a new and independent course. Werner is nothing more to him, and is forgotten.

Romantic, absurd, and, in sober earnest, fit only as it is for boys and girls to mander over, the tone of earnestness and solemnity which everywhere pervades it is very striking, even interesting. The writer must have German blood in his veins.

*Trials of Life, by the Author of De Lisle, 3 vols.; 1828.*—The volumes contain two distinct tales, both coming under the general title of *Trials of Life*—both gloomy, distressing, and even oppressive; but not by any means of equal interest, nor equally calculated to arrest general attention. The first is by far too fine and fastidious for common use; the last, painful as it is, and revolting, has more of ordinary life in it—has, indeed, an air of harrowing reality

about it, which comes home to the convictions, and recalls what has fallen within the experience of thousands. There is no overstraining in the tale, it is an inimitable performance, there is nothing in it, which has not happened and may not happen again—and proves how little occasion there is for going out of the way to pick up the extraordinary, and aiming at effect by extravagance. This is making a novel a lesson, without telling us it is one—a very different thing from a sermon. Nothing but a vehicle of this kind will admit of the details, which alone can effectually point a moral. We shall sketch this first, for it presses most upon us, and we cannot recal the other, till we have thrown this a little from our feelings.

Alicia is the very beautiful daughter of a naval officer, a young lady capable of deep feeling—resolution—exertion—but very little cultivated morally or intellectually. To escape a marriage proposed by her friends, she throws herself suddenly into the arms of a man more than double her own age, but of high abilities and distinction—not of fortune, but of fashion and popularity—a leading member of the opposition—an associate of the ‘Prince’—a wit—a poet—Sheridan, in short, with family circumstances a little varied. By him she is brought forward into gay society, and getting fairly into the vortex, is *fêted* and courted—admired even by the prince, and honoured from him, for obvious purposes, with a present of diamonds [by the way, we cannot but think *this* mightily indecorous], which, though passionately thirsting for admiration, she rejects with horror. S. is now embarrassed beyond escape; but all along keeps up his good spirits and gaiety, and makes no secret of his resolution to cut all difficulties by suicide, and finally executes his purpose.

Recovering by degrees from the shock, after some time the widow is importuned into another marriage with an officer of slender fortunes, who soon treats her with great severity, and subjects her to sundry inconveniencies, such as living in a barrack; but though suffering privations to which she has been but little accustomed to submit, she endures without complaint. By and by he is broken for some unofficer-like conduct; and after his disgrace she accompanies him to the sea-side, where her mother, now a widow, and her sister live together, very much straitened; and there, to fill up the measure of her annoyances, her husband speedily seduces her sister. The first intelligence she has of the fact is from himself, when, in a burst of repentance and misery, he solicits her protection for her sister, now on the eve of becoming a mother. This, though cut to the soul, she grants, and withdraws with her, though at the hazard of her own character, to a distance, during her confinement. Returning, she is fixed in her purpose of separating from her worthless husband, but want of

money prevents the execution, and they continue to live in the same house—he occasionally intriguing with a servant, and she suffering new annoyances. By chance she hears of pensions given to the widows of distinguished men, and especially the favourites of the prince, and she makes her application through many of her old acquaintance. These, however, all prove fair-weather friends, and her petition itself was perhaps never presented; for some reason or other, she makes no direct appeal. A friend at last is met with, to whom she is able to confide her reasons for separation, and who offers an asylum, to which, with an allowance of fifty pounds a year from her husband, she retires; and endeavours to turn her talents for drawing to advantage. Her residence here, was the last ray of sunshine—her health, long deeply shaken, at length gave way, till she lost the use of her limbs; and being suddenly summoned to see her mother before she dies, she quits her retreat, and she and her mother, nearly together, quit the scene; leaving the sister to mourn over the premature death to which she had contributed to bring her lovely relative.

The other tale, entitled Lord Amesfort's Family, opens with a family portrait—a lady in ill-health, with a son just rising into manhood, a daughter of sixteen or seventeen, and another two or three years younger. They are all the gate of the castle (Lord Amesfort's), when the youth takes leave of his friends. He is forthwith conducted to a splendid apartment, where a number of magnificent people are assembling before dinner. Lord Amesfort welcomes him with kindness, and coldly introduces him, as his ward, to his lady and his nephew, neither of whom scarcely take any notice of him. But Adolphus is of a cast and character not readily to be confounded. He has been well bred, and used to good society; he soon makes his way, and is quickly a great favourite with the countess, and Lord De Colmar, his guardian's nephew. Though exceedingly proud and reserved, the earl is evidently very much interested about Adolphus, and symptoms of mystery are apparent enough. Nothing, however, is elicited yet. In a few days, being presented by his guardian with a commission in the Guards, he goes to town, accompanied by De Colmar, who is also in the army. The young men are now sworn friends. Among the first events is a chance meeting, at the Opera, between his sister Emily and De Colmar, who falls, forthwith, desperately in love with her, and is only withheld from declaring his passion by the remonstrances of Adolphus, who thinks him too young. De Colmar is, however, nearly of age, and then he resolves to communicate with his guardian, and marry, in spite of all opposition.

Scarcely had he reached the castle, with this resolve, when he is ordered with his

regiment abroad, and Adolphus is summoned to pass a few days with him before he quits England. De Colmar visits Emily to take leave, but though making the state of his affections manifest enough to the young lady, says nothing. Adolphus remains at the castle, and the countess and he become exceedingly intimate; a fall, which puts the lady to some pain, elicits a sudden expression of their mutual feelings; but luckily, by the presence and prudence of a young Minerva, the lady's friend, no harm follows, and he is induced to leave the castle, and return to his duties in town.

Very soon, news arrives of De Colmar—he is wounded, and returns home. Adolphus, to his amazement, hears nothing from him. He is going, it is reported, to marry somebody's widow. Adolphus at last meets him by chance, but gets no explanation. While distressed and anxious about his sister, whose affections he has reason to fear are fixed on De Colmar, he attends a sick friend, catches a fever, and after a very serious illness, on recovering from his delirium, he finds himself, he knows not how, in the castle, and under the countess's personal care. Their fond attachments now break out, almost uncontrollably; Lord Amesfort is in the North; and just as Lady Amesfort has come to the resolution of renouncing her home, and name, and respectability, by the exertions of the young Minerva, who had before saved her, her purpose is interrupted by the presence of Lord Amesfort, who, to prevent extremities, is finally driven to avow himself the father of Adolphus. Distracted at this intelligence, he suddenly seizes Lord Amesfort's son, a child of five or six years old, and flies with him to the continent; where, without an object, except that of killing time, and smothering his humbled feelings (he is a bastard), he continues a considerable time, suffering sundry mortifications from his suspicious position in society.

In the meanwhile, by a series of judicious attentions, Lord Amesfort reconciles the countess to herself—soothes her feelings, and finally, what he had never done before, attaches her affections. Young De Colmar too, who had been withheld from prosecuting his marriage, on the ground of Emily's illegitimacy—which accounted also for his mystery with the brother—at length gets the better of his prejudices and offers his hand; but Emily has a worm within—she has been struck to the heart by the desertion of De Colmar, and especially by the cause, and the same blow also levels the poor mother; and both of them die. The final scene between De Colmar and Emily is very striking. Lord Amesfort had seduced his cousin, or rather they had seduced each other; the act of imprudence was committed; he offered reparation, which she, in a sort of Eloisa enthusiasm, refused—forgave—was happy—she was but a girl, and not very well taught, or able

to measure effects. They lived abroad, till friends interfered, and he was persuaded to abandon her—to marry legitimately, and live respectably. He did so, but the remembrance of Emily embittered every feeling. She pined and lingered, till at last her daughter's disappointment from her imprudence, added the final pang, and reduced her to a state of idiocy. The surviving parties are made very comfortable. Lady Amesfort loves her husband, Adolphus marries Minerva, and De Colmar, Emily's youngest sister.

*Letters from the West, by Hon. Judge Hall, 1828.*—This is neither historical nor tourical, but a gossiping book of anything and everything American, though chiefly relative to the settlements in the west. The author commences a series of letters from Pittsburgh, and continues them as he drifts and rows down the Ohio, as far as Shawnee—noticing the incidents of his passage, which are nothing at all, and the scenery and the sailors; but for the most part expatiating upon any thing that presents itself to his recollection—some things, perhaps, picked up on the spot, connected with the first settlers of those far off regions. Though not incapable of serious discussion, his pages are full of flippancy, according very little with our notions of the gravity of a 'Judge'—fitter, indeed, for a youth of eighteen or twenty—eternally talking of 'female charms,' eyes, and ankles, and of poetry, confining his notions of poetry, as thousands besides, to babbling brooks and green fields. With England he has no acquaintance but from books, and American books; and judges of the notions Englishmen entertain of Americans, by such writers as Fearon, and others of his unlicked class—busying himself with rebutting the invidious remarks of these gentry, and the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, and getting often very angry, and committing flagrantly the very offences he thinks he is castigating. The taste, indeed, of the whole book is of the worst description; he is a common quoter, which is almost next to a common swearer—tells broad caricature stories, and concludes, because America has made great advances, nothing can be better.

Accounting to his correspondent for the motives of his tour to the west, he asks, "Who has not heard of the antiquities of the west?"

When we are told of the *Great Valley*, whose noble rivers, stretching in every direction from the distant mountains, poured their waters into the bosom of the *Father of Streams*; and of the rich bottoms, extensive prairies, and gigantic forests of the West, we could smile at what we believed to be simple exaggeration. But when we heard of caverns, extending horizontally for miles, and exhibiting traces of former inhabitants, of immense mausoleums filled with human bones, some of them of a dwarfish size, indicating the former existence of a pigmy race—of the skele-

tons of gigantic brutes—of metallic ornaments, warlike implements, and earthen utensils, found buried in the soil—of the vestiges of temples and fortifications—in short, of the many remains of a civilized population, we were inclined to consider them as gross impostures. Yet these curiosities actually exist, as well as others of equal interest.

Of all these wonderful matters, however, the reader will hear no more.

Pittsburgh is entirely a new creation—the chief seat of the iron factories—the magnificent scenery of which he is never weary of describing:—

But the prospect which the good people of Pittsburgh consider as most lovely “to soul and to eye,” is to be found on the northern face of Coal-hill. The yawning caverns which here display their hideous mouths, would have been celebrated among the ancients as the abodes of unpropitious deities; the less classical citizens have peopled them with spirits of sterner stuff—have made them mines of inexhaustible wealth, and drawn from them the materials of substantial comfort. Not only this hill, but the whole of the surrounding country, is full of coal of excellent quality, which is found in immense strata, lying almost invariably upon one and the same level. It contains a large proportion of sulphur, and is hard, heavy, and of a deep shining black colour; it is easily ignited, and produces an intense heat; but is very dirty, emits immense volumes of smoke, and throws up an unusual quantity of cinders and dust. These latter fill the atmosphere, and are continually falling in showers, to the great terror of strangers and sojourners, and with manifest injury to the dresses of the ladies, and the white hands of eastern gentlemen. From this cause, every thing in Pittsburgh wears a sombre hue; even the snow as it falls brings with it particles of cinder, and loses its purity by the connexion. But the people are now so used to the black and midnight appearance of the objects in their city, as scarcely to be aware of its inconvenience; so that I once heard a lady exclaim, on witnessing a snow storm out of town, “La! what white snow!”

The men, it seems, are not very ‘polished or urbane;’ but the sweetness and affability of the ladies have beauty and grace enough ‘to decorate a ball room to great advantage.’ Indeed he has seldom seen finer displays of female loveliness—in defiance of the filth too.

But Pittsburgh is, besides, the chief depository for goods destined for the western country. They come chiefly from Baltimore and Philadelphia, in waggons, carrying about forty or fifty hundred weight—four thousand in a year; but this very profitable monopoly it is soon likely to lose—indeed has already begun to lose, from the unwise economy of the Philadelphians, who have kept and left the road in a state barely passable. The river, again, is not always equally navigable up to Pittsburgh. New York and Maryland have, accordingly, detected an opening for their own advantage; the first has projected, for the purpose, a grand canal from the Hudson to the Lakes; and the Marylanders, prompted by the west-

ern states, have nearly completed the great ‘national turnpike,’ as they call it, from Cumberland Fort, on a branch of the Potomac, to Wheeling, in Virginia, on the Ohio, but many miles lower down the stream than Pittsburgh; and this road is intended, it seems, to be carried into the Ohio state, as far as Zanesville. Pittsburgh, therefore, so far as its prosperity depends on the traffic to the west, must soon succumb to Wheeling, unless the Pennsylvanians bestir themselves more than they have yet done, and the river between Pittsburgh and Wheeling be cleaned and rendered more uniformly navigable.

It is worth a voyage down the Ohio, the author says, to pass the rapids:—

They are two miles in length, with a descent of twenty-two feet and a half in that distance, and are formed by ledges of rock, which extend quite across the river. The current is said to have an average velocity of thirteen miles an hour, which of course is increased or diminished by high or low water.

As you approach the head of the rapids, the mighty stream rolls on in a smooth unbroken sheet, increasing in velocity as you advance. The business of preparation creates a sense of impending danger; the pilot, stationed on the deck, assumes command; a firm and skilful helmsman guides the boat; the oars, strongly manned, are vigorously plied to give the vessel a *momentum* greater than that of the current, without which the helm would be inefficient. The utmost silence prevails among the crew; but the ear is stunned with the sound of rushing waters: and the sight of waves dashing, and foaming, and whirling among the rocks and eddies below, is grand and fearful. The boat advances with inconceivable rapidity to the head of the channel—“takes the *Chute*”<sup>\*</sup>—and seems no longer manageable among the angry currents, whose foam dashes upon her deck, but in a few moments she emerges from their power, and rides again in serene waters.

“The French have left some curious names in Missouri,” he says, “and some curious corruptions have followed. *La Femme Osage*, the *Osage Woman*—*Misere*, *Misery*—*Creve Cœur*, *Broken Heart*—*Vuide Poche*, *Empty Pocket*—*Bois Brulé*, *Burnt Wood*, which the Americans pronounce *Bob Ruby*—*Côte sans Dessein*, which you,” says the author, “may translate for yourself. I should call it *Accidental Hill*, which is justified by the appearance of the place. It is an eminence,” he adds, and we hope the reader will understand it—“on a hill, without a valley, and which looks as if it did not belong to the place, but had dropt there by accident.” A creek, called *Dordon Eye*, took its name from an Indian chief, noted for his vigilance, and to whom the French gave the name of *Dor d’un Œil*. A small stream in Illinois has the very strange name of *Bumpaw*, from *Bonpas*—and that from *Bonne Passe*.

\* The word is evidently French—the author struggles hard for a pun—the boat, he says, *shoots* like an arrow.

The judge—we hope upon good evidence—tells a story of a miraculous escape near Shawnee, occurring some ten or twelve years ago, of a man, who fell into an ambuscade of Indians, and was shot through the body—a ball also passing through the breast of his horse, and coming out between the shoulders. Behind the passage was completely blocked up, and before him a deep miry creek, with high precipitous banks. Giving the rein and the spur to his horse, he trusted to Providence, as he calls it; and down the horse plunged, rose from the mud, and up the banks, and bore his rider through the thick and bushy forest, till he (the rider we mean), fainted and fell and still went till he was six miles from the scene of the disaster. The course was carefully tracked—he had leaped about twenty feet to the surface of the river—had broken through the ice in the middle, and had climbed up an almost perpendicular bank on the other side; and all, as he adds, with a heavy burden on his back, and wounded in a vital part, and that, according to persons who understood gun-shot wounds, where nine out of ten would have died instantly. All which is about as probable, perhaps, as the story of the traveller, which he himself gives, quizzingly, to illustrate the state of the Ohio roads:—

A weary way-farer, who journeyed through Ohio a few years ago, illustrated his remarks upon the badness of the roads, by relating the following *curious fact*. He was floundering through the mire, as many an honest gentleman flounders through life, getting along with difficulty, but still getting along; sometimes wading to the saddle-girth in water, sometimes clambering over logs, and occasionally plunged in a quagmire. While carefully picking his way by a spot more miry than the rest, he espied a man's hat, a very creditable beaver, lying with the crown upwards in the mud, and as he approached, was not a little startled to see it *move*. This happened in a dismal swamp, where the cypress waved its melancholy branches over the dark soil and the frogs croaked as mournfully as they did of old, under the reign of King Stork, and as incessantly as if an influenza had invaded their borders; and our traveller's flesh began to creep at beholding a hat more without the agency of a head. "When the brains are out the head will die," thought he, "and when the head is out, the hat, by the same rule, should receive its *quietus*. Not being very superstitious, and determined to penetrate the mystery, the solitary rider checked his nag, and extending his long whip, fairly upset the hat—when, lo! beneath it appeared a man's head, not

"The ghastly form,  
The lip pale, quivering, and the beamless eye,  
No more with ardour bright;"

but a living, laughing head, by which our inquisitive traveller heard himself saluted with, "Hullo, stranger! who told you to knock my hat off?" The person thus addressed was so utterly astonished as not to be able for a moment to understand that the apparition was no other than a fellow-creature up to the neck in the mire; but

he no sooner came to this conclusion than he promptly apologized for the indecorum of which he had been guilty, and tendered his services to the gentleman in the mud puddle. "I will alight," said he, "and endeavour to draw you forth." "Oh, never mind," said the other, "I'm in rather a *bad fix*, it is true, but I have an excellent horse under me, who has carried me through many a worse place than this—we shall get along."

Here is a fair hit at *national vanity*, though nobody of common-sense depreciates the real advantages of American freedom:—

If a foreigner, in passing through our country, grasps at every occasion to make invidious comparisons, sneering at its population, manners, and institutions, and extolling those of his own native land, nothing is said of *national vanity*. When it was determined in England to tear the "striped bunting" from the mast-heads of our "fir-built frigates," and to sweep the Yankee cock-boats from the ocean, "no *national vanity* was displayed at all; when the very Review in question (Edinburgh) tell us that England is the bulwark of religion, the arbiter of the fates of kingdoms, the last refuge of freedom, there is no *national vanity* in the business—not a spice. But if a plain backwoodsman ventures to praise his own country, because he finds all his wants supplied, and his rights defended, while he is not pestered with tax-gatherers and excisemen, is not devoured by fox-hunting priests, pensioners, and paupers, sees no dragoons galloping about his cottage, and is allowed to vote for whom he pleases to represent him—all of which he has good reason to believe is ordered differently in another country—this is a "*disgusting display of national vanity*." If he ventures to exhibit a shattered limb, or a breast covered with scars, and to tell that he received these honourable scars in defence of his native land, on an occasion when the "*best troops in the world*" fled before the valour of undisciplined freemen, led by a Jackson or a Brown this is *very disgusting*.

The fact is, that English travellers, and English people in general, who come among us, forget that the rest of the world are not as credulous and gullible as themselves; and are continually attempting to impose fictions upon us, which we refuse to credit. They seem not to be aware that we are a reading people, and would convince us that they are a wise, valiant, and virtuous people, beloved and respected by all the world, while we are an ignorant idle set of boobies, for whom nobody cares a farthing. They tell us how happy and comfortable every body is in England, and what a poor, forlorn, forsaken, miserable set we are, who have had the misfortune to be born in a new country, and never saw a king, a lord, or a hangman. One of them told me that he had never heard of the battle of New Orleans, until he came to America several years after it was fought, and that the British nation had hardly ever heard of the war with America. Now, when we refuse to credit these things, and flatly deny them, as we often do, we are set down as a conceited, vain people, who presume to think for ourselves, and to believe that we know something, when a prating renegade or a venal reviewer shall pronounce us fools. John Bull forgets that his own vanity is a source of merriment with the rest of the world.



*Memoirs of Scipio de Ricci, Edited by T. Roscoe, Esq. 2 vols., 8vo.; 1829.*—These are memoirs merely *pour servir*—a chaos of notes and documents relative to Leopold of Tuscany—the Jesuits—the Roman See—and Scipio de Ricci, a Tuscan bishop. To be readable, they must first be reduced to something like order. Nothing can exceed the confusion, the absolute and intolerable contempt of method, in the whole book. The narrative—even when the reader has succeeded in picking it out—is incomplete to a vexatious degree, and is suspended and broken by matters which no way concern the bishop.

A great fuss has been made about these memoirs on the continent, but a glance has convinced us they will attract very little attention here. Ricci was no reformer, in the English popular and comprehensive sense, politically or ecclesiastically—a disciplinarian merely episcopal. He was a very honest, right-minded man to the extent of his intelligence, but as superstitious and prejudiced, as a good Catholic must necessarily be. But as to questioning the doctrines of the Church of Rome, or the foundations of its authority, he never so much as dreamt of such a thing. He got into wrangles with the Court of Rome, and was stiff in maintaining his opinions, but not because he deemed the papacy usurpation, but its ministers careless and corrupt. In his diocese he found abuses, and he resolved to reform them, and, certainly in what came specifically under his jurisdiction, he was not of a character to flinch from what he considered his duty. The measures he adopted were of the thorough-going kind; but a doubt may well cross our minds, in looking over these documents, whether he was not, like many other men, who are eager to sweep clean, at once the dupe and tool of others. The abuses were, generally, relative to nuns and friars—neither nuns nor friars were without enemies—the Grand Duke had an eye to their endowments—courtiers were thirsting—the bishop was capacious of belief—every story was welcomed. He was taught to believe friars were salt as monkeys, and nuns, universally, their victims or their lemans—music, dancing, plays and farces, drunkenness and gluttony by day and by night—men and women *lassati non satiati*. Some communications from nuns of different convents are quoted, and bear on the face of them the marks of malice and mortification. They charge universal profligacy, and in the same breath speak of manœuvres and cunning contrivances to accomplish secret purposes.

Though himself, in principle, a Jansenist, and of course opposed to the Jesuits, he had been educated at their institutions, and was even connected by family relationship with the *last* general of the order—though he did not, according to the heading of one of the chapters, inherit his wealth—for the

poor general, it seems, had nothing to leave, and had even lost the two and twenty thousand masses, to which, as general of the Jesuits, he was officially entitled on his death. The property inherited by Ricci was that of a *brother* of the general's, a canon of Florence. Of a staid and serious cast, unambitious and withdrawing, Ricci, for a long time, refused the preferences family interest could have insured him; but, in 1780, then nearly forty years of age, he was prevailed upon to accept the Bishopric of Prato and Pistoia. At this period Leopold was zealously pushing his reforms. The views of the prince and the bishop, though in no respect ultimately the same, occasionally concurred in the measures employed to effect them. Leopold's object was, doubtless, to be his own Pope, and the destruction of convents and monasteries was a favourite point with him. The bishop, on discovering, or being assured of the existence of unbounded profligacy in these institutions, was ready to repress, or even suppress; and thus, first in this respect, and, by degrees, in others, the bishop, in appearance, became the great agent, and most effective instrument of the prince.

But to break up the foundations of the Roman authority was never in his thoughts. In spite of himself, however, and surely to his own amazement, he was involved in frequent dispute with the Court of Rome, not only by acts, of which he was the real author and adviser, but those into which he was precipitated by the rashness or cunning of others. Two powerful orders he almost immediately made his implacable foes—the Jesuits and Dominicans. The first, by resisting the new worship of the Sacred Heart—a contrivance of the Jesuits to keep them together by a common bond; and the second, by exposing the corruptions of the friars of that order, and especially by excluding them from confessing the nuns. In Leopold's plans for promoting a more general education in all classes, he was the zealous agent and seconder, without probably seeing the tendency of his labours. For general education seems something very like general unsettling. We have no notion education—such as deserves the name—*can* be forced. The effects, everywhere visible, produced by forcing, are such as no sane man would wish to sanction—misplaced ambition—relaxation of manners and morals—insolence—insubordination—disunion in families, &c.

The nuns were as restive as the friars—some of them avowed the principles of atheism, and justified the indulgence of their passions—while others insisted on their old confessions. The good bishop complained to the Pope, and avowed his suspicions, that the monks alone were the cause of so much obstinacy on the part of the nuns.—“Can you doubt it?” said Pius VI., giving utterance at the same time to violent invectives against the general of the

Dominicans. But the Dominicans soon bestirred themselves, and the Pope quickly surprised Ricci with a brief, in which he declared that he himself would not have dared to conceive such suspicions against the most holy order of the Dominicans. Still Leopold upheld the bishop, at least for the furtherance of his own views, till, by the death of his brother Joseph, he, in 1790, became Emperor. His departure was followed by a general outbreak against Ricci; and even when the Emperor returned in the following year to Florence, Ricci could never recover his ground—the Emperor himself had cooled—the French Revolution had alarmed him; and though he treated Ricci still with distinction, he himself begged him to resign his bishopric.

We have no space to trace his after course minutely. Before the French took possession of Tuscany, in 1800, he was persecuted almost to death by his personal enemies, who had got things in their own hands. For after the battle of Trebia, and Tuscany was again occupied by the Austrians, and the old enemies of the Tuscan reforms had again the upper hand, Ricci was quickly thrown into prison, and sustained the most intolerable treatment till the return of the French in 1800. Still persecution, though of a milder kind, followed, nor did his enemies desist till they had driven or beguiled him into concessions, and reconciled him to the Holy See by confession of error.

*Life and Adventures of Alexander Selkirk, by John Howell; 1829.*—As the person, whose adventures are said to have suggested to Daniel de Foe his memorable romance of Robinson Crusoe, Selkirk is naturally an object of curiosity. The first notice found of him is in 1711, in the Englishman, one of Steel's periodicals. Steel had seen and conversed with him, and moralizes upon his story after his not very profound fashion. "This plain man's story," says he, "is a memorable example that he is happiest who confines his wants to natural necessities, and he that goes further in his desires, increases his wants in proportion to his acquisitions; or, to use his own (Selkirk's) expression, I am now worth £800; but shall never be so happy as when I was not worth a farthing." The materials of his little volume, Mr. Howell has gathered from "Voyages to the South Sea," published by Dampier, Rogers, and Cook, and partly from family tradition—a great nephew of Selkirk's being now a teacher in Cannon-mills, a village near Edinburgh, who inherits the relics of his ancestor, consisting of a chest, a flip-can, and a staff, and which he carefully preserves. By this person Mr. Howell was conducted over Selkirk's favourite spots in his native village of Largo, in Fife, and all the family papers were thrown open to his researches. Mr. Howell is known to the public as the

Editor of the *Journal of a Soldier of the 78th*, and the *Adventures of John Nichol*, mariner, but more advantageously as the author of an essay on the *War Gallies of the Ancients*, noticed by us some time ago, as by far the happiest solution of that puzzling question.

Of Selkirk, after all Mr. Howell's industry, little is known, and that little of less importance. It cannot detract an atom even from the *originality* of De Foe's inimitable conceptions. The son of a fisherman, Selkirk's inclinations naturally lent to the sea; and, being a seventh son, he was more indulged than his brothers by a fond and foolish mother, and thus neither his temper nor his actions were disciplined to the usual sobriety of the peasants around him. When he first went to sea is not ascertained; but before 1703—he was then twenty-seven years of age—he must have been in the South Seas; for in that year he was appointed sailing-master to one of two ships, fitted out for privateering, under the command of Dampier—a man not at all likely to appoint a raw sailor to so responsible a post. Though a good seaman, Dampier was headstrong and violent, and quarrelled with most of his officers. Mutinies were frequent—intemperance, desertion, and expulsion, till Selkirk came to the resolution of demanding to be left on some island; and about the end of September, 1704, he was landed on the island of Juan de Fernandez. The delight with which he stepped on shore was speedily checked by the retreating of the vessel, and the coming consciousness of his solitary position—he rushed into the water, and implored to be taken in again; but he was cursed for a mutinous rascal, and left unceremoniously to his fate.

For days and days he could not bear to quit the shore for a moment; despair seized him—he was on the point of suicide; but the lingering lessons of religious instruction withheld him, and the thoughts thus suggested, verifying and reinvigorating, brought him to feelings of resignation, and finally cheered him to endurance. He now turned his attention to the securing of accommodation; he built a hut, and caught goats, and tamed them, laming them to keep them within bounds; and being annoyed by rats, he at last succeeded in catching some wild cats, whom—when the rats were routed—he taught to dance, and divert him. Much of his time was spent in acts of devotion. The constant exercise he was compelled to take for procuring food, and the temperate and regular life he led, increased his bodily powers prodigiously—till, indeed, he could run down the strongest goat, and tossing it over his shoulder, carry it with ease to his hut. Events were of course few and far between—he had no man Friday—once he fell down a precipice in pursuing a goat, where, by the increase of the moon, he calculated he must have lain senseless three

days; and once a Spanish vessel came to the coast, and some of the crew landing, and catching a glance, shot after him; but by climbing a tree, he eluded pursuit. Had he been captured, murder, or imprisonment for life, he knew, was inevitable.

At last, in January 1709, about four years and four months from his first landing, two English vessels bore in sight, on board of one of which was Dampier, now only sailing master; and Selkirk, finding Dampier had no command, willingly went on board, and served in the expedition, till the vessels returned in 1711, by which he gained £800.

He now re-visited his native Largo, where his father and mother were still alive. There he indulged in the solitary habits contracted in the island; and spent whole days sitting on a crag, which overlooked the waters, or roaming in a boat along the shores, till finally he met with a young girl, who was tending a single cow, and seemed as lonely as himself. An acquaintance commenced between them, and in a few days, to avoid the opposition probably of his friends, or their rude mirth and coarse raillery, he persuaded her to elope with him to London. From this period nothing was known of him by his friends till his death in 1723, when a second widow appeared to claim her husband's share of some paternal property. His first wife, it appeared by the papers produced, a power of attorney and a will, died before 1720; and he himself died a lieutenant on board His Majesty's ship *Weymouth*.

*Historical and Descriptive Sketches of the Maritime Colonies of British America, by J. M'Gregor; 1829.*—This will prove an acceptable volume, for, unless they have escaped us, there is a singular dearth of books relative to these regions. Of the author we know nothing; but he professes to give the results of personal observation, or the best authority: and certainly the contents, the general style and tone of the whole, is well calculated to conciliate confidence. He dedicates to Sir George Murray, and dates from Foxteth Park—Roscoe's residence, near Liverpool—and so we may conclude him to be respectable; and as to any political bias or colonial prejudice, nothing is very observable. It is, in short, a book of information, and just what the chimney-corner man desires to have at hand.

The colonies described are Prince Edward Island—Cape Breton—Nova Scotia—New Brunswick, and Newfoundland.—Prince Edward is the most minutely detailed—the author apparently being more intimately acquainted with it than with the rest. Of this he speaks in very favourable terms. The soil is generally good—scarcely an acre of it uncultivable—almost wholly flat, or only varied by such gentle swells as are almost indispensable for successful culti-

vation. Its extent is about 140 miles by 34, and divided into 67 townships, of 20,000 acres each; the whole of which is, we believe, appropriated, but very large tracts are still in the rudest state.

Though originally discovered by Cabot, under English auspices, the island was neither occupied nor claimed by the English. Within a few years it was re-discovered by the French, and by them, though not till 1663, granted to a single individual, in vassalage to a French Company; but settlements were generally discouraged in favour of Cape Breton, so much so, that, in 1758, when it surrendered to the British, not more than 10,000 persons were upon the island. Since that period it has been in our hands. The population has been augmented by considerable accessions of Scotch, Irish, and English; and, in 1778, was honoured with a representative government. By an act of the Colonial Legislature, the name was changed from St. John to Prince Edward—in compliment to the late Duke of Kent, then commander of the forces in the colonies.

What may be the amount of the existing population does not appear, nor what the number of French descendants. There are about 4,000 *Acadian* French from Nova Scotia, who retain, with a kind of religious feeling, the dress and habits of their ancestors; "nor have they," says Mr. G., "at all times received the kindest treatment from their neighbours." The industry of the wives and daughters is wonderful; they are at work during the spring and harvest on their farms; they cook and wash, make their husbands' as well as their own clothes; they spin, knit, and weave, and are scarcely an hour idle during their lives.

These *Acadian* women dress nearly in the same way as the Bavarian broom-girls. On Sundays their clothes and linen look extremely clean and neat; and they wear over their shoulders a small blue cloth cloak, reaching only half way down the body, and generally fastened at the breast with a brass brooch. On week-days they are more carelessly dressed, and usually wear *sabots* (wooden shoes). The men dress in round blue cloth jackets, with strait collars and metal buttons set close together; blue or scarlet waistcoats and blue trowsers. Among all the *Acadians*, on Prince Edward's Island, I never knew but one person who had the hardihood to dress differently from what they call *notre facon*. On one occasion he ventured to put on an English coat, and he has never since, even among his relations, been called by his proper name, Joseph Gallant, which has been supplanted by that of Joe Peacock.

Belfast is now in a state of considerable prosperity. This region, from the period of the surrender of the island, was almost wholly unoccupied, till Lord Selkirk's colonists were established upon it.

In 1803, says Mr. Macgregor, the late enterprising Earl of Selkirk arrived on the island with 800 emigrants, whom he settled along the front of the townships that now contain these flourishing

settlements. His Lordship brought his colony from the Highlands and isles of Scotland; and by the convenience of the tenures under which he gave them lands, and by persevering industry on their part, these people have arrived at more comfort and happiness than they ever experienced before. The soil in this district is excellent; the inhabitants are all in easy circumstances, and their number has increased from 800 to nearly 3,000.

CAPE BRETON contains 500,000 cultivable acres. The population does not amount to more than 17, or 18,000, chiefly depending on the fisheries. Mr. M'G. thinks the colony neglected. It is capable of supporting perhaps 300,000.—To Great Britain its possession is of the greatest importance.

The naval power of the French began to decline from the time they were driven out of the fisheries; and the Americans of the United States would consider Cape Breton a boon more valuable to them as a nation than any of our West India islands would be. Did they but once obtain it as a fishing station, their navy would in a few years, I fear, have sufficient physical strength to cope with any power in Europe, not even excepting England. Let not the British nation, therefore, lose sight of this colony.

The extent of cultivable ground in NOVA SCOTIA is at least five millions, and a large proportion is still in the hands of government. The population amounts to about 120 or 130,000. "*Slavery*," says the author, "does not exist in Nova Scotia; but there are 1,500 free negroes assembled here from the West Indies and United States, and some natives." Every facility has been afforded to these people by the government, at a settlement laid out for them a few miles from Halifax, but they are still in a state of miserable poverty—the cause perplexes the writer. Lord Dalhousie's exertions in this colony are highly extolled—he is represented as governing here to the entire satisfaction of the colony—unlucky as he has been in Canada. Halifax is a very smart place. "The state of society," says the writer, "is highly respectable, and contains more well-dressed and respectable looking persons than any town of its size in England. The officers of the army and navy mix with the merchants and gentlemen of the learned professions, and *thus* the first class of society is doubtless more refined than might otherwise be expected. The style of living, the hours of entertainment, and the fashions, are the same as in England. Dress is *fully* as much attended to as in London; and many of the fashionable sprigs, who exhibit themselves in the streets of Halifax, might, even in Bond Street, be said to have arrived at the *ne plus ultra* of dandyism."

The population of NEW BRUNSWICK is at least 80,000. The crown holds between two and three millions of acres, and grants to settlers, in common socage, reserving a quit rent of two shillings per hundred acres. The fire of Miramichi, in 1825, is repre-

sented as the most dreadful conflagration that ever occurred. It spread over a hundred miles of country.

It appears that the woods had been, on both sides of the N.W. branch of the St. John's, partially on fire for some time, but not to an alarming extent, till the 7th of October, when it came on to blow furiously from the N.W., and the inhabitants on the banks of the river were suddenly alarmed by a tremendous roaring in the woods, resembling the incessant rolling of thunder; while at the same time, the atmosphere became thickly darkened with smoke. They had scarcely time to ascertain the cause of this phenomenon before all the surrounding woods appeared in one vast blaze, the flames ascending more than a hundred feet above the tops of the loftiest trees, and the fire, like a gulf in flames, rolling forward with inconceivable celerity. In less than an hour Douglastown and Newcastle were enveloped in one vast blaze, and many of the wretched inhabitants, unable to escape, perished in the midst of this terrible fire. Numbers were lost in lumbering parties.

NEWFOUNDLAND, though first discovered, is the least known. A Mr. Cormack, of St. John's, has done what no other European ever attempted, crossed the island—"a most arduous and perilous undertaking, when one considers," says Mr. M'G., "the rugged and broken configuration of the country." Bad as the climate may be, Mr. M'G. thinks it calumniated. There is not so much ice as on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, nor so much fog as at Cape Breton. Nowhere do the inhabitants enjoy better health. The population amounts to about 90,000, with some few natives, a few families of Micmacs, Mountaineers, and Boethics (Red Indians). The country, on the whole, resembles very much the Western Highlands of Scotland, and will produce whatever will grow on them. The fisheries the author longs to monopolize. The Americans employ 1,800 or 2,000 schooners, of 60 to 120 tons, manned with 3,000 (that is, at the most, one man and a half each). "Nothing," says he, "could be more unwise than to allow either the French or Americans to enter the Gulf of St. Lawrence—it is a *Mediterranean*, bounded by our colonies, and those powers had neither right nor pretence to its shores or its fisheries."

Generally, the writer considers these colonies as of far higher importance than the West India islands—especially with reference to emigration.—

The soil, climate, and productions, adopt them for the support of as great a population as any country on earth; and in this respect are infinitely more valuable than any of our other possessions. New Holland and Van Dieman's Land may be considered an exception; but the distance of these countries from England will be for ever an important objection to them.

*First Steps to Astronomy and Geography*; 1828.—That elementary books multiply is no evil, but a positive advantage—except in the eyes of those who

grudge expense in necessaries, to make displays in superfluities—it is a positive advantage, we say, if it be granted that benefit is at all accomplished by communication—for every new elementary book is, in some respect or other, it may be safely affirmed, better than its predecessor. The last compiler has the opportunity, and of course takes it, of making use of the labours of those who preceded him in his particular line, and of renouncing the bad. The great compelling motive for the new attempt is the correction of mistakes—the perception of some improvement—the expansion of some pursuit—some sagacious suggestion, or some happy facility; and as in all communication, the plainest and readiest mode is the point of perfection, and this can only be attained by successive attempts—we repeat it, new elementary books are no evil; and no rational person will lament the pitiful loss incurred by giving up a bad book for a good one, or a good book for a better.

With this conviction upon us, we gladly take every opportunity of pointing our reader's attention to new works of this kind; and we have never with more pleasure or confidence recommended any thing of the kind than we now do these *First Steps to Astronomy and Geography*—published by Hatchard. It is the production of a lady—the writer of a well received volume of *Conversations on Botany*, and does her infinite credit. If the neatness and simplicity of Mrs. Marriott's conversations recommended them to the instructors of young people, the volume, before us, is, on the same grounds, entitled to the same warm and welcome reception. It is well calculated to be popular in schools, and with governesses. A little contrivance, a sort of ocular illustration of the sphericity of the earth, is well imagined—a ship, with all her sails set, is made to revolve on the circumference of a circle, shewing distinctly *why* the sails come first in sight, and the hull last—as they are actually observed to do. The *Geography* consists of a light and lively sketch of the divisions of the globe; but which, in a second edition—which it will undoubtedly reach—will require a little revision—some of the many changes of the last twenty years are not noticed; and it is desirable that things of this kind should be brought up to the latest date.

*The Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry; by John Hind, M. A.*—Analytic geometry has been so long and so successfully cultivated in France, while in this country it has but so very recently formed a branch of education, that it is not to be expected the elementary works we possess on the subject should bear any comparison with those of our neighbours. Yet this is not altogether the case; and Woodhouse's *Trigonometry* will fairly compete with any similar treatise which Europe can boast. *Longo proximus intervallo* appears

the present work. Mr. Hind seems to have written exclusively for the students of the university of which he is a member. But as we do not consider the system of instruction pursued at Cambridge the best calculated to advance mathematical knowledge, we can say very little in favour of the work in question, but must enter our most vehement protest against the introduction of innumerable questions to exercise the ingenuity of the learner, when neither the method nor the result is given of their solution.

*Analytic Physiology; by Samuel Hood, M.D.*—At a time when the press teems with ill-written volumes on medical subjects; when every youthful candidate for the honours and emoluments of his profession, deems it necessary to advertise himself to the public as an author, whether he have a single new fact or observation of the slightest importance to communicate, or not; when medical men are condemned to winnow a few grains of information from the appalling mass of dulness, ignorance, and misstatement, with which they are beset, quarterly, monthly, and weekly, in countless periodicals; we hail a work which professes to present us, in a small compass, with the most important facts in physical science, and to deduce from them rational principles of medical practice. Our author, if we may judge from his preface, appears to consider himself a discoverer; to think that he has made a grand step in medical science; and that, while the profession at large are wandering in the night of prejudice, and are held in subjection by the authority of obsolete theorists, he alone has applied the lights of modern physiology to medical practice, and, in an especial manner, to the improvement of the treatment of nervous diseases. We know not what may be the doctrines taught in the schools in the other parts of our island; but, accustomed as we are in London to the rapid diffusion of knowledge, through the medium of the press, and knowing that every physiological and medical fact of importance is, by some of our more enlightened teachers, communicated to their respective classes, often within a few hours after their publication, we cannot repress a smile when we are told of the “physiology of the schools,” and fancy we hear the language of a former age. Without for a moment desiring to withhold from our author the praise which is due to his fair pretensions, or doubting that many of his views are, relatively to himself, original, we feel, from the candour which we think we discern in his pages, that we shall have his forgiveness, when we express our belief that we have found *more than* “some crude vestiges of most of his theories in the records of medicine.” The most remarkable feature in Mr. Hood's practice is the formation of successive eschars with nitrate of silver or lunar caustic, in the course of the spine. We cannot suppose that he is not aware of

the frequent, we may even say routine practice of treating some nervous diseases—paraplegia, for example, by external applications to the spine; and among them, caustic issues made with nitrate of silver: and we would beg leave to refer him to the records of some of our hospitals for information as to the extent to which physiological principles are made the basis of medical practice. We should, however, do our author injustice if we hesitated to express our conviction, that no one will be found to dispute his claim to originality in his theory of the mode in which the external application of nitrate of silver acts on the animal economy, as hinted at in p. 20, where, after stating the well-known analogy between galvanism, electricity, and the caloric pro-

cess, he proceeds to observe, that, “diluted nitric acid is the most effectual mean of augmenting the caloric of a galvanic trough. Combined with the oxide of silver, or diluted with water, it is also the most effectual means of augmenting animal heat, when externally applied.” It would give us real pain if we thought that any of our readers would infer, from the remarks which we have felt ourselves called upon to make, that we wish to depreciate the labours of an ingenious physician, for whose talents we entertain much respect. This is so far from being the case, that we have much pleasure in assuring our professional friends, that they will find many ingenious hints in our author’s work, which we unhesitatingly recommend to their attentive perusal.

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### VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

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*Organic Defects.*—We have always felt pleasure in communicating to the public any inventions which, either from their ingenuity, or from the advantages which could be derived from them, were raised above the class of mere scientific conundrums; and lately have been much interested in the perusal of a practical work on the deficiencies of the palate, nose, lips, &c. which has been published by Mr. Snell, an intelligent and scientific dentist in Baker Street. The subject has been illustrated by researches, which extend back to the fifteenth century, detailing the various contrivances invented by different artists, many indeed of the most entertaining description, and closing this part of the work with the most approved constructions for supplying these unfortunate deficiencies, among which are a considerable number invented by himself, which display not only great medical talent in their adaptation, but a very correct knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of the organs of deglutition and speech, which they are intended to relieve. With the surgical contents of this book we have nothing to do; but having taken the liberty, in consequence of the perusal of it, to ask permission to inspect his cabinet, we feel that we are conferring a real benefit upon a numerous class of sufferers, as well as doing simple justice to an able man, in detailing his merits to the public.

*Paper Linen.*—A new invention called *papier linge* has lately attracted much attention in Paris. It consists of a paper made closely to resemble damask and other linen, not only to the eye, but even to the touch. The articles are used for every purpose to which linen is applicable, except those requiring much strength and durability. The price is low—a napkin costs only five or six centimes, about a halfpenny; and, when dirty, they are taken back at half price. A good-sized table-cloth sells for a franc, tenpence; and a roll of paper, with one or two

colours for papering rooms, or for bed curtains, may be had for the same price. The French have a strange fancy for paper things. Two or three years ago paper clocks were all the rage—novelty, perhaps, was their principal recommendation; but their performance was extremely good.

*Mouth Harmonicon.*—A most enchanting little musical instrument, to which this name has been applied, has been imported into this country, and is for sale by Mr. Weiss, the very ingenious cutler in the Strand. It produces modulated chords by the action of the breath, similar to the tones from an Eolian harp when struck sharply by the wind, or like the distant fall of military music, or a blast of fairy trumpets. The tones are variable; from the lightest echo, to a swelling strain; and they have that metallic sound which is the characteristic of martial music. It approaches nearest to the music of the Celestina. In size it is very little larger than a crown-piece, and the manner of playing it is extremely simple; so much so, that anyone, however unacquainted with it, can produce the most perfect chords. In short, this instrument is to music what the kaleidoscope is to painting. It has been, as was to be expected, pirated in this country. We have inspected the imitation; and though an apparatus has been constructed of greater pretension, it is totally destitute of the simplicity, and wants the mellowness of tone so remarkable in the former instrument—we therefore withhold the name of its inventor.

*The Steam-Engine.*—England, exulting in the perfection to which she has brought the steam-engine, has habitually claimed, while others have blindly conceded to her the priority of invention. An eminent French philosopher, the astronomer royal, M. Arago, has recently investigated the subject. The result of his inquiries for which alone we can find room, is as follows:—

A.D. 1615. Salomon de Caus is the first

who thought of employing the elastic force of aqueous vapour in the construction of an hydraulic machine suited to effect exhaustion.

1690. Papin imagined the possibility of making an aqueous steam machine with a piston.

1690. Papin first combined in the same steam machine with a piston, the elastic force of the vapour, with the property belonging to this vapour of being precipitated by cold.

1705. Newcomen, Cawley, and Savary first perceived that to effect a rapid condensation of the aqueous vapour it was necessary that the water should be injected in drops into the vapour itself.

1769. Watt shewed the immense economical advantages resulting from condensing the vapour in a separate vessel instead of in the body of the cylinder.

1769. Watt first pointed out the signal improvement of using the steam expansively.

1690. Papin first proposed a steam-engine for turning an axle or a wheel, and suggested a method of producing this effect. Previous to him, steam-engines had been regarded as fit only to be employed as exhausting machines.

1690. Papin suggested the first double steam-engine, but having two cylinders.

1769. Watt invented the first double machine with only one cylinder.

Previous to 1710, Papin had thought of the first high-pressure steam-engine without condensation.

1724. Leupold described the first machine of this kind with a piston.

1801. The first high-pressure locomotive engines are due to Messrs. Trevithick and Vivian.

1690. Papin must be considered the first projector of steam-boats. (We may also add, that the invention of steam-guns belongs to Papin. As what is the digester which killed poor Naldi to be reckoned?) Of the principal parts which compose a steam-engine.

1718. Beighton invented the plug-frame, the apparatus for opening and shutting the valves in the large machines.

1758. Fitzgerald first employed a fly-wheel to regulate the rotatory motion communicated to an axle by a steam-engine.

1778. Washbrough employed the crank to transform the rectilinear movement of the piston into a rotatory one.

1784. Watt invented the jointed parallelogram for producing a parallel motion.

1784. Watt applied to his different machines, with great advantage, the centrifugal regulator, previously known.

1801. Murray described and executed the first sliding valves moved by an eccentric.

Before 1710, Papin invented the four way-cock, of such great importance in the high-pressure engines.

1682. Papin invented the safety-valve.

Of the above conclusions, so totally different from those hitherto received, we have only

to say, they rest on the indisputable evidence of printed works.

*Antidote to Poisonous Mushrooms.*—

Whenever a fungus is pleasant in flavour and odour, it may be considered wholesome; if, on the contrary, it have an offensive smell, a bitter, astringent, or styptic taste, or even if it leave an unpleasant flavour in the mouth, it should not be considered fit for food. *The colour, figure, and texture of these vegetables, do not afford any character on which we can safely rely.* But, in general, those should be suspected which grow in caverns and subterraneous passages, on animal matter undergoing putrefaction, as well as those whose flesh is soft or watery. All edible species should be thoroughly masticated before taken into the stomach, as this greatly lessens the injurious effects produced by the poisons. When, however, this dangerous mistake has been made, vomiting should be excited immediately, and then the vegetable acids should be given, such as vinegar, lemon, or apple juice; after which, to stop the excessive bilious vomiting, antispasmodic remedies should be exhibited. Infusion of gall nuts, oak and Peruvian bark, are recommended, as capable of neutralizing the poison. Spirit of wine and vinegar extract some part of their poison, and tanning matter decomposes the greatest part of it.

*Steam Navigation to India.*—The government of the Netherlands has ordered the immediate construction of a larger steam-vessel than has hitherto swam the ocean. It is to be 250 feet in length, to have three decks, four masts, and a bowsprit, and steam-engine power equal to 300 horses, and to cost 800,000 Dutch florins. This monstrous vessel is to draw but 16 feet water when laden, and 10 feet unladen. The object of the government is to facilitate the intercourse between Holland and the Dutch East Indies; and it is calculated that about 40 days will be sufficient for the voyage, which may be effected with the consumption of about 2,400,000 pounds of mineral coal.—*Asiatic Journal.* The cost appears to be about £71,700 sterling, if the florin mentioned be that which is equal to about one shilling and nine-pence halfpenny, English money.

*Artificial Diamonds.*—We mentioned, a short time since, the attempts of an experienced French chemist to produce crystals of pure carbon, and his failure.—Since that time, M. Gannal has communicated the result of his researches, as the action of phosphorus in contact with the carburet of pure sulphur. This gentleman having to prepare a great quantity of carburet of sulphur, conceived the idea of separating the sulphur from this compound body, and thus to obtain pure carbon. For this purpose he employed phosphorus, which he perceived by combining with the sulphur, the carbon was disengaged in the form of small crystals, possessed of all the properties of the diamond, and in par-

ticular of that of scratching the hardest bodies. The details of the experiment are as follows:—If several sticks of phosphorus be introduced into a matrass containing carburet of sulphur, covered with water, the moment the phosphorus comes in contact with the carburet, it melts as if it were plunged into water, having the temperature of 60 or 70 degrees of the centigrade scale, and, becoming liquid, it unites to the lower part of the matrass. The whole mass is then divided into three distinct strata—the first formed of pure water, the second of carburet of sulphur, the third of liquefied phosphorus: if, then, the vessel be shaken, so that these different substances become mixed together, the liquor becomes turbid and milky, and, after resting for some time, it separates again, but only into two strata—the upper one formed of pure water, the lower one of the phosphorus and the sulphur; and there may be observed, between the stratum of water and that of the phosphorus and sulphur, a very thin layer of a white powder, which when the matrass is exposed to the rays of the sun, displays prismatic colours, and which consequently appears to be formed of a multitude of small crystals. M. Gannal, encouraged by this experiment, endeavoured to obtain larger crystals, and has succeeded. He introduced into a matrass, placed in a perfectly quiet situation, at first eight ounces of water, then eight ounces of carburet of sulphur, and the same quantity of phosphorus. As in the former experiment, the phosphorus was at first liquefied, and the three liquids arranged themselves according to their specific gravities. After twenty-four hours, there was found, between the stratum of water and that of the carburet of sulphur, an extremely thin pellicule of white powder, which contained some few bubbles of air, and different centres of crystallization, some formed by needles and extremely thin laminae, and the others by stars. At the end of some days, this pellicule gradually increased in thickness. At the same time, the separation of the two inferior liquids became less well defined, and, after three months, they appeared to form only one and the same substance. Another month was allowed to elapse, but no farther change took place; and a method of separating the crystallized substance from the phosphorus and the sulphur, was then investigated, but, on account of the inflammability of the mixture, great difficulties were met with here. After many attempts, more or less unsuccessful, M. Gannal resolved to filter the whole through some chamois leather, which he then placed under a glass bell, in which he occasionally removed the air. At the end of a month, as this skin might be handled without inconvenience, it was folded up again, washed, and dried; and then this ingenious philosopher could examine the crystallized substance which remained upon it. Exposed to the solar ray, this substance presented to him numerous crystals, reflect-

ing all the colours of the rainbow. Twenty of these were sufficiently large to be taken up with the point of a knife: three others were of the size of a grain of millet. The last three being put into the hands of an experienced jeweller, appeared to him real diamonds. They have since been submitted to the Institute of France, whose decision upon the subject we shall not fail to make known.

*Fossil Turtle.*—Another of those interesting productions of nature, the fossil organic remains of a sea-turtle, has been discovered, and is now in the possession of Mr. Deck, of Cambridge. It is imbedded in a mass of septaria, weighing upwards of a hundred and fifty pounds, with two fine specimens of fossil wood, and exhibits, in a most perfect state, this singular animal of a former world, once undoubtedly an inhabitant of our shores. It was obtained in dredging for cement-stone, about five miles from Harwich, in three fathoms water, and as a mass of stone, been used for some time as a stepping block, from which humble station it was accidentally removed, by its present possessor, for the admiration of the virtuosi.

*Friction of Screws and Screw-Presses.*—An examination of the friction in screws, having their threads of various forms, has led a French engineer to this very important conclusion—that the friction in screws with square threads is, to that of equal screws with triangular threads, as 2·30 to 4·78, proving a very important advantage of the former over the latter, relative to the loss of power incurred in both by friction.

*To render Platinum malleable.*—The only paper of any consequence which has been communicated to the Royal Society, during the present session, is one by the late Dr. Wollaston, on a method of rendering platinum malleable; and the details of the process, which, from long experience, he regards as the most effectual for the purpose, are as follow:—When the platinum is purified by solution in aqua regia and precipitation with sal ammoniac, sufficient care is seldom taken to avoid dissolving the iridium contained in the ore by due dilution of the solvent. The digestion should be continued for three or four days with a heat which ought gradually to be raised, and the fine pulverulent ore of iridium allowed to subside completely, before the sal ammoniac is added. The yellow precipitate thus obtained, after being well washed and pressed, must be heated with the utmost caution, so as to expel the sal ammoniac, but, at the same time, produce as little cohesion as possible among the particles of platinum. It is then to be reduced to powder, first by rubbing between the hands, and next by grinding the coarser parts in a wooden mortar, with a wooden pestle, because the friction with any harder surface would, by producing burnished surfaces, render them incapable of being welded together by heat. The



whole is then to be well washed in clean water.—In this process, the mechanical diffusion through water is made to answer the same purposes as liquefaction by heat in the case of other metals—the earthy impurities being carried to the surface by their superior lightness, and the effect of fluxes being accomplished by the solvent powers of water. The grey precipitate of platinum being thus obtained, in the form of a uniform mud or pulp, is now ready for casting, which is effected by compression in a mould formed of a brass barrel, six inches and a half long, and turned rather taper within, so as to facilitate the extraction of the ingot when formed. The platinum is first subjected to *partial* compression by the hand with a wooden plug, so as to expel the greater part of the water. It is then placed horizontally in an iron press, constructed so as to give great mechanical advantage to the power applied to produce compression. The cake of platinum is then to be heated to redness by a charcoal fire, in order to drive off all the remaining moisture—afterwards subjected to the more intense heat of a wind furnace—and, lastly, struck, with certain precautions, while hot, with a heavy hammer, so as effectually to close the metal. The ingot thus obtained may, like that of any other metal, be reduced by the processes of heating and forging to any other form that may be required: it may then be flattened into leaf, drawn into wire, or submitted to any of the processes of which the most ductile metals

are capable. The perfection of the above method of giving complete malleability to platinum, is proved by comparing the specific gravity of a fine wire of that metal obtained by this process, which is found to be 21·5 with that of a similar wire drawn from a button, which had been completely fused, by the late Dr. Clarke, with an oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe, and which the author ascertained was only 21·16. A farther proof of the excellence of the method employed by Dr. Wollaston is derived from the great tenacity of the platinum thus obtained, as determined by a comparison of the weights required to break wires made of this metal so prepared, and similar wire of gold and of iron. These weights he found to be, in the proportion of the numbers, 590—500 and 600 respectively.

*Boring for Water.*—Among the various discoveries and improvements that have lately taken place, none have been more conducive to the general benefit of mankind, than the plan now adopted of procuring water by boring to the main spring, the success of which is certain, and the results thence arising are known to be advantageous. We have so frequently heard of the failure of this process, in consequence of its being undertaken by inexperienced operators, that we are glad to make known the names of the engineers who introduced the practice into this country, and by whom it has been carried on with the greatest success, Messrs. Goode, of Plough Court, Lombard Street.

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## FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

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*Britton's Picturesque Antiquities of English Cities.*—In the absence of more imposing and popular novelties in Fine Arts, we have much pleasure in directing the public attention to a work under the above title, two numbers of which have already appeared, and the whole of which (to be completed in six numbers) promises to supply a fund of interesting matter not inferior in value and variety to the numerous publications of a somewhat similar nature which had previously gratified and instructed the lover of picturesque antiquity, and of architectural beauty and curiosity, from the same source. We have had occasion to notice, with commendation, some of Mr. Britton's previous undertakings in illustrations of the architectural and antiquarian riches of our island, but have not hitherto been able to give them that detailed attention which their comparative interest and importance seem to claim for them.

The object of Mr. Britton's new work is in some measure, but not fully, explained by the title—"Picturesque Antiquities of the English Cities." It is intended as supplementary to and illustrative of a most interesting work edited by Mr. Britton some

time ago, entitled "Views of the English Cities," the drawings for which were so charmingly executed by Mr. Robson. The present work is intended to include all the minor features which the nature of the other work precluded from introduction: such as the ancient bars, gates, posterns, sally-ports, ruins of towers, dungeon keeps, city walls, remains of churches, castles, mansions, &c. &c.; in short, every thing connected with our English cities, which unites in itself the two characteristics of picturesqueness and antiquity.—Each number of the work is to include an average of from nine to twelve highly-finished engravings, besides wood-cuts of minor subjects, which latter are to be introduced into the page of the letter-press that is to accompany the illustrations.

*Portraits of the Female Nobility in La Belle Assemblée.*—In looking on one, in particular, of the portraits which form part of the embellishments of *La Belle Assemblée* for *January and February, 1829*, we cannot help exclaiming, *fiat justitia, ruat cælum!* which we will, on this occasion, interpret, "Let justice be done, even though in doing it we hold up to admiration the

merits of a rival magazine!"—a thing, we opine, as yet unheard of in the annals of periodical criticism. The truth is, that the art of pictorial embellishment has reached a height to which it never approached in former times; and its comparative cheapness is no less noticeable than its other merits. We have here two portraits, each of which would be cheap at the price of the whole publication of which it forms the frontispiece merely. That of the Duchess of Northumberland is executed with great care, and the likeness has that individuality about it which almost proves it a resemblance. But the portrait of the Marchioness Wellesley is really an exquisite, and, in its way, a perfectly faultless work of art. There is no part about it that has not

truth, force, and delicacy, each in a high degree, and the whole mingled together with singular taste and spirit. There is a brilliant precision in the character of the face; the flesh, of the left arm in particular, is alive and warm; the dress is admirably discriminated in its details; and the landscape back-ground is delightfully tender and tasteful. Among the many excellent portraits of our English beauties, which this work has presented to the world, we cannot help looking upon this as the very best and most striking. The painter is Mr. Robertson, and the engraver Mr. Dean, who should congratulate himself when he has such paintings to engrave from.

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## WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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### WORKS IN PREPARATION.

Genealogies of the present resident Families of each County, by Mr. Berry, Author of the *Encyclopedia of Heraldica*, to begin with Kent and Sussex.

A Treatise on Hydrostatics, by the Rev. H. Thosley, B.A. of St. John's College, Cambridge.

What must I do to be saved? by the Rev. Richard Warner.

The publishers of *The Boy's Own Boy*, have nearly ready, *The Young Lady's Book*, a novel and elegant volume, highly embellished, devoted to the most favourite pursuits and recreations of young ladies.

*The Portraiture of a Christian Gentleman*, by a Barrister.

An Itinerary of Provence and the Rhone, made during the year 1819, by John Hughes, A.M., of Oriel College, Oxford, illustrated by views from the drawings of De Wint, and engraved in the line manner.

*Holiday Dreams, or Light Reading in Poetry and Prose*, by Isabel Hill, Author of *The Poet's Child*, &c.

An Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, with explanations in Latin and English; and a Copious English Index. In 1 thick vol. 8vo. By the Rev. J. Bosworth.

The Prize Essay on the Lever (embracing its numerous modifications in the Wheel and Axle, and Pulley). In this distinguished production of an Operative Mechanic, the errors of Gregory, Lardner (in the Society's works for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge), Nicholson, and other eminent professors of mechanical science, are proved and corrected, while the theoretical part of the subject is mathematically treated.

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The Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Lecturer of Greek in the University of Dublin, is preparing a new edition of the Agamemnon of Æschylus, to be accompanied with the German Translation of Voss, and a new English Translation in blank verse. With copious Notes, Critical and Explanatory, and Indexes. In royal 8vo.

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The Rev. S. Wix has a Volume of Sermons on the Beatitudes and the Lord's Prayer, in the press.

A Plain and Short History of England, for Children, in Letters from a Father to his Son. By the Editor of the Cottager's Monthly Visitor.

Mr. Atherstone will publish the remaining portion of his poem of the Siege of Nineveh, in the course of March.

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History of the Peninsular War. 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d. boards.

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4. John Wood, Manchester, for his improvements in machinery for preparing and spinning cotton, wool, &c.

— Joseph and Peter Taylor, Manchester, for their improvement in a loom for weaving cotton, worsted, silk, or other cloth.

— James Thompson, Primrose-hill, Lancaster, for an improved process of printing cloth made of cotton, or linen, or silk.

7. William Griffith, London, for an improved toast-stand.

9. Richard Jones Tomlinson, Bristol, for improvements in the method of framing, &c. the roofs of buildings.

13. William Moulton, London, for an improved mode of evaporation and subliming.

21. Jonah Dyer, Wootton-under-edge, for an improved frame or machine for shearing woollen cloth.

— Joseph Burrell, Thetford, for a support and safeguard in getting in and out of chaises, and other two-wheeled carriages,

28. Ralph Dodds, and George Stephenson, Killingsworth, for their improvements in the construction of locomotive engines.

28. Samuel Brown, London, for a rudder and apparatus for producing effects not hitherto practised or known.

## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

LIEUT. COLONEL WILLIAM DICKSON.

This distinguished officer, (commanding the 7th regiment Bengal cavalry, at Kernaull, in the upper provinces,) was in the 47th year of his age. He was the eldest son of the late Thomas Dickson, Esq. of Southampton; and, by his mother's side, descended from Colonel Gardiner, whose confessions are well known, and who was killed at the head of his regiment at the battle of Preston Pans, in 1745. Colonel Dickson entered the army in 1802, and has all his life been in the active service of his country in the East Indies. He was noticed by Lord Lake for his gallant conduct in the campaigns of that General, and was twice severely wounded. For several years afterwards, the management of one of the principal stud departments was entrusted to his superintendance. His merits as a cavalry officer were well known and appreciated by government; and, a very

few months before his death, the highest eulogiums were passed on his meritorious conduct, and on the discipline of his regiment, by Lord Combermere. His death was suddenly produced by a violent fever, which cut short his career, just as he was on the eve of returning to his family in England, having completed his period of service, and earned an honourable retirement. This is the third brother who has fallen in the military service of the East India Company, either on the field of battle, or from the effects of the climate; and his mother, who now survives him, at a very advanced age, has only one of her large family to soothe her declining age, (the present Peter Dickson, Esq. of Southampton). Colonel Dickson was married at a very early age, and has left a widow and several children, who are, we believe, in England. He was a man of very consider-

able literary attainments, and of a cheerful disposition, temperate in his habits, a strict disciplinarian, but conciliatory and kind to those under his command; a warm and zealous friend, and an indulgent and affectionate husband and father. His remains were interred with the highest military honours, the day after his death, the General commanding the station, and the troops, all attending the funeral.

#### THE EARL OF LIVERPOOL.

The Right Honourable Robert Banks Jenkinson, Earl of Liverpool, Baron Hawkesbury, of Hawkesbury, in the county of Gloucester, and a Baronet, K.G., late First Lord of the Treasury, a Lord of Trade and Plantations, a Commissioner for the Affairs of India, Constable of Dover Castle, Warden, Keeper, and Admiral of the Cinque Ports, a Governor of the Charter-House, an Official Trustee of the British Museum, Elder Master of the Trinity-House, and High Steward of Kingston, in the County of Surry, &c., was born on the 7th of June, 1770. His lordship's ancestors were settled, a century and a half ago, at Walcot, near Charlebury, in Oxfordshire. His great-grandfather, Sir Robert Jenkinson, Bart., married a wealthy heiress of Bromley, in Kent; his grandfather, who was a colonel in the army, resided at South Lawn Lodge, in Wychwood Forest; and his father, Sir Charles Jenkinson, Bart., created Baron Hawkesbury, and afterwards Earl of Liverpool, was first known in public life as Secretary to the Earl of Bute, in 1761. He afterwards filled some of the highest political offices in the country.

The late Earl's mother, who died in the month succeeding his birth, was Amelia, daughter of William Watts, Esq., Governor of Fort William, Bengal. He was placed, at a very early age, at an academy at Parson's Green, Fulham; whence, after making considerable proficiency in the classics, he was removed to the Charter-House, where also his father had been educated; and, from the Charter-House, he was sent to Christ Church College, Oxford. There he was distinguished amongst his associates—of whom the late Mr. Canning was one—rather for assiduous attention to his studies than for those shewy qualities which frequently gain for young men a premature and unsound reputation for talent. Political economy is understood to have been the leading object of his attention.

Mr. Jenkinson was at Paris, in 1789, at the very time when the Bastille was destroyed. He is said to have been an eyewitness of many of the most horrible crimes which were at that time perpetrated. Attentively watching the progress of the Revolution, he conveyed much important information to Mr. Pitt upon the subject.

After his return to England, in 1790, he was elected M.P. for the borough of Rye, twelve months before the attainment of his

majority. The interval between the period of his election and that of his taking his seat, in 1791, he employed in a continental tour. His maiden speech was delivered in opposition to the resolutions of Mr. Whitbread, respecting the war between the Empress of Russia and the Ottoman Porte. His speech was distinguished by a profound knowledge of the subject, force of argument, and perspicuity of language.—In 1793, Mr. Jenkinson was appointed one of the Commissioners for the Affairs of India; in 1794, he was made Commander of the Cinque Ports' Cavalry; and, in 1796, he was appointed Master of the Mint, made a Privy Councillor, and named one of the Commissioners for Trade and Plantations. On the retirement of Mr. Pitt, in 1804, he succeeded Lord Grenville, as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; and, when Mr. Pitt returned to office, in 1804, on the renewal of the war, he quitted the Foreign for the Home office.

On the 21st of August, 1806, in his father's life-time, Mr. Jenkinson was summoned, by writ, to the House of Peers, as Baron Hawkesbury. When Mr. Pitt died, a few months before, he respectfully declined the offer of the premiership; and, unable to retain office under Lord Grenville and Mr. Fox, he resigned. However, though in many points an opponent of ministers, he supported the war. When Mr. Pitt's friends returned to power, in the following year, Lord Hawkesbury resumed his former station, still declining to take upon himself any higher office. On the death of the Duke of Portland, the nominal head of the ministry, in 1809, Mr. Perceval, the efficient chief, still finding Lord Hawkesbury (the death of whose father had just made him Earl of Liverpool) averse to the premiership, united in his own person the two offices of Lord High Treasurer and Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Earl of Liverpool then became Secretary of State for the War Department.—The deplored assassination of Mr. Perceval, in 1812, left the ministry in so disjointed a state, that Lord Liverpool yielded to the request of the Prince Regent, to place himself at its head. This was deemed a fortunate event for the country; the unimpeachable integrity, high honour, and eminent moral worth of his lordship, stamping respectability on the cabinet, and inspiring foreign as well as domestic confidence. It would be a waste of time to follow the Noble Lord in his political career. To his lasting credit, as a statesman, he conducted the most arduous war in which this country had ever been engaged, to an honourable, successful, and triumphant close. Perhaps the most difficult task which he ever had to perform, was that of introducing and carrying forward the Bill of Pains and Penalties against Queen Caroline, in 1820. His conduct was distinguished by temperance; but there are yet many who consider that, by abandoning the Bill—prob-

bly through a weakness of nerve—he failed in performing an act of justice to his Sovereign.

The noble Earl continued to hold the high office of Premier of England until 1827. On the 17th of February, in that year, his lordship was attacked by a stroke of apoplexy, from which he never recovered. So strong, however, were the hopes of his recovery, and so anxious was his Majesty that he might be enabled to resume the functions of his office, that the premiership was not transferred to Mr. Canning, who had regarded himself as his successor, till the 10th of April. His lordship remained until the period of his death—which took place on Thursday, the 4th of December, 1828—in a state incapable of discharging any public duty, and seldom able to hold intercourse even with his nearest friends. His death, however, at Coombe Wood, was sudden and unexpected; as, for some time previously, his lordship had been in rather better health than usual. His remains were, on the Monday following, removed to the family vault at Hawkesbury, in Gloucestershire. The funeral ceremony was of an unostentatious character. A handsome mourning hearse, drawn by six horses, preceded by mutes bearing the coronet and the armorial distinctions of the deceased, was followed by three mourning-coaches and six, containing the domestics of his lordship's establishment; then came his lordship's own carriage, followed by those of his brother and the Marquis of Bristol; afterwards, that of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, who, unsolicited, paid this mark of respect to his deceased neighbour. The carriages of Viscount Sidmouth, and C. N. Pallmer, Esq., M.P., closed the procession.

Of the Earl of Liverpool's political character, it can hardly be necessary to speak. His information was extensive, varied, and solid; his abilities were rather sound than splendid; his judgment was perhaps more remarkable for its accuracy than for its acuteness. In private life, his lordship, distinguished by benevolence, charity, and every amiable quality, was universally beloved. He was twice married: first, in 1795, to Lady Theodosia Louisa Hervey, daughter of the late, and sister of the present Earl of Bristol; secondly, in 1822, to Miss Chester, the daughter of a clergyman long since deceased, and sister of Sir Robert Chester. His first Countess died in 1821; his second survives him. Dying without issue, his lordship is succeeded by his half-brother, Charles Cecil Cope Jenkinson, the son of the first earl, by his second wife, daughter of Sir Cecil Bishop, of Parham, in the county of Sussex, Bart., and widow of Sir Charles Cope, of Orton Longueville, Bart. The present nobleman was, some time since, Under Secretary in the Colonial and War Department.

THE REV. DR. NICOLL.

The Rev. Alexander Nicoll, D.D., one of the Canons of Christ Church Oxford, and Regius Professor of Hebrew in that University, was born in 1793. He was a native of Aberdeenshire: his parents, humble in their walk of life, were eminently respectable in character. Educated at the college of Aberdeen, he was, by the kindness of the late Bishop Skinner, sent to Oxford, at the early age of fifteen, and elected to an exhibition in Balliol College. There, but for his constitutional shyness, he would have obtained the honours of first class degree, in both classics and mathematics; but, failing in that object, he took pupils, with one of whom he some time travelled. Weary of that mode of life, however, he settled in Oxford, where he obtained the appointment of under librarian in the Bodleian Library. There, availing himself of the vast treasure of oriental manuscripts, chiefly uncatalogued, he made himself complete master of the Hebrew, Arabic, Persic, Syrian, Ethiopic, Sanscrit, and various other eastern dialects. He drew up and published a catalogue of the manuscripts brought from the East by Dr. E. D. Clarke; and he entered upon the Herculean labour of completing the general catalogue of the oriental manuscripts in the Bodleian Library—more than thirty thousand in number—which had been commenced a century before by Uri, the celebrated Hungarian. This procured for Mr. Nicoll, a splendid literary reputation throughout Europe. In the course of his frequent visits to the continent, he had examined every great collection of oriental manuscripts in this quarter of the world. His correspondence with foreign *literati* was conducted principally in Latin; but he also spoke and wrote, with ease and accuracy, French, Italian, German, Danish, Swedish, and Romaic.

On Dr. Lawrence's promotion to the See of Cashel, Dr. Nicoll, through the unsolicited influence of the late Earl of Liverpool, succeeded to the Hebrew chair at Oxford; a promotion which changed his situation in life from £200 a year to nearly £2,000; and from an under librarian of the Bodleian Library, he took rank, as Regius Professor, and as Canon of Christ Church, to the first dignities of the University. This event occurred in the summer of 1822.

Dr. Nicoll's unremitting exertions proved too much for a frame not originally vigorous; and an inflammation in the *trachea* carried him off suddenly, at Oxford, on the 24th of September. Dr. Nicoll was twice married; first to a Danish lady, who died suddenly, in 1815; and, some years afterwards, to Sophia, daughter of the Rev. J. Parsons, the learned editor of the Oxford Septuagint. The latter lady, and one daughter, survive.

## MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE most important relative topic is the FROST—and it is gone ; in all probability not to return during the present season. It was ardently and impatiently desired by the whole country, not only as most congenial and salubrious in our *climature*, as Marshall would say, were he living, but for especial and most important purposes in our agricultural system—the natural draining and moulding of our heavy lands, rendering them friable and culturable, checking inordinate luxuriance in the wheat plant, changing myriads of slugs and insectite vermin into a manure, instead of a devouring plague ; and surely last of all, compelling the farmer to take his stock home to the fold, that they might eat up his superabundance of fodder and of hay, lest he should, like Midas, be surfeited and undone by the excess of that, which he had so eagerly coveted and sedulously stored up. Thus the world wags ; we are at one time overburthened with that which at another time we are exerting ourselves *velis et remis, omnibus nervis*, to obtain, and are at last probably and sorrowfully compelled to go without. The frost in our county, commencing on the 17th, continued nine days, acting very beneficially in the respects above stated. With respect to slugs, grubs, and wire-worms, we have ourselves formerly tried lime, and the nonsense of turning flocks of ducks upon the wheat, without any perceptible benefit ; the vermin would yet remain through the spring, unless destroyed by severe frost. The only remedy in our power, is heavy rolling, *early* and frequent, in order to crush and destroy the *ova* of the marauders, and so practice the noble cure of prevention. A month's continuance of the frost, would have been of immense benefit to the lands, wherever there is any depth of soil. It has been said that wheat, after fallow, is never slugged ; the land then, must have been well and frequently heavy rolled.

Until the commencement of the frost, live stock, in general, were abroad and doing remarkably well, excepting that the tread of heavy cattle was mischievous upon wet and tender soils ; and that sheep at turnips on such soils were much in want of shelter during the high winds. In fact, unless upon the best lands, the turnip has been running away fast, the bulb losing its size and substance, and retaining very small power of nutrition. Of this tribe the *rutabaga*, or Swedish turnip, alone can be depended on, in either moist or frosty seasons ; and we submit to those flock and stock masters, who have a sufficient breadth of grass land, whether it would not be to their interest, to confine their culture of the common roots to the Swedish turnip and Mangold, with the caution, however, that the latter be not brought into use until it shall have passed through its *sweating* process, as several accidents came under our notice in the late autumn, of cattle blown, and dangerously affected by the too early use of that root. Generally, its use should not commence until about the present time. Considerable stock farmers, whose turnips have failed, allow their sheep full feeds of corn, oats, and beans. Such a process continued, will no doubt clap two or three stone upon the backs of the sheep ; and as a valuable addition, will so enrich the manure, as to have permanent effects on the land. Generally, however, never has live stock been maintained better, and at less expence, than during the present season. This fortunate abundance of keep, will have the effect of preventing flesh meat from rising to any exorbitant price in the spring, since it has compelled all who had it in their power to provide stock to graze their lands ; and the common sense of the present Ministry, to do them justice, by that well timed national measure, passing the corn bill, have secured a similar advantage in the still more important article, BREAD. A considerable supply of flour is expected from the *us flaminica*. There is little variation in the price of flesh meat, fat or lean stock ; the latter still held too dear to return a profit to the feeder ; store pigs, indeed, are quoted still higher ; and by the invariable scarcity and high price, through such a number of years, an occurrence unprecedented in former days, it is obvious that the national stock and breed is upon too limited a scale. Our musical farmers prefer the lowing of cattle and bleating of sheep, to the grunting of *nasty* pigs. Fat hogs are worth about sixpence per lb. in the distant counties. It is universally expected that the fall of lambs in the spring will be uncommonly large, from the favourable circumstance of the ewes having been so fully fed during the autumn and winter.

Wheat, besides being a most extensive crop, is almost universally, a strong and good plant, upon the best lands, fully tillered and stooled, no material damage having yet occurred ; the same may be said of winter tares, clover, and seeds of every description ; but the last year's seeds were a defective crop, with the exception of hop-clover or trefoil. Clover and sainfoin, though considerable in bulk, are yet poorly in seed, whether as to quantity or quality. The lands are generally in great forwardness, and ready for the seed furrow. The short interval of frost was employed in carting manure or mending roads. Fine malting barley is very scarce, and must be dearer ; the crop having been large, it may be supposed the inferior surplus will be used, to some extent, in the country, as horse-feeds, which will have considerable effect in moderating the excessive import of oats. Hay and fodder of all kinds



declining in price. It is remarked, that wheat and barley only, are dearer at the present, than at the same period in 1827; all other farm produce cheaper. Hops dull of sale, with no prospect of a rising market. This article has long been a deceptive one to the speculator, showing that the annual growth and quantity on hand, have far exceeded the general opinion. Wool scarcely need be mentioned, but for the purpose of remarking, that with respect to fine, if our flock masters will not grow fine wool, they ought not to expect a fine price, nor be so unreasonable as to expect legislative compulsion in their favour. From Scotland, as usual, we receive the most favourable accounts, and the fewest complaints, from the cultivators of the soil, and from the labourers. It may be, perhaps, a useful and profitable question for us to ask ourselves in the south—why is this so?

*Smithfield.*—Beef, 2s. 2d. to 5s. 0d.—Mutton, 2s. 8d. to 5s. 2d.—Veal, 4s. 8d. to 5s. 2d.—Pork, 5s. 2d. to 5s. 6d.—Raw fat, 2s. 7d.

*Corn Exchange.*—Wheat, 48s. to 92s.—Barley, 27s. to 42s.—Oats, 15s. to 32s.—Bread, London 4 lb. fine loaf, 1s.—Hay 50s.—Clover ditto, 70s. to 105s.—Straw 30s. to 38s.

Coals in the Pool, 35s. 6d. to 42s. 9d. per chaldron.

*Middlesex, January 26th.*

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## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

**SUGARS.**—THE demand for Muscavadoes has continued general and extensive; the estimated sales of last week were 300 hogsheads; the good and the fine sold at rather higher rates; the low browns were more inquired after, on account of the scarcity of good sugars; but no improvement of the prices could be stated, as the holders met the demand freely, on account of their being so long neglected, and the great proportion of stock being of soft low brown descriptions. The refined market continued to attract attention last week; the sales of fine goods were on an extensive scale, and the low goods for export were nearly cleared of the market. Several sales of crushed were reported. Bastards were in great demand, and were 2s. higher. Molasses, dull.—*Foreign Sugars.* There have been several arrivals of Havannah and Brazil sugars lately, but none are reported.—*East-India Sugars.* There are inquiries after good Mauritius sugars, but few are offering in the market; the crop is reported to be late, and nearly one-third less than last year. In Bengal sugars no sales are reported.—*West-India Molasses.* There are no sales of any extent to report.

**COFFEE.**—There was a slight improvement in the demand and in the prices of Coffee last week. A large parcel of Brazil descriptions, old to fine old, sold at 34s. 6d. @ 37. 6d.; and, afterwards, a large proportion were sold at the advance of 1s. per cwt. The inquiries after Coffee by private contract considerably revived last week; and, if the holders had met the demand at the market prices, the transactions would have been extensive. A small portion of good old St. Domingo was made at 37s. 6d.

**TALLOW.**—The demand for Tallow was brisk and extensive last week, but the request yesterday and this forenoon is not so general; the prices are a shade lower. In Hemp or Flax there is little alteration.

*Course of Foreign Exchange.*—Amsterdam, 12. 1.—Rotterdam, 12. 1½.—Antwerp, 12. 2.—Hamburgh 13. 11¾.—Paris, 25. 35.—Frankfort, 151.—Petersburgh, 10.—Vienna, 10. 2.—Madrid, 37½.—Cadiz, 37½.—Bilboa, 37½.—Barcelona, 36½.—Seville, 37.—Gibraltar, 46.—Leghorn, 43.—Genoa, 25.—Venice, 47½.—Bordeaux, 25. 65.—Naples, 39¾.—Palermo, 120.—Lisbon, 45.—Oporto, 46.—Rio Janeiro, 27½.—Bahia, 35.—Buenos Ayres, 0l.—Dublin 1½.—Cork, 1½.

*Bullion per Oz.*—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 10½d.—New Doubloons, £3. 16s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9¾d.—Silver in Bars, (standard), £0. 0s. 0d.

*Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, 295l.—Coven-try, 1,080l.—Ellesmere and Chester, 110½l.—Grand Junction, 295l.—Kennet and Avon, 27¾l.—Leeds and Liverpool, 460l.—Oxford, 700l.—Regent's, 24½l.—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.), 795l.—Warwick and Birmingham, 255l.—London DOCKS (Stock), 85¾l.—West India (Stock), 200l.—East London WATER WORKS, 117l.—Grand Junction, —l.—West Middlesex, 68l.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 9½l.—Globe, 151½l.—Guardian, 23l.—Hope Life, 5½l.—Imperial Fire, 105l.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Char-tered Company, 52½l.—City, 185l.—British, 15 dis.—Leeds, 195l.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from the 22d of December, 1828, to the 21st of January, 1829; extracted from the London Gazette.

## BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

J. Cork, New Bond-street, silk-merchant.  
J. Turner, Hatherleigh, spirit-merchant

BANKRUPTCIES.  
[ This Month, 115. ]

Solicitors' Names are in Parenthesis.

Brooke, T. Bradley, farmer. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Whitehead and Co., Huddersfield)

Brooke, M. Sheepridge, fancy manufacturer. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Whitehead and Co., Huddersfield)

Beaumont, J. B. Newcastle-under-Lyme, Stafford, common-brewer. (Ewington and Co., Bond-court, Walbrook)

Butcher, J. jun. Coal Exchange, coal-factor. (Rankin and Co., Basinghall-street)

Brewin, T. Melton Mowbray, mercer. (Holme and Co., New Inn; Bishop, Melton Mowbray)

Beckwith, G. Batty-street, Commercial-road, coach-maker. (Horsley, Commercial-road)

Boindley, J. Shelton, earthen-ware manufacturer. (Wheeler, Gray's-inn; Griffen, Shelton)

Cottrell, J. Pangbourn, innkeeper. (White, Lincoln's-inn; Hodges, Walford)

Coucher, T. Worcester, victualler. (White, Lincoln's-inn)

Cauty, T. H. H. Pall-Mall, auctioneer. (Ford, Pall-mall)

Carrington, J. Ludgate-hill, linen-draper. (Ewington and Co., Bond-court, Walbrook)

Cooper, W. Nottingham, wine-merchant. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Fearnhead and Co., Nottingham)

Costerton, S. Great Yarmouth, brewer. (Butterfield, Gray's-inn; Fisher, Great Yarmouth)

Cardinal, J. Leicester, currier. (Sandom, Dunster-court, Mincing-lane)

Chadwick, T. Crab-Eye, Heap, Lanc., cotton-spinner. (Wheeler, Gray's-inn; Halsall, Middlesex, near Manchester)

Cooper, S. Newington, builder. (Fisher and Rhodes, Davies-street)

Duffy, W. Spital-square, silk-manufacturer. (Burfoot, Temple)

Dodgson, T. and T. Hartley, Cheap-side, warehousemen. (Bell and Co., Bow Church-yard, or James, Bucklersbury)

Duncombe, W. Broomsgrove, builder. (Simcox, Birmingham)

Drew, J. Cheltenham, builder. (Bousfield, Chatham-place; Rayner and Co., Cheltenham)

Dun, T. Holland-street, engineer. (Bowden and Co., Aldermanbury)

Edwards, W. Derby, bookseller. (James, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house)

Ferguson, T. Catterick-bridge, innkeeper. (Williamson, Gray's-inn; Glaister, Bedale, York)

Fox, J. and T. R. Trapps, Church-court, drysalers. (Stevens and Co., St. Thomas Apostle)

Foster, E. H. Lincoln's-inn-fields, wine-merchant. (Scott, St. Mildred's-court)

Ferneley, T. Thrusington, coach-maker. (Emley and Sanger, Temple)

Firth, J. Heckmondwike, merchant. (Stevens and Co., Gray's-inn; Carr, Gomersal)

Fersyth, J. C. Milk-street, silk-manufacturer. (Leigh, George-street, Mansion-house)

Gisborne, H. P. Manchester, merchant. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Heslop, Manchester)

Gordon, L. Westmoreland-place, and Lewisham, black-lead-manufacturer. (Bolton, Austin-friars)

Glover, W. Wood-street, woollen-factor. (Locket, Wilson-street)

Goss, T. Newton Abbot, Devon, mercer. (Williams, North-place, Gray's-inn-road)

Gregory, B. Brighton, druggist. (Rose, Essex-street)

Green, G. Little Chester-street, cow-keeper. (Carion, High-street, Marylebone)

Godwin, J. Manchester, flour-dealer. (Milne and Co., Temple; Ainsworth and Co., Manchester)

Griggs, R. jun., prisoner for debt in Dover Castle, farmer. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Kennett, Dover)

Heale, R. Mincing-lane, grocer. (Pearce and Co., St. Swithin's-lane)

Hammond, G. Eye, vicualler. (Slade and Co., John-srreet, Bedford-row; Mariotts, Stowmarket)

Hyde, L. Horsley, clothworker. (Beetham and Sons, Freeman's-court)

Haslam, J. Bolton-le-Moors, tripe-dresser. (Hurd and Co., Temple, Pendlebury, Bolton)

Hammerston, J. near Holywell, Flint, wire-maker. (King, Castle-street, Holborn; Oxley, Rotherham)

Holroyd, W. Old Bailey, eating-house keeper. (Bowden and Co., Aldermanbury)

Hetherington, F. St. John-street, Clerkenwell, cheesemonger. (Crowther, Newgate-street)

Hartley, J. Liverpool, victualler. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Brown, Liverpool)

Hodson, R. Camberwell, upholsterer. (Parker, Furnival's-inn)

Higgins, J. jun., Lancaster, scrivener. (Wheeler, Gray's-inn; Robinson, Lancaster)

Jones, M. Brinnawor, Brecon, iron-monger. (Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Cornish and Son, Bristol)

King, C. jun., Halesworth, carpenter. (White and Co., Great St. Helens; White and Co., Halesworth)

Keer, W. Southend; linen-crafter. (Jones, Size-lane)

Kendrick, J. and T. Bruze, Tipton, engineers. (White, Lincoln's-inn; Smith, Walsall)

Leekie, W. Adam's-court, Old Broad-street, insurance-broker. (Oliverson and Co., Fiederick's-place, Old Jewry)

Lee, J. Leeds, tea-dealer. (Strangeways and Co., Barnard's-inn; Scott and Co., Leeds)

Logan, D. Brighton, builder. (Sowton, Great James-street, Bedford-row; Attree, Brighton)

Lambert, S. North Shields, grocer. (Bell and Co., Bow Church-yard; Carr and Co., Newcastle-upon-Tyne)

Lawrence, J. B. Great St. Helens, scrivener. (Vincent, Temple)

Layton, J. Kentish Town, stockbroker. (Wilkinson and Co., Bucklersbury)

Leighton, T. H. late of Bread-street-hill, and Blyth, Northumberland, chemist. (Plumtree, Temple; Cram, Newcastle-upon-Tyne)

Mellor, D. Lane Top, Almondbury, clothier. (Batty and Co., Chancery-lane; Cloughs and Co., Huddersfield)

Morrah, M. Worthing, apothecary. (Hillier and Co., Gray's-inn; Tribe, Worthing)

Morley, W. Manchester, factor. (Willis and Co., London, or Wilson, Manchester)

Meyer, H. Red Lion-square, print-seller. (Jeyes, Chancery-lane)

Monson, Honourable Katherine, Cheltenham, builder and haliier. (King, Serjeant's-inn; Strafford and Cox, Cheltenham)

Marshall, J. Vere-street, linen-draper. (Bartlett and Co., Nicholas-lane)

Middlecoat, W. Walthow, coal-merchant. (Matlock, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury)

Mason, R. Norwich, earthenwareman. (Francis, New Boswell-court; Beart, Great Yarmouth)

M'Kee, S. Liverpool, merchant. (Blackstock and Co., Temple; Bard-well and Son, Liverpool)

Manger, J. Mount-street, grocer. (Brooks, Lincoln's-inn-fields)

Newton, J. Dissington, joiner. (Holder, Clement's-inn; Walker, Whitehaven)

Nicholson, W. Manchester, broker. (Makinson and Co. Temple; Oliver, Manchester)

Orton, R. N. Ashted, scrivener. (Nor-ton and Co., Gray's-inn; Spurrier and Co., Birmingham)

Ostler, S. Helston, grocer. (Brown, Cook's-court, Carey-street)

Prior, R. Hillington, chair-maker. (Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Riches and Co., Uxbridge)

Pound, G. Eudsonell-place, New North-road, builder. (Young and Co., Mark-lane)

Pohlman, J. G. Kentish Town, book-seller. (Parker, Furnival's-inn)

Pearson, J. Manchester, flour dealer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Higson and Co., Manchester)

Parker, S. Dublin, draper. (Brittan, Basinghall-street; Beevan and Co., Bristol)

Fyne, W. Great Scotland-yard, broker. (Venning and Co., Cophal-court)

Powell, H. Boroughbridge, corn-factor. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Hirst, Boroughbridge)

Rawlinson, J. King's Cliffe, grocer. (Flaggate and Co., Essex-street; Jackson, Stamford)

Ree, J. Aston, Hereford, dealer. (Fitch, Southwalk; Coates and Co., Leominster)

Ruppenthal, E. Pall-Mall, wine-merchant. (King, Bedford-place)

Remington, W., R. Stephenson, D. R. Remington, and J. P. Toulmin,

- Lombard-street, bankers. (Barrow and Co., Leadenhall-street  
 Rowley, W. G. Leeds, hatter. (Robinson, Pancras-lane, Queen-street  
 Rose, F. B. High-street, Southwark, dealer. (Clutton and Co., High-street, Southwark  
 Rolling, C. Moorgreen, Notts, lace-manufacturer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Hupkins, Nottingham.  
 Smith, T. and T. Hall, Wood-street, warehousemen, (Bolton, Austin-Friars  
 Swindall, W. Worksop, grocer. (Allen and Co., Carlisle-street; Beardshaw, Worksop  
 Sands, W. Leeds, tailor. (Few and Co., Henrietta-street; Bloomer and Co., Leeds  
 Shiers, T. Huddersfield, wool-stapler, (Batty and Co., Chancery-lane; Stevenson, Holmfirth  
 Sweeney, W. and J. Harley, Nag's-Head-court, Gracchurh-street, dealers in drugs. (Templar, Great Tower-street  
 Spiller, R. Lansdown Mews, Guildford-street, stone mason. (Hall and Co., Salter's hail  
 Stratford, W. Tottenham-court-road, cutler. Williams, Alfred-place  
 Sloper, J. D. Stone-street, shoemaker. (Cates, Robert-street, Adelphi  
 Thomas, J. Burslem, grocer. (Wilton, Inner Temple; Hilliard, Leek  
 Toorell, J. Heaton-Norris, iron founder. (Tyler, Temple; Lingard and Co., Heaton-Norris  
 Thomas, R. Piccadilly, livery-stable keeper. (Ford, Pall-Mall  
 Thomas, E. and W. Park-lane, horse-dealers. (Stevens, Hatton-garden  
 Wright, J. Ashton-under-Lyne, cotton manufacturer. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Higginbottom, Ashton-under-Lyne  
 Webb, G. and J. Stewart, Threadneedle-street, merchants. (Spurr and Leach, Wamford-court  
 Warne, G. Clifton, hotel-keeper. (Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Cornish and Son, Bristol  
 Wood, J. Shoreditch, and Chatham, linen-draper. (Hardwick and Co., Lawrence-lane  
 Wood, J. Manchester, toy-dealer. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Booth, Manchester; Barlett, Birmingham  
 Wildish, W. D. Caterbury, wine-merchant. (Brooks and Co., John-street, Bedford-row  
 Watson, G. W. Charles-street, milliner and dress-maker. (Richardson, Golden-square  
 Watts, J. Brighton, builder. (Lowe and Son, Southampton Buildings; Evans, Carnarvon  
 White ide, J. Whitehaven, merchant. (Falcon, Temple; Holgson, Whitehaven  
 White, G. Worthing, whitesmith. (Wise, Harpur-street; Edmunds, Worthing  
 Whiting, W. Manchester, oil-manufacturer. (Swain and Co., Frederick's-place  
 Wyatt, T. Hunter-street, Kent-road, flour-factor. (Wright, Little Aylet-street  
 Williams, R. Great Surrey-street, piano-forte maker. (Hume and Co., Great James-street, Bedford-row  
 Walburton, W. Harmood-street, jeweller. (Florence, Regent-street  
 Wright, R. Theobald's-road, builder. (Stokes and Co., Cateaton-street  
 Wadsworth, A. Sturton row, Newington, Surrey, cheesemonger. (Lown and Co., Mincing-lane  
 Yocall, R. Stockport, victualler. (Tyler, Temple; Hunt, Stockport  
 Young, T. Threadneedle-street, builder. (Smith, Basinghall-street

### ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. R. L. Townshend, to be Chaplain to St. Philip's, Liverpool.—Rev. L. V. Nernon, to the Archdeaconry of Cleveland, York.—Rev. C. W. Eyre, to the Canonry and Prebend of Strensall.—Rev. J. F. Roberts, to be Chaplain to the Trinity House Chapel, Mile-End.—Very Rev. Dean Greene, to the Precentorship of Connor, and living of Balleymoney.—Rev. W. Hett, to the living of Elkesley, Notts.—Rev. J. R. Inge, to be Chaplain to Earl of Winterton.—Rev. E. Goddard, to the Vicarage of Earham, Sussex.—Rev. T. Best, to the Rectory of East Barkwith, Lincoln.—Rev. B. Gilpin, to the Living of St. Andrew's, Hertford.—Rev. Dr. Fancourt, to the Living of All Saints, Leicester.—Rev. H. Banks, to the Living of Cerolinge, Suffolk.—Rev. Dr. Wilson, to be Rural

Dean, Southampton.—Rev. C. Pitt, to the Vicarage of Malmesbury, Wilts.—Rev. C. Neville, to the Cure of the Chapelry of Hindon, Wilts.—Rev. J. Brasse, to the Lectureship of Enfield.—Rev. J. Buckingham, to the Rectory of Doddiscombsleigh.—Rev. J. C. Clarke, to the Perpetual Curacy of Fyfield, Berks.—Rev. J. Maingy, to the Perpetual Curacy of Shotwick, Cheshire.—Rev. C. H. Collyns, to the Rectory of Stokeinteignhead, Devon.—Rev. W. Heberden, to the Vicarage of Broadhembury.—Rev. J. J. Lowe, to the Rectory of Fletton, Hants.—Rev. J. Proctor, to be Chaplain to the Royal Military Asylum at Southampton.—Rev. E. P. Henslow, to be Chaplain to the Royal Artillery, Woolwich.—Rev. J. Field, to the Rectory of Braybrooke, Northamptonshire.

### CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, ETC.

#### CHRONOLOGY.

December 23.—His Majesty having taken up his residence at Windsor Castle, received the young Queen of Portugal with the honours due to her rank.

27.—Mr. Rowland Stephenson went off with an immense amount of property, belonging to the firm of Reamington, Stephenson, and Co., bankers, and that house gazetted.

January 3.—Marquis of Anglesea recalled from the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland.

—The enclosure of St. James's Park, which has been lately tastefully laid out in gravel walks, and planted with shrubs, thrown open by order of his Majesty, to the public.

5.—State of the revenue published up to this day, announces an increase for the year 1829 of £1,660,647.

6.—First division of the Portuguese troops, 700 in number, sailed from Plymouth, under the command of General Saldanha and Pizarro.

9.—At the half-yearly meeting of the West-India

Dock Company, the directors reported, that in consequence of the increase to the dock accommodations of the port, &c., it would be expedient to reduce the dividend at the next meeting to 8 per cent.

9.—At a meeting of the London Dock Company the Report stated that there had been an excess in the receipts, beyond those of the corresponding half-year of 1827, of about £10,000.

15.—The Recorder made his report to his Majesty in Council, of 24 prisoners condemned at the last Old Bailey Sessions, when two were ordered for execution on the 21st instant.

—Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

19.—The Marquis of Anglesea quitted the scene of his vice-royalty in Ireland, and embarked on board the Pearl, sloop of war, at Kingston, for England.

—The Secretary of State for the Home Department addressed a letter to the Lord Mayor, desiring the concurrence of the Court of Aldermen, in allowing the warrants of the Middlesex magistrates to be acted upon in cases of great

necessity, without waiting to be backed by those of the City, which was refused, on account of its privileges!!!

20.—Prince Polignac, the French Ambassador, suddenly left town for France, after an audience with the ministers.

—The Duke of Wellington appointed to the office of Warden and Keeper of his Majesty's *Ci. que Ports*.

21.—Two culprits executed at the Old Bailey.

—Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 16 were condemned for death, and 90 transported, besides a large number imprisoned.

—The Duke of Northumberland received the keys of office, and went through the preliminaries for entering on the functions of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, at the office of Mr. Peel, in Downing-street.

#### MARRIAGES.

At Brotherton, Lord Muncaster, to Frances Catherine, daughter of Sir John Ramsden, Bart.—At Bath, Rev. J. H. Keane, to Madame Leonora Garciar.—T. Davidson, esq., to Miss Anne Grace.—At Charlton, O. Lang, esq., to Charlotte, daughter of Lieut. Col. Rogers.—At Abberley Lodge, Rev. H. S. Cocks, son of the Hon. Reginald Cocks, to Frances Mersey, daughter of H. Bromley, esq.—At Godalming, H. Watkins, esq., to Miss Lack.—W. H. Wood, esq., of Brazenose College, Oxford, to Miss Mancknols.—At Marylebone, Rev. W. H. Hughes, to Miss A. C. Williams.—At Marylebone, W. Peters, esq., to Marianne Jane, second daughter of Henry Bonham, esq., M.P.—At Brighton, W. Campion, esq., 15th Hussars, to Harriet, eldest daughter of T. R. Kemp, esq., M.P.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Earl of Cornwallis, to Miss Laura Hayes.

#### DEATHS.

At Missenden, General Sir Brent Spencer, Bart.—At her residence at Whitehall, Baroness Willoughby de Eresby, joint hereditary great chamberlain of England (with her sister the Marchioness of Cholmondeley).—At Brighton, Sir Hutton Cooper, M.P. Dartmouth.—At Horsley Hall, P. Philips, esq., only brother of Viscountess Strangford.—Rev. R. Balthurst, third son of the Bishop of Norwich.—At Gloucester, Lady George Sutton.—At Hampton Court, Sir John Thomas, Bart., 82.—At Norwich, P. M. Martineau, esq., 76.—At Great Yarmouth, J. Watson, esq., 79.—At Eaglehurst, Viscount Kilcourse.—At Bruton, Rear Admiral Goldesbrough, 82.—At Hampton, the Right Rev. Dr. Robert Stanser, Bishop of Nova Scotia.—In Tavistock Row, J. Johnstone, esq., 82, the celebrated Irish comedian.—Dr. Hyde Wollaston, Vice President of the Royal Society.—At Holbeck, near Leeds, Betty Jackson, aged 106; she had resided the whole of her life in that village, and had not suffered much from the infirmities of age.—At Gawsorth, Mr. W. Gee, farmer, 93; he had resided during the whole of his protracted life upon an estate belonging to the Earl of Harrington, and retained all his faculties to the last, working about the farm till within a few weeks of his death.—At Coventry, J. Woodcock, esq., 70.—In Powis Place, Godfrey Sykes, esq., Solicitor to the Board of Stamps.—At Hampstead, Hon. Mrs. Tyler, sister to the late Lord Teynham.—At Peterborough, Mr. R. Wilson, 97.

—At Threnhall Priory, the Baroness de Feilitzsch, 87.—In Norfolk, Sir E. Stracy, Bart., 88.—Near Swansea, Catharine Rees, 101.—In the almshouses, at Ludford, Herefordshire, endowed for the relief of old servants, John Griffin, 87; he had formerly been coachman to Sir F. Charlton, and in his latter days his great boast was, that he had eclipsed all his rival charioteers belonging to the noblemen and gentlemen in the neighbourhood, by taking the family coach in *six days* to London, which no one else could accomplish under *seven!*—Rear Admiral Swiney, 82.—At Exeter, Elizabeth Blanchard, she was widow of the late town-serjeant, and was upwards of 100; she was remarkable for ready wit and rhyme, and retained these gifts, with all her mental faculties, to the end of her life.—In Sidmouth-street, Mrs. F. H. Duncan, widow of J. Duncan, esq., late member of the medical board, Madras.—At Hillington, Maria, youngest sister of G. Fuller, esq., banker.—At Bottesford, Roosilia, 77, widow of Admiral E. Sutton, and sister to Mrs. M. Sutton, widow of the late Archbishop of Canterbury.—In Baker-street, Mrs. Campbell, 82.—At Edinburgh, Mr. R. A. Smith, presenter in St. George's church, well known to the musical world by his Scottish and Irish Minstrels, "The Flower o' Dumlane," &c.—At Llangoedmore-place, Archdeacon Miltingcamp.—At Solihull, Rev. C. Curtis.—In Stratton-street, Roger Wilbraham, esq., 86, formerly M.P. for Helston and Bodmin.—At Bath, Rachael, wife of Lieut. General Dickson; and Sarah, daughter of the late Sir R. Blackwood, Bart.—At Exmouth, C. Baring, esq., 88, younger brother of the late Sir Francis Baring, Bart.—At Sturbiton, Sarah, wife of Alderman Garratt.—At Ramgate, Sir William Curtis, Bart., 77.

#### MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At New Orleans, Mr. Alexander Philip Socrates Aurelius Cesar Hannibal Marcellus George Washington Tredwell, to Miss Caroline Sophia Juliana Wortley Montague Joan of Arc Williams!—At Paris, Viscount Perceval to Louise Marie, daughter of Count d'Orselet.—At Florence, Sir S. C. Bruce, Bart., to Miss H. B. Alves.—At Quebec, Rev. E. W. Sewell, son of Chief Justice Sewell, to Susan Stewart, daughter of the Hon. M. Stewart, and niece to the Earl of Galloway, and Bishop of Quebec.—At Paris, E. Gambier, esq., to Emily, daughter of the late C. Morgell, esq., M.P.

#### DEATHS ABROAD.

At Tananarwo, Madagascar, Rev. D. Tyerman, deputy from the London Missionary Society.—At Paris, the Princess of Essling, 63, widow of the celebrated General Massena.—At Paris, F. Plowden, esq., formerly a distinguished member of the Chancery bar; and well known for his Histories of Ireland.—At Boulogne, R. Peake, esq., 72, treasurer of Drury Lane theatre 40 years.—At Chancelade, Frances Descoure, on the eve of attaining her 111th year. Her body was nothing more than a dried-up skeleton, but she had not lost, even to her very last day, either her perfect senses or her good spirits. It is to be remarked that she had had a fall within the last six months, by which her thigh was broken. She was not bedridden until this period, and her death is to be attributed to this accident.—*Bulletin de la Dordogne*.—At Cadiz, J. N. Hall, esq., of Bow Church-yard.

## MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

**NORTHUMBERLAND.**—There are no less than five Associations for the Prosecutions of Felons advertised in the *Newcastle Courant*, as having just held their annual meetings, *viz.* Urpeth, Newburn, Witton Gilbert, Belsay, and Chirton; the number of prisoners at the county quarter sessions does not appear to be near so numerous as in many other counties.

There is a nest of resurrection men now prowling about all parts of the country. A corpse was lately taken up at Newcastle, and the grave so neatly made up, that no person could have discovered the robbery if the body had not been seized at the coach office.

**DURHAM.**—A skeleton was discovered a week or two back, in the kitchen of an old house, in Warren-street, Sunderland, about two feet below the floor. Much curiosity was excited by the circumstance.

We learn, from the bills of mortality for the city of Durham, that 252 baptisms, 56 marriages, and 257 burials have taken place in the year; being a decrease of 5 in baptisms, and of 4 in marriages; and an increase of 62 in burials.

Bills of mortality, in the parochial chapelry of Barnardcastle, for 1818—baptisms, 175; marriages, 25; burials 104.

A fine specimen of the red-coated diver (*colymbus stellatus*, Lin.) was shot, on the 12th of January, on the river Wear, near Framwellgate-bridge, Durham.

**CUMBERLAND.**—At a meeting held at the grand jury room, Carlisle, Jan. 10, of the subscribers favourable to the Rail Road betwixt Newcastle and Carlisle, it was resolved, that application be made to all the members of the Legislature, connected with this part of the county, soliciting their active support of the Bill about to be introduced into Parliament. About 100 shareholders have already paid, in Carlisle, their deposits, upon their shares, amounting to nearly £25,000.

On Christmas day, there was, in the vicarage garden at Alston, a gentianella, in full flower. This was the more remarkable, when we consider, that Alston is the highest inhabited town in England, being 1,460 feet above the level of the sea.

**YORKSHIRE.**—The corporation of the Hull Trinity House have given notice that a light has been established by night at the entrance (between the piers) of Bridlington harbour, and a red flag by day, which will be hoisted when there shall be seven feet depth of water on the flood tide, and remain up till the tide shall have ebbed the same.

The delegates from the different townships in the parish of Halifax for negotiating the business of the Vicarial tithes, have arrived at the termination of their labours, the result of which is quite satisfactory to the parish. A bill will, in consequence, be introduced in Parliament early in the next session, which, when passed to a law, will secure to the present, and all succeeding Vicars of Halifax, an income of about £2,000 per annum!

An accurate census of the population of Halifax has just been completed, and the following is the result compared with different periods, beginning with that of 1574, "when," says Camden, "there were more human beings than beasts;"—1574, 12,000—1811, 73,415—1821, 93,050—1828, 104,259.

The ancient custom of tolling the Devil's passing bell on Christmas eve, at Dewsbury, which has been discontinued for some years, at the request of the worthy Vicar, has this year been revived. The practice originated in the belief, that the Devil died when the Saviour of the world was born.—*Leeds Mercury*.

The sixth annual general meeting of the Ship Owner's Society was held at the Mansion House, Hull, Jan. 14, when it was unanimously resolved, "That this meeting, after another year's experience, are more strongly convinced of the deplorably depressed state of the shipping interest of the United Kingdom, and recommend to the Committee for the ensuing year, to pursue all such measures as they may deem advisable, in endeavouring to procure some relief from this depression."—The chairman stated that during the past year the entry into the port of Hull was 858 British ships, being 105 less than 1827; and 640 foreign ships, being 124 less than 1827.

A few months ago a Roman Catholic Defence Society was instituted at York: several highly respectable gentlemen were named on the committee, most of whom have since withdrawn, the society having been converted into one of *offence*, and not of *defence*, by the circulation of tracts of the most seditious tendency.

A new sect of Christians has sprung up at Grassington, in Craven. They call themselves Nazarene Canaltes, who believe that no religious assemblies are lawful except they are held in a *baru*, as our Lord was born in one.

A singular modification of the *aurora borealis* was observed in the vicinity of Hull, in the evening of the 26th of December. It wore the appearance of a broad belt of pale, but very vivid light, forming the segment of an immense circle. It was visible for nearly an hour.

A swallow was seen flying in the streets of Hull, in the last week of December, a most unusual occurrence.

The branch bank of the Bank of England, at Hull, commenced its operations on the 1st. inst.

The workmen who are employed in laying out the grounds round the museum, now erecting on the ancient site of St. Mary's Abbey, York, for the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, on the 12th and 13th of January, found seven statues, which had been laid at the bottom of the foundation of a wall, which was ten feet thick, and six feet underground, and which were in a very good state of preservation. One was a statue of Moses, and four of the others were, most probably, the four evangelists. Two of them are without heads. These statues are very well executed, and were originally embellished in all the splendour which painting and gilding could impart. Of course little of this now remains; the number of years they have been imbedded, having obliterated

nearly all the purple, and crimson, and gold, which once shone resplendent upon them. They will form a very valuable addition to the anti-quearian stores of the society.

**NORFOLK.**—By the abstract of receipts and disbursements of the treasurer of this county from Midsummer 1827, to Midsummer 1828, authoritatively published in the *Norfolk Chronicle*, it appears that (allowing a trifle still left in the treasurer's hands) the sum of £16,590, 6s. has been paid for expences—upwards of £12,000 of which has been devoured in the administration and attendant expences of the criminal laws, for *punishing*, but not *preventing* crime!

**DORSETSHIRE.**—His Majesty has been pleased to confirm and renew the ancient crown grant to the inhabitants of Portland, enabling them to dig and raise stone in the common lands of the said island.

At the last meeting of the trustees of the New Blandford Savings' Bank, it appeared that the affairs of the institution were in a prosperous state, that the amount vested in Government Securities was upwards of £44,980, and the number of accounts open 1050, being an increase of 74 in the last year.—*Salisbury Journal*.

**LANCASHIRE.**—By the annual return of the number of vessels and tonnage which have entered the port of Liverpool last year, it appears that there was an increase of 1,025 vessels, and 67,033 tons, while the duties present a decrease of £2,742. 4s. 5d.; in the year 1827 they being £155,211. 13s. 1d., in 1828, £152,469. 9s.

The new church of St. Martin's in the Fields, at Liverpool, has been consecrated; it will seat upwards of 2,000 persons, including 1,300 free sittings for the poor. It will be of great use to the inhabitants of the north part of the town, for whose convenience not a single place of worship has been erected during the last 20 years.

The new cemetery now in progress behind the Mount, will form the most ornamental and picturesque abode for the dead which at present exists in these islands, and in some respects will exceed the celebrated Père la Chaise, with which, we believe, originated the idea of a decorated burial-ground. The beautiful and classical chapel is roofed in, and is complete as to the exterior, except the fluting of the columns; it is exactly copied from the Greek temple, and has at each end a portico of six Doric columns, supporting a rich entablature and a pediment.—*Liverpool Paper*.

Warrington will be graced this year with two new churches, at least one in the town, and the other in Latchford; the latter place is now very much increasing in population, and stands in need of greater accommodation in the church. The present church of St. James's is to be taken down, and a new one erected on a more extensive scale, and in another site, fronting the Wilderspool road, the foundation for which is now preparing; it will contain about 1,500 persons, including the free sittings, and is expected to be consecrated this year. The other church is to be built by the Parliamentary Commissioners, and will contain about the same number as St. James's church, including the free sittings.

The annual meeting of the trustees and managers of the Warrington Savings' Bank, was held

on the 16th ult., when it appeared, from the report, that the deposits of last year had somewhat exceeded the sums withdrawn and the interest. The sums deposited were £14,117, and those withdrawn were £12,207. The amount now in the bank is £67,457.

**CHESHIRE.**—At the eleventh annual meeting of the trustees and managers of the Chester Savings' Bank, held at the Exchange, Dec. 22, 1828, it appeared that from December 1, 1817, to November 20, 1828, they had received (including interest, and bonus at 3 per cent) the sum of £235,472. 7s. 2½d.; the repayments during that period amounted to £134,678. 15s. 8d.; and that the amount of Government receipts and money in hand, amount to upwards of £191,000!

The following is the state of Knutsford gaol, at the beginning of the year 1829!—For trial at the sessions, on charges of felony, 73; on charges of misdemeanour, 17; for Congleton sessions, 3; convicted prisoners, 157; total, 250; of which are, males 212, females 38, total 250 prisoners, and eleven children!!—"The police expences for this county last year," said the chairman at the quarter sessions, to the grand jury, "were at least £15,000; and in Stockport alone, £2,400, whilst the county rate collected in that town was only £904!"—*Macclesfield Courier*.

The depredations and boldness of poachers have now risen to an alarming height in this county, and call aloud to the legislature for some alteration in the game laws. Lately, a gang of 17 scoured Stanneywood, when the keepers retired, to avoid so numerous a gang of desperados. At Cholmondeley Castle, a numerous gang of poachers had a complete *battue* in the plantations, and challenged the keepers to fight! The latter very prudently declined the invitation; upon which the poachers gave three cheers, and departed heavily laden with the spoils of the preserves. Mr. Shaw, head-keeper of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, accompanied by his assistants, encountered a gang of from 10 to 15 poachers, at Dunham Massey. The keepers very prudently determined to retire, upon which the poachers fired a volley upon them. One of the assistants was shot in the face and most frightfully disfigured, one eye being completely torn out of the socket. A second was shot with a ball under the shoulder-blade, and it came out in the breast below the arm-pit. A third was shot also with a ball, in the left side of the neck, and it came out in the opposite side of the throat, narrowly missing the carotid artery. A second division of the gang visited Tabley Park the same night.

**WARWICKSHIRE.**—At the quarter sessions for this county, commenced Jan. 12, upwards of 140 prisoners were for trial.

At the last meeting of the Birmingham Savings' Bank, it appeared that up to Dec. 10, 1828, the sum of upwards of £35,632 had been paid in by 1,893 depositors.

A declaration against the proposed "London and Birmingham Junction Canal," has been signed by upwards of 180 owners and occupiers of land on the line, considering the measure unnecessary, and injurious to their property.

At a late meeting at Birmingham, of the proprietors of the Worcester and Birmingham Canal, it appeared that the tonnage had increased during the last year as much as £3,000.

Seven poachers were committed to Warwick gaol, charged with being concerned in a late affray with the gamekeepers on the Earl of Denbigh's estate. One of them is supposed to be the man who shot at, and dangerously wounded, the principal keeper. This gang consisted of 30 armed poachers, who commenced their operations close to his lordship's house at Newnham Paddock.

Another instance of those wicked and malicious offences has occurred near Stratford-upon-Avon, which have so often alarmed and terrified the inhabitants of that town and adjoining county; Mr. Low's premises at Binton, his house, his corn ricks, clover, hay, &c., have all been wilfully set on fire and totally consumed. Some opinion may be formed of the state of alarm in which the neighbourhood has been kept, when it is stated that the fire-bell at Stratford has been rung 6 times within the last twelve months, and yet none of the perpetrators of these diabolical acts have been yet apprehended.

**NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.**—At the annual meeting of the managers of the Northamptonshire Savings' Bank, it appeared that up to Dec. 31, 1828, the sum of £316,986. 10s. 0d. had been received, and that £172,920. 2s. 5½d. had been repaid to depositors, leaving in the hands of the managers upwards of £144,000.

**LEICESTERSHIRE.**—At a meeting at Leicester, Jan. 2, it was resolved to form a public banking company in that town. The capital proposed is £500,000, divided into 5,000 shares of £100 each, and the company to be considered as formed, as soon as 2,000 shares are subscribed.

**STAFFORDSHIRE.**—At the county sessions upwards of 110 prisoners were for trial.

**SOMERSETSHIRE.**—It is a fact, that there is a man in Ilchester gaol upon an execution for a debt of 12s. 6d.!!! For six months has this man been a charge to the county, and his family to the parish of Martock, at an expense, perhaps, of 20 times the amount for which he is confined.—*Sherborne Mercury.*

At the eleventh annual meeting of the trustees and managers of the West Somerset Savings' Bank, held at Taunton, Dec. 15, 1828, it appeared by their report (made up to Nov. 20), that they have invested in government securities, with interest on ditto, the sum of £203,725. 10s. 10d., which, with balance in bankers' hands, and their actuary (£1,239. 15s. 9d.) amounts to £204,965. 6s. 6d., the number of depositors were 3823.—*Taunton Courier.*

By the last statement of the Yeoval Bank for Savings, it appeared the trustees had placed in government investments, £34,060; and that the number of depositors amounted to 771, besides 23 charitable and friendly societies.

**GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**—At the general quarter sessions, nearly 100 prisoners were for trial, 86 being in the calendar for the county, and 9 for the city.

Last year's importation to Bristol, exhibits a very large increase, upon the whole, as regards the duties that have been collected: it is upon sugars; upon which, we believe, not less than £126,000 increased duty has been paid, owing to the magnitude of the crops, and the consequent enlarged importations.—*Bristol Journal.*

The amount of tonnage on the Gloucester canal, in 1827, was 106,996 tons; in 1828, it was 223,574, thus shewing an increase in the year just ended, of 116,578 tons! The receipt of duties last year exceeded that of 1827 by no less a sum than £16,000.—*Gloucester Journal.*

**HAMPSHIRE.**—There are 61 persons confined for offences against the game laws in the Bridewell at Winchester, besides a number of others committed for trial at the next assizes, for conflicts with game-keepers! The magistrates have made an energetic Report upon the subject, alluding very forcibly to the fashionable *battues!!!*

Notice has been given for an application to Parliament to obtain an Act for paving, watching, &c., the town of Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, and for establishing a market there.

**Portsmouth, Dec. 20.**—The four Egyptian officers who have been for some time in England for the purpose of studying our language, and of acquiring a knowledge of various arts and sciences that may be useful to their country, and promote a beneficial intercourse with our own, arrived here this week. Ali Effendi is going out in H. M.'s ship Shannon, Capt. Clements, to learn navigation, and Mohammed Effendi is to remain here to study naval architecture and ship-building. Selim Aga is studying mathematics and military engineering at Woolwich, and Omar Effendi is qualifying himself for diplomacy. They all speak our language fluently, and express themselves in terms of the warmest gratitude for the liberality they have experienced. They are attached to the household of Ibrahim Pacha, son of the Viceroy of Egypt.

**BEDFORDSHIRE.**—Poaching has this winter become more distressingly alarming than ever. Bedford gaol and penitentiary are very full, and there are upwards of 40 prisoners confined under the game laws; there is one who has taken up his winter quarters for the 21st time!!!

**WORCESTERSHIRE.**—State of the Worcester Savings' Bank up to Nov. 20, 1828—by money invested with the National Debt commissioners, including interest, £170,233. 1s. 3d.—in the hands of the bankers, £1,738. 17s. 7d.—total amount, £171,971. 18s. 10d.; depositors, 4,087.—The Bewdley Savings' Bank produce up to the same period, amounted to £14,369. 8s. 8d.; and the number of depositors was 294.

**DEVONSHIRE.**—A new church is about to be built in the centre of St. Petrox, Dartmouth, and the present church, so far removed from the parishioners, and so beautifully situated at the mouth of the harbour, is to remain, as a cemetery for the dead.

An estate, situate at Lodeswell, near Kingsbridge, in this county, has within the last few days, by the death of a person advanced in years, come into the possession of his brother; the value of the estate is estimated at £500, and on examining the title-deeds of the property, it appears that it was purchased about two centuries ago for the enormous sum of *Four Pounds Ten Shillings!*—*Trewman's Exeter Flying Post.*

At the commencement of the Devon sessions (Jan. 13), the county prisons contained 253 prisoners, including those for trial, and those in prison on former orders!

**BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.**—There are now in Aylesbury goal nearly 180 prisoners!! 4 only are debtors!—*Berkshire Chronicle, Dec. 27, 1828.*

**KENT.**—At the winter assizes for this county, 6 convicts were recorded for death; 7 were transported, and 30 sentenced to imprisonment for various periods.

**SURREY.**—The following resolution was proposed, and carried unanimously, by the magistrates assembled at the quarter sessions of this county—"That this Court deem it a duty to represent to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, the crying evils resulting from the present state of the Game Laws, and to implore his Majesty's Government to effect such an amendment of those laws as to its wisdom shall seem expedient, for the diminution of crime and the general welfare of the country; and that the county members do present the same."

The ancient Archbishop's Palace, at Croydon, the remains of the once splendid palace, were sold at the Mart. This extensive palace once covered 13 acres of land. The principal remains are the ancient hall, with its curiously-constructed roof, the chapel, the Judges' chambers, and the old head of water. There are now a number of modern buildings erected on the site, which is bounded by the river Wandle.—The whole produced £6,700.

**CORNWALL.**—The Union Canal, between Liskard and Looe, is now in full working: it has been effected in the course of two years, at an expense of nearly £15,000.—The new line of turnpike roads, avoiding hills, between Liskeard and Torpoint, and branching thence towards Looe, are now open to travellers, combining usefulness with pleasure. These works have been the result of very liberal expense; and the grand object of establishing a steam ferry across the Tamar, from Torpoint to Devonport, is nearly accomplished.—*Sherborne Mercury.*

At a late meeting held at Penryn, it was unanimously resolved, that an institution for the instruction of infant children should be established.

At the quarter sessions, the chairman stated that a saving had been made last year in the expenditure of the county, of £1,428 in the current expenses, and on the total expenditure, of £583, notwithstanding an increased sum of £840 had been expended in repairs.

The Plumper is arrived at Falmouth from Sierra Leone, with forty prisoners, crew of a piratical schooner under Buenos Ayres colours, captured by one of our cruisers, and sent to this country for trial.—*Sherborne and Yeovil Mercury.*

**WALES.**—The late tempestuous weather has been truly terrific throughout the county of Monmouth, and the country round Abergavenny, is entirely inundated. The river Usk has overflowed its banks, and the Merthyr mail-coach has been washed from the road through one of the arches of the bridge. One of the passengers was drowned, and the whole of the horses.

The inhabitants of Merionethshire thus introduce their petition to the commissioners appointed to inquire into the practice and proceedings of the courts of common law in England and Wales:—"We, the undersigned inhabitants of the county of Merioneth, beg to solicit your investigation of

the present mode of administering justice in Wales, more particularly as regards the expediency of assimilating the Welsh judicature to that of England. The facilities that must be at your control, and the information that has been forwarded to you from other parts of the principality, render unnecessary our going at length into the subject. But we are anxious that, amidst other matters of consequence, your attention should be given to this subject, which is of paramount importance to the community in Wales, so as to ensure them the benefit and instructions of the leading gentlemen of the law."

**SCOTLAND.**—A noted resurrectionist, named Burke, and a woman with whom he cohabited, named Helen M'Dougal, have been apprehended in Edinburgh on several charges of having committed murders for the purpose of selling the bodies of their victims to surgeons for dissection. The crime seemed to be of too horrible a nature to be true, and few persons were disposed to believe in its reality. Their doubts, however, have been removed, and one of the inhuman wretches has expiated his offences by the forfeiture of his life—a punishment scarcely adequate to the enormity of his guilt. Their trial came on in the High Court of Justiciary, Edinburgh; they were indicted on three counts; the first, with the murder of Mary Paterson, while in a state of intoxication, by covering her mouth and nose, and forcibly compressing her throat, thereby causing suffocation; the second, with having committed a similar offence on J. Wilson, commonly called Daft Jamie; and the third, with having murdered Mary Campbell, also by suffocation. The prisoners were tried on the latter count only; and in this case, after witnesses had testified to their belief in the horrible trade carried on by them, W. Hare, an Irishman, who acted as an accomplice in the disposal of the bodies, proved the facts stated in the indictment: that Burke had drawn the old woman into the murderous receptacle, had made her drunk, then laid his breast over her head, and remained in that state till he had suffocated her; they then put the body in a tea-chest, and sold it to the Museum, whither it was carried by witness. The deceased had arrived from the country only one day before the murder, having left her home at Glasgow in search of her son, and being nearly destitute, was found by Burke in the street begging: he promised to give her food, and induced her to go home with him. Before he could finally accomplish his purpose, the poor woman cried "Murder," which was heard by a passer-by, and this led to the horrible discovery. Burke's accomplice, Helen M'Dougal, was acquitted; and he was ordered for execution on January 28.

The theatre at Glasgow has been burnt to the ground.

**IRELAND.**—The following is an estimate of the value of the principal articles of produce, &c., exported from Ireland to Liverpool, in the year 1827: grain, £1,451,170—provisions, £1,010,778—live stock, £1,170,998—manufacture, £1,011,697—cotton twist, woollens, soap, glue, starch, snuff, quills, hides, and skins, potatoes, feathers, &c. £200,000—salmon and poultry, 50,000—total £4,594,643.



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TO THE PUBLIC.

IN the hands of the present Proprietors, the MONTHLY MAGAZINE has always been devoted to the Constitution. But, with the rise of stronger public emergencies, more direct exertions are called for: if great political hazards are threatened, they are to be repelled only by increased public vigilance; if the old barriers of the State are shaken by open violence or treacherous friendship, the most secure and legitimate defence is in a Press guided by constitutional knowledge, by zeal for the country, and by that British pride of principle which scorns alike the frowns and the influence of corrupt authority.

Those declarations have been often made before; but the time compels a stern sincerity. Our principles are British, in the strongest sense of the word. We have not adopted them for fee or reward; nor will we abandon them for fee or reward. The country, at this hour, is in imminent danger. A convulsion, that may crush its whole system, is threatened. A new element of discord is about to be introduced into our Constitution; and every means—from the basest corruption of the base, to the most insolent intimidation of the high—is at work. Events are ripening with a tremendous rapidity, that nothing can counteract but the boldest resolution, the most extended fellow-feeling, and the most vigorous, straitforward, and faithful fidelity to the Constitution.

Let what will come, we shall do our duty as men, while we have the power of speaking to our fellow-subjects. If chains are forging for us and them—if we are to be tortured and persecuted by triumphant Popery—we shall still put our trust in the righteous cause, and still feel that the life of man cannot be more nobly expended than in the service of freedom.

## THE DANCERS OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

FROM the memorable day when James the Second, a tyrant, a hypocrite, and a traitor, proclaimed "His Majesty's most gracious declaration to all his loving subjects, for liberty of conscience," England has seen no day of danger equal to the present. The mask was worn long; but it has now been daringly thrown off; and, if we do not feel the tremendous hazard in which stands every thing dear to us as men, as freemen, and as Christians, we must be alike incapable and undeserving of freedom.

After a long course of ministerial disguises, carried on by arts which we do not hesitate to pronounce the basest that ever disgraced the character of British statesmen; after speeches studiously couched to convey "the word of promise to our ear, and break it to our hope;" after a long series of every miscreant contrivance to lull the honest suspicions, and disqualify the manly resistance of the country; the measure came out full-blown at last, with the high and the haughty triumphing before it, and the mean and the dastard creeping with wretched subserviency in its train, the whole succession of the cold-blooded sycophancy that had waited only to know which was the more lucrative side; and, for the sake of honour, decency, and the name of the church, we grieve to say it, among the most menial of those menials—the very vilest of that reptilism, which less excites indignation than disgust—was a Churchman! This miserable apostate had been for twenty years scribbling in all directions against Popery, calling heaven and earth to witness against its innate abomination, and declaring that its immutable principles were alike ruin to Protestantism, and degradation to man. "No compromise with this misbegotten atrocity, the invention of monks for the shame and subjugation of the human mind!" was his perpetual outcry. On the strength of this ostentatious zeal, the contemptible hypocrite laboured himself into some ephemeral repute with the public friends of the church. His powers were at best nothing beyond the ordinary calibre of a pert pamphleteer; his pamphlets lasted their week, and then went down to oblivion; but he gained his object—the notice of persons of rank: and he fondly imagined that every petty performance of this kind brought him a step nearer the object of his pitiful soul. But the steps were slow, and there began to be a probability that he might never accomplish another. Then came the *conviction*. In a quarter of an hour's closeting, the film was taken from his eyes; he discovered that all the principles of his previous years were smoke—that he had been scribbling on the wrong side of the question—and that the best thing he could do was to shew the zeal of a convert, and swear on the other. "*Hæcine fieri flagitæ.*" If—— But he is undone—sunk for ever! He at this hour hides his head in the obscurity fit for him. Repentance he will never feel; remorse he feels already. Peter's generous nature wept; but Iscariot went and hanged himself.

Then comes the sanctified Minister—equally contemptible, equally a slave, and equally undone; but with more effrontery than his colleague in shame, for he still talks of principle. Well; we believe him to have, at this hour, as much as he ever had—to be as honest, sincere, and dignified. But he can deceive no more; and he is, therefore, useless in his vocation. "Othello's occupation's gone!" Never shall man again be tricked by his sallow smile; his gracious bow shall go for nothing; and even his notorious mediocrity shall no longer save him from being suspected.

Next comes in this gallery of diplomacy, the lawyer. This slave was one of the most open-mouthed of the assailants of Canning, a man whose faults were worth all their virtues, and whose abilities threw all their pert and pettifogging souls to a distance immeasurable. Canning was of their own school, but he scorned them down through all their degrees of littleness; he used them, but he used them as tools; his sneer was at their service, and undisguised contempt was their perpetual portion.

The lawyer, once vehement and voluminous to the full extent of his brief, has suddenly discovered, like the minister and the parson, that all his protestations of last year were good for nothing but to be protested against this year: and sheltering himself under the public conception of a lawyer's integrity, has declared that he acted only—in a professional way.

Next shines out the solemn and heavenward physiognomy of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. What, and is he gone too? The fervent saint who was sent to Ireland to keep the little viceroy's papist propensities in order? the depository of the anti-catholic conscience of the Cabinet? the orator who always lost his breath, and deprived the world of the half of his harangue, when the subject was that "abhorred anomaly the attempt to bring in papists to domineer over the British Legislature?" Ay, he is gone. Conversion has been wrought upon the protestant-pagan. His belief is now *sterling*, and long may he live, to be an *example*.

Herries, that staunch friend of the constitution too, has discovered his *mistake*, and fills a place in the cabinet collection of portraits: a collection, which we defy the world to equal. One picture is still unfinished, the fiercest and subtlest physiognomy of them all: a face of the most daring and remorseless ambition, busied in the most tremendous game that can be played by man. The player is evidently in the last stage of desperation, and determined to make one throw which will either extinguish him finally, or place him beyond the reach of chance for ever. But the picture, though urged on with a furious rapidity, may never be finished; and some future wanderer through the halls of state, may find an empty frame, and a fatal inscription.

But a few weeks will now conclude all, and we shall either see England driven to extremities which no man of sense and feeling can anticipate without horror, or this mean, incompetent, and apostate ministry cast out, in the midst of an universal uproar of triumph from a rescued people. But we call upon our country to reflect upon the utter ruin which those few weeks may bring, for as sure as there is a Providence above us, so sure shall we be *slaves*, if papists are suffered to set foot within the Legislature. Popery hates protestantism with a *perfect hatred*, denounces it as *damnably*, declares every protestant, at the present hour, in a *state of damnation*, declares that every protestant is actually a *rebel to the Pope*, declares that all oaths to heretics are but temporary and capable of being dispensed with by command of the church, and finally declares that it is fitting to destroy the body for the good of the soul, and make proselytes by fire and sword.

What dependence is it possible to place on men who hold those iniquitous tenets, and who have followed them up in all times and places, where they had the means, by the most cruel, persevering, and horrid inflictions? They refuse the bible to the people; they are at this hour seizing bibles abroad, and burning them at the foot of the crucifix—at

the foot of the image of that insulted Being who came on earth to inculcate benevolence, and whose last command was that the scriptures should be promulgated to all mankind!

But the ministry have not waited for even the few weeks that may deposit the Constitution in their hands; and one of them has been commissioned to make the astonishing, but totally superfluous announcement, that he **MUST BREAK IN UPON THE CONSTITUTION OF 1688**. If he do, may he meet the fate that the act deserves. Another has been sent for from the land of his congenial papistry, to put the doctrine into shape, and to astound our ears by the monstrous conceptions that are ready for all emergencies in the brains of a place-hunting lawyer. For Lord Plunket we have long had the deepest scorn. This is the man whom Mr. Tierney, *to his face*, described as making the most degrading efforts to pick up some of the crumbs of office, ay, and well content to be a dog under his master's table for the purpose—as a “ship in distress, roving about with anchor a-peak to find a snug harbour on either side to drop it in;”—as pretending fear in order to palliate his meanness in acting the mendicant, and “first taking a panic, and next taking—a place.” So much for this miserable old man, who, after procuring for himself a title—such are titles now—and saddling the country with his own provision, and that of his family, to the amount of sixteen thousand pounds a year! comes over to get something else, and tell England that she knows nothing about her constitution—that the constitution is not exclusively protestant, and that the introduction of popery is scarcely more than an easy and salutary return to the principles of English freedom!

We shall now give a short detail of what the Law of England says, and overthrow the time-serving lawyer.

What was the actual nature of the Pope's supremacy from which the Reformation delivered us? The ecclesiastical code of England and of Europe once contained the following principles:—

“1.—He that acknowledgeth not himself to be under the Bishop of Rome, and that the Bishop of Rome is ordained by God, to have primacy over all the world, is a *heretic*, and *cannot be saved*—nor is of the church of Christ.

“2.—The Bishop of Rome hath authority to judge all men—but no man hath authority to judge him, nor to meddle with any thing that he hath judged—neither emperor, king, people nor clergy. And it is not lawful for any man to dispute his power!

“3.—Prince's laws, if they be against the canons and decrees of the Bishop of Rome, are of no force or strength.

“4.—All kings, bishops and noblemen, that suffer the Bishop of Rome's decrees in any thing to be violated, are accursed, and for ever culpable before God as transgressors of the catholic faith.

“5.—The Bishop of Rome may excommunicate emperors and princes, depose them from their states, and assoil (absolve) their subjects from their oath and obedience to them.

“6.—He is no manslayer who slayeth a man that is excommunicated.

“7.—The collation of all spiritual promotions appertaineth to Rome.

“8.—The Bishop of Rome may unite bishopricks, and put one under another at his pleasure.

“9.—There can be no council of bishops without the authority of the see of Rome.

“ 10.—The Bishop of Rome may open and shut Heaven to men.

“ 11.—It appertaineth to the Bishop of Rome to judge which oaths ought to be kept, and which not.

“ 12.—The see of Rome hath neither spot nor wrinkle in it, and cannot err.”

Such was the state of universal slavery into which popery had sunk mankind, and from which we were delivered by what we cannot consider as less than the merciful interposition of God.

The first legislative act of the Reformation, was the denial of the papal supremacy (25 Henry 8, c. 1); this was demolished by Mary, of bloody memory.

The true basis of English religious liberty was the act (1 Eliz. c. 1), entitled, “An Act to restore to the Crown the ancient jurisdiction over the estate, ecclesiastical and spiritual, and abolishing all foreign powers.”

By this Act, all public officers, ecclesiastical and temporal, must take the Oath of Supremacy; which oath, amended by subsequent acts, and finally settled at the accession of George the First, is as follows:—

“ I, A. B. do swear that I do, from my heart, detest and abjure, as impious and heretical, that damnable doctrine and position, that princes excommunicated or deprived by the pope or any authority of the see of Rome, may be deposed or murdered by their subjects, or any other whatsoever; and I do declare that no foreign prince, person, prelate or state, or potentate, hath or ought to have any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence, or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within this realm. So help me God.”

This oath was required from members of parliament within four years of its original enactment. By the Act (5 Eliz. c. 11), “Every person who hereafter shall be elected or appointed a knight, citizen or burgess, or baron of any of the five ports, for any parliament or parliaments hereafter to be holden, shall, before he shall enter into the parliament-house, openly receive and pronounce the said oath before the Lord Steward or his deputy—and he which shall enter into the parliament house without taking the said oath, shall be deemed no knight, and shall suffer as if he had presumed to sit without any election.” By an act after the Restoration of Charles the Second, the oath was appointed to be taken by the temporal peers.

By the Act (13 Eliz. c. 2) “The bringing in of papal bulls, &c. as exciting disturbance, was made high treason.” By the Act (27 Eliz. c. 2) against Jesuits and designing priests, it was declared (third section), “That it shall not be lawful for any jesuit, or ecclesiastical person whatever, being born within the dominions of England, who shall be ordained or professed by any authority or jurisdiction derived from the see of Rome, to come into or remain in any part of this realm, or of the dominions thereof, other than for such time and such occasions as are expressed in this Act, and that every such offence shall be adjudged high treason.”

Those laws completed the original code of the Reformation in England. Their purpose was the debarring from all power of evil to the Constitution all men who were not exclusively British subjects. The oath of supremacy, and its following acts, is against a divided allegiance, for there is no doubt to be entertained that the papist offers his allegiance to two powers at the same time—the pope and the king—and that the papal is the paramount one.

The reign of Elizabeth had been one continued but triumphant re-

sistance to a series of popish efforts for the Queen's assassination—for the seizure of the throne, and for the extinction of the Reformation. The Stuarts, naturally treacherous, feeble, and despotic, naturally leaned to popery—but its encroachments were at length found so alarming, that under Charles the Second—himself a papist, an Act was passed (30 Car. II., sec. 2) “For the more effectual preserving the King's person and government, by disabling Papists from sitting in either House of Parliament.” The Act recited that, the law for preventing the increase and danger of popery, had not the sufficient effect, by reason of the liberty taken of late by some papists to sit in Parliament; it therefore required, among other stipulations, that every member of either house, should, before taking his seat, take the oath of supremacy.

The Duke of York, afterwards James the Second, was a papist, and a bill was brought in to exclude him from the throne—it passed the Commons, but was thrown out by the Lords. The notoriously popish prejudices of the king, and the open popery of his next heir, now filled the nation with the most justified alarm—and the celebrated Lord Russell, son of the Earl of Bedford, and leading the defenders of the Constitution in the House of Commons, determined to resist the succession. This he unhappily, in a rash and unwise despair of better means, proposed to effect by force—a measure which nothing but direct self defence can justify, in any instance, and which in matters connected with religion, has uniformly undone the righteous cause. Argument, appeal, all legal opposition, every effort of persuasion and remonstrance, are open to the friends of truth; but when those are exhausted, there is no wise nor hallowed resource, but patience and prayer—the work of time and the will of Providence. If Russell had adhered to his legitimate means, he would, within five years, have seen the Constitution restored, and even invigorated, and this whole magnificent boon unpurchased by the price of a drop of blood. Russell was put to death in 1683, on the constructive treason of intending to depose the reigning king, an obvious and scandalous fiction.

Russell died with the spirit of an English noble, and the feelings of a patriot on the great question of his time and ours. The paper which he delivered to the sheriff, on the scaffold, contained this memorable and true declaration of the incompatibility of popery with the British constitution.

“I have lived, and now die in the reformed religion, a true and sincere protestant, and in the communion of the church of England. I wish with all my soul all unhappy differences were removed; and that all sincere protestants would so far consider the danger of popery, as to lay aside their heats, and agree with me against the common enemy.

“For popery, I look upon it as an idolatrous and bloody religion, and therefore thought myself bound in my station to do all I could against it. And by that I foresaw I should procure such great enemies to myself, and such powerful ones, that I have been now for some time expecting the worst. And blessed be God, I fall by the axe, and not by the fiery trial (persecution). Yet, whatever apprehensions I had of popery, I never had a thought of doing any thing against it basely or inhumanly; but what could well consist with the Christian religion, and the laws and liberties of this kingdom. I have always loved my country more than my life. *I did believe, and do still, that popery is breaking in upon this nation, and that those who advance it, will stop at nothing to carry on their design.* I am heartily sorry, that so many

Protestants give their helping hand to it. But I hope God will preserve the Protestant religion, and this nation!" Signed, "William Russel."

Such was the language of a whig, when whigs were men of honour; and of a Russel, when the name had not been prostituted to the lowest mixture with the most vulgar faction.

James II., a papist, abolished the oath of supremacy and the several tests appointed to keep papists out of public trust; he received the popish bishops at court in their robes, he carried on a negotiation with the Court of Rome, and he placed the government of Ireland in hands devoted to the papists. His course was short: he was driven from his throne by the united and indignant resolution of his people.

The first act of William, which is the corner-stone of the constitution of 1688, (1. W. and M. c. 1.) declares that "In all future parliaments the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, and the declaration required by (30. Car. 2.) for 'disabling papists from sitting in parliament,' shall be taken and subscribed by every member of both Houses." The penalty for sitting without having so sworn, being 500*l.* The next step was to exclude them from the throne. By the ninth section of the Bill of Rights, (1 W. and M. st. 2. c. 2.) it is declared, "That all and every person who is, or shall be reconciled to, or shall hold communion with the see of Rome, or shall profess the popish religion, or shall marry a papist, shall be excluded, and be for ever incapable to inherit, possess, or enjoy the crown and government of this realm and Ireland. And in all such cases, the people are absolved of their allegiance, and the crown shall descend to the person or persons being Protestants, who should have inherited the same in case the persons so reconciled were dead."

By the tenth section of the same Bill, every king and queen of England, is required on the first day of the meeting of the first parliament, next after their accession, sitting on the throne in the house of peers, in the presence of the lords and commons, or at their coronation, to subscribe and audibly repeat the "declaration" required of the members of both Houses by the last mentioned act. By the Coronation Oath established at the same period (1 W. and M. c. 6.) the monarch is sworn, "To maintain to the utmost of his power the laws of God, the true profession of the gospel, and THE PROTESTANT REFORMED RELIGION, AS ESTABLISHED BY LAW." And secondly, "To preserve unto the bishops and the clergy of the realm, and the churches committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law *do, or shall* appertain to them."

Nothing in human obligation can be clearer than that the construction of this oath was not intended to be left to the new version of any future monarch; nor its validity to the caprice of a vote of parliament. The men who tendered the oath to William, had given the throne to him and his successors, on the principle, that by this change of the dynasty they had secured themselves and their descendants *for ever* from the possibility of being the slaves of a popish government. They must have known the many adventitious circumstances that might influence a parliamentary majority; and it is a mere contradiction to common sense to suppose that they had expelled a king, encountered the most formidable personal risks, and provoked battle with the whole of popish Europe, simply to impose an oath, which half-a-dozen voices more or less might at any moment turn into a nursery tale.

The oath is obviously distinguished into two parts. The former pledging the monarch to maintain "the laws of God, the true profession

of the gospel, and the Protestant reformed religion, as established by law." Those three are placed in one class, they are *principles*," and *unchangeable*.

The second clause refers to the rights and privileges of the clergy, things in their nature liable to legislative change, which the monarch is bound to preserve in such powers as *do or shall* appertain to them. No similar provision for contingency applies in the former clause; which, as strongly as words and the texture of a solemn obligation can make it binding, is *unalterable*. The oath was regularly taken and regularly observed, in its palpable sense, by the Brunswick succession.

In 1778 the laws against popery began to be relaxed (18 *George III.* c. 60) as far as related to the apprehension of Jesuits, popish bishops and priests, and the inheritance of estates by papists. In 1791 the act (31 *Geo. III.* c. 32.) took away the prosecution against Papists and Papist ecclesiastics, authorised Papist schools and chapels, and allowed Papists the profession of the law. In 1817 the army and navy were opened to them. But in Ireland, in 1793, by the weakness of the Irish government, and the liberalism of faction, had been given the first fatal privilege of voting for members of Parliament, by the popish peasantry—a guilty and factious measure, which plunged the whole of the lower orders into increased poverty, rendered them objects of every inflammation of treason, and, finally, prepared them for the insurrection of 1798.

The more daring attempt is now to be made, to give the furious, and ignorant, and disaffected agents of the Popish priesthood, seats in the legislature. The blow will be fatal to either the constitution or the peace of the empire. It will either break down Protestant liberty, or rouse a spirit of angry repulse, whose results cannot be contemplated without horror. There are in the empire two men, either of whom could avert the crisis. The Duke of Wellington could, by refusing to carry on the popish bill, extinguish the evil at a word. A gesture from him, would instantly bring back Mr. Peel's opinions into their old train, clear the Chancellor's visual nerve, and make the whole tribe of the Goulburns, Dawsons, Herrieses, Sugdens, and other vermicular adherents to the good things of the Treasury, creep back the way they came. But this the Duke of Wellington will not do. He has not adventured so far for nothing. He must carry the Popish Bill, or must fly from office, and be undone.

The King can do it. By one declaration—by one syllable, he can overthrow all designs against the constitution, and save the country from the most tremendous struggle that it has known since the days of Edgehill, Marston Moor, and Naseby. By decision *now*, he may break up, even more than parliamentary hostility. Men are beginning to consider for what ulterior purposes England is now to be startled from her quiet. They call the Popish question only a cloak—they scoff at the idea, that fear of the braggart harangues of Irish Popery can have required the sacrifice of the constitution. They see ministers themselves at length loftily protesting against all idea of intimidation. They see the militia staffs broken up, the yeomanry extinguished,—a military cabinet, and they ask in low tones, but with wondering faces, to what do all these things tend? Solemnly and, affectionately, and anxiously, they call upon the protection of their King.

But if in England men look to desperate changes and as desperate effects upon the public mind, what must be the result in Ireland? We dare not shape to ourselves the catastrophe that may be hurried



on there by the attempt to controul the feelings of a Protestant people, possessing the whole intelligence manliness and education; masters by birthright of almost the whole landed property of the country; men bound together in an untameable abhorrence of the vileness and vices of popery, every recollection of whose hearts points to the ancestors who achieved the revolution in England, crushed rebellion in Ireland, drove the popish slaves of James from one field of battle to another, until at last, on the stone bridge of Limerick, the last spot in Ireland left to the foot of renegades, they forced the signature of that glorious treaty which sent the popish army to live and die, mercenaries in France, and consigned the baffled adherents of popery in Ireland to the obscurity and impotence fittest for the slaves of priesthood.

Of those Protestants there are thousands and hundreds of thousands, men who will not shrink from the side of the constitution, let come what will. A single petition from the Protestants of Ireland, contains SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND NAMES! Let ministers hear this, and think of what they are doing. We shall tell them, that the voice of the Protestants of Ireland is the voice of truth, wisdom, and self-preservation; and let ministers ask themselves, are they prepared to stifle it? or have they the power, or is there any power on earth that could stifle it? We say, may God avert the trial of that question!

Let ministers look to the declarations at the great Protestant meeting in Dublin, on the 13th of February; and, when they read the speeches delivered there, ask themselves whether such men either deserve to be put under the heel of an insolent and idolatrous priesthood, or can be put under that heel. Let them see how the nervous language of Sir A. B. King was received.

“ My Lord, we are not come here to whine and whimper over the funeral pile of the Constitution—(Cries of hear, hear.) My Lord, we are come here one and all, I trust, I hope, determined every man, if necessary, with our lives—(cries of “yes, yes”)—to support the Protestant Constitution in Church and State.—(Renewed applause.) If, my Lord Mayor, this then be your sentiment, let us now rally round the embers of the dying Constitution—(Applause). Let us endeavour from them, while they still remain, to ignite a spark of fire which may kindle into a blaze of feeling that shall enlighten and illuminate the whole land—(Loud cheers for some time.) Then shall the voice of the people be heard, and I trust that our watchword will resound throughout the nation, and that all will unite in defence of our Protestant Constitution.—(Cries of “No Surrender,” throughout the whole assembly). What is it we are now called on perhaps to fight for?—what called on to protect and defend? Our lives, our liberties, and our revered religion—(Cheers.) My Lord Mayor, I shall not longer trespass on your kindness and patience, and that of this assembly, than by expressing my hope and conviction, that you will this day, before your departure from this meeting, call on our revered Sovereign, and surely that call will not be made in vain—(cheers, and cries of “we will”)—to stand forward in defence of that Constitution for the preservation of which he holds his throne—(Renewed cheers.) I am satisfied, my Lords and Gentlemen, that if we make that application to his Most Gracious Majesty, our beloved Sovereign, the head of the House of Brunswick—(applause)—that House which has been called to the Throne of these Realms for the maintenance of the Constitution of 1688, to maintain and uphold those principles—the call will not be made in vain—(hear, hear)—and that a Sovereign of that family will not hear his people’s voice in vain. Gentlemen, if you speak to our beloved Sovereign, in language couched with that respect, that veneration, and that honour which becomes us, and which he so strongly

deserves, I again repeat, that such language addressed to him, and carrying the sentiments of his people, cannot be heard in vain"—(Applause.)

Lord Frankfort de Montmorency's speech, though brief, was couched in language to which nothing but frenzy would refuse an ear.

"I must address a few words to the Protestants' assembled here, the descendants of those illustrious men who sealed the Constitution with their blood—(Loud applause.) Yes, my Lord and Gentlemen, they bled for that free and glorious Constitution, and are we not ready to do the same?—(Loud cries of "yes, we are.") I am called on, imperatively called on, to make use of strong language. It is necessary for us to defend the Constitution if it should be attacked. The country has been lulled into most dangerous security, and that by the basest measures—(Loud cries of hear.) I am certain that the Throne, notwithstanding all that has yet been done, will demonstrate its attachment to the principles which has placed its present possessor thereon. If it have been deceived, I am sorry for it; but it becomes our duty, and we will speak out in the language of determination and truth to rouse the nation and the people."

Lord Longford, castigated the scandalous meanness of Mr. Peel, in language which ought to make the apostate hide his head for ever.

After a succession of able addresses, the Reverend Charles Boyton, one of the Fellows of the University, and who has distinguished himself, from the first, by his vigour and manliness, took a view of the question in all its details, with an energy worthy of his character and his cause. We regret that we must restrict ourselves to a single brief passage. But the whole speech must be read and felt in every part of the empire.

"I shall proceed to show you a few specimens of their private conduct which had the same result, and which will show you, that while as a government, they never interfered with this factious body, they were, as private individuals, in close and continued intimacy with the leaders of the Association. I speak notorious facts—ay, facts, as notorious as that sun which now shines above us—that a leading Roman Catholic barrister, occupying a high legal situation in this country, the highest which a Roman Catholic can now hold, has been the confidant, the confidential adviser of the two last vice-regal Administrators in Ireland; and I would mention, too, that this man was the intimate companion and bosom friend with the leading disturbers of the country.—(Cries of "Hear, hear.") I say, that during Lord Wellesley's administration, he was the right-hand man of the Viceroy; and I assert, that during Lord Anglesey's government, he was a leading friend and adviser of his Excellency.—("a groan for Lord Anglesey," which was given on the instant.) And I say, that during all this time this person was in close connection with O'Connell and Sheil. I would refer you for proof of the position, which I have laid down, to a fact which at the time was quite notorious in Dublin, that when the Marquess Wellesley came to this country, this very gentleman ordered the waiters at the hotel where he stopped, to deny access to him to all persons except Mr. O'Connell, and the Attorney-General for Ireland. I would even go still further, to show the exertions which have been made in favour of the Roman Catholics of this country. Not very remote from the place where I stand is a Popish mass-house, which is now designated as a church; that Popish mass-house was made the receptacle of vice-regal dignity."

It is unquestionably no more than fair to Fawcett's management of Covent Garden, to say, that he has conducted the season hitherto with a very unusual degree of activity. This is in the style of his former master, Harris, who certainly had all the merit of never suffering the theatre to go to sleep; his expedients might be open to criticism, but he was never wanting in expedients. If a comedy failed, there was a melo-drame ready to fill up the breach, with invincible knights, and princesses in despair. If Young was sick, or Macready sorrowful, Madame Saqui was summoned to walk, like the queen of the monkies, up a rope at an angle of forty-five degrees, or Monsieur Tournetête to cling to the roof like a colossal spider. Frederic Reynolds too, was a tower of strength. If his pleasant farces were not forthcoming—and they seldom were a day behind their time—Reynolds had a dog to astonish all the sportsmen, by his pointing at partridges in a field of stage stubble; or a horse to overwhelm the *élèves* of the five hundred boarding schools round London, by walking the *minuet de la cour* better than any of them; or a learned pig that beat Hoyle at whist, and made Philidor, in two games out of three at his own chess board, tremble for his laurels. And, let the wise men of the world, who know every thing by instinct, say what they will, this is the true way to carry on a theatre. Harris had too much to contend with in the enormous debt which the enormous ostentation of building an enormous theatre laid on his shoulders; but, he did wonders, for he contrived to keep his theatre in perpetual popularity: his company was the best that the whole force of dramatic ability could supply. He had playing at one time, and frequently in one performance, Young, Charles Kemble, Macready, and Miss O'Neil, with a crowd of the best *remplaçants* and subordinates, and his own indefatigable exertion, personal punctuality, and unwearied good humour, complete as large a round of managerial qualifications as could be found on the stage.

In looking over the memoirs that have been within these few years published by actors and dramatic authors, we see perpetual pangyrics on the generosity, and honour, the personal good sense, and the public activity of the elder Harris. We allude to him now, merely as the model which every modern manager ought to have before his eyes. With this intelligent man, the author was the first object. It was a fixed principle, to cultivate the intimacy of clever men and turn their powers to the stage. When once they had exhibited decided ability for the drama, they might look upon themselves as secure of the manager's services for life. It was Harris's rule, to have at least four comedies in preparation at the commencement of every season, and to bring them out in succession, but not till the actors were most thoroughly prepared, and the most favourable junctures had occurred. For those labours he allowed the most liberal remuneration. He drove none of those harsh bargains that so often make it a humiliation for a gentleman to have any thing to do with the stage. If the performance merited the public approbation, there was no vulgar limit to its reward. Colman has for one play received 1,000*l.*, and probably more in other instances. Cherry received for "The Will," 1,300*l.* Holcroft received 1,100*l.* and 1,300*l.* Morton, received 1,000*l.* for "Town and Country," even before it was played. In one instance, O'Keefe had produced an opera in extreme haste at Harris's suggestion, who was in want of an immediate performance. The sum to be paid was six hundred guineas. The opera failed totally, and at once. O'Keefe, a nervous man, overwhelmed with its ruin, which

seemed to him to involve his own with the manager, fled from the theatre and threw himself upon his bed in despair. He was roused by Harris's arrival shortly after, who cheered him, talked of the disaster as a mere accident owing to the haste with which his production was urged; and ended, by pouring out the six hundred guineas on the table.

The man who could do this, deserved to have the best ability of able men at his command, and he had it. The theatre never was in so flourishing a state since the days of Garrick. Covent Garden, with its comedies, and a comic company (though that was first-rate) fought and conquered the grand dramatic army of Drury Lane, with the Kembles and Siddons at its head, and with only, at least, the name of Sheridan to make it the centre of fashion, and the centre of wit together. Still Harris vigorously fought his battle, and when he retired from the management through age, he retired with 80,000*l*.

But there was in his conduct more than the mere official drudgery of a manager. He cultivated society at home. He felt that he might take rank among his fellow men by his personal merits, and his house received with honourable and accomplished hospitality a large succession of individuals fitted to give distinction to any rank. He thus at once made his profession popular, and acquired for himself the active civilities and polished intercourse of the learned, the witty, and the influential. Sir Joshua Reynolds had done this before him, and found its advantages in the best sense of the word, in the cultivation of his own understanding, in the pleasant opportunity of bringing intelligent and valuable men together, who, but for that casual intercourse might never have met, and in the added information and personal pleasure to be found in manly and highly instructed minds.

But who does this now? Sir Thomas Lawrence, at the head of his profession, and with the duty incumbent on him of promoting and keeping it in public honour, sees the example of Sir Joshua pass away, without an attempt to emulate it. The lives of all the other heads of professions are strictly, almost sullenly, private; from the highest rank to the most common, all in this point, are the same. Yet this is impolitic. Those chiefs of the staff, those leaders of the intellectual forces of the country, should feel that their situation imposes on them the duty of publicity, and that the most natural way of ennobling a profession, is to bring its professors into frequent contact with able men; at present, all those leaders are obscure, from a love of keeping in the back ground. Not one man out of a thousand knows any thing of their existence, and of course, their own opportunities are equally narrowed. Mr. Davies Gilbert is known among the Royal Society as the gentleman who sits in their chair, and there ends the knowledge. Sir Henry Hallford has too many pulses to press in an evening, to trouble himself with calling his equals about him. Sir Astley Cooper, by nature a jovial fellow, yields to the force of custom, and shuts himself up by his fire-side. A solemn dinner once a year, or an evening levee, at which he preposterously orders his visitors to appear in bags and swords, satisfies the Chancellor's duties in this point; and so goes on the round, dull and undelighted, beggarly and obscure, until painters, poets, lawyers, and physicians, sink into the common dust, to be not more forgotten in the churchyard, than they were in society.

The principal novelty of the season has been "The Nymph of the Grotto," written by Mr. Diamond, and composed by Liverati and Lee. We give this, as it is given by the papers, but the originality of the

writing seems to have consisted in a translation from the French, Mr. Diamond's proverbial resource; and the originality of the music in compilation from half-a-dozen old operas. Of course, a few additions have been made, and sufficient changes, to avoid direct plagiarism. The denial is at once vulgar and useless, for we prefer the French to any thing that we can expect from the regular workers for our stage; and we think, that nine-tenths of our present school of composers, puffing personages as they are, are infinitely better employed in copying airs from old operas, than attempting new ones of their own. The opera has succeeded to a certain extent, for the scenery, the music, and the acting were all pretty. There was some pretty dialogue in the more sentimental parts, and though the leading idea, of a man falling into any kind of love with a being presumed to be of the male sex, is repulsive in the extreme, and should be shrunk from on the stage, as much as it is abhorred in real life, yet the dénouement was prettily contrived, and the audience were pleased to see that the nymph was a nymph after all. The opera has since gradually expired.

A comedy by Mr. Lunn next appeared. The author is an ingenious man, and with no slight theatrical talent, but his comedy was either "too broad or too long;" and the "Widow Bewitched," was performed but a few nights. It was treated with considerable negligence in the papers, and in some instances with severity—this tone we regret. The difficulty of producing a comedy must be very great, from the very few instances in which we see the attempt made, and the fewer, if possible, in which we see it succeed. There has been but one performance of this kind successful to any extent within the last quarter of a century. Of course if the play do not please the audience, the audience will extinguish it; and there is no reasoning with pit, box and gallery, on that subject or any other. But criticism should look out for the good as well as the evil—and authorship, a thing easily cast down in the better order of minds, might be cheered to superior efforts by the feeling, that let actors, managers and audiences do what they may, it will be sure of justice at the hands of men, whose opinion spreads beyond the ephemeral decision of a theatre. We hope to see Mr. Lunn exerting himself with additional spirit in the service of the drama. "Yelva," a translation from the French, perished on the second night.

In this general mortality of the present generation, it occurred to the clever manager, to try what could be done among the dead of the past; and the "Beaux Stratagem" was dug up. Farquhar's pleasantry has been proverbial, and as his indecency kept pace with his humour, he wanted nothing for the richest popularity with our jocund forefathers. But with all his merits, and he obviously had very remarkable ones in the powers of his dramatic conception, his day is past, in every sense of the word. The "Beaux Stratagem" lingered a few nights and disappeared. The "Recruiting Officer," a much more poignant and objectionable affair, followed in its reproduction, and in its fate. What the manager will *exhume* next we can only conjecture. But he may take our advice as to the plays of the last century, and let them alone.

The manager of Drury Lane has exhibited his usual activity. But authorship has not prospered among his ranks, and nothing but increased good fortune among those gentlemen can revive the public gratification. Caswallon, Mr. Walker's tragedy, is gone. With some excellent situations, and some very good acting, it had not the general power essential to holding a permanent place upon the stage. Shakspeare, the ever-

lasting Shakspeare, has been tried; and "Cymbeline" has given opportunity for new displays of Young's force, and Miss Phillips's tenderness. A little farce, by Peake, "A Day at Boulogne," has the merit of being English, and in this day of smuggling, a little fair trading between Boulogne and the Port of London, is so much a novelty that we honour the trader with peculiar promise of popularity. Yet the day at Boulogne is not destined to be a long one, and Mr. Peake must speedily make a second voyage.

On the 21st, a drama, compiled from the French, by Morton, and with the dialogue by Kenny, was performed with, we are glad to say, very considerable approbation. The title is, "Peter the Great; or the Battle of Pultowa." The piece opens at the period when Peter (Mr. Young) is preparing to repel the attack of Charles XII. The adherents of a banished nobleman have formed a plot for his destruction, and have induced the exile's son, Alexis (Mr. J. Vining), to place himself at their head. The plot is discovered to the King by means of a paper found on an old soldier, Swartz (Mr. W. Farren), whom Peter pardons, and then goes in disguise, and alone, to the place at which the conspirators had fixed their meeting. As soon as Alexis has quitted them, the Czar discovers himself, shoots the ringleader, and the rest of the traitors are seized by the guard. The next scene, in which the Czar pardons Alexis, and places him at the head of the conspirators as his officer, is effective. Peter is cut off from his army, and obliged to take refuge in the house of the miller Addlewitz (Mr. Liston), recently married. The miller is from home; Peter secures the assistance of his wife and mother (Miss Love and Mrs. C. Jones),—puts on his clothes, and not only passes with the Swedish soldiers for the miller, but endeavours to persuade Addlewitz on his return that he is not himself. This is a well-managed part of the play, and was most favourably received. Charles himself appears; relieves an exhausted sentinel, and takes his place; some Cossacks come in pursuit of the Czar, and avow their intention of murdering him if they fall in with him. Charles, who commands them to abandon this design, is attacked by them, and rescued by Peter, who then discovers himself, offers to treat for peace, and upon Charles's refusal, returns to his own army to continue the war. Charles is wounded at Pultowa, and his army dispersed. Among the prisoners is Dorinski, a Russian nobleman, who has joined the enemy. He is the father of Paulina (Miss E. Tree), who has been brought up by her maternal grandfather, Swartz, and is betrothed to Alexis. He is condemned to death; his daughter learns her relationship to him for the first time, attempts to effect his escape, and failing, sends Swartz with a ring which Peter had given her when she assisted him to assume the disguise of the miller, to implore the Czar's clemency. The prisoner is led to execution, but is pardoned by Peter, and the lovers are married.

All this is very good for the kind of thing that melodrama aims at—there is a great quantity of bustle, and some degree of interest. Peasants of the most generous hearts—soldiers of the most enthusiastic valour—officers of the most brilliant sentimentality—and heroines all for love, and sometimes, for a little more than the tolerated language of *la belle passion*, are abundant. Miss Love, to whose share those vivid conceptions seem to be apportioned by some peculiar privilege, gave them all with all her liveliness, and was hissed for doing her duty to the utmost on the occasion. But the speeches were not hers, and we are by no means of opinion that so pretty an actress should be answerable for any conceptions but her own. We missed Farren, who is invaluable in old men of

every species, from the king to the cobbler; Swartz is not equal to his powers. Cooper's Charles exhibited the judgment of that manly performer. Liston, in the miller, had his jokes in full variety; but Young, as the Czar, had certainly the monarchy of the piece. Young's grave comedy we have always thought fully equal to his tragedy, able as that is; and the little humorous touches thrown into his part were given with great skill. Miss Tree, who has been lately rather languid, exhibited herself to remarkable advantage, and with the exception of her "Christina" in the "Little Queen," which is as beautiful a sketch of youthful passion contending with royal pride, as we have known on the stage, we have not seen this very intelligent actress more triumphant. The play was received with very general applause.

The Italian Opera has gone on with tolerable success—but we have not room for dilating on it now. Pisaroni is the leading singer; and so far as power of voice and knowledge of her art go, she is a first-rate performer—beauty is not among her qualifications, but the world has been already sufficiently prepared on that point; and as voice is the first qualification for the opera, we have no right to be discontented. The new contrivances of the stalls in the pit, are convenient, but the system is un-English, and we shall not object to M. Laporte's feeling its effect in due season.

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SPECIMENS OF HOTTENTOT POPULAR POETRY;

TRANSLATED BY PETER BOREALL, M.P.R.S.T.

MR. BOWRING has for a long time possessed the office of master of the ceremonies to the productions of the barbarous Muses. His specimens of the Russian, Dutch, Servian, and Polish poetry, have convinced an enlightened public that the charms of melody are equally dear to the slave of a despot, and the stern lord of himself—to the polished inhabitant of the city, and the wild wanderer of the desert. His researches were, however, confined to Europe. The gentleman, whose translation forms the subject of the present article, has conducted us to the unexplored regions of Southern Africa, and has shewn us that "the stormy spirit of the Cape" has had worshippers as valuable as the "dweller in Delphi"—that the Table Mountain has been as consecrated a haunt of the Muses as the summits of Parnassus.

The greater part of these melodies have been written subsequent to the settlement of the Europeans, and consequently do not furnish us with a perfect view of the natural state of the Hottentots; but Mr. Boreall states that some original poems, of great antiquity, are in his possession, though, from their obsolete style, he has not been yet able to overcome all the difficulties of translation. We were not a little amused by the application of magisterial titles to the wild animals of Africa: the buffalo is designated "his worship;" the lion, "captain;" the hyena, "a tax-gatherer;" the cameleopard, "a gentleman;" the jackall, "a hanger-on at the Stadt-house;" birds of prey are called "merchants;" and a vulture, "governor-general." Indeed, we were for some time afraid that we had picked up a political satire, in which the *res gestæ* of my Lord Somerset were enshrined in immortal verse.

"Complaints were made by all the crowd,  
But each request was disallowed;  
The lordly vulture with disdain  
Survey'd the minor wretches' pain,  
And swore that neither print nor press  
Should tell the tale of their distress."

On reading farther, we found, however, that "print or press" meant merely the traces of desolation left by a suffering crowd. We shall select one or two of those melodies, as specimens of the literature of this interesting people; and our first shall be the description of a hunt, somewhat different from the absurd sport of our fox-and-hare-hunting gentry:—

*THE BULL HUNT.*

His lordship the bull is asleep by the lake,  
He'll astonish the hunters as soon as he'll wake;  
Now calm as the storm-cloud that rests on the hill,  
His roaring to-morrow the ether shall fill:

Bullaboo, bullaboo!

When they come in his view,

By my conscience, the hunters will look very blue!

There's Quashee and Smashee have found out his lair,  
Our kraal never witnessed so gallant a pair;  
With their dogs, that are smart as the dogs of excise,  
His worship the smuggler they soon will capsize:

Bullaboo, bullaboo!

Their rifles are true;

Betimes in the morning you'll meet with your due.

The dogs in the morning burst into the brake,  
In the blood of his worship their fury to slake;  
They barked, and he roared; they bit, and he kicked;  
And his fiercest assailants he craftily nicked:

Bullaboo, bullaboo!

When at you he flew,

Sky-high from his forehead the bull-dogs he threw.

The bull from the thicket then solemnly walked,  
But earth shook beneath him as onward he stalked;  
And Smashee exclaimed, with a terrible call,  
"You must dance, Mr. Bull, when I open the ball:"

Bullaboo, bullaboo!

Your lordship he slew,

And that night all the village were feasting on you.

ODE XV. l. 28.

Our last specimen shall be from one of their amatory poems. The reign of love is, it appears, not as limited as the domination of other sovereigns, but equally pervades the civilized and uncivilized classes of society:—

I have got for my love a baboon,  
And the fat of a newly-killed sheep;  
A ram's-horn made into a spoon,  
A bull's-hide on which she can sleep:  
And if a young lizard I find,  
Of the booty you shall have a part;  
So now to your lover be kind,  
And give him a piece of your heart.

We close the volume with sentiments of respect for the learned translator; for we have seldom enjoyed a greater treat than from the perusal of his unpretending little volume. We sincerely hope that his future labours may meet with public approbation, and that his forthcoming specimens of the Ashantee and Caffrarian poetry may remunerate the toil of translating from languages, whose beauties have been hitherto so little appreciated.



## MINE HOST'S LAST STORY.

“ You are an Englishman, I believe, Sir ? ”

I looked up, startled, at the face of the speaker ; but Carmelo's eyes, bent upon me with a sad and thoughtful expression, and the words he uttered, seemed no longer unmeaning. I did not question him in return, as my first impulse prompted me, but quietly left him to the unravelment of his own thoughts in silence, if they were too sacred for disclosure, or by such gradual exhibition as his mood chose to indulge in. The old man laid his pipe upon the table before us, and, rising from his seat, paced once or twice the whole length of the chamber ; then suddenly fixing his gaze upon a rude picture that leant against a retiring panel, on one side of the little lamp for ever illuminating his patron saint, he seemed absorbed in contemplations, the spirit of which was of no happy character. He returned to his seat—his features unfixed, his look dim and quivering ; and when he examined his pipe, and railed against the exhausted tobacco, the tone of his anger was heightened and falsified, to conceal the tremulous accents in which otherwise he would have expressed himself. This depression was not customary in my excellent old host. His name was more often coupled with supper-songs, and the quotations of merry roysterers, than used as a fit appendage to a love-tale or twilight sentiment. But his heart was human ; and, in that strange, capricious atmosphere, the succession of whose storms and sunshine no philosophic laws have availed to regulate, he lived as other men, subject to the raging of its Dog-star— to the soft influences of its Pleiades. It was a dark moment with him, and something of sympathy forbade me to interfere with it. I was rewarded.

“ Sir,” said he, after a long pause, “ you have heard from me the story in which one of my kindred bore a trifling part ;—at any rate, you remember her name ;—I mean Rosalia, the mother of that young vixen whom you have been so kind to ?—Well !—I am tempted to use an old man's privilege, and confide to you some more family particulars—more interesting to me, because the parties were still dearer to my heart, and nearer to me by blood. I can bear to think of them now ; for, tottering as I do on the very parapet of this world, I seem to lose the former magnitude of the objects which engrossed me in it, whilst I catch a dim and fanciful, but perhaps a very close, view of those which are opening upon me in a world which has no horizon.”

He crossed himself, and bowed his head reverently, as one already occupied with the mysteries which emanated from the Deity whose presence he acknowledged.

“ And yet,” he proceeded, “ I do not think myself unblest, even though I have these mortal recollections tugging at my worn-out heart—worn out because of them. Something have I lost, but much have I elsewhere gained, even by the sorrows which taught me to despise the promises of our present pleasures, and the sleek looks of earthly attractions.—Psha ! what will you think of this, who are still young, and fresh, and undesponding ? You, too, who have laughed and made merry with me, as though either my mirth or my sadness were hypocrisy ? There are times, young man, when we are opposites of ourselves ; and, in a single hour, the mind, if agitated, will traverse the whole extent of its sensations, and, resting only on the extremes, make itself appear a trifler or a dissembler.—Will you hear my present narrative ? ”

I assented willingly; and my old friend, subduing the emotions which he would not acknowledge, began pretty nearly in the following words:—

“I was the father of four daughters; each different from the other in face as in character; each possessing—not in my fond eyes alone, but by the common voice of the world—enough of feminine sweetness, both of person and disposition, to separate her from the ordinary creatures whom mothers make puppets of for their advancement and wretchedness. My eldest, left by my wife almost in the position of a parent to her motherless sisters, became in a short time rather too dictatorial and matronly to combine very cordially with them in their childish sports and occupations. Unfortunately, the watchfulness with which she checked their follies and directed their improvement, was never entirely of that disinterested kind which only a mother can exercise. Some little of rivalry, of fear, of unprovoked suspicion, was mixed up with her amiable efforts to preserve the girls from the corrupt accomplishments and tricks of their playmates; and, in consequence, the few years which intervened between her birth and that of my second child, became magnified into a large space, and she stood on a height above her sisters which they regarded with awe. This was the source of many misfortunes; for they concealed things from her which were done only for the sake of the concealment; and as a thousand clandestine acts are sure to succeed one, so that one would not have been thought of even by these very children, if the eldest had lived with them in a perfect state of cordial and confiding intercourse. My second, you know almost as well as myself: *you* may draw her character. The third—how shall I find phrases to describe her? She was my favourite child, Sir. I may acknowledge it now without scruple. She was the one whom I admired and loved most strongly, and yet most reasonably, for her excellence was pre-eminent; and those graces which link the hearts together were as thick and powerful upon her as the tendrils of our native vines. In truth, she had a very singular and commanding character. I speak of that; for though, in my sight, she was as beautiful as daybreak, yet it was more common to give the praise of features to the little one, her youngest sister; and I am content to give way so far as this. But her *soul* was her dower. Without a taint of earthly grossness, pure and glittering as the dew, she had the faculty of correcting and elevating those with whom she went, not by reproof, but by the insensible power of virtue in itself, which would not suffer the company of evil and contrary affections. Yet so diffident—so retiring! Amongst strangers, she seemed all coldness, both of feeling and manners; her heart, as well as her head, was distrusted or looked lightly upon by the world, who knew her not; but to us she abounded in all the rich and generous accomplishments of perfect womanhood. Her step, her countenance, for ever gay, lightened by a free conscience, and a thousand intentions of benevolence towards her fellow-creatures. Her voice never heard in dispraise, or clamour, or sullen complaint; but happy, musical, and heralding to all about her all that she had heard or seen that might contribute to their benefit. Of herself, or for herself, there was nothing; but, for the rest, she was a household spirit, without whom their wisest projects would have been imperfect; and the neighbourhood, far and wide, can answer how kindly she aided their poor plans, relieved their wants, and comforted them in their distresses; and yet all unseen as the light that wakens the song of birds, or the heat that calls forth the perfume of the

flowers. I have grieved that many of her attractions were hid even from me. She was, in some degree, shrouded by her sisters. The elder checked and overawed her—the younger eclipsed her in the admiration of strangers. She was not ambitious, and yielded to any one who was likely by any means to usurp her place in the regard of others. I never knew the true enthusiasm of her soul—its high religious principle—its strong and uncontrollable impulses. I thought her almost too mechanical; I was afterwards taught the extent of my blindness. I cannot tear myself away from my praises of this child, for I know that they are yet incomplete; but I know too, that, in your ears, they will seem the extravagance of an old man's dotage. Yet will I say no more of her; for you are anxious to know the incidents to which this description is a preface.

“ Well, then, you must know that, in the year 12, one of your countrymen, an amiable and sensible young soldier, used to frequent this house so habitually, as to be at least almost considered one of our own circle. He had scarcely emerged from boyhood, and the long separation from his own home and domestic occupations gave him an inducement to take up any place as a substitute; and here, accordingly, he used to pitch his tent. He spoke our language like a native; and the complete reliance on us, and interest in our personal affairs, which he not only professed, but manifested, made me, in return, regard him with confidence, and a feeling nearly allied to parental affection. He engaged in the amusements and all the petty politics of the girls, and did not scruple to be their companion in their walks or rides, whether for duty or pleasure. The danger to which this led, in his case, was of a different nature from the usual risk attending such intimacies. I knew him to be above dishonour, and I never dreamed of any thing beyond a temporary and sober attachment. But you shall hear the issue. My youngest child was, by accident, away from home during the earlier part of our acquaintance with the young Englishman, and thus Gianina was generally his companion in the excursions and little enterprises of the time; for the two eldest were more engaged at home, and invalids into the bargain. After a while, the absent one came back from her visit to the country; and the first thing I observed was a total change of manner exhibited towards her by Gianina, who had usually been her constant and confiding playfellow, rarely separated from her by day or night. But now, by some mischance or other, she scarcely addressed her but in a constrained tone, and seemed to shun her company, and seek that of the Englishman with more than former eagerness. On his part, I could trace no indications of reciprocal preference. At times, his eyes would be riveted on his new acquaintance, my little Madelena; and a flash of scarlet passed over his countenance, as if in consciousness that her sister was observing the pleasure which he derived from the contemplation of so much beauty. And she *did* observe it. I perceived it in her dejection—in her abandonment of her usual occupations—in the listless look towards others—and the quick, jealous glance, yet soft and beautiful, with which she seemed to upbraid him for refusing her all his devotion. I knew not how to interfere; but I felt sure that it was my duty to check the progress of these emotions, which threatened a convulsion in our little community. Luckily for me—yet how can I call it so?—my part was not to be played as I expected.

“ One day, as I was sitting alone, the young man came into my room,

and requested a half-hour's conversation with me. We sat together, and, for a few minutes, neither opened his lips. At last he commenced:—

“ ‘ My good friend,’ said he, ‘ I wished to see you thus by yourself, that I might have an opportunity of more fully expressing to you my gratitude for the many hospitable acts, and liberal feelings, that you have shewn to me for so long. If I do not see you again, be assured they are not thrown away upon one who cannot appreciate such kindness; but if, by any exertion at any future season, I can shew more perfectly my sense of these obligations, trust me that I shall not feel towards you as foreigners, but as beings for ever connected with my happiest recollections. I cannot hope to be remembered as I shall remember you, for you have around you hundreds who will, at any time, supply my unworthy place; but not in the world shall I ever find a hearth so warm, and faces around it so kind to welcome me.’

“ He paused, evidently oppressed with the strength of his own excited feelings; and I was glad to seize the moment and ask, why he had so unseasonably come to distress me with something like a farewell speech?

“ He cast his eyes on the floor, and, in a troubled voice, answered, that he purposed leaving us on the following morning. I asked him whether he intended visiting the interior?

“ ‘ No,’ he replied; ‘ I am going to England without delay.’

“ ‘ To England!’

“ ‘ Yes,’ he continued; ‘ I have obtained leave of absence, and shall sail at day-break to-morrow morning, in the Spanish brig going to Gibraltar.’

“ ‘ And is your motive for leaving us so unexpectedly any which I may hope to hear?’

“ He was silent; and I apologized for a want of delicacy in requesting that which I had no right to be concerned in. He shook his head, and, grasping my hand in his, faltered out the words, ‘ You shall hear.’— Another pause ensued, and it was in scarce distinguishable accents that he finally was enabled to communicate his story. It was as follows:— He began by announcing to me, that Gianina had conceived for him an ardent and most incomprehensible attachment, of which he had for some time been quite ignorant, and failed to see a trace till it had been matured and fixed irrevocably in her bosom. An accident, which need not now be related, disclosed to him in a moment this wonderful truth. He had laughed with her, and been her merry companion for weeks, but never till that instant did he imagine the possibility of any passion arising in her breast more strong or more romantic than the friendly feeling which existed in his. From that moment the relation between them was changed. Her secret being once known, she no longer scrupled to acknowledge each impulse as it arose, in expressions as warm as they were innocent. From a maidenly, and almost painful, reserve, she passed into the extreme state of inconsiderate ingenuousness. She rarely spoke of any thing but him, and her love for him. She planned for the future, she revelled over the past, but always as connected with, or arising from him. Yet, though she neither checked her words nor her actions when with him alone, before others it was impossible to detect in her the slightest variation from the indifference with which she used to regard all who were not of her own family, even though not absolutely strangers. Having told me thus much of my girl, he next dis-

closed his own sentiments regarding her. He said, candidly, that though from the first he had admired her as a creature of a superior order, yet had he never felt for her anything beyond the tempered regard which sprang from such an intimacy towards such a character. 'I revered her innocence, her guileless and simple morality; I liked her as my companion, I was grateful to her for her kindness in my behalf: but till the hour when, as a flash of lightning, the fact of her loving me burst upon me, it was my belief that she herself was incapable either of conceiving or of exciting that gentler interest which we term love. From that instant, however, I was perplexed between two opposite intentions—one, to leave your neighbourhood instantly, as I could not endure to see her pine with unreturned affection; the other, to force a feeling which had not sprung up spontaneously, and render myself, by industry, worthy to be loved by such an admirable and perfect creature. The latter plan prevailed. I tutored myself into a state of factitious sentiment, so far as to believe that the love was not wholly on her side. Without deluding myself into the notion that my frame and sphere of character could ever be so elevated as her own, I yet thought I could return, by anxious services and attention, that fondness which she manifested for me; and, therefore, in my weakness, I did not attempt to restrain the exhibitions of her sentiment, or destroy the opportunities for them, which were afforded to her by the absence of her sister. But that sister arrived at last, and I was undeceived. In a few moments I *felt* that my heart was still untouched. In a few moments I bowed to the fascinations of Madelena, and now, in a repentant season, I have resolved to quit a scene, where I must always be a torture to myself, and—far worse—to that angelic creature who gave me her virgin heart, and trusted in me. I have behaved, I know not how. Since the return of Madelena I have been in ceaseless agony. I go, I care not where; but my prayer is, that I may not leave behind me one atom of the great mass of pain which will hang on my heart whithersoever I wander. Feign for me some reasonable excuse for departure. How could I bear to see again that innocent girl, and know that she is pouring out for me so many blessed wishes, and prayers, and hopes, which I am requiting by ingratitude—by base and villainous deceit? The sacrifice, were I now to offer her my hand, would be nothing; but my conscience would not suffer her to be so abused. For ever will my purest thoughts turn to her as their origin, and my strongest benevolence strive for her as its object. But my heart—my wicked heart—points elsewhere—and she shall not be abused!

“His story was completed. Again, and fervently he grasped my hand, as I sat in wonder and silence listening to so unexpected a narration. It was nearly for the last time. Shortly after he bade us adieu. I cannot describe the parting; he had won all our hearts; and that night was the most dismal one we had had for years. He was to sail at daybreak. I got up early on the following morning, and, sauntering upon my terrace, I made out clearly, on the western horizon, the white sail of the Spanish brig. He was gone;—in that speck upon the ocean went his world of troubles. How many distracting thoughts were throbbing there! What a tumult, what an honourable conflict is waging in that bosom! Peace be with him, poor fellow! he has acted well!

“Such were my reflections (and my eyes were moistened as they rose within me), when I took a last farewell view of the diminishing sails of

his little vessel. I went down to my customary cup of coffee, but none of the girls were there to help me to it. I called, but no one answered. I called again; still no reply. Then, in impatience or anxiety, or what not, I hurried up to their rooms. That which contained the two elder ones was empty; I passed on to the other; in that were three of my daughters, I saw not which; and as they heard my approach, they skulked to the further corner, and scarcely seemed willing to look at me. I demanded the cause of all this. Their tears and dishevelled looks told some part of the tale. I looked for the fourth—I inquired for her; they did not, they *could* not answer me. Of Gianina, no one might say a word.

“It would weary you, Sir, were I to repeat one half of our horrible conjectures upon this her strange disappearance. In vain I questioned Madelena, and strove to discover something from her as to the probable fate of her so recent companion. They had, as usual, retired to rest together on the preceding evening, they had recited the customary prayers, and she fancied that her sister had been the first to fall asleep; she awoke in the morning, and her place was vacant. My only comfort now-a-days was from the little particulars which Madelena afforded me of her sister's love for the Englishman, and his return of it. She said that Gianina had for a long time been very reserved about her attachment to him, but that at last she had disclosed every thing, in consequence of her lover's making a confidante of her on the evening but one before his departure. On that occasion he contrived, when Gianina was out of the way, to address himself to her on the subject of her sister's passion. He said, that his object in making her acquainted with it was, to enable her to comfort Gianina when he was gone, and use her most judicious efforts to obliterate the recollection of him. He confessed that, from the first, he had distrusted the character of his own requital of this regard, and that *now* he had become convinced that he could not love her as she loved him. His departure was so immediate, and his chance of again seeing them so very slight, that he would hazard the acknowledgment, that those feelings were won by *her* which Gianina had every claim to. In a mood of painful excitement, he seized the fair hand of her he was addressing, and imprinting upon it a kiss, which seemed to bear with it his very soul, he cried, ‘May God and the Virgin bless you! I have been foolish to say so much; but in telling you, who are every body's darling, that I love you, I do not say aught to astonish you or disgrace myself. Yet, I have done wrong—it is the last time! Farewell, dearest! may you be happy!’ She saw him but for a moment on the following day; but Gianina having learnt that her attachment was no longer unknown, was, during that day, very explicit on the subject whenever she had the opportunity, and talked of him as one to whom her life and all its energies were devoted.

“A painful time followed. Weeks succeeded weeks, but no comfort came. Others perhaps soon forgot poor Gianina; but she was not one whose place with us could be well supplied. At last, a packet one day brought us a fumigated letter, pierced through and through, and bearing the post mark of Gibraltar. It was from the Englishman.—I will show it you.”

The old man went to the corner of the room, and opening a rough and unwilling drawer, extracted thence a dark, begrimed letter, which he handed me to read.—This was its purport:—

“ My dear friend: I have lost no opportunity of writing to you, anxious, as you must be, to know all that is possible about your dear Gianina. I will proceed, in order of time, to relate all that has happened since our departure from Syracuse. On the morning of making sail, I was too unwell to remain long on deck, and so betook myself to my cot, though the weather was tolerably fine, until the evening. Being then seized with an oppressive thirst, I called lustily for some wine and water, or coffee, or whatever else their stores would afford me. A gruff voice answered that my boy would bring me something. Not fully hearing, and not at all understanding this speech, I was yet too indolent to demand an explanation; and accordingly waited until a little fellow in the common dress of a servant, brought me a glass of aqua vita and water. He handed the glass to me, spilling some of its contents; and as he delivered the rest, he laid his soft gentle hand upon mine, and uttered the word ‘Hush!’ in a low and well-remembered voice.—It was your daughter! I sprang from my bed, and in a few minutes we were together in an unobserved corner of the deck, where she explained the mystery of being there and thus detected. She said, that hearing of my intended departure, she felt her spirit breaking; and fully convinced that flight with me, or madness if left, was her alternative, she determined to abandon her kindred for my sake, trusting implicitly in my honour, and content if she might remain as she then was—my menial servant! She had gazed beneath the rising moon to the point where lay hid her quiet home, but she smiled as she looked upwards at me, and said that her world was *there!* I will not tire you with a narrative of feelings that are now past, or a statement of plans which fate has marked out for me. I ask your blessing on our nuptials; they will be consummated as soon as we are permitted to land; but this place is in a state of consternation from the appearance of their old malady, and if it continue, I know not what we shall do, for no seaport will receive vessels coming hence.—She is in perfect health, and cheerful as she used to be in her own happy home. I cannot express all I feel towards you; to Madelena what shall I say?—Adieu!”

“ After this letter, we did not hear for a long time. The next thing that came was the intelligence that he had fallen ill of the fever, and that no entreaty could keep her from him. She watched him most carefully to the end of his disorder, and was providentially guarded against it herself. Upon his recovery they were united according to the ceremonies of both churches—for she would not forsake that of her forefathers—and not long after took ship and returned to Sicily. When we received them, we were all struck with the falling off of poor Gianina’s looks, partly from exhaustion during his illness, partly from the voyage; but more than all, I fear, from a suspicion that he had married her on a point of honour, rather than from love, and the constant and nervous solicitude to win his heart by acts of kindness done at any personal risk or sacrifice. Yet, to do him justice, he never displayed any thing less than an unbounded and genuine affection for his little wife. Whatever might be defective, arose perhaps from the greatness of her ambition to be loved, or was traced by those little indications which are felt only by the principals in such cases. As for her sister, all jealousy towards her was now out of the question. She was about to be espoused in a few days to a substantial merchant of Palermo, and so seldom was she out of the company of her *promesso sposo*, that my English son had no means,

even if he had the will, to renew that disastrous passion which he had before so laudably resisted. Yet his countenance might almost be supposed to experience a shade of variation, as she spoke to him, or when the discourse fell upon the events of his previous visit; but it might have been interpreted as naturally resulting from associations of the past with the present; especially when it was remembered how short had been the interval between his declaration of love for the one, and his consummation of it with the other. But when the time for her nuptials drew nigh, and it was expected that he would take part in the holy festival, or, at any rate, join in the family rejoicings on the occasion, it was with pain they heard him declare that he must decline all participation; sheltering his denial under a thousand frivolous excuses—his difference of religion—weakness of spirits—and beyond all, a pretended engagement with a friend to penetrate into the *campagna*, or interior parts of the island, which he had never before visited. Dissatisfaction was on the countenances of all at this announcement. Madelena, alone, half suspected the cause, and perhaps half-rejoiced that the impression which her charms had made should not yet be effaced. But Gianina looked as though her hope was turned into despair, and the brightness of that eye which had cheered many a festive day when others were dull, now was, for the first time, shaded by a gloom that was not again thoroughly dispersed. But his voice to her was more soothing and kind than ever, and for a day or two before his excursion he abandoned all other society, and lived only with her. He left this house two days before my Madelena was married. He returned a week afterwards, conducted home with difficulty by his English companion, having been caught by the marsh fever, or malaria of the pestilential districts. His face was thin and sallow, his limbs quivering, his blood heated and chill at the same moment: I never saw such an instance of the disorder. A year before, and a finer youth never went to battle. Now a child could have outmastered him—a spectre could not have been more unsightly. Gianina was by his side night and day. Her care protracted the operations of the disease, but could not parry them. He lingered on, to become every hour more convinced that in this world he could not hope to requite one little moiety of the debt of affection incurred to his wife. He lingered on, to fear that the sin of not having requited it might be registered against him, to forbid his entering there where his earthly affections might be renewed and purified. He lingered on, his life spun out by the solicitude of his constant nurse, and entailing upon her an inheritance of disease which would shorten her passage through this desolate world. Before he died, he confessed that he absented himself from Madelena's marriage, in the wish to avoid a spectacle which to him was still painful. He had been punished! I do believe, from my soul, that never worshipper so adored his idol as this dying man revered his poor wife during the last scenes of this tragedy. The strength of love grew upon him, and only combatted with those pious thoughts which she herself would prompt, though otherwise, she herself was sure to be the theme of his contemplations. He died in her arms, begging pardon for the love of which he had defrauded her till now, and in fragments, speaking with assurance of a happier meeting in a happier world."

"And Gianina?"

"In the left aisle of the Augustine church, just below the shrine of St. Magdalene, you will see a flat tablet with a name ———, for she did not hold up long afterwards."

ÆVAH.



## MEMOIRS OF JOHN SHIPP.\*

THIS John Shipp is a fine fanfaronading-sort of fellow—every inch a soldier. He has an extraordinary tale to tell, has told it freely and fairly, and deserves to be heard. The pen, indeed, is not his weapon, but he handles it boldly; and though he knows nothing of the perils he encounters, the fullest knowledge would never have daunted his adventurous spirit. The book is full of offence against what is considered good taste and cultivated feeling, and the fastidious must expect to be revolted at every turn. They must make the best of it. For our own parts, annoyed as we are perpetually with affectation and pretence, we are well content with a little roughness and defiance of niceties, accompanied, as it is in this case, with some genuine and unusual experience; and find the jokes of the guard-room about as refined as those of the mess. Shipp knows something of both, and he has given us the full benefit of his double acquirements. Though our intention is to present to our country readers—for the book will scarcely reach them—some considerable extracts, we must preface them with a slight sketch of the writer's career.

Shipp was born in 1785, and left, in his infancy, an orphan, to the mercy of the parish officers. At seven or eight years, he was placed with a farmer, whose brutalities he details at some length and with some bitterness. He reminds us of a wretch of this cast, who boasted of taking out the pith and vigour of his labourers in four or five years, and never considered them worth a rush after that period. He estimated them precisely as he did his horses—by their strength and powers of endurance; and, being the chief of his parish, he carried his theory resolutely into practice, and was surely one of the veriest tyrants that every disgraced humanity. To quit this atrocious monster, Shipp gladly acceded to the wishes of the overseers to take him to the depôt at Colchester, and enter him into one of the experimental regiments. These were the 22d, 34th, and 65th, consisting of a thousand boys each, from ten to sixteen, and were destined to relieve the parishes. Though making most excellent soldiers, this experiment—by the way, we know not why—was never repeated: yet surely, with the daily complaints of the increase of juvenile delinquency, a recurrence to this expedient would be one of the most effective measures that could possibly be devised. Shipp was ten years of age when he joined this corps, and, after a year or two spent at Hilsa barracks, was sent to the Cape, where the regiment was employed in a pretty rough warfare against the Caffres, till, in 1801, the colony was delivered up to the Dutch, and the regiment proceeded to India.

In 1803, wearying of the drum and fife, and ambitious of distinction—active and alive—he solicited to be placed in the ranks. The request was granted—with the rank of corporal, which was quickly followed by farther promotion—passing through all gradations, to the important post of chief non-commissioned officer. On every occasion of danger, he was foremost—till, finally, at the memorable siege of Bhurtpore, in 1805—he was then but twenty—he volunteered to lead the forlorn hope, and was promised a commission if he survived. In four desperate attempts was

\* Memoirs of the Extraordinary Military Career of John Shipp, late a Lieutenant in His Majesty's 87th Regiment. 3 vols. 8vo. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

this impregnable post stormed, and three times Shipp led the way, wounded severely every time. Recovered from his wounds, he was rewarded with an ensigncy, and, in a few weeks, with a lieutenancy; and, for some time, acted as extra aide-de-camp to the brigadier-general. In 1807, he returned with his regiment to England, where, in a few months, in a country town, he got into pecuniary difficulties, and obtained leave to sell out. Debts paid, he was again upon the world; and, seeing no impediment to his again running the same career, he forthwith, with his characteristic care-nothing recklessness, enlisted in a marching regiment, and was again almost immediately sent to India.

For seven long years he served as a non-commissioned officer—the greater part of the time as serjeant-major; and, in 1815, again by his gallantry, won another commission—a thing unparalleled, perhaps, in the British army. As lieutenant of the 87th, he led the attack of Huttrass, and was again wounded. After the close of the Pindaree war, came peace, for which Shipp was much less fitted. Illness worked mischief. He joined the major of his regiment in a racing partnership, in the course of which differences arose, and Shipp impetuously expressed his dissatisfaction with both the major and the lieutenant-colonel. For this breach of discipline—for so it was construed—he was brought to a court-martial, first, for charging the major with persecution; and next, the colonel with unfairly listening to Major Browne's misrepresentations, and excluding Shipp from all opportunity of explaining. The court, after sentencing him to dismissal from the service, recommended him to mercy, on the grounds of his former gallantry, his numerous wounds, and the high character he still bore; and the sentence was, in consequence, remitted, and, in lieu of it—a favour almost equally galling—leave of absence was granted, and a removal to the half-pay. The prosecutor himself, in reply to a question, said, “I consider him, and indeed know him to be, up to the present moment, one of the best officers in his Majesty's service.” The fact is, this was a private quarrel, and the proper way of dealing with it was not by a court-martial, but by removal to another regiment, either of Shipp or of his superior officers. Shipp publishes the official details of the trial, and we form our judgment on the perusal of them: of any thing beyond, we know nothing.

This occurred in 1823, and in the following year he came to England—since which he has remained unemployed, on half-pay, and with a pension of 50*l.* from the India Company. The avowed object of his work is the chance of attracting attention to his very hard case. He is in the full vigour of life, passionately devoted to the service, and panting for action. This, we fear, is not the course; but, in the changes and chances of life, it may be as successful as any the most prudent could suggest. The pages are full of interesting materials, communicating information—from the writer's very peculiar position—which rarely fall under the consideration of men differently placed. We shall give our extracts without much regard to connexion.

At eighteen, when at Calcutta, he felt the stirrings of ambition, and solicited a change:—

“In about a week after having made this request, I was transferred from the drummers' room, and promoted to the rank of corporal. This was promotion indeed—three steps in one day! From drum-boy to private; from a battalion company to the Light Bobs; and from private to corporal. I was not long before I paraded myself in the tailor's shop, and tipped the master-

snip a rupee to give me me a good and neat cut, such as became a full corporal. By evening parade my blushing honours came thick upon me. The captain came upon parade, and read aloud the regimental orders of the day, laying great stress upon—' to the rank of corporal, and to be obeyed accordingly.' I was on the right of the company, being the tallest man on parade, when I was desired by the company to fall out, and give the time. I did so, and never did a fogleman cut more capers; but here an awkward accident happened. In shouldering arms, I elevated my left hand high in the air; extended my leg in an oblique direction, with the point of my toe just touching the ground; but, in throwing the musket up in a fogle-like manner, the cock caught the bottom of my jacket, and down came brown Bess flat upon my toes, to the great amusement of the tittering company. I must confess, I felt queer; but I soon recovered my piece and my gravity, and all went on smoothly till I got into the barracks, where a quick hedge-firing commenced from all quarters; such as,—' Shoulder *hems!*'—' Shoulder *hems!*'—' Twig the fogleman!' This file-firing increased to volleys, till I was obliged to exert my authority by threatening them with the guard-house, for riotous conduct; but this only increased the merriment: so I pocketed the affront, as the easiest and most good-natured mode of escape; my persecutors ceased, and thus ended my first parade as a non-commissioned officer.

"In my new sphere of life I now felt that there was, unquestionably, some satisfaction derivable from being

" 'Clothed in a little brief authority.'

A corporal has to take command of small guards; is privileged to visit the sentinels whenever he pleases; his suggestions are frequently attended to by his superiors; and his orders must be promptly obeyed by those below him. There is certainly a pleasure in all this, and a man rises proportionately in his own esteem. In short, to confess the truth, I now looked upon a drum-boy as little better than his drum.

"Full of the importance of my situation and duties, thus passed the time for nearly six months, at the end of which I was advanced to the rank of sergeant, and, shortly afterwards, to that of pay-sergeant, in the same regiment. The post of pay-sergeant is certainly one of importance, and he who holds it a personage of no small consideration. He feeds and clothes the men; lends them money at *moderate* interest and on good security; and sells them watches and seals, on credit, at a price *somewhat* above what they cost, to be sure, but the mere sight of which, dangling from a man's fob, has been known to gain him the character of a sober, steady fellow, and one that should be set down for promotion. Thus, at least, good may sometimes be educred from evil; and, as it is not my intention to enter into a detail of the chicanery practised among the minor ranks in the army, let it suffice that I never served in a company in which every individual could not buy, sell, exchange, lend, and borrow, on terms peculiar to themselves."

In the pursuit of Hoolkah, he gives an animated sketch of the Pindaree:—

"Hoolkah, a native Pindaree, was at this time in full force, with about sixty thousand horse, and twenty-five thousand infantry, encamped a short distance from us, ever on the alert to watch our movements, and supported by Ameer-khan, and other self-created Rajahs. From the very nature of this service, against a flying enemy, thoroughly acquainted with the localities of the country, we had but little chance of coming up with them. Any thing like a general engagement they studiously avoid: plunder only is their aim. In this way they pay themselves, giving their chiefs any great article of value that may fall into their hands; that is to say, if they are known to have it. Their wives are excellent horse-women, and many of them good shots with the matchlocks, and active swords-women. They are always mounted on the best horse, and it is not an unusual thing for them to carry one child before

them, and another behind, at full speed. The Pindaree horsemen (and, indeed, all horsemen in India) have a decided advantage over the English. Their horses are so taught that they can turn them right round for fifty times without the horse's moving his hind-legs from the same circle, or pull them up at full speed instantaneously. Our horses are heavy, fat, and quite unmanageable with the bit; it takes them as long to get round as a ship; and you cannot pull them up under ten or twenty yards. Some of their horsemen have spears seventeen feet in length, which they handle in so masterly a style that singly they are dangerous persons to have any thing to say to; but I have frequently seen Lord Lake charge, with his body-guard, a whole column of them, and put them to the rout."

On the occasion of attacking a mud-fort, he gives the result of his observations:—

"Our operations against the fort continued active and resolute; but our balls made but little impression upon the mud bastions and curtains. Many of them scarcely buried themselves, and others rolled down into the under-works of the enemy, and were kindly sent back to us. It is almost folly to attempt to effect a practicable breach in a fort built of such materials. The crust you knock off the face of a bastion or curtain, forms a great barrier to your approach to a solid footing. Young engineers are too apt to judge, from the appearance of the fallen mud, that the breach is practicable; when, the first step the storming-party takes, they find they sink up to their necks in light earth. A woful instance of this nature I shall have to advert to more particularly in the course of my narrative; and, if it prove a timely hint to the inexperienced, I shall be rewarded. Stone forts are soon demolished; when undermined well at the bottom, the top will soon follow, and they cannot easily be repaired; but mud forts defy human power."

Of the storming of Bhurtpore, we have nowhere seen the details so distinctly given. He himself, we have already said, led the forlorn hope three times out of four. Of the first, after detailing the preparations, he says—

"We pushed on at speed; but were soon obliged to halt. A ditch, about twenty yards wide, and four or five deep, branched off from the main trench. This ditch formed a small island, on which were posted a strong party of the enemy, with two guns. Their fire was well directed, and the front of our column suffered severely. The fascines and gabions were thrown in; but they were as a drop of water in the mighty deep: the fire became hotter, and my little band of heroes plunged into the water, followed by our two companies, and part of the 75th Regiment. The middle of the column broke off, and got too far down to the left; but we soon cleared the little island. At this time Colonel Maitland and Major Campbell joined me, with our brave officers of the two companies, and many of the other corps. I proposed following the fugitives; but our duty was to gain the breach, our orders being confined to that subject. We did gain it; but imagine our surprise and consternation, when we found a perpendicular curtain going down to the water's edge, and no footing, except on pieces of trees and stones that had fallen from above. This could not bear more than three men abreast, and if they slipped (which many did), a watery grave awaited them, for the water was extremely deep here. Close on our right was a large bastion, which the enemy had judiciously hung with dead underwood. This was fired, and it threw such a light upon the breach, that it was as clear as noonday. They soon got guns to bear on us, and the first shot (which was grape) shot Colonel Maitland dead, wounded Major Campbell in the hip or leg, me in the right shoulder, and completely cleared the remaining few of my little party. We had at that moment reached the top of the breach, not more (as I before stated) than three a-breast, when we found that the enemy had completely repaired that part, by driving in

large pieces of wood, stakes, stones, bushes, and pointed bamboos, through the crevices of which was a mass of spears jobbing diagonally, which seemed to move by mechanism. Such was the footing we had, that it was utterly impossible to approach these formidable weapons. Meantime, small spears or darts were hurled at us; and stones, lumps of wood, stink-pots, and bundles of lighted straw, thrown upon us. In the midst of this tumult, I got one of my legs through a hole, so that I could see into the interior of the fort. The people were like a swarm of bees. In a moment I felt something seize my foot: I pulled with all my might, and at last succeeded in disengaging my leg, but leaving my boot behind me. Our establishing ourselves on this breach, in sufficient force to dislodge this mass of spearsmen, was physically impossible. Our poor fellows were mowed down like corn-fields, without the slightest hope of success. The rear of the column suffered much, as they were within range of the enemy's shot. A retreat was ordered, and we were again obliged to take to the water, and many a poor wounded soldier lost his life in this attempt. Not one of our officers escaped without being wounded, and Lieutenant Creswell was almost cut to pieces. He, I believe, still lives in England; and, should this little history fall into his hands, he will read these events with as much regret as the narrator writes them. We, as may be supposed, returned almost broken-hearted at this our first failure in India. Our loss was a melancholy one, and the conviction that the poor wounded fellows we were compelled to leave behind would be barbarously massacred, incited our brave boys to beg a second attempt. This was denied: had it been granted, it must infallibly have proved abortive; for there was, literally, *no breach.*"

The second attack is thus described:—

"I once more took my station with my twelve volunteers, supported by my two companies as before. A shell from one of the howitzers was a signal to move. On this signal being given, the shell, bursting in the muzzle of the gun or mortar, killed two of our grenadiers: a sad beginning. The bridge followed the Forlorn Hope, carried on men's shoulders, and must have appeared some extraordinary monster to those who were not acquainted with its intended use. We moved on, and before I got half way down to the fort, six of my men were killed or wounded. The enemy, no doubt encouraged by our late defeat, had redoubled their fire, both in guns and men; and on the right side of the breach they had thrown out an under-work, which was filled with matchlock-men, and in which they had several guns. My men kept falling off one by one; and when I arrived at the edge of the ditch, which appeared wide and deep, and was assisting the men with the bridge, I received a matchlock ball, which entered over the right eye, and passed out over the left. This tumbled me, my forehead literally hanging over my nose, and the wound bleeding profusely. I was at this time close to our gallant Captain Lindsay, who, at the same moment, received a ginjall-ball in the right knee, which shattered the bone to pieces. I recovered a little from the stun of my wound, when the first thing that met my eye (for I could only see with one) was the bamboo bridge quietly gliding down the stream, being some yards too short. Nothing but killed and wounded could be seen, and there was not the most distant chance of getting in. To have attempted crossing the ditch would have been an act of madness. In descending we must have plunged over our heads in water, and they had two small guns bearing on the spot. At last a retreat was ordered. Previous to this, our poor fellows stood like sheep to be shot at, without the remotest hope of success. The camels and elephants, alarmed by the tremendous firing and shouting, could not be induced to approach the fort, many of them throwing their loads and running back to camp, and wild into the woods. Seven hundred men were killed and wounded on this occasion. Our brave Captain Lindsay's wound was so bad that his leg was amputated in the battery. My wound was a dangerous one, having touched the bone. I was immediately sent home to camp, where I

lay completely blind for several days. This, added to our disastrous defeat, threw me into a fever, and nearly cost me my life; but, with the aid of a kind Providence, and the advantage of a strong and unimpaired constitution, I soon recovered.

Of the third and fourth, he says—

“When this strange rencounter had subsided, the storming-party was ordered for twelve o'clock. Reader, imagine my disappointment when my doctor most positively forbade me my being employed on this occasion, as my wound in the forehead was still in such a state that, should I get heated or catch cold, he feared an inflammation of the brain would take place. I could have thrown what few brains I had in his face, but I was obliged to obey. The forlorn hope was led by Lieutenant Templer, of the 76th regiment, as brave a little fellow as ever wore a red coat. I looked on at a short distance from the scene of action, and a desperate hard struggle it was. No sooner did our brave boys gain the top of the breach, than the well-directed fire from the fort swept them off. Footing they had none; they literally hung on the bosom of the bastion. A third retreat was the result; leaving behind them upwards of five hundred dead and wounded: indeed, they might all be said to be dead, for death was inevitable. The enemy again manned the breach in swarms, shouting victory! It would have been better for me had I been there, for I am sure I fought and struggled as hard as any one engaged. I cannot describe my feelings and those of the other spectators of this dreadful scene; but what can eight or ten men a-breast do against a legion, posted aloft, and protected by walls, bastions, &c., and where every possible engine is in requisition for their destruction? Thus exposed, there was never any real chance of success. The whole circumference of the bastion, if lined with men, would not have contained more than fifteen or twenty men a-breast; and the whole means of the fort were levelled on this small space, to their certain defeat and destruction. All that was in the power of mortal man to do was done, but all our efforts were in vain.

“The storming-party was again ordered for the following day. I suffered an excruciating headache, but said nothing of the badness of my wound, which at that time bore a most frightful appearance, resolved to die rather than give up my past honour. I assured my doctors that I was well, and felt quite adequate to take my station, and entreated that they would not stand between me and glory. At last they consented, and I made the most of the short period between that and the storm, in supplicating the divine protection, and in penning a letter to my only relation, on account of arranging my little affairs. I had made up my mind that I could not, in all human probability, escape a third time: but He alone who created life can destroy it. In the evening I left my tent, to seek in solitude that consolation for my troubled bosom which the drunken and tumultuous riot of a camp could but ill afford.

“Two o'clock in the afternoon of the next day was ordered for the assault. I forgot my aches and wounds, and was at my old post. Lieutenant Templer, of His Majesty's 76th Regiment (he was but a little man, but he possessed the heart of a lion), accompanied me on this occasion, with a small Union Jack, to plant on the enemy's bastion. He gave me his hand, and, smilingly, said, — ‘Shipp, I am come to rob you of part of your glory; you are a regular monopolist of that commodity.’ He continued, ‘I will place Old England's banner on their haughty bastion, or die in the attempt!’ He fell a victim to his zeal, having first planted his colour on the bastion.

“The storming-party marched out in the usual steady order; yet, from our recent calamitous defeats, there was not that spirit amongst the men which I had witnessed on former occasions. We had already experienced three disastrous repulses from this fort, and there now seemed a cloud on every brow, which proceeded, I have no hesitation in asserting, from a well-grounded apprehension that this, our fourth assault, would be concluded by

another retreat. If any sight could be exhibited to the human eye that was calculated to work upon the feelings of men already disappointed and dispirited, it was the scene that was exposed to our view on approaching this breach; for there lay our poor comrades who had fallen in previous attempts, many of them in a state of nudity; some without heads; some without arms or legs; and others whose bodies exhibited the most barbarous cruelties, for they were literally cut to pieces. The sight was truly awful and appalling, and the eye of pity closed instinctively on such a spectacle of woe. Those who attempted to extend the hand of relief were added to the number of the slain, as the spot was much exposed to a cross-fire from the fort. Could any sight be more distressing for affectionate comrades to look on? I say affectionate, for, among men living together in one barrack, and, perhaps, under one tent, in familiar intercourse, there must be a greater regard for each other than is found to subsist among those who meet casually, once a day or once a week. In a soldier's barrack, the peculiarities, good or bad, of every individual are known; added to which, arduous services will always link men together in the bond of union and affection. Many of these mutilated objects still breathed, and could be seen to heave the agonized bosom, some raised their heads clotted with blood; others their legs and arms; and, in this manner, either made signs to us, or faintly cried for help and pity. It was a sight to turn nature's current, and to melt a heart of stone. Such was its effect upon our lines, that, after a short conflict of the softer feelings, the eye of every man flashed the vivid spark of vengeance against the cruel race who had committed such wanton barbarities; and, if mortal effort could have surmounted the obstacles in our path, those who witnessed the horrid scene I have just described must infallibly have succeeded. But the effort was beyond mortal power. Braver hearts, or more loyal, never left the Isle of Albion, than those who fell like withered leaves, and found a soldier's grave at Bhurtpore.

“ Our ascent was found, for the fourth time, to be quite impossible: every man who showed himself was sure of death. The soldiers in the fort were in chain armour. I speak this from positive conviction, for I myself fired at one man three times in the bastion, who was not six yards from me, and he did not even bob his head. We were told afterwards, that every man defending the breach was in full armour, which was a coat, breast-plate, shoulder-plates, and armlets, with a helmet and chain face-guard; so that our shots could avail but little. I had not been on the breach more than five minutes, when I was struck with a large shot on my back, thrown down from the top of the bastion, which made me lose my footing, and I was rolling down sideways, when I was brought up by a bayonet of one of our grenadiers passing through the shoe, into the fleshy part of the foot, and under the great toe. My fall carried everything down that was under me. The man who assisted me in getting up, was at that moment shot dead: his name was Courtenay, of the 22d Light Company. I regained my place time enough to see poor Lieutenant Templer, who planted the colour on the top, cut to pieces, by one of the enemy rushing out, and cutting him almost in two, as he lay flat upon his face on the top of the breach. The man was immediately shot dead, and trotted to the bottom of the ditch. I had not been in my new place long, when a stink-pot, or other earthen pot, containing combustible matter, fell on my pouch, in which were about fifty rounds of ball cartridges. The whole exploded: my pouch I never saw more, and I was precipitated from the top to the bottom of the bastion. How I got there in safety I know not; but, when I came to myself, I found I was lying under the breach, with my legs in the water. I was much hurt from the fall, my face was severely scorched, my clothes much burnt, and all the hair on the back of my head burnt off. I for a time could not tell where I was. I crawled to the opposite side of the bank, and seated myself by a soldier of the same company, who did not know me. I sat here, quite unable to move, for some little time, till a cannon-ball struck in the ditch, which knocked the mud all over me. This added greatly

to the elegance of my appearance; and in this state I contrived, somehow or other, to crawl out of the ditch. At this moment the retreat was sounded, after every mortal effort had been made in vain.

The advice which he offers to young men destined for India, is the result of long experience. The following is excellent as a warning, and as a piece of description:—

“A young man, on joining his regiment, which happens to be stationed in some remote part of the country, instead of meeting with that hospitality and friendly association which he has a right to expect at a well-regulated mess (the great basis of unanimity amongst the officers of a corps), finds every officer of the regiment living separate, and *keeping native women*. With these women they spend the greater part of their time, to the entire neglect of the more intellectual and rational pursuits of men. With such examples before his eyes; at a solitary place, far from any large station, where good society is to be met with; deprived of the company of his brother officers, and doomed to a life of unvaried monotony; the inexperienced youth who joins the regiment, is but too often induced to fall in with the prevailing folly; and, at length, instigated by others, and seduced by the amorous professions of a mercenary fair (or rather black) one, he consents to keep her and her numerous attendants. This connexion being formed, he may, probably, ask himself this question,—‘Who is it that I have thus selected to be my companion,—the sharer of my fortunes, the participator of my cares, the solace of my woes, and the partner of my bed?’ If he does not know, I will tell him, in plain terms, but without the least exaggeration. She is a black woman, labouring under the influence of dark idolatry; so ignorant as to be wholly unfit for your companion; so immodest and lascivious as to be disgusting; jealous in her disposition; cruel in her nature; despotic to your household; extravagant in her expenditure; and her sole object in connecting herself with you, is the mercenary prospect of having herself, and those whom she may please to call her relations, kept at your expense. This, young man, is a true character of the object you have selected to spend your days with.

“To a consciousness of the consequences of this illicit and vicious connexion, a man is first awakened by the inharmonious jabber of half a dozen black bantlings surrounding his table, which groans under huge dishes of curry and rice. When each little darkling is ushered into the world, gold bangles are expected for the mother, silver ones for the nurses, new dresses for all the lady’s relations, and a grand dinner to her whole circle of acquaintance—at least fifty persons. When the darling little creature is christened, a similar routine of expenditure must be quietly submitted to, to which is usually added an entertainment to your brother officers, on which truly interesting occasion you would be accounted but a shabby fellow if you did not sport sparkling champagne. When the child begins to toddle, there is another day of jubilee,—for all which rejoicing poor ‘master’ pays the piper. Then comes the day when the little duck begins to lisp the endearing names of pa’ and ma’. This is another gala-day; and before all these holidays have been duly observed, the probability is, that ‘master’ receives an addition to his already-crowded circle, by the production of another dear little stranger, with master’s nose and eyes.

“Thus goes on the life of a man who has once formed a connexion of the kind of which I speak, till at last he awakens to reflection and remorse, and distractedly asks himself—‘What have I been doing? What is to become of these children? Can I abandon them? Am I not already a beggar, for ever estranged from my native land, and cut off from all chance of again seeing my dear relations in England?’ Alas! these reflections are too late, and it remains only for the victim of his own folly to consider what he has remaining which may console him. Has he love?—No. Has he peace of mind?—No. Are the children which he is supporting his own?—Very doubtful even this. Is his mode of life such as he can reconcile to his principles or



feelings?—No. In short, he has nothing but the gratification of a sensual appetite to set against all the misery which must inevitably be entailed on him by its indulgence. His moral principles become vitiated; his prospects for the future cannot fail to be blighted; and he has little but wretchedness to look forward to. I have myself known officers intimately who have formed these sad connexions, and who, although they certainly did not absolutely become Musselmens or Hindoos, yet have been so infatuated as to lose, to all appearance, every thought for the present, and all regard for the future. Let but the iron hand of poverty assail you, or sickness enter your doors, then shall you find that those whom you have for years fed, clothed, and cherished, will be the first to turn and sting you; all will then unite to benefit themselves by your misfortunes; all your faithful lady's *soi-disant* relations will conspire to plunder you; and your charmer herself will soon take an opportunity of wounding you in the tenderest point, by eloping with one of her long-supported *brothers* or *cousins*, leaving you in your poverty, or on the bed of sickness, to drink the bitter draught of repentance. Should any of your offspring by this heartless woman be boys, they would be left behind to assist in soothing your cares, as unsaleable commodities; but for the girls, especially if they should have proved handsome, they would be carried off by the mother, for a purpose, the mere contemplation of which would, one would suppose, alone deter men from forming connexions so likely to entail misery both on themselves and the wretched offspring of their criminal indulgence."

No where have we seen so admirable a drill-scene as the following; it is essentially of the finest comic effect:—

“ TWO DAYS IN THE RIDING-SCHOOL.

“ The first morning after a young officer has joined his regiment, he finds himself exalted on a spirited steed, some sixteen hands high, from whose back he dares not cast the eye downward, to take even a glimpse of the immense space between him and the earth. His chin is so elevated by a leather stock, that he can just see the head and ears of the animal on which he sits; his heels are screwed out by the iron fist of the rough rider; and the small of his back is well bent in. Having been knocked and hammered into this posture, the word ‘march’ is given. This command the well-drilled animal obeys immediately, and the machine is suddenly set in motion, the result of which usually is, that the young gentleman speedily finds his way to the ground, with the loss of half a yard of skin from his shin, or with his nose grubbing in the earth.

“ ‘Well done, Sir; Astley himself could not have done better. Mount again, Sir; these things will happen in the best regulated riding-academies; and, in the army, Sir, you will have many ups and downs. Come, Sir, jump up, and don’t be down-hearted because you are floored.’

“ ‘Well, sergeant, but I am very seriously hurt.’

“ ‘Nay, nay, I hope not, Sir; but you must be more cautious for the future.’

“ The pupil mounts again, and the order is again given to march, and off goes the horse a second time, the sergeant roaring out, at intervals—‘Well done, Sir! Head a little higher—toes in, Sir—heels out—bend the small of the back a little more—that will do, Sir—you look as majestic as the Black Prince in the Tower, or King Charles’s statue at Charing Cross. Bravo, Sir—rode capitally! We will now try a little trot. Recollect, Sir, to keep your nag well in hand—*trot.*’

“ ‘Well done, indeed, Sir—knees a little lower down, if you please—that’s higher, Sir—no, no, Sir, that’s higher, I say—you look for all the world like a tailor on his shopboard. What are your elbows doing up there, Sir? Elbows close to your body—you pay no attention to what I say, Sir—*faster, fuster.*’

“ ‘Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! Sergeant, halt, for God’s sake! I shall be off! I shall be off! oh dear, oh dear!’

“ ‘ Bravo, Sir, that’s better—*faster*.’

“ ‘ Sergeant! I am sick, sergeant!’

“ ‘ Never mind such trifles, Sir; riding is an excellent remedy for all kinds of sickness. Now, recollect, in changing from one to two, you round the horse’s croup well, by applying your right leg to his flank, and take care he does not kick you off.—*Change from one to two*.’

“ ‘ Halt, Sir: halt! that won’t do: what the devil are you about? That’s the wrong way; I told you from one to two: turn your horse about from one to two.’

“ ‘ I can only just see the top of the riding-school—I can see no figures at all, sergeant.’

“ ‘ Well, Sir, we’ll dispense with this for the present; but soldiers should learn to turn their eyes every where. Suppose we have another march, Sir. *March—trot—faster—faster*; very well, indeed. Now, Sir, you must recollect, when I say the word *halt*, that you pull your horse smartly up, by throwing your body well back, and pressing the calves (if any) of your legs to his side. If you don’t keep your body upright, the horse’s head will soon put it in its proper place. *Faster—a little faster—halt*. There, Sir, I told you what would be the consequence of your not keeping your head properly up!’

“ ‘ Stop, stop; my nose bleeds, my nose bleeds!’

“ ‘ Rough-rider, get a bucket of water for the gemman. You had better dismount, Sir.’

“ ‘ Dismount, sergeant? How am I to get off this great beast?’

“ ‘ Why, jump, Sir, to be sure—jump off. Come, Sir, we cannot wait all day; you delay the whole drill. Come, come, Sir, dismount!’

“ ‘ Put your hand on the horse’s rump, and lay fast hold of his mane,’ cries a young officer, who had just surmounted the same difficulties, ‘and you will soon be off.’ The tyro in riding follows this friendly advice, and finds himself neatly floored by a tremendous plunge of the horse, thus finishing his first day’s drill.

“ The next morning the pupil attends the riding-school, with his nose somewhat embellished by his fall. He enters the school with his—‘ Good morning, sergeant;’ for it is always good policy to keep friends with both riding-masters and rough-riders. ‘ Good morning, Sir,’ says the sergeant; ‘ I hope you did not hurt yourself yesterday.’

“ ‘ Oh, no—oh, no! Mere scratch—mere scratch—not worth mentioning.’

“ ‘ Glad to hear it, Sir. We must expect in the army both scratches and falls. I have ordered you, for to-day, a horse somewhat more spirited, that will jump under you like an antelope.’

“ ‘ Much obliged to you, indeed,’ says the pupil, making a tremendous wry face.

“ ‘ Oh, don’t mention the obligation, Sir. It is my duty to make a good rider of you, and I flatter myself that I have turned out some of the best riders from this school that are to be found in the kingdom, and with as few accidents as could reasonably have been expected; though, of course, casualties will sometimes inevitably happen, in a large academy like this. To be sure,’ continues the sergeant, winking at the rest of the party assembled, ‘ there was poor Cornet Shins, who broke his neck, and, by the by, off the very horse you are going to ride to-day; but that, of course, was no fault of the poor animal’s. Then, there was Lieutenant Stew, who broke his thigh, and a few other trifling circumstances of this kind, which make good for the army.’

“ ‘ Good for the army! How do you make that out?’

“ ‘ Why, Sir, it is as plain as the eighteen manœuvres. We will just suppose, for the sake of argument, that your neck is broken this morning.’

“ ‘ My good sergeant, what are you talking about?’

“ ‘ I am only *supposing*, you understand, that your neck was broken; in which case it must be clear to you that you would make room for another: but come, Sir, we must proceed to business! Prepare to mount—*mount—steady there—not an eye or muscle to move—pray, Sir, keep your horse*

steady—put your left leg to him, and put him straight—don't touch him in the flank, Sir, or he will soon have you off—that will do—*march*—sit still, I beg, Sir; you are all on one side, like the lug-sail of a boat—that's better; now, Sir, *trot—faster—halt*. Pray, Sir, do be attentive.'

“ ‘ My stirrups are too long.’ ”

“ ‘ Rough-rider, take them off, the gentleman will ride better without them. Now, Sir, off with you again—*march—faster—halt*. Why, Sir, you roll about like a ship in distress; pray keep your seat—*march*.’ ”

“ ‘ I am off, I am off!’ ”

“ ‘ Not yet, Sir.’ ”

“ ‘ Yes I am, yes I am.’ ”

“ ‘ Well, I believe you are now, Sir; at least I never saw any thing more like it in my life. I hope you are not hurt, Sir.’ ”

“ ‘ No, not much; but this horse is worse than the other.’ ”

“ ‘ Why, of course, I know that, Sir; you must have a worse horse every day. Come, Sir, mount again.’ ”

“ ‘ I can't; you have taken the stirrups off.’ ”

“ ‘ Oh, never mind that, Sir, jump up.’ ”

“ ‘ I can't.’ ”

“ ‘ Try, Sir; there is no remedy. Yonder I see the riding master coming this way.’ ”

“ ‘ The riding-master now comes up, and inquires into the progress of all his pupils.’ ”

“ ‘ Well, sergeant, how gets on Cornet Waddle?’ ”

“ ‘ Very well, indeed, Sir; he has only had two falls in two days.’ ”

“ ‘ I am glad to hear it. What horse is that he is on?’ ”

“ ‘ Kicking Billy, Sir.’ ”

“ ‘ Ah! a good horse to learn on. Heads up, Cornet Waddle—six inches from hand to hand—four inches from holster-pipes—that will do—*trot*. Bless me, Cornet White, how your elbows go; one would imagine you had been either a tailor or a fiddler. Do keep them close to your sides, Sir. We'll now try a little canter—*canter*. Very well, indeed—change from three to four. Cornet Shanks, pray keep those stretching legs of your's quiet, and feel the horse's mouth lightly. Not with that hand, Sir, but with the bridle. Keep down your knees—*faster—halt*. What, three of you off! Come, mount again, gentlemen; when I was a recruit, I fell fifty times a-day, and laughed at the fun. Now, hold on—*march—trot—gallop*. Cornet Waddle, let go the horse's mane; let go, Sir.’ ”

“ ‘ I can't Sir; if I do, I shall be off.’ ”

“ ‘ You must go faster, then, till you do—*faster—faster*; well done, indeed—*halt*. What, off again!’ ”

The siege of Hutttrass is detailed at great length; we take only a scrap, descriptive of the effects of shelling:—

“ On the following day, after reconnoitring the fort and the ground in its vicinity, spots were fixed upon for new breaching and shelling batteries; and, in twenty-four hours afterwards, we commenced our work of death on the fort and its obdurate inmates. Long ere the hour of the sun's decline, it grew as dark as midnight. About ten o'clock, the terrific shelling commenced, every whistling shell bearing on its lighted wings messengers of death and desolation. I never saw these implements of destruction so accurately thrown—some of them scarcely five inches above the walls of the fort. In five minutes the screams of the women in the fort were dreadful. In a place so confined, where numberless houses were crowded together, every shell must have found its way to some poor wretch's dwelling, and, perhaps, torn from mothers' bosoms their clinging babes. No person can estimate the dreadful carnage committed by shells, but those whose fate it has been to witness the effects of these messengers of death. On this occasion our shells were very numerous, and of enormous size, many of them thirteen inches and a half in calibre. The system of shelling had been so improved in the twelve

years which had elapsed since the siege of Bhurtpore, that, instead of about one shell in five minutes from a single battery, it was by no means extraordinary to see twenty in one minute, from the numerous batteries which were brought to bear upon this place. It was, at times, truly awful to see ten of these soaring in the air together, seemingly riding on the midnight breeze, and disturbing the slumbering clouds on their pillows of rest; all transporting to a destined spot the implements of havoc and desolation contained within their iron sides. The moon hid herself, in seeming pensiveness, behind a dense black cloud, as though reluctant to look on such a scene; and the feathered tribe, that were wont, in those warm nights of summer, to melodize the breeze, retired far into the distant woods, there to tune their notes of sorrow. Mortal language cannot array such a scene in its garb of blackest woe. Some carcasses were also thrown. These, when in the air, are not unlike a fiery man soaring above. They are sent to burn houses, or blow up magazines. Far and wide they stretch forth their claws of death; and well might the poor natives call them devils of the night, or fiends of the clouds. To complete this dreadful scene, the roaring Congreves ran along the bastion's top, breaking legs and arms with their shaking tails. Nothing could be more grand to the eye, or more affecting to the sympathizing heart, than this horrid spectacle. Still, the superstitious foe were stimulated by some hoary priest with hopes of victory, thus imbruing their hands in the blood of their children, their parents, and their friends. Our shells found their way to their cells, tearing babes from their mothers' bosoms, and dealing death and destruction around. Oh! what must be the anguish of a fond mother, to see nothing but the head of her fondling hanging to her bosom."

As one of the most active officers of the army, Shipp was appointed baggage-master in the Pindaree war. The office is peculiar to Indian warfare, and a view of the duties is worth reading:—

"He is a staff-officer, and, when not employed in his particular department, is attached to the suite of the commander of the division, as much as the commissary-general, quarter-master-general, or any other staff-officer of the division. On the line of march, he is held entirely responsible that neither men nor baggage precede the column of march, and that they are on their proper flank, which is regulated by the general orders of the day. If the reader recollect what I before stated, that he may safely calculate ten followers in a Bengal army to every fighting man, and when he is informed that, according to calculations made in our camp, including the several native contingencies we had with us, our followers were not less in number than eighty thousand men, women, and children, some thirty thousand of whom followed the army for what they could pick up, by fair means or otherwise, my situation cannot be supposed to have been a sinecure. It was truly one of great labour and activity. I had twenty men belonging to a corps of local horse. These men were provided with long whips, and placed at my disposal. To attempt to talk the numberless camp-followers into obedience was quite out of the question; and, therefore, these whips were for the purpose of lashing them into something like discipline. To the great number of human beings I have spoken of must be added fifty elephants, six hundred camels, five thousand bullocks, five thousand horses, one thousand ponies, two hundred goats, two hundred sheep, fifty ruts, one hundred palanquins, one hundred dogs, and one hundred hackeries or carts; presenting the following total:—

Fighting men .....	8,000
Camp-followers .....	80,000
Elephants .....	50
Camels .....	600
Bullocks, horses, and tattoos .....	11,000
Goats, sheep, and dogs .....	500
Palanquins, hackeries, and ruts .....	250

Total 100,400

“One hundred thousand four hundred were thus under my command, for the movements of the whole of whom, men, animals, and vehicles (except fighting men) I was responsible; and I am sure the reader will not class me amongst cruel men, if I was obliged to use the whip where obduracy and contempt of orders were frequent.

“On the following morning we commenced our march, and I began the functions of my new situation, by impressing upon the minds of some of the followers, that my arm was strong as well as the lash of my whip. I found I was soon obliged to take other measures besides merely bellowing to them; and in three days I had whipped the whole body into perfect obedience, which saved me a tremendous deal of labour afterwards, and some hundred yards of whip-cord. Sometimes some mischievous fellows would, to annoy me, get the whole baggage on the wrong flank, but I had influence enough to find them out, when they paid dearly for their trick. After a short time they found it would not do; so, my situation, instead of a task, was at last a pleasure to me, and the sight of my whip was sufficient to deter the most desperate from exceeding his limits. My commanding officer frequently said, that if he lived and commanded twenty armies, I should be his baggage-master.”

Amidst the numerous wounds he received, he tells of scores of hair-breadth escapes. Here is one:—

“I went to breakfast with Captain Daggalier, of the old 13th Regiment Bengal Native Infantry, in the large house occupied by our men, about five hundred yards from the fort. We were busily engaged up stairs securing a hearty meal, when a large three-pound shot found its way through the window of the room in which we sat, and passed under the table between my legs and those of Captain Daggalier. This convinced me that there is some advantage in having long legs. Mine were so excessively lanky, that I could only just screw them under the edge of the little camp-table, from which fact only I can still boast of having two legs. I need not say that the tea-things, breakfast, &c. were broken and upset. I joined another party, and, having finished my breakfast, I proceeded to meet the general, who had arrived to examine our approaches in this direction.”

Stories of tigers, elephants, and monkeys abound. Here is an escape from a tiger:—

“One night, having dined with an officer of the Madras army, during the time that we were before this place, and partaken rather too freely of the Tuscan grape, I started towards home on my favourite mare, whose speed not a horse in camp could equal, and lost my way. There was a considerable space between the camp where I dined and our own encampment, the lights of which I thought I was standing fair for; but, after riding a much greater distance than that between the two encampments, and being in a thick jungle infested with tigers, I began to reflect seriously on my situation, and for a moment I paused to consider, under such circumstances, what was best to be done. How short-sighted is mortal man! That brief moment had nearly been my last! I had laid the reins of my mare over her neck, when, in an instant, she gathered herself up, snorted, and wheeled right round. Fortunately for me, I seized the mane, and, in an instant after, I saw, squatted down and crouching to the ground, a huge tiger. To have run from him would have been inevitable destruction. I therefore wheeled my mare round, and pressed her on towards him, but she would not approach him. I had a pair of loaded pistols in my holster-pipes. One of these I drew out, resolving, however, not to throw away my fire. While endeavouring to spur my mare on, and making all the noise I could, the ferocious animal slunk off, to the great joy of both my mare and myself, and I was not long before I reached my own tent.”

This is followed up by a mess-room story:—

“I would recommend to those who may chance to get into the vicinity of such bad neighbours, never to run from them, but, if sufficient courage can be mustered, to run at them, or to stand and stare them full in the face. A

captain in the Company's service once told me, when speaking of these savage beasts, that he was out shooting in some part near Loodiannah, alone, and he had just discharged his last barrel at some wild ducks, when a large tiger made his appearance. He had not time to load again, but, for a time, stood his ground. He stared—the tiger grinned, but did not seem inclined to come to the scratch. This said captain, being a funny fellow, at last thought of a stratagem that was likely to put his grinning neighbour to flight, which was by turning his back to the animal, looking at him through his legs, and thus running off backwards. He positively declared, that the moment the tiger saw this strange metamorphosis, he took to his heels and was out of sight in an instant. I will not vouch for the verity of this tale, but I have heard, since my arrival in England, that the same trick was actually played on a savage mastiff belonging to a tan-yard, that would not permit a stranger near the premises, without tearing him to pieces, but the moment he saw this curious figure he took refuge in a drying-house, and, for some time after, on the least noise, he would hide himself, thinking, no doubt, it was his friend with his head between his legs again. The reason on account of which I cannot take upon myself to vouch for the veracity of my friend the captain is this: I once tiffed in company where this brave son of Mars was one of the party. The conversation turned on the privations which soldiers and sailors are frequently called on to endure. Some of the company said, that in the course of their services they had not tasted food for three days; some mentioned a longer period. I said I did not believe that the system could be sustained for more than seven days, if so long, without food or some kind of sustenance. The captain, however, thought otherwise; and, begging my pardon most politely, he protested that he had often, when in the West Indies, lived himself for weeks without food, and that once, for six months, he had nothing to eat but Cayenne pepper! This was likely to be a hot man in dispute, so we left him in possession of the field as well as of his story, and this is the reason why I would not take upon me to vouch for the authenticity of his tiger adventure."

A chapter of some length is occupied with the subject of flogging, to which he is decidedly hostile, as a punishment not productive of any benefit to the victim, and only exciting disgust in the spectators whom it is intended to deter. He is entitled, we think, to be heard on such a question, being thoroughly qualified to enter into the feelings of the soldier, to which the mere officer must be comparatively a stranger. He produces numerous instances of the ruinous effects of this system, for which we have no space; but this is the sort of evidence most decisive. Flogging depends more upon the character of the commander than the conduct of the men:—

"Let the returns of each regiment be called for, for any given year, and it will be found that, in some corps, not a man has been flogged, and in others fifty, and perhaps more. How is this to be accounted for? The thing is obvious and clear: it cannot rest so much with the men, for they will be found pretty much alike in all corps; it will depend entirely on the dispositions of the commanders. If an officer be of a tyrannical disposition, or an ungovernable temper, the cat will be found in frequent use in the regiment under his command. If the commander be a man of humanity, and possess a heart of kindness, he will admonish, advise, encourage, and endeavour to infuse into the minds of youth a kind of parental love and affection. In the regiment where mercy reigns, discipline, order, harmony and peace of mind will be found; but, in the regiment where rigid flogging is practised, discontent, disorder, and a great deal of bad feeling towards the officers are sure to prevail."

We have no room for a specimen of his Irish bulls, of which he has a choice collection, while serving with the Royal Irish, the 87th; they are of the coarsest and most extravagant kind;—nor for his ship and camp miseries, after the manner of Beresford, and about as fantastical.

## EVENTS IN A RECENT JOURNEY IN SOUTH AMERICA.

*Journey by Ox-Carts, from Mendoza to Buenos Ayres, across the Pampas.*

It was in the autumn of the year 1824, that I determined on revisiting Buenos Ayres, after an absence from it of four years; and, as there are two very different modes of travelling thither from Mendoza, where I had been for some time sojourning, I chose that, which my inclination for novelty and adventure, rather than my desire for ease and convenience, pointed out: for the traveller who pays too much deference to the undeniable attractions of these latter, will be pretty sure to miss much of that spirit-stirring excitement in which the main pleasure and advantages of travel, both actual and prospective, consist. The two modes of travelling to which I have alluded are, by the regular post road, and by the Ox-carts which traverse the vast and pathless Pampas. It will be readily conjectured, from what I have hinted above, as to my turn for deviating from the beaten track, that the latter of these modes of reaching my destination was the one I chose.

In performing this journey by the Ox-carts, it is customary for many parties to unite, and start at the same period; keeping together as one body during the whole journey: for without this precaution (and sometimes even with it) the traveller is not safe from the attacks of the roving Indians who infest many portions of the route, and particularly the Pampas themselves.

The equipage which I engaged for my exclusive use was simply a two-wheeled cart, drawn by six oxen. The cart consisted of a frame of timber, of which the pole or perch was twenty-four feet long, and nine inches square, of very hard massive wood, and not unlike, in size and weight, the beam of a house. The two side pieces were of the same form, but only thirteen feet long. On this frame was erected a rude tilt of sticks, arched at the top, and seven feet high; the sides being closely thatched with rushes, and the top covered with raw hide, so as to be quite impervious to the weather. Under this monstrous erection was placed an axle of lance wood, lashed to the bottom with raw hide; the spindle arms being about two feet six inches long, and eight inches thick. The wheels of this vast machine were of corresponding dimensions, being about nine feet high, and with massive naves and fellies, and put together (notwithstanding the rudeness of the tools employed in the work) in a manner that would not have disgraced an English wheel-wright. Behind the car was lashed an earthen water jar, holding twenty-five gallons; and underneath, a spare axle, fellies, spokes, &c., in case of accident.

The oxen were yoked to the cart two and two, by thongs of raw hide, the foremost yoke being not less than fourteen feet distant from the pole; and the whole of them were managed by a driver sitting in front of the machine, and directing the animals by means of two goads; the one of great length and slung to the roof of the cart, and the other much shorter, and used only for the wheel oxen. The drivers pique themselves greatly on their skill in the use of these goads, which consist of light cane and willow wands, armed with iron points, and bound from heel to point with pack thread, rubbed over with blood by way of ornamental varnish: they are also sometimes adorned with feathers, &c.

I have been thus particular in describing my vehicle, because, in

placing one of them before the reader, I make him acquainted with the exact character of the whole sixteen of which our caravan consisted. For this conveyance, I engaged to pay 120 dollars for the journey from Mendoza to Buenos Ayres—a distance of three hundred leagues: and, for the additional sum of a few dollars, I was to be supplied with a riding horse or mule, whenever I chose that mode of conveyance.

Before starting, I should mention, that the crew of these *land ships*, as they are called, (“*Barcos de Tierra*”) consisted simply of the driver of each cart; a general director or bailiff (called a *Capataz*;) a supercargo; a carpenter; four men called *Boyeros*, whose duty it was to attend to the oxen during halts, and collect them together when needed; and lastly, three *Manseros*, or Muleteers, to perform the same office by the horses and mules. The passengers on this occasion (including four mulatta girls who had been purchased as slaves by some residents of Buenos Ayres) made our company amount, in all, to forty-three persons.

It was on a fine sunshine morning of the 20th of August, 1824, that our troop started from Mendoza. The scene was an interesting one. The friends of all the party were present, waving hands and handkerchiefs, pronouncing and receiving farewells, pressing forward to deposit little presents and remembrances, and exhibiting the numerous tokens of interest and anxiety, which a long, and in some respects hazardous journey so naturally excites. As for myself, my cart was presently so loaded with tokens of good-will from my Mendoza friends, that I was at last obliged to decline receiving any more.

Our line of march occupied about a quarter of a mile in length; for, besides the oxen attached to the carts, there were many spare ones intended to supply the place of any that might fall lame, and also a considerable number of bulls to supply food for our company, which the *entrepreneur* of the troop engaged to furnish during the whole journey, the drivers and other *employés* eating nothing whatever but beef, without vegetables, bread, or even salt. So that, including horses and mules, we were attended, at starting, by not less than two hundred and thirty head of cattle.

At first, we got on very indifferently, from the draught oxen being fresh from grass, and consequently somewhat wild and unmanageable. So that during the first day, we did not advance more than four leagues from the town. I was not long in discovering that I had done well in providing the means of riding on horseback; for I found that the cart I had engaged was useless except as a baggage waggon, on account of the almost unbearable violence of the motion, occasioned by the rudeness of its construction. On the second day, our troop was in motion long before sunrise; and I was struck with the remarkable skill with which each driver singled out and caught his own set of oxen, notwithstanding the darkness which prevailed. Our road during the second day, lay through a sandy desert covered with coarse shrubs; and at night-fall, we had not made more than four additional leagues in advance. But after the third day, our progress increased; for we now began to travel during the night also; proceeding for four hours regularly, and then resting for one hour. Immediately the carts stopped, it was the practice of the drivers to unyoke their oxen, and turn them loose, to be attended to by the *Boyeros*; while the drivers themselves instantly lighted fires



to dress their portions of beef, which, as I hinted above, they devoured without any accompaniment whatever: a draught of water completed and concluded their repast. On these occasions I found the herb of Paraguay a most useful and agreeable addition to my meal, not only from its refreshing qualities, but from the facility with which it was prepared, by merely pouring a little hot water over it. The only sleep I was able to procure during the actual journey was at these brief periods of halting, except when I chose to ride forward in advance of the troop, and lay down to snatch a few minutes rest till they reached me. But the worst off in this respect were the poor Boyeros, who had the care of the loose cattle, and, who consequently were obliged to be perpetually on the watch to keep them from straying away. There being but four of these, they were only able to sleep each in his turn for a few minutes together. The skill of these men in tracking the cattle when they do stray (which they frequently will in the night, in spite of every precaution to the contrary) is quite astonishing, and will be looked upon as almost incredible by the European reader. They of course track the stray cattle by their footmarks; and they can instantly tell the footmarks of their own oxen—can distinguish those of an ox from those of a bull or cow—those of the mare from the horse—whether the animal they are tracing is a wild or a tame one—whether mounted or not—and all this not merely on bare ground, but through deep pastures or tangled forests. It is their practice at all times, when riding, to keep their eyes bent upon the ground over which they are passing. So that they thus acquire from time to time, a knowledge of the peculiar character of every footmark left by the animals that precede them on the march.

On the third evening we slept at the village of Retamo; and from this time the rate of our progress increased to about ten leagues in the twenty-four hours. From Retamo to San Luis, we met with the air-plant in great abundance (*Flor del Ayre*) growing on the low scrambling bushes and shrubs with which this whole district abounds. On the night of the 27th of August, we rested in the middle of a most beautiful wood of *chañar* trees; and nothing could be more picturesque and romantic than the appearance of our whole troop, shown by the light of the numerous fires which blazed everywhere about us. The golden coloured bark of the *chañar* trees reflected the lights which flickered upon its shining surface; and as the various groups of our party lay reclining beside the fires, in their striking and singular costumes—each group being partially hidden from the rest by the stems of the numerous trees which embowered and surrounded us on all sides—the whole presented the semblance of a scene in some romantic melo-drame, or of a horde of banditti carousing after some perilous enterprise. The ground was covered here and there with patches of a thick heath, which served us as couches to rest on; and as the night was warm, we here spent the most agreeable hours since the commencement of our journey.

On the next day, the 28th, we reached the banks of the great river Desaguadero, and nothing could be more striking than the contrast which presented itself to the scene just described. The place seemed the very abode of barrenness. It reminded me of the Dead Sea shores, or the fabled banks of the infernal river itself. No vestige of pasture, or of any green thing, grew on the precipitous banks of this forlorn stream; the black, deep, and salt waters of which went rushing hoarsely

along, at a depth of twenty feet below where we stood. On our appearance, a few wretched huts ejected from their door-ways about a dozen squalid looking human beings, in the garb of women, whose coarse black elf-locks streaming down their backs, and their yellow cadaverous countenances, reminded me of those horrifying beings conjured up on the "blasted heath" with which (like the present) they were so strictly in keeping, and which

"Looked not like inhabitants of earth,  
And yet were on it."

They had nothing to offer us for sale; nor did there appear to be any means of their furnishing even themselves with subsistence, not even a root or a vegetable; nothing but a few half-starved goats, which looked as miserable as their keepers. Even the sun itself seemed to "disdain to shine" upon this realm of wretchedness and despair. Close at hand lived the ferryman, whose appearance and bearing completed this singular scene. The sight of him and his dwelling, at once realized in my mind a description I have somewhere read of "*Felon Care*." Suspicion was in every look and accent, and sordid grasping avarice seemed to hold possession of his whole soul. On entering the dark den which formed his dwelling, we found the centre occupied by a round solid table, like a butcher's chopping block. Besides this, nothing was clearly distinguishable on account of the almost impenetrable darkness; but in one corner I thought I could perceive the remnant of a broken musket. His ferry-boat was formed by two canoes lashed together, and surmounted by a stage about twenty feet long. On crossing the river some of the carts were upset, and their cargoes, consisting of hides, wine in barrels, dried fruits, &c. were much injured; and this accident detained us till night-fall; at which old Charon seemed not a little gratified: for he said, that our supercargo had cheated him of some portion of his fare.

On the 31st of August, we reached San Luis de la Punta, in which abode of ruin and desolation we were detained three days. This is one of the most wretched places that can be conceived as the abode of men. It does not contain a single white-washed building; the Plaza is in ruins; the Cathedral fallen to the ground; and though the Piazza still stands in front of the Town-Hall, the roof which connected it with the main building no longer exists but as a mass of ruins—among which, a solitary sentinel paces slowly, backwards and forwards, and seems to increase by his appearance, rather than dissipate, the desolation of the scene.

On the third day from the period of our entering San Luis de la Punta, we sallied forth from it, and by night-fall reached the banks of the beautiful Rio Quinto, where we rested. On the following morning, instead of keeping with the general troop, I rode on ahead, in company with the supercargo, a respectable and intelligent young man, named Blas Valdor. Passing an isolated mountain called El Morro, we reached the Portezuelo; and here there opened upon our view a most beautiful grassy plain, extended interminably on every side as far as the eye could reach, and free from a single bush, shrub, or any other object whatever to intercept the view; except that on a rising ground, just at the verge of the horizon, we could distinguish a human dwelling, which proved to be the house of a wealthy landholder, with whose agreeable family we spent three days.

Quitting this hospitable roof, we reached, on the 9th of September, the Villa del Rio Quinto, the cultivated lands appertaining to which town are irrigated by the beautiful river from which it takes its name. This place is within the jurisdiction of Cordova, and contains a population of four thousand souls. Here we passed a day and night, and then proceeded to the picturesque village of San Bernardo, where we slept. On the 11th, we crossed the river Quarto, at the Paso del Durazno, and the next day arrived at a small village named Reduccion. Here we found the inhabitants busily employed in repairing a mud fort, in anticipation of an attack from the Indians. Soon after leaving this place we encountered some fallow deer, which we occasionally hunted; sometimes running them down by the superior speed and strength of our horses, and at others catching them by means of *bolos* (a species of missile noose), or shooting them with rifles. At first, my companions refused to partake of the flesh of these animals—alleging that it was rank and unwholesome; but my example at length induced them to make a trial of it, after which they preferred it to any thing else. I afterwards found, that the reason of their not liking the flesh of the wild deer was, that all the South Americans are accustomed to dress and eat their meat immediately it is killed; and venison in this state is not only hard and unpleasant, but unwholesome. They had no notion that hanging it up for a few days would produce any other than a mischievous change in it. But when the experiment was made for them, they readily acknowledged and availed themselves of the advantages it offered.

On the 13th of September, we reached the Punta del Sauce, a most wretched town situated on the river Quarto, and forming the frontier line of the Indian territories, called Las Pampas, an uninhabited plain, forty leagues in breadth, extending from the Rio Saladillo to Melinque. During the whole route from San Bernardo hither, we had been infested almost incessantly by flights of locusts, so numerous that they sometimes literally intercepted the light of the sun—throwing a shadow upon the ground as if a dense cloud was passing. They rose in almost unbroken masses before our horses feet as we galloped onwards, and we were compelled to cover our faces with our *ponchos*, to ward off the blows, which might otherwise have proved seriously injurious, especially if they had struck the eyes—for the locusts were of great size and weight. The town of Punta del Sauce we found in a most ruinous condition, consequent on repeated attacks of the Indians for purposes of plunder; but still, it was not without an appearance of considerable activity arising out of the commercial pursuits of the inhabitants. It contained no less than six shops for the sale of European goods of various kinds—for which returns are made in mare and other hides. A shop (or *pulperia*) in the Pampas is distinguishable from a great distance in every direction, by means of a flag which is fastened to a high pole stuck in the ground, as a sign. The governor of this town was a brave young man, who had fifty militia under his command, at the head of whom he occasionally scoured the country in a circle of a hundred miles, on the look-out for the roving Indians with which these plains are infested. Though these expeditions sometimes last for more than a month, the party take with them provisions for the two first days only; trusting for the future supply to the wild animals they may be able to take as they proceed. The flesh of ostriches is that which they prefer before any other; then that of mules; after that, of horses and mares; and lastly that of deer.

Black cattle are never to be met with in these plains ; but sometimes (though rarely) a lion is killed, and its flesh looked upon as delicious food. At this town we observed a ruined mud fort, mounted with a one pound swivel, but so honey-combed, as to threaten much more danger to the firer than to the party aimed at. There was also a long four pounder lying on the ground, but useless from having been spiked in the war of the Montenero.

On leaving Punta del Sauce all population ceases ; except that you meet with here and there a scattered hut, called a Puesto, inhabited by men who gain an uncertain living by hunting the wild mares of the Pampas, and killing them for their hides. These people may be described as resembling the Back-woodsmen of North America. They are continually shifting their habitation, as the prey of which they are in search becomes scarce ; and they seldom follow this wandering mode of life for any great length of time ; always abandoning it as soon as they have gained a little money to purchase cattle and commence breeding them in another situation. But to begin even this first occupation of mare-killing, it is necessary to be possessed of a herd of about two hundred tame horses and mares, all of which are trained to follow a bell fastened to the neck of the most docile among them—which is hence called *Madrina*. The horses of this herd are used for riding, but the mares for breeding only. Two or more *gauchos* having joined their stock of horses together, they erect a mud house on the open waste, and thatch it on the top with rushy grass ; after which they procure from a great distance, and by almost incredible labour, a quantity of wooden palisades, with which they form a *corral*, or penfold, of great size. Their stock in trade being thus established, they set out from their new home to scour the country ; taking little or no material for subsistence with them, but depending on their own skill in procuring it for themselves when needed. They are frequently absent on these expeditions for a month together ; never sleeping under a roof during all that time, and their food the flesh of wild animals, and a little brackish water. The only means which they have of dressing the former is by roasting it on fires made with horse-dung ; for there is no other fuel to be met with. Their mode of taking the wild mares of which they are in search is very simple, and attended by little difficulty. Immediately they encounter a herd of wild horses they drive their own troop of tame ones among them, and the two soon become, as it were, incorporated together. The whole are then driven in one body towards the Puesto, and on reaching it are made to enter the enclosures of palisades ; where the wild mares are noosed one by one, with the *lazo*, and dragged outside to a short distance, where they are slaughtered, and their hides taken off—the carcasses being left to be devoured by the vultures, caranchos, and other birds of prey which are always present in vast numbers in the immediate vicinity of those loathsome shambles. There are frequently not less than a hundred carcasses at one time left to be devoured in this manner. If the mares happen to be fat, this substance is used for the fires and lamps of the *Gauchos* ; but generally speaking, the hide is the sole source of the profit derived from this disgusting occupation. The bones, indeed, after the vultures, &c. have picked them clean, are used for fuel, in addition to the dried dung and tallow. On these fires it is that the *Gauchos* roast the flesh that is their only food. In our journey across the plain, the situation of these Puestos might always be discovered at a great distance in advance, by the cloud

of birds—several hundreds in number—that was always hovering over them; and on approaching nearer, the odour from the putrid carcasses was perfectly horrible. To complete the disgusting scene, the prominent object of sight was a pile of white bone ashes, reared close to the hut, but not applied to any use whatever. Before quitting this subject, it should be mentioned, that all the young horses which are found among the mares caught in the manner above described, are immediately broke in to the saddle, by main force as it were, in the course of about two days; and the hides of the mares, after being dried in the sun, are sold at the nearest town for about half a dollar each. The purchaser, when he has collected a sufficient number together, sends them in carts to Buenos Ayres, where they produce from six *reals* to a dollar each.

About this point of our journey it was hourly to be expected that the wild Indians would make their appearance. At Punta del Sauce, therefore, our supercargo had engaged with an active Cordovese *Gaúcho*, and a gigantic Negro, both of whom were well acquainted with the country, and who were to keep a constant look out in advance of the troop, in order to prevent a surprise from these roving marauders. The tract of country over which we now had to pass was one level plain, entirely covered with pasture; and on the 20th we crossed a deep stream called Saladillo, and entered upon the Indian territory. Having filled our water-jars at the above-named stream—which was of a brackish taste—we now travelled day and night, with the least possible intermission—as it was considered unsafe to linger a moment longer than was necessary in these rude and inhospitable wilds. Our chief occupation by day was running down or shooting the fallow deer—a sport which took a most animated character from the nature of the ground over which we were passing; and in these beautiful plains the game is extremely abundant. This sport was sometimes varied by that of snaring partridges—with which game the plains also abounded. This we effected by means of horse-hair nooses, fixed to the end of long canes. Another practice was, to ride round in a circle swiftly, decreasing the extent of the circle at every turn, till the bird became literally bewildered and giddy by its efforts to escape, and at last suffered itself to be approached near enough to kill it with a riding-whip.

During the eight days that were occupied in crossing the Pampas, I found it scarcely possible to get an hour's sleep, either by night or day. The only means by which I could effect it at all were, by riding forward in advance of the troop for some distance, and then dismounting, and flinging myself in one of the deep wheel ruts, in order to avoid the cold winds; still retaining my horse's bridle in my hand. On these occasions, instead of being awakened by the creaking and lumbering of the carts, as they passed me, I was pretty sure to sleep till these sounds ceased, and then to awake by the absence of the noise—as the miller is said to do when his mill stops. On one of these occasions, however, at night, when I had been unusually oppressed by sleep, I found, on awaking, that the carts were not only out of hearing, but out of sight. At first I was not at all alarmed, but springing on my horse, thought to regain my company in a few minutes. Not coming up with them as soon as I expected, I looked up to the heavens, and found that the constellation Orion was on the wrong side of me. I therefore quickly retraced my course; but it was full an hour before I regained my companions. If it had been a cloudy night I should assuredly have lost my road altogether, and in all

probability have remained several days without meeting with any assistance in regaining it. Indeed, more than one European has been lost in these extensive solitudes, and died from starvation. My length of residence in the country had enabled me to acquire enough of the *Gaucha* habits to prevent me from feeling any great dread of this; but still my situation under such circumstances would have been any thing but a pleasant one.

On these extensive plains I frequently had occasion to observe the singular effect of the "mirage," described by travellers over the Arabian deserts; and several times our whole company were deceived by it. On one occasion I perceived before me, apparently at the distance of about a mile, two low trees, of singular appearance, which I turned to inquire the name of, and found that they were called *Los Quebrachos*; but on turning the next instant to look at them again there was no such object within sight. At first I could not believe my senses, but was informed that the occurrence was quite a common one. And in fact the trees themselves were, as I afterwards found, at a distance of about two leagues from us at the time I saw the illusive appearance, and were completely hidden from actual view by an undulation in the surface of the ground. The explanation of this phenomenon is now well known, and need not be more particularly referred to. But another curious instance of the effects of the mirage is worth relating. One morning, about eleven o'clock, we suddenly perceived, at a considerable distance a-head, what we conceived to be the figure of an Indian, and as there was little doubt that we should soon see a party of them approach us with hostile intentions, we did not wait for the appearance of more, but instantly prepared to meet their attack. This was done by, in the first place, arresting the progress of all the carts, and causing them to be drawn up in a double line, so as to serve as a sort of fortification, behind which each man was posted with his musket, and prepared for a desperate resistance. On riding up and down, to see that all were in due order, I soon perceived that more was to be apprehended from the awkward movements of our men themselves, (most of whom were entirely unaccustomed to the use of muskets) than from the expected enemy. I therefore consulted with the supercargo, and it was presently arranged that only seven or eight of our party, who were accustomed to fire arms, should attempt a defence by that means, and that the rest should lash their knives to the end of their bullock goads, and use them by way of pikes—an instrument they were much more likely to handle to advantage. I was not long in discovering too, that our drivers were much better disposed to mount their horses and run away, than stand their ground and defend themselves: so that, to guard against an event of this nature, some of us were obliged to swear that we would shoot the very first man who did not stand his ground fairly, and take his chance with the rest. Presently, however, all chance of escaping seemed cut off, for the enemy were now seen advancing on all sides, and seemed closing in upon us in a circle, carrying their long lances erect. Our entrenchment being complete, we awaited the onset, each with several loaded guns, but firmly resolved not to fire till sure of our shot telling. Suddenly, however, our opponents made a dead halt, as if intimidated by something in our appearance—on this our hitherto cowardly drivers took courage, and shouted them on to the combat. But still they remained stationary—seeming, as well as we could distinguish,

to be brandishing their long lances in the air. At this moment the mist that surrounded us cleared partially away, and we discovered that our supposed enemies were no other than a herd of wild horses, which, being startled at the unusual appearance of our caravan, had lifted their heads, with erect ears, high in the air, and seemed to approach us momentarily, by reason of the thickening mist magnifying their size, and at the same time changing their real appearance into something like that for which our fears had mistaken them. As soon as our ludicrous mistake was discovered, shouts of laughter burst from all our company, and such of them as were mounted, riding towards the cause of our late fears, they turned in an instant, and fled away across the plain with the speed of the wind.

Soon after the incident happened which has just been related, we were a little surprized by the appearance of a man galloping towards us. On discovering him, the Cordovese and the negro took a wide circuit to cut off his retreat. On his coming up with us, he told us that he had left Punta del Sauce, for the express purpose of joining our troop, in order that he might cross the Pampas in safety. But as he had a somewhat suspicious look, and might prove a spy of the Indians, and as our position was one which did not admit of our standing much on ceremony, we at once caused him to dismount, and put him into safe custody in one of the ox-carts, till we should reach an inhabited district.

The next day we met with an instance of that extraordinary spirit of independence and enterprize, which is only to be met with in savage life. We saw before us, at a little distance, a man mounted on a horse, and driving twelve others before him. On approaching him, to ascertain who it could be that was thus traversing a deserted plain alone, where man meets his fellow man only to dread him as an enemy, he proved to be an old *Gaucha*, sixty years of age, a native of Rojas, who told us that he was journeying to San Ignacio, in the mountains of Cordova, to fetch home his son. This seemed so unlikely a tale, that we asked to see it corroborated by his passport, and it proved to be true. He had, in fact, set out from Rojas to San Ignacio, a distance of seventy leagues, fifty of which were over pathless plains, where nothing could guide his way but the sun by day, and the stars by night; and with no provisions but a little dried beef in his saddle-bags, two small horns of water, and a little tobacco. There was also the constant risk of meeting with the wild Indians, and he had moreover the perpetual anxiety attendant on keeping together twelve animals who were entirely loose, and well enough disposed to make their escape. These latter the old man rode alternately, catching one with his *lazo* whenever he wished to change his saddle, and at night it was his practice to stop immediately the sun went down, and feed his horses, he himself lying down to sleep for a few minutes at a time, but being compelled to get up and mount a horse every now and then, in order to keep the herd together. The bridle of the horse he was riding, he used always to keep in his hand while sleeping. This rencontre presented me with an instance of mingled simplicity and self-confidence, which it would be difficult to parallel in a more civilized class of life.

On the 24th of September, our water being all exhausted before reaching the expected means of supplying it, we were tormented for some hours with a burning thirst. Towards evening we discovered a pond at a distance, and rode eagerly towards it; but on reaching it, we

found that although half a mile in circumference, it was no where more than two inches in depth, and lay on the surface more like oil than water. We were, however, not to be deterred by its appearance, nor by the clouds of mosquitoes that were hovering over it; but spread our handkerchiefs on the surface, and lying on our faces, sucked the muddy liquid through them, and felt it like nectar to our parched throats. The next instant the whole was converted into a quagmire, by the horses and mules rushing into it, and attempting in vain to quench their thirst. It was not till towards the middle of the next day that we again discovered a rushy marsh at the distance of about a league, and as this offered the probability, though not the certainty, of a supply of water, I hastened to it, accompanied by the *capataz* and our Cordovese scout, which latter was the most active and skilful horseman I ever beheld. On approaching pretty near to the marsh, we discovered, to our infinite delight, a considerable quantity of rain water among the rushes, and were on the point of dismounting to partake of it, when suddenly a large Puma, or South American lion, sprung from a rushy lair where he had been couched, and instantly fled across the plain. This somewhat startling appearance dispersed our thirst, of the sense of it, for the moment, and we all turned our horses in pursuit of the fugitive. I have elsewhere described the extraordinary skill of the *Gauchos* with their *lazo*. On this occasion I had to witness a new instance of it in the Cordovese scout, who, presently coming up with the lion, cast his *lazo* over its head in an instant, and brought it to the ground almost choked by the running noose. On recovering himself a little, the lion seemed disposed to turn on his assailants and defend himself, but before he could rise, the *lazo* of the *capataz* was dexterously cast round his hinder legs, and the holder of it riding on, the lion was stretched on the plain by the tightened cords, without the power of moving. With the rapidity of lightning the Cordovese now dismounted, and the blood of the animal was the next instant gushing forth beneath his knife. After satisfying our thirst by returning to the marshy pool, the carcase of the lion was dragged to the carts, where the skin was taken off, and the flesh cut into small pieces, roasted and eaten, within an hour of our first sight of the living animal! The flesh, which I tasted, was very white, and resembling veal, but of a fishy flavour, but certainly it was much preferable to that of a newly slain buck, which was roasted at the same time. The flesh of the lion is esteemed a great delicacy by the *Gauchos*, and consequently a feast on one is looked upon as a treat of no ordinary kind. The next day we arrived at Melinqueito, where a lioness with two cubs was taken—the mother was killed and eaten, and the two cubs were put into one of the carts, with the intention of conveying them alive to Buenos Ayres, but for want of proper food they soon died. Close to the above-named place there was an enormous lake of salt water, having the character almost of an inland sea, for we could not perceive the opposite side of it. On this lake were immense numbers of aquatic birds, and in particular, large flocks of the splendid flamingo. On the firing of our rifles, these magnificent birds rose from the water in vast numbers, and the effect of their gorgeous plumage shone upon by the rays of the morning sun, was brilliant beyond description.

On the 27th we reached Melinque, which was formerly a settlement of some importance, but is now abandoned, having been previously



ruined by the repeated ravages of the Indians. On the evening of this day, the sky threatened a *pampero*, or land storm, in consequence of which the carts were drawn up in a circle, and lashed together, for the purpose of securing the oxen within the inclosure thus formed. This necessary arrangement for preventing the escape of the cattle was scarcely completed, when faint flashes of lightning were seen on the verge of the horizon, which proved the near prelude of a most furious hurricane. To the "pitiless pelting" of this storm, which was so violent that even the heavy ox-carts could scarcely stand against it—the *Boyeros* were exposed during the whole night, being obliged to ride round the entrenchment constantly, for the purpose of seeing that the oxen did not escape in their fright; but notwithstanding these precautions, it was found in the morning, that four of the cattle were missing, and a Boyero was immediately sent after them, but did not rejoin us for four days, having lost his way during another storm two nights after.

The condition of these poor fellows is perhaps worse than that of any other class of their countrymen. The one I have just alluded to, who was sent after the stray cattle, had neither eaten nor drank during the whole period of his absence from the troop, having taken nothing with him but a little tobacco, with which he contrived to sustain nature; and yet, on his return, his case did not seem to be looked upon as a peculiarly hard one. He was only considered as having performed an ordinary portion of his duties, for which he receives 15 dollars per month, or six weeks, i. e. for the whole period of the journey, which is more or less, according to the condition of the oxen. I observed that immediately on the return of the one alluded to above, he proceeded to "refresh" himself, by devouring about four pounds weight of tough beef, without either bread or salt. This, with a draught of brackish water, formed his repast, after which he betook himself to sleep—not having closed his eyes during his absence.

Having passed a ruined fort, called Fortin de Mercedes, which had formerly been used as a place of garrison to protect the Indian frontier, we came to a spot where some wild barley had usurped the place of the common rushy pasture with which the Pampas are for the most part covered. Near to this spot an accident happened which gave occasion for some of those numerous expedients to which the inhabitants of an uncultivated country are so often compelled to resort. In soaping the wheels of one of the ox-carts, the cart itself, being not properly supported, in the absence of its wheel, fell to the ground, and broke in two places the thigh of the poor man whom we had encountered some days before, and fearing that he might be a spy sent by the Indians, had kept prisoner ever since. I was immediately applied to, as the most likely person of the party to possess "skill in surgery;" and on inspection I found that the fractures were simple ones. I therefore caused a shirt to be cut into strips and sewed together for a bandage; managed to form a set of splinters with a broken driving cane; picked out a portion of a dry hide which had received a conical form from the use to which it had been applied, and which I made to assume the character of a cradle; and with these "apparatus" I contrived to reduce the fractures, and place the limb in its proper form. Having then managed to suspend a hide by way of hammock, in such a manner as to prevent much jolting from the motion of the cart, the "patient" was placed in it, and we were enabled to proceed on our journey. The bandage being kept moistened by some diluted

vinegar, and the sufferer being prevented from taking any thing but a little water, in three days time all fever had ceased, and I had the satisfaction of finding that, if I had not managed the case precisely, "*secundum artem*," the patient seemed likely to be "doing well" nevertheless. The truth is, there is no skill like that which grows out of necessity, and no nurse like Dame Nature. On arriving at the little town of Salto, on the fourth day after the accident, we left the man in the care of a humane inhabitant of the place, who promised to afford him an asylum till he should be sufficiently recovered to follow his occupations. On the day that we passed the little town of Salto, we met with some armadillos, several of which we caught; and, as in these parts of the world an animal must be a non descript indeed, that is not considered as worth eating, these, like the rest, were submitted to the somewhat rude process of our travelling *cuisine*, and roasted in their shells. In making journeys like those which I am describing, it is good for the traveller to be an epicure or the opposite, as the case of the moment may happen to require. For my own part, I have always considered, that as there is no reason, *à priori*, why a snake should not be as good as an eel, or a foal as a fawn, so it is always worth while to *taste* every thing that comes in your way in a "questionable shape." Accordingly, on the occasion just alluded to, I willingly made trial of the roasted armadillo, and found it not unlike a sucking-pig in flavour, but even more delicate.

On the 29th of September, we reached the little town of Rojas, which presents a very characteristic scene, arising out of the necessities and corresponding expedients of its peculiar position. The town consists, besides a fort mounting three guns, of many detached houses, each of which is an impregnable fortress in itself—that is to say, impregnable with reference to the attacks likely to be made upon it. Each house is surrounded by a deep ditch, and, within that, planted with a hedge the nature of which renders it a perfect safeguard against the attacks of the Indians. This hedge consists of the torch thistle (*Tuna*) so planted that its thorny stems almost touch each other to the thickness of four or five feet. It is true the stems of this plant, being merely of the consistence of a cabbage-stalk, might easily be chopped down by means of an axe. But as the Indians never, or very rarely, dismount, when making their attacks, and as the hedge I have described is fire-proof, and may be defended by musquetry from behind, it becomes, in point of fact, an absolutely impregnable barrier against such assailants. At the time we visited it, Rojas contained about 1,500 inhabitants, and presented a most singular and romantic appearance—being situated on a slight eminence, and the enclosures of the *Tuna* thickly planted, chiefly with peach groves. The entrance to each enclosure is by a draw-bridge. We observed among the inhabitants many Indian boys and girls, who had been taken prisoners from the Indians in various incursions, and were used as slaves. I remarked, that the heads of these Indians were all more or less flattened behind; which I ascertained to have been caused by the mode of their treatment during infancy. As the Indian children, while infants, always accompany their mothers on however long a journey they may take, and, as their journeys are all performed on horseback, they resort to the expedient of lashing the infant flat on its back to a board, and slinging it over their own shoulders; in which position, they ride at a great rate the whole day; and it is only at night, when they stop, that the infant is unloosed and permitted to suck:

after this, it remains for the rest of the night loose upon the grass. It may readily be supposed, that this mode of treatment in some measure answers the purpose of more refined and civilized expedients for thinning and keeping under the surplus population. I was informed that the value of the slaves, obtained from the Indians in the manner alluded to above, is, at the age of eight years, about 100 dollars.

On the 30th, we fell in with a herd of about four hundred wild pigs. We gave chase to them, and at first they ran very swiftly; but they soon became tired by rushing through the tall pasture, when several ferocious boars suddenly stopped and faced us—gnashing their tusks and putting on a somewhat formidable appearance. Owing also to the suddenness of their halt, our guns were not available at the moment, and we were compelled to wheel our horses round, in order to avoid the danger of their being gored by these savage animals. As they kept their ground resolutely, we now immediately unslung our rifles and commenced the attack—which, after no little danger from the monstrous white tusks of our opponents, and several severe wounds from the same about the legs of our horses, ended in laying ten of the herd dead at our feet. Though we were four in number, and armed with rifles, pistols, and sabres, it cost us a full hour to achieve the above victory. We now dragged four of the finest carcasses to the carts, which had stopped at a little distance, and it was not long before portions of them were roasting. The drivers seemed to partake of this feast with great gusto; but, on tasting the flesh myself, I found its flavour not unlike that of rancid whale oil. This was probably occasioned by the animals feeding so much on carrion, which they greatly prefer to grass. These herds of pigs, though running wild, I afterwards found to be, in fact, the property of the *estancieros*, or holders of the cattle farms, who, when the pasture fails or becomes scarce, cause a number of wild mares to be slaughtered for the purpose of supplying their herds of pigs with food. These herds form a great article of commerce with the shipping agents of Buenos Ayres, who come hither and purchase the herds at the rate of about a *real* a head. They are then driven to Buenos Ayres, where they are fed for some time on grain, &c. and then killed and salted for ship provisions.

In the afternoon of the day on which we had performed the above exploit, our Cordovese scout encountered a very strong wild boar, which he immediately caught with infinite dexterity, by casting his *lazo* over it. He then drove it on before him for some time; but, on the animal shewing his distaste to this mode of travelling, and turning to attack his conductor, the latter immediately put his horse to speed and dragged the boar for half a mile at full gallop till he reached the carts; by which time the boar was strangled, and the side on which he had been dragged was completely bare. We now began to enter a district well peopled with *estancias*, or cattle farms; to each of which is attached a large grove of peach-trees—this being the only tree used for firewood in these districts. On the night of this day, a little incident occurred singularly characteristic of the state of manners and feeling of the people forming our troop. Every body having for some days past been tired of the beef belonging the troop itself—which had assumed that condition called "*carne cansado*" (tired flesh), and which is abhorred by the *Gauchos* on account of its having lost all its flavour—some of the drivers sallied

forth at night, on foot, supplied with *lazos*, and soon returned with a fine fat cow, which they had stolen from one of the neighbouring herds ; and she was immediately killed, cut up, and eaten with great *goût* by the whole of the troop ; though all, including the supercargo himself, knew perfectly well how it had been obtained.

On the 1st of October we reached the Guardia del Salto, a town with a fort and two thousand inhabitants. This place was captured by the Indians, under Carrera, and great atrocities committed. At the time of our passage, it contained a regiment of 500 hussars, to guard the neighbouring country against any meditated attacks.

On the 2d of October, we passed through Areco, a town similar in character to the above ; and on the 4th, we reached one of a very superior description—the pretty town of Luxan—which includes several handsome buildings, and a church surmounted by a dome. The next day an incident occurred, which, though frequently productive of very melancholy effects, is not uncommon in these plains. The dry grass by which a portion of the plain was covered, had taken fire, and the column of flame approached our troop so quickly, that one of the carts, laden with wine, took fire and was entirely destroyed, while the rest escaped with considerable difficulty. It sometimes happens that the whole of the dry grass on the plains is thus consumed ; and as the flames travel at a much greater rate (sometimes three leagues an hour) than the ox-carts can do in attempting to escape from them, there is great danger in meeting with a moving conflagration of this kind. It was only a month before our journey that a troop of sixteen carts had met with one of these travelling columns of fire, and four of them fell a sacrifice to it—the rest only escaping by taking refuge in a stream of water. On this occasion, two of the drivers of the carts were also killed, and the other two so injured as to remain cripples for life. The best plan of escape in cases of this kind seems to be that of setting fire to the grass to leeward on seeing the approaching flame at a distance ; and then driving into the vacant space thus obtained. But there is risk in this plan, because the fibrous roots of the grass retain the fire for a considerable time. These fires are frequently occasioned by the carelessness of travellers and others, in cooking their food among the grass ; but they are sometimes the result of wanton mischief or of malice.

The above incident is the last worthy of note that I have to relate, in connection with my somewhat romantic journey from Mendoza to Buenos Ayres. On the 6th of October we reached the last named place, after having been seven weeks on the road.

A. G.

## THE WIFE OF SEVEN HUSBANDS : A LEGEND OF LONDON.

In the beginning of the reign of Edward the First, of long-legged memory, there lived upon Corne-hille, over against the spot where the water-tonne was a few years afterwards built, a certain blithe and buxome widow, very wealthy, and as fair withall as she was wealthy : she was only in her twenty-eighth year, of a tall and stately shape and bearing, and with commanding and yet right modest features : her face was oval, her hair and eyes of bright black ; her forehead high ; her eyebrows arched, almost into semi-circles ; her nose slightly aquiline ; her cheeks high coloured, and yet delicately so ; her lips small, and prettily bent ; her teeth white and regular ; her chin rather forward and dimpled ; and her complexion dark though not swarthy : so that upon the whole she had rather a Jewish cast of countenance, and yet there was no rightful reason to suspect that there was even a drop of Israelitish blood in her veins, for her father, and his fathers before him, for many generations back, had been rich and respectable goldworkers, citizens of London, and had always married among their equals and friends. Busy tongues, however, there were that whispered something or other to this effect—that the maternal grandmother of Mrs. Alice (my young and pretty widow), during the absence of her husband, who was a merchant, had become pretty closely acquainted with a young Hebrew, at that time staying in London ; and that, when her husband returned, he was, for some reason or other, so angry with his wife, that he put her away from him, and would never after see her, though he provided for her during her life, and himself educated the children she had borne up to the period of their parting. Now, though the latter part of this story is undoubtedly true, I would nevertheless caution my readers, gentle and simple, not to put too much trust in the former part thereof ; remembering that husbands are husbands, and, from the beginning of the world to the present day, have been, and are, a jealous and wayward race ; and, moreover, that the breath of slander will at times sully the brightest reputations ; and, besides, that conclusions are too frequently drawn which the premises will by no fair means justify.

But be this as it may, Mistress Alice was a very handsome woman, and, as has been before said, very wealthy, for her father always petted her, and although he had two other children, sons, he quarrelled with them both and turned them out of doors, and very solemnly vowed he would disinherit them, and there is little doubt he would have kept his vow, but that they prevented him, the eldest, by being drowned in the Fleet river, and the other by getting murdered in an affray with the city watch. At the old man's death, therefore, he left all his property, real and personal, to his "deare daughter Alice," who was then twenty-one years old, and had lately been married for the first time in her life. She has been already introduced to the reader as a widow, and if he was tempted to be surprised at her being so young a one, what will he think when he reads that she was a widow for the fifth time?—ay, and was now on the eve of being married to her sixth husband—this was a Master Simon Shard, a draper of Corne-hill, who had a well-filled purse, a rather corpulent figure, a round and ruddy face, and was about two and thirty years of age. It was said he had been enamoured of the fair Alice previously to her three last marriages, but that he had not had courage enough to break his mind to her till some time after the death of her

fourth husband, and when he did so he found she was unfortunately engaged to his immediate forerunner, at whose death he again pressed his suit—was accepted, and they were married. After living for about six months on the most seemingly loving and comfortable terms, Master Shard was one morning found dead in his bed, without any previous illness or indisposition: this was very strange, at least strange it will probably seem to the reader, though it was not so to Mrs. Alice's neighbours, for, wonderful to relate, all her other husbands had died in the same way, and under the same circumstances. There had been from time to time many various opinions afloat upon this subject, and they had become more prevalent, stronger, and of longer lasting upon the successive deaths of each of her husbands. The most moderate had merely observed, that "for certes Mrs. Alice was a very unlucky, or a very lucky woman," according to the speaker's appreciation of wedlock: others looked very wise, and seemed to think a good deal, but said very little, generally contenting themselves with observing, "That it really was very odd;" but again there were others, who—especially on the death of Mr. Shard's predecessor—declared that "such things were clean out of the common run of nature, and that either Mrs. Alice, or some one not to be named among Christians, must have bewitched her husbands," (and here the speaker and listeners, especially if females, would devoutly cross themselves) "or else some thing or other" (also it seemed not to be named among Christians) "had carried them off in a very *odd* way, to say the least of it;" and to this cautious and mysterious opinion the generality of the last mentioned sect of gossips, with additional self-crossings, assented. Still however, Mrs. Alice's conduct was so, not only unobjectionable, but praiseworthy; she was so pious and charitable a woman, so good a neighbour, so kind a friend, and in short, both publicly and privately fulfilled all the domestic relations of life, in so exemplary a manner, that even the tongues of those who secretly envied her wealth, her beauty, and may be her luck, had not as yet dared to wag in open scandal against her; but a sixth recurrence of so extraordinary an event, it would seem gave sudden loose to their hitherto confined scruples and tongues; or, perhaps the reason why they more freely vented their suspicions or their spite on the present occasion might be that Master Shard had been a man of great influence in the city—his connexions stood high in the eyes of men, and he had a cousin who was sheriff at the time of his death, and who declared when he heard it, "by cock's marrow, he would see into the matter that very moment," and accordingly next morning, for he was just going to sit down to dinner when he made the above declaration, he presented himself with a *posse comitatus* at Mrs. Alice's door—and then the neighbourhood, as with one voice, spoke out against her; for their long held opinion of her (at least they said it had been long held) now found the countenance of power—her niety had been hypocrisy, and they had thought so all along—her charity, ostentation—her goodness and kindness, even those that had benefited by them, now found some hole to pick in, and in plain and pithy English they called her a murderess.

While this was going on without Mrs. Alice's doors, another kind of scene was taking place within. The sheriff had been readily admitted, and was followed not only by the *posse* of the *county*, but by a *posse* of the *venue* (to use, I believe, a strictly lawful phrase), consisting of all sorts of people, who either had, or thought they had, or thought they should

like to have some concern in the business. They found the widow by the bed-side of her departed husband: she not only did not fly from, but courted investigation, and accordingly the body was investigated, but not the slightest sign of violence was found upon it; no trace of steel or poison—all was as right and as unaccountable as it ought to have been. There were some present who pretended to a great knowledge of human nature, and who strictly watched Mrs. Alice during the whole transaction, and their evidence went still further to clear her from the imputation it was sought to affix upon her: for they said her conduct was so thoroughly natural—she seemed struggling between indignation at the charge brought against her, and grief for the cause thereof; and yet there was no overacting in her grief, it seemed just what she would be likely to feel for the loss of such a husband, and to be rather sorrow for the spell that appeared to be upon her, than for the man himself. The sheriff and his friends therefore, whatever they might have thought or wished, found themselves forced to declare her guiltless; and after partaking of a slight refection, consisting of boiled beef, suet puddings, sausages and ale, left the widow to her solitude. His declaration of her guiltlessness was soon known among her neighbours, almost all of whom without any delay or difficulty returned to their former good opinion of her, greatly pitying her for the trouble she had been put to, and much wondering how folks could be so spiteful as tell such wicked stories. In a few days orders were given for the burial of the late Master Shard in Mrs. Alice's family vault, which was in St. Michael's church, and which vault, though one of considerable extent, Mrs. Alice seemed in a fair way of filling choak full with her husbands.

St. Michael's church stood at the period of this tale, and for aught the teller knows to the contrary, stands to this day at the eastern end of Cornhill, and about midway between this church and Mrs. Alice's house there was a pot-house or tavern, known by the sign of the "Sevenne Starres:" in the tap-room of this tavern, upon the afternoon when Master Shard was to be carried to his long home, there was assembled a very merry company of some dozen worthy citizens, who were getting full of good things and gratitude towards the giver of the feast, Master Martyn Lessomour, a young merchant, whose safe return from a long and successful voyage in the Mediterranean they were met to celebrate. Master Lessomour was not yet thirty, though hard upon it; tall, strongly and well-built; his face was handsome and manly, and his large blue eyes looked like mirrors of his frank heart; his complexion was naturally fair, but exposure to sun and storm had given it a healthy tan, as they had also yet more bleached his light hair, which he wore long and curling down his neck and shoulders; in short he was altogether a comely young man to look upon, and the rogue knew it too, for it was particularly observed of him that his carriage, which was at all times free and easy, would assume a little bit of a swagger when he either met in the streets, or passed under windows where were sitting any young and pretty city damsels. In his merry moods he was playful as a month-old kitten, as very a galliard as the best among them; but when business required it, he was as staid and sober as if an idle jest or an extra cup of canary had never passed his lips, so that he was equally well thought of among the grave and the gay; some of the oldest and wealthiest of the citizens would nod to him in passing, and some even

went so far as to declare upon 'Change, "they believed young Master Lessomour would be a man well to do in the world, if," for they generally added a reservation, "if he only took care of himself and had good luck." They might indeed have been a little influenced in the formation of this good opinion, by the fact of his being the only heir and great favourite of a very rich and very old uncle. On the afternoon in question, he and his boon companions were at the height of their merriment, when one who was sitting in the bay window, that jutted out into the street, observed the funeral of Master Shard approaching, and gave notice thereof to the others. The passing of a dead body being a solemn event, and they being orthodox Christians (according to the orthodoxy of those times) their merriment was therefore suspended, and I will not undertake to say there was not a share of curiosity mixed up with this religious feeling, for they rose, one and all, and huddled into the window recess, in order to have a fair view of the funeral procession, which as matters went then-a-days was a very sumptuous one. Most of the party present being acquainted with the circumstances of the case, at once recognized whose funeral it was, and the ignorant and anxious ears of Master Lessomour were greedily drinking in sundry marvellous tales of the rich widow of Corne-hille, when she herself passed immediately by the window, looking becomingly downcast and sorrowful.

"Be she what she may," exclaimed my young merchant, "by the pillars of St. Hercules, she is a lovely wench, and steps out like an emperatrice."

"A witch, Master Martyn," replied one, the oldest of his companions, "a wicked witch is she, take an honest man's word for it, who should know something about such things."

"He is married to a shrew," said another, in an audible under tone, which produced a hearty laugh against the former speaker: in this, however, Master Lessomour did not join, nor with his companions who resumed their places round the well stored table, but drawing a stool into the window recess, and taking a tankard of ale with him, he sat him down, intending, he said, to have another glimpse of the fair widow as she should return from the church; meanwhile, he requested the company to tell him something more about her as they seemed to know so much, and he nothing, having been so long away from home—and accordingly, Master Andrews (he who had boasted of his knowledge of such things, and was indeed reputed the most garrulous gossip in the parish) with the assistance and interruption of his companions, when they thought he had not made enough of a good point, went through a relation of Mrs. Alice's life and adventures; and, which relation, divested of a considerable share of fiction with which Master Andrews had laden it, and put together, it is humbly hoped, in something of a more coherent manner, corresponded very nearly with that which has been already laid before the reader. During all this while, Martyn Lessomour spoke not a word, and, when at length the narration was ended, he slapped his hand lustily on the window-sill, and cried out, "By the seven stars, and they are ruling ones now," casting up his eyes to the sign over the door, "but it *is* a strange tale—and whether true or false I will soon know—for if the mind of man hold good within me four-and-twenty hours, I will somehow or other scrape knowledge with this said witching widow."



At this observation, there was a general outcry, some declaring he would not do as he said, others that he could not ; and some, presuming on long intimacy with him, or on their greater advance in years, vowed he should not.

“ And we'll see that, my merry masters, in an eye-twinkle,” cried Lessomour, “ for here comes the dame back as if to my wish ;” and with that, to the no small wonderment of his friends, he started from his seat, and clapping his cap upon one side of his head, hurried out of the door, and posted himself on the middle of the path, whereon Dame Alice with a few attendants was returning : he staid there, till she came within two or three paces of him, and then drew back to make way for her—she looked up, and their eyes met, and, bowing as gracefully as he could, which was not indifferently, he drew back still farther. Mrs. Alice turned with the intent to cross the road, but some horsemen riding by at the moment prevented her from doing so ; whereupon Master Lessomour, stepping to her side, said “ Fair dame, will you let a stranger do his poor duty here, and see you safe over.” She curtsied, and accepted the arm he offered her ; and after escorting her across the road, where they again exchanged courtesies, he left her, and joined his companions, who from the window had beheld with astonishment his bold gallantry. They conspired to attack him with a good deal of bantering and raillery upon his exploit ; but he was in such high spirits at the good success of it, and so well pleased with the way in which he had acquitted himself, that he fairly turned the tables upon them ; or if, literally speaking, he did not do that, they pretty nearly did it for themselves ; for in the course of two hours there was not one of the party, with the exception of Master Lessomour, who was too merry to get drunk, and of Master Andrews, on whom liquor had no more effect than on a sponge, only making him heavy : with these exceptions, there was not one who did not turn himself under the table.

Martyn dreamed all night of the lovely widow, and rose next morning at the first break of dawn. He proceeded immediately to rummage over all his mails, a process he went through three or four times before he could fix upon what suit of clothes he should array himself in. Having at last chosen one, which he thought the handsomest, and the best calculated to show off his figure to advantage, he began to dress himself therein ; but before he had got half through his toilet, it occurred to him that the suit he had chosen being a very gaudy one, was not the most suitable for the visit he intended to make ; he therefore picked out one of a more sober cast, in which he finally clothed himself to his heart's content. It consisted of a sad-coloured doublet, breeches and hosen ; the greater part of which, except the sleeves of the former, were concealed by a long cloth coat or robe, of a deep claret hue, hanging down nearly to his heels : this outer garment was open up the front, and fastened at the top with three silver buttons ; there were no sleeves in it, but large apertures to let the arms through, which, together with the bottom, front and neck, were trimmed with a broadish border of silver lace : upon his head he wore a high peaked hood, with a long and full tail hanging from it, of the same materials and colour as his robe ; and a pair of pointed shoes completed his dress. He then selected a few pieces of black and grey bombacyn, as the species of silk then chiefly manufactured in Sicily was termed, which he had himself brought home on his last voyage, and tied them up with a silken cord—and having

broken his fast, he sallied forth from his lodging in Ship-alley, near Tower Hille, with his parcel under one arm, and his hands tucked into the arm-holes of his robe to keep him warm, for although it was May, it was a real English, and not a mere poetical one. He arrived at Mrs. Alice's door and was admitted into her presence. In the most picked language he could master he excused his intrusion, relying upon the slight courtesy he had happily been enabled to show her the preceding day ; while she was lavish in her thanks for that courtesy, and seemed quite as willing to overrate, as he was to lessen it : after a good long interchange of such civilities, he respectfully requested her examination of the contents of his parcel, at the same time, letting her know as much as he with propriety could of his situation and prospects in life : and when she had chosen two pieces of the bombacyne, and begged to know at what price they were to be purchased, he gallantly entreated her to receive them as a trifling token of the great esteem wherein he held her : this gave rise again to a great many very pretty speeches, and at last Mrs. Alice very graciously vouchsafed to accept his handsome present—and they parted mutually pleased with each other.

He visited her however, again and again, and their liking of each other seemed to increase with each meeting ; for if he was charmed by her wit, her modesty, and her beauty, she was decidedly as much taken with his good looks, his open-heartedness, and his conversation :—she would sit for hours and hours together, listening to the strange history of his adventures upon the high seas, of his being chased by, and escaping from the pirates of the Atlantic and Mediterranean ; of the wonders he had seen in Spain and Italy ; of his visits to Venezia and Genoa ; and, finding what interest she took in such relations, he undoubtedly did a little amplify the truth now and then, making as much of an uncommon circumstance as he consistently could ; though he never outraged veracity or her common sense so far as to talk of Anthropophagi, or of men whose heads did grow beneath their shoulders. In fine, so agreeable did they find each other, that as soon as decency would permit, they married ; neither, it would seem, at all deterred by the fate that had attended all Mrs. Alice's former husbands. The preparations on this occasion were as splendid and expensive as possible, every citizen of any importance that was at all known to either of the parties, graced the ceremony with their august presence, bringing with them too a host of wives, sons and daughters, kinsfolk, friends and acquaintance. The bride wore upon her head a small cap of cloth of gold, wrapped about with silken cords and stringed pearls ; her gown was of green silk, embroidered round the neck with jewels, as was also her broad silver girdle ; and over all she bore a long mantle of white cloth, richly trimmed and figured with silver, fastened round her neck with thick silver cords, and lined throughout with white fur ; her shoes were also of white cloth, with long points something turned up. The bridegroom was arrayed in a pair of peach coloured hosen of fine cloth, serving the double purpose of stockings and pantaloons, and a short *cointoise*, or robe of crimson silk, lined with white *persan*, open at the front, and fastened with golden buttons, set upon a broad border of dark blue velvet, and this trimming also ornamented with similar buttons, ran round the skirts, and wristbands of the robe ; his waist was cinctured by a golden girdle ; a small dagger hung from it, the ivory handle and yellow velvet sheath of which were richly ornamented with precious

stones: over this *cointoise* he wore a long mantle similar to his bride's, only of dark blue cloth, lined with white *persan*, and clasped at top by a large sapphire, set in chased silver; behind his back there hung a hood of the same colour and material as his robe, worked all over with golden sprigs, and buttoned under his chin; on his feet he had a pair of yellow Spanish leather *crackowes*, or shoes, with long pointed toes, the ends of which were fastened to his knees with silver-gilt chains: gloves also he had, and so indeed had the bride, though I forgot to mention it; they were alike of fine white kid leather; hers, embroidered with gold; and his, with a large emerald set in the back of each one, gauntlet-shaped, and edged with golden buttons. If all that has not been told, would have been irksome and tedious in the telling, much more so, nay, quite impossible would it be to tell of all the feasting and mummeries that had place in Mrs. Alice's house on that day—of the quantities of roast, boiled, grilled and fried—of mortries, pies and tarts, that appeared and disappeared—of the oceans of liquors and wines too—French and Greek—of Ypocras, and Pyment—of Rumney, Malaspine, Vernage, Mountrese, Algrade and Garnarde, the very names whereof are lost in this degenerate age. Let the reader only rest assured, that this was better than any common feast, inasmuch as there was more than enough.

This day seemed to have been the beginning of a new life for Mrs. Alice; she became from that time a gayer woman, and mingled more in company than ever she had done before; for, with all her good qualities, she had lived hitherto rather a retired life: and yet she certainly did not fly to society, as I am afraid some modern housewives do, to escape from the fellowship of her husband; but rather, as it seemed, to give her a greater zest therein—for she loved him almost to devotion, and he was equally attached to her. They had been married for nearly four months, and not yet a cross word or look had passed between them: their mutual affection, indeed, seemed on the increase, which is not always the case with a new-married couple, especially after the honey-moon; but, as Master Lessomour took care to exact from his wife nothing either unreasonable, or what she thought so, he found her all duty and obedience. Many people, indeed, whispered that all this would not last long; for they had not forgotten her other husbands, though it might almost seem that Master Lessomour and Mrs. Alice herself had done so.

It chanced, however, that, as they were sitting together silently one evening upon a low stool or settle (in shape something like a modern settee, only with quaintly carved frame and elbows), gazing upon the dying members of a wood-fire, that had been piled up between the brazen dogs on the brick hearth, that Mrs. Alice fetched a sigh.

"Why dost sigh, sweetheart?" said her husband; "art not happy?"

"I knew not that I sighed, dear Martyn," she said. "Certes, it was not for lack of happiness, for I am right happy."

"I am glad to hear thee say so, and think thou sayest sooth—if I may at all judge from mine own heart—for I am happier than I ever yet have been."

"And so, in truth, am I, Martyn—for I *am* happy now; and, indeed, I never knew happiness till I knew thee."

"Nay, now thou art surely cajoling me, sweetest. Meanest thou, thou wert never happy ere now?"

“ I say, till I knew thee, never—never !” As she said this with great stress on the word *never*, Martyn, whose arm was girdling her, felt her shudder strongly, and he shook too.

After a short pause, he resumed, “ Didst thou, then, not love thy other husbands, Alice ?”

“ Love them ! No, Martyn—no ; I hated them—hated them with a deadly hate.” And at these words her face grew lividly pale, and her eyes fixed on her husband’s with a strange and snake-like glistening, that his marrow thrilled again, and his heart beat thick. He spoke to her, however, in a meek voice, and said—

“ Why didst thou hate them so, Alice ?”

“ By cause that they were drunkards and faithless, Martyn ; and, therefore, I hated them so ; and, therefore, were it possible thou shouldst be such, I should even so hate thee, much, very much as I do now love thee.” She uttered these words in a tone of deep tenderness, and fell weeping on his neck.

He strove, both by caresses and assurances, to soothe her ; but it was some time before he could do so. The conversation was not resumed, and they retired to bed. But Martyn’s mind continued very restless, and he lay awake long after his wife had gone to sleep ; he could not dismiss her words from his brain, nor efface the impression they had made thereon ; and, after turning the matter over a great many times, he came to the resolution that he would see a little into the matter. At last he fell asleep, but it was only to wake soon from a wild dream. He thought he and his wife were still sitting on the low settle, as they had been that evening ; and that their faces were lit up, as they then had been, by the fitful glimmering of the dying embers—that *her’s* wore the same livid hue, and her eyes glistened in the same snake-like manner, that had then so frightened him ; and that they were fixed, as then, upon his, and, though her look was most shocking, that he was fascinated by it, and could not move away his glance from her’s ; and her face kept growing paler and paler ; and her eyes brighter and brighter, and more and more terrible ; and he grew sick and sicker at heart, and felt a reeling in his brain, and a choking in his throat ; and still he could not turn his eyes from her. And, behold ! her long black curls, that hung about her neck and shoulders, seemed of a sudden, and yet slowly, to become instinct with life ; and, one by one, they uncurled themselves—some moving their ends to and fro, and up and down, as he had seen leeches do in a vase when they sought to fix their heads somewhere—others, again, twined themselves round the carved rail-work of the settle—while others, arching and stretching themselves out, twisted round his neck so tightly that they nearly throttled him. He woke up in alarm and agony, and found his wife’s long hair, indeed, around his neck—and her arms, too ; and her head was lying on his chest, and she was sobbing violently. He asked her what ailed her ; and she said she had had a dreadful dream, all of which that she could recollect was that she had seen him murdered.

Martyn slept no more that night ; and, the next morning, he rose betimes, and, pretending business, he went out at an early hour. Business, however, he had none. He walked forth at the Cripplegate, and strolled through the Finsburie fields, and so away into the country, without any fixed determination or even knowledge of whither he was going. It was a drizzly day, too ; but he seemed unconscious of it, though he was soon drenched to the skin. But he kept walking about, thinking

over the scene of the last evening, and all the stories he remembered to have heard of his wife from the day he first saw her, and all other stories he could remember ever to have heard of witches and their cunning, till he began to hold his wife for one in real earnest; or, if she was not a witch, she certainly was something else of an unusual nature, but *what* he could not just then bring himself to decide. Still he felt that he was not, somehow or other, safe with her, in spite of all her fondness for him; and reflecting upon her expressions of deep hate for her former husbands, and the cause whereto she had ascribed that hate, he conceived a design to try her love, which he determined upon carrying into immediate execution. It was long after sunset when he returned home, and he went straight to bed, pleading cold and weariness. The next day, he sat all the forenoon with his wife; but, in spite of her kindness and attentions, he could not overcome the disagreeable feeling that was upon him. He remained reserved, and almost sullen; and, at last, Mrs. Alice seemed infected with the same manner. At noon he left his house, and went straightways to Master Andrews, who lived not far off, with the purpose of inducing from him a recital of some of those marvellous tales wherewith he had, on a former occasion, regaled him. His purpose was, however, so far forestalled; for when he came there, he found he had some friends with him, and, of course, he was not anxious to make his wife's conduct matter of public talk. He sat, therefore, the whole evening nearly in silence; for which, however, they made full amends by their boisterous and drunken noise. He sat as late as any, and left them with the full determination of putting his plan into effect that very night. On his way home, he trod casually upon a piece of apple-rind lying in the path, and, slipping, fell in the mire; for it had been raining all that day too. At first he was not a little put out; but, after a little reflection, remembering that this very mischance might be made serviceable to his scheme, with disordered dress, bending knees, drooping mouth, and half-closed eyes (assuming, as much as he could, the bearing of a drunken man), he presented himself at his door. His wife, although it was now late in the night, had sent the servants to bed, and had herself sat up for him—a mark of attention that some very loving wives do at times pay their husbands, often more to their annoyance than comfort. In the present instance, however, nothing could have happened more to Lessomour's wish. The moment his wife saw him, her face flushed even to darkness, and her large black eyes widened to a greater size, as she said in a tone half of anger, half of dread, "Why, Martyn, what is this? what has befallen thee?"

"I've been with some friends, my love," he replied, speaking thickly.

"Martyn! Martyn!" she answered, and bit her lip, and shook her head, "a-get thee to thy bed; I will follow quickly."

He went accordingly; but it was some time before she did follow him, and she lay down by his side without speaking a word to him. He pretended to be asleep, though he did not really sleep all that night; nor more, he thought, did she—for she tossed about, and seemed very restless, now and then muttering to herself; and as soon as morning broke, she rose, and dressed herself, and left the room. The whole of that day he staid at home, feigning to have a bad head-ache. She was very attentive to him, but in no way hinted at his conduct of the foregoing evening. In two or three days he repeated the experiment, and with nearly the same success, saving that Mrs. Alice seemed a little more gloomy the

following day. He tried it a third time, and a fourth, and *that* night she did not come to his bed at all. The next morning she spoke to him, for the first time, upon the subject; she expressed more sorrow than anger—talked kindly to him—said she had hoped once, twice, and even thrice, that his coming home full of liquor might have been a mishap; but she now felt forced to fear that drunkenness was becoming an usage with him; and she begged him, with tears in her eyes, as he prized her happiness, to stop in good time, ere it did in truth become an usage. He was moved by her earnestness, and promised her, and, at the time, himself determined to disquiet her no farther on this head; but an impulse, which somehow he could not resist, urged him in a few days to break his word. Twice more his conduct called forth pressing entreaties from his wife—the last time, indeed, they were mingled with some reproaches: but it all was of no effect upon Lessomour, he continued in the career he had began. The day after he had returned home, for the seventh time, in a pretended state of drunkenness, his wife said to him, “Martyn, I have prayed thee till I am weary: I now warn thee—take heed. As my husband, I owe thee love and duty; but I can pay neither to a drunkard. Heed my warning, or woe upon us both!”

And did Martyn still go on with the pursuit of his experiment?—He did. Although he saw it was losing him his wife’s love, and winning him her anger—her hate—he went on, with an unswerving resolution, which, in such a cause, seemed obstinacy, or madness, or worse. In the present enlightened age, I should not like to say he was bewitched, or to attribute to any supernatural influence the strong impulse which led him on to do as he was doing, in spite of his better sense and better feeling—in spite of the love he had unquestionably borne his wife—in spite of the danger which he felt he was thrusting himself into and feared; and yet I equally dislike to suppose that he was tempted to this severe trial of his wife’s love and duty either by too great faith in them, or a want of it; though something, perhaps, of a similar nature was the trial to which *Henry* put his *Emma*, and *Posthumus* his *Imogene*: in neither case, indeed, so severe a one, nor, for his personal safety, may be, so dangerous; but, whatever might have been his motive, it certainly to himself was as inexplicable as he owned it to be irresistible. Again, therefore, he transgressed, and was again threatened: again he reiterated his offence; and then his wife said to him the next day, “Goest thou forth to-day, Martyn?”

“I must, indeed, Alice,” he answered; “I have weighty business to do to-day.”

“Then mark me, Martyn. I am not going to pray thee; but I have warned thee once, and I have warned thee twice, and I now warn thee for the third and for the last time. Go at thy risk, and see thou heed this warning better than thou have done mine others. Go not forth to-day, Martyn; or, going, come not back to me as thou hast been wont of late to come. Better that thou stay from me altogether; but better yet that thou stay *with* me altogether, Martyn.”

“Nay, nay, I needs must go, Alice.”

“There needs no plea, Martyn, but thine own will—thine own stubborn will—that will not bend to thy wife’s prayer. Ay! I said I would not pray thee, but I do now. Look! see, Martyn! I am on my knees here to thee—and there are tears in mine eyes!—and, kneeling and weeping thus, I pray thee go not forth to-day. I have had dreams of late—dreams of bad foretold, Martyn; and only last night I did truly

dream that——” [Here she gulped, as if for breath.] “Thou wilt lose thy life, an thou go forth to-day, Martyn.”

But Martyn Lessomour, like Julius Cæsar, was not to be frightened from a fixed purpose by a wife's dreams; and he answered her,—

“Wife, wife, thou art a fearful woman, and makest me fear thee; but, natheless, I shall go.”

“Go then,” she said, and rose and left him; and he shortly after went from the house—he returned in the evening in the same assumed state as before, and went to bed. For the last two days that he had played this part, since his wife had begun to use threats, he had gone when he left his own house, either to a friend's or a tavern, where he slept away all the time he was absent, in order that he might lie awake during the night, to watch what his wife would do; but during this day he had not, for inquietude of mind, been able to sleep at all; but now that he was in bed, such a drowsiness came over him, that in spite of all his endeavours he soon fell into a sound sleep. From this he was aroused by his wife's getting out of bed; yet, although he at once started into thorough wakefulness, he had the presence of mind to pretend to be still asleep, and lay still and watched her. She had thrown a night gown around her—but her hair was loose, and hung struggling about her neck, and as she passed the foot of the bed, the light from a lamp that was burning on a table, fell through her locks upon her face, and Martyn saw that it was of that livid paleness, and that her eyes were brightened by that hateful snakelike look, which he had only once before beheld in reality, though in memory, thousands and thousands of times: he saw too that she held a small knife in one hand. Slowly and stilly, like a ghost, she glided on—but away from him; and going up to the place where she had hung her gown up when she undressed, she took it down, and ripped open one of the sleeves of it, and took something out: she then went to the hearth, where there was a fire burning, for it was winter, and having laid the knife and whatever else she held in her hand, beside the lamp upon the table, she seemed searching for something about the hearth. At last Martyn heard her mutter, “Not here—how foolish—heedless of me—I must go and fetch it from below.” She moved towards the door—Martyn's heart beat high within him, as he thought the moment she should be gone, he would leap from the bed and rush past her down the stairs, and out of the house—for he strangely felt to be alone would be more dreadful than to be in her most dreaded presence. She stopped, however, at the door—laid hold of the latch, but did not raise it—and continued in a low mutter, “Not here; mayhap it was for some good end that I forgot it—mayhap that I should give him one more trial yet—shall I? I shall—one more trial I will give thee, dear Martyn, dear still, though lost, I dread—one more—one more;” and saying this, she hurried back to her bed, and leaning her head upon Martyn's shoulder, sighed and sobbed, not loudly indeed, but as if her heart were cracking—and he—he lay deadly still by her side, for he really feared to speak to her, even though it were to speak comfort; or when he thought of doing so, the remembrance of her word, “one trial more” stifled him—she seemed soon after to doze. In the morning he took care to rise before her, and woke her in so doing—he went up, as if by accident, to the table, and saw that beside the knife there lay a smallish round lump of lead.

“What is this for Alice?” he said, in a careless tone—for he knew she was watching him.

“What is it?” she replied. He took it to her bedside. “That,” she continued, “is a weight from the sleeve of my gown; I cut it out last night, to put in a smaller, for I find it too heavy.”

Martyn laid it down, and presently left the room. It was some time before his wife joined him below stairs, and when she did at last come, her eyes looked so swollen and red, that Martyn was pretty sure she had been weeping; he said nothing about it, however, but in a few minutes rose, and took down his cap, and said, “I am bidden forth to dinner again to-day, Alice.” “Good bye then, Martyn, good bye,” was all her answer, and that was said in a low, very solemn, and yet kind tone of voice. He lingered in the room for a moment or two, in the hope she would say something more to him, for he felt less inclined to pursue his fraud that day than he had ever felt before; perhaps it was from a return of love he felt this, perhaps from fear—she said, however, nothing more, indeed, did not seem to notice his presence; so after saying, “Well, good bye, Alice,” he withdrew. He went at once to his next door neighbours, and requested them to hold themselves in readiness, in case he should want for their assistance in the night, for he had some idea, he said, that there would be an attempt to rob, or perhaps to murder him that night. This greatly alarmed his neighbours, and they promised to do what he requested, and the moment he had left them they sent for a reinforcement of their friends, and also begged of the fitting authorities that there might be an additional watch set in their neighbourhood that night.

Lessomour returned earlier by some hours than usual, and to his wonder, found his door was not fastened within. He entered, and called, but no one answered—he fastened the door, and went up to his bedroom, where he found his wife already in bed, and seemingly fast asleep:—this was the first time she had not sat up for him. He made a great noise, overturning stools and boxes, and sundry other things, and then cursing at them, after the manner of drunken men—but his wife still seemed to sleep soundly; he spake to her, but she made no answer. Really believing she was asleep, he got into bed, and pretended himself to sleep, and to snore—still she lay quiet. For two hours after he got into bed she never moved; but then she quickly but silently slipped from the bed, hurried, but still without noise, to a stool near the fire, took from under one of the cushions a small iron ladle, and, what Martyn knew again for the leaden weight he had seen in the morning—this she put into the ladle, and kneeling upon one knee, set it upon the fire; in about a minute she turned her face to the bed, and then raised it up, and Martyn saw that though her features were frightfully writhen with bad passions, there were tears in her eyes that bespoke an inward struggle. She rose notwithstanding, and whispered—“Now—no flinching”—and walked up to the bed, with the ladle containing the molten lead in her right hand; and just as she brought this forward so as to pour it into her husband’s ear, he started up with a loud outcry, seized her hand, and jumped out of bed, at the same time saying, “Shameless assassin! have I caught thee? Help, ho! help, neighbours! Help—murder!” Alice did not scream—nor start even—but stared in her husband’s face, and with a strong effort freed her hand, flung the ladle into the fire, sank on a stool behind her, and hid her face in her hands. Lessomour continued calling for help, which call his neighbours, to do them justice, were not slow to obey—but to the number of two score and odd, well armed, they forced the outer door, and were hastening up



the stairs. As they were close upon the bed-room door, Alice took her hands from her face, and with a hollow voice said—"Martyn Lessomour, before the ever living God, I am glad this hath so happened." Before he could reply, his neighbours and the watch were in the room, and, upon his charge, seized his wife.

The next day the coffins of her former husbands were all opened, and in the skulls of each was found a quantity of lead, which had plainly been poured in through one of the ears. Mrs. Alice was soon after tried upon the evidence of her living husband, and that of her dead ones, which though mute was no less strong. She would say nothing in her defence; indeed, after the words she spoke to her husband in their bed-room on the night of her apprehension, she never uttered another: only, in the court, during her trial, when Lessomour was bearing witness that he had pretended drunkenness to try what effect it would have upon her—when he swore to this, Alice, whose back had hitherto been towards him, turned rapidly round, fixed her glazing eye upon his, and uttering a shriek of piercing anguish, would have fallen, but that her jailer caught her in his arms: and that look and that sound Martyn Lessomour never forgot to his dying day. His wife was found guilty of petit treason, and was burnt to death in Smithfield, according to the law of the land.

And so great a noise did this story make, that in the course of that year a statute was passed, more determinately to settle the office of Coroner, and the powers and duties of him and the jury he should summon to the Inquest.

Martyn Lessomour lived to be a very old, and, as had been foretold of him, a very rich man—but he never was a happy one. A.

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#### NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

WE cannot begin these sketches of the prevalent features of the time, better than by adverting to that great topic which now most engrosses every loyal and honourable mind of the community. The Oxford election will have begun as these sheets are going to press; but we will fearlessly anticipate that *the* Protestant University will do itself honour on this public trial of its principles. Mr. Peel is a paltry turn-coat: that is the only description by which he will ever be known, should he live to the age of Methuselah. He has done a poor and disgraceful thing, which will leave him open to the taunt of every man while one fragment of him clings to another. Fox's reputation, with all men of honour, was utterly ruined by the Coalition. The act was infamous; and even Fox's talents could not save him from being called infamous to the end of his career. But what protection can Mr. Peel's intellect give to his uorals—his contemptible powers of mind to his contemptible conduct? The present question with Oxford is not so much whether Papists should or should not be suffered to pollute Parliament, as whether Oxford should involve her character, in the presence of the world, with that of a slave of office—a wretched mendicant for salary—in one word, a *turn-coat*, who has the effrontery to talk of "retaining his principles while he changes his conduct," and the folly to suppose that any human being will now care which he retains or changes. The trial is not of Mr. Peel, but of Oxford.

On the contrary, Sir Robert Inglis is a gentleman, who has retained his principles without changing his conduct—a scholar, an able speaker, and, what is better than either, a man in whom his fellow-men can confide. Mr. Peel we have always looked upon as a meagre drudge of office, ventilated into a little public notice by public employment, but who has never, in the whole course of his career, made one vigorous display—has never delivered even one generous sentiment—has never been betrayed into any one noble burst of feeling. All his speeches are dry and dull, tame and verbose, the regular progeny of the counter. We would not take the whole of them in exchange for the single short speech of Sir Robert Inglis on the Treaty of Limerick, which sewed up the everlasting mouth of Sir Francis Burdett, and deprived Lawyer Plunkett of his favourite theme for life. Let Oxford return this honest, high-minded, and vigorous friend of the establishment; let her laugh at the paltry slander of calling that Churchman a *saint*, who is abused by that most noisy and consummate of saints, Saint Daniel Wilson; and let her tell the world that she will have as little to do with Mr. Peel, as the world will have to do with him.

But, hollow as mankind are, Protestantism has still some steady and able friends. The admirable Duke of Newcastle and Lord Kenyon have already spoken with eloquent boldness to the nation. And what can be more worthy of a man of English rank and English honour, than the following Address of Lord Winchelsea!—

“ TO THE PROTESTANTS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

“ Fellow Countrymen!—Brother Protéstants!

“ In the name of our country and our God I call upon you, without one moment’s delay, boldly to stand forward in defence of our Protestant constitution and religion—of that constitution which is the foundation of our long-cherished liberties—of that religion which is the source of the many blessings which this nation has received from the hands of the Almighty Governor of the Universe.

“ Let the voice of Protestantism be heard from one end of the empire to the other. Let the sound of it echo from hill to hill, and vale to vale. Let the tables of the houses of parliament groan under the weight of your petitions, and let your prayers reach the foot of the throne; and though the great body of your degenerate senators are prepared to sacrifice, at the shrine of treason and rebellion, that constitution for which our ancestors so nobly fought and died, yet I feel confident that our gracious Sovereign, true to the sacred oath which he has taken upon the altars of our country to defend our constitution and our religion from that church which is bent upon their destruction, will not turn a deaf ear to the prayers and supplications of his loyal Protestant subjects.

“ I have the honour to be,

“ With every respect,

“ Your humble and devoted servant,

“ WINCHILSEA AND NOTTINGHAM.”

“ London, Feb. 9, 1829.”

We remember to have seen, in the letters of a tourist some years since, a proud boast of the pre-eminence of London thievery. "I wandered," said the patriotic tourist, "from end to end of Paris, and I protest in the most solemn manner that I did not see above a dozen reputed thieves, and those of the most contemptible appearance. They wanted the force, the fearless gait, the determined, business-look of the London thief. I do not think that there was a man among them capable of any thing above a petty larceny."

The tourist was a good observer, for such is the fact; but he was no philosopher, or he would have discovered that the true cause of this national inferiority is not in the want of a turn for the trade of transfer, but in the want of opportunity, the public profession being actually starved by the quantity of private practice—a matter which occurs in more professions than one in the capital of all the Graces. But the following paragraph in the papers makes us dread the loss of our acknowledged superiority in the science:—

"A daring burglary was committed, on Tuesday night, at Covent Garden Theatre, when nearly the whole of the musical instruments were taken from a lumber-room under the stage, the place where they are usually deposited. The robbery was discovered early the next morning, when it appeared that the thieves had effected an entrance into the interior of the theatre, by cutting away one of the panes of glass. A cremona, one of the instruments stolen, belonging to Mr. Bowden, one of the band, worth forty guineas, was only recovered from a pawnbroker's shop about six weeks ago, which had previously been stolen from the theatre."

This paragraph is altogether unworthy of the London papers, the theatre, and the thieves. When gallant men are reduced so low as to steal any fiddle that has been heard in the orchestra of either of the theatres for the last ten years, we can only weep over the degradation of burglary. The next fall will be to sweep off the trumpets and jew's-harps of Bartholomew Fair, and make catcalls scarce in the market. It is true that there may have been some legal dexterity in the choice; for as no jury will hang a man for less than from three to four shillings, there was comparative safety in carrying off goods, the best of which could not be valued at half-a-crown. As for the cremona, which had so lately returned from the pawnbroker's, we entirely disbelieve the story that there was any compulsion in the matter. The cremona, of course, being the only one of the kind in the orchestra, and not liking the rascal society of the machines of English handy-work and Norway deal round him, disdained to remain *solo*, and went to look for a due *accompaniment* in the pawnbroker's, to which it had so often gone before that it could now make its way blindfold.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland's arrival was eagerly looked for, and the libellers of the Royal Family declared at once that he was coming over to vote against the principles that actually seated his family on the throne. He soon gave them their answer; and, we have reason to think, that he has given more powerful personages their answer too, by this time. His speech in the Lords is prompt, powerful, and decisive:—

"The Duke of Cumberland said he never rose to address their lordships with more painful feelings than he felt at that moment. Indeed, he begged to assure their lordships that nothing but the duty which he felt he owed to

that house, the country, and himself, should have induced him to then trespass on their indulgence. But feeling as strongly as he ever did the importance of the subject, he thought it his duty to let the country know—not whether he said this or whether he said that—**BUT WHAT HE WAS.** (Hear, hear.) It was a source of painful regret to him to differ on any measure from the noble Duke at the head of the government, with whom he had long been on habits of intimacy, and for whom he entertained the highest respect. *He would put it to their lordships, whether they were prepared to say, for that was, in fact, the question, whether this country was to be a Protestant country with a Protestant government, or a Roman Catholic country with a Roman Catholic government.* (Hear, hear.) *This was the question and none other. The moment that there were Roman Catholics admitted into that House, or the other House of Parliament, their House, or the House of Commons, must cease to be a Protestant House of Peers or Protestant House of Commons.* Although as much a friend as any noble lord within the reach of his voice to toleration, he was not prepared to admit the Catholics to seats in that House, to become members of the Cabinet, to be eligible to the high and confidential situation of Lord Chancellor, nor to that of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He was unwilling to say more at present, though he would confess that he believed there were many Roman Catholics who were just and worthy men. He felt sorry that he had been called, as it were, somewhat out of place, to interrupt the regular proceeding by this avowal of his sentiments on this important subject. It had cost him some efforts; but he felt, considering the turn which the observations of a noble lord who had preceded him had taken, that this explanation on his part could not be avoided. (Hear.)

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“The Brighton and Sussex bank stopped payment on Saturday, on which day the doors were not opened. The event created much dismay and distress among the market-folks, many of whom had that morning taken of the notes.”

So says the *Brighton Guardian*; and we can fully believe that the market-folks were by no means pleased with the discovery that they had given their eggs for the paper of the Brighton and Sussex bank. When are these things to attract the eye of our wise and patriotic legislature, governed as it is by the wisest and most patriotic of field-m Marshals? If a wretch starving, and naked as the winds, ventures to turn a sleeve-button into a sixpence, he is dragged to justice; and learned serjeants on the bench put on their black caps, and dilate with judicial pride on the unflinching vigour of British law. If a miserable clerk, at fifty pounds a year, with a wife and a dozen brats to feed upon his soul and body, imitates a five-pound check, the law grasps the emaciated felon, flings him into the dock, and, when he has gone through the bitterness of death a hundred times over, in all sorts of shame, taunts, and tribulations, sends him to be hanged.

But, when a gentleman, or a knot of gentlemen, who drink Champagne and Hockheimer, keep barouches and Opera-boxes, and flourish in the *ton*, take it into their ways and means to issue fifty thousands pounds in paper, which turns out to be not worth so many farthings, the whole affair is perfectly *selon les règles*—“quite an every day thing, done by gentlemen of the purest honour and the most unimpeachable character, and, in fact, no disgrace whatever”—the whole matter being a mere misfortune.

But what must say the men, women, and children—the feeble, the decaying, the undone—who have given their labours for the paper of these men of elegance? Where are they to go for bread—where to hide their houseless heads—where to answer the demands of creditors as

poor as themselves—where to look for the necessaries of hourly existence? Let the law take those infamous infractions of every obligation in hand, and grasp the villainous issuer of money without more substance than his own honesty; let this privilege of coining to an unlimited amount be as penal as coining a farthing; and, for once, every man of honour and humanity would rejoice in enlarging the hand of the law; and the scaffold would be looked upon as the instrument, not of a national fondness for severity, but as the instrument of popular preservation.

Let banks be established throughout the country in shares, of which every man may be the purchaser—or in large companies, of which every man is responsible. The system of private banking, as it is now carried on, must be extinguished. There may be, of course, individual bankers to whom these charges do not apply. We will not say even that they apply to the Brighton bankers in question, of whose peculiar proceedings we know nothing but from the papers. They may be honest, for any thing that we can tell, though we are glad that we have not been dealing at their counter. It is the system that we execrate; a system so palpably hazardous to the people, so adverse to the common caution of the law against imposition, and offering so powerful a temptation to the fraudulent, that we cannot conceive under what pretext it ever existed.

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We live in a time of discovery. Mr. O'Connel has discovered that he has a right to be dubbed M.P., and has communicated his discovery in a letter, which, by Cobbett's pocket-rule, measures two miles and a half, or, as Mr. O'Connel *nationally* rectifies him, measures two miles and a half and three-quarters. Hitherto all the world have been thinking that it was the actual intention of English law that Papists were not to sit in Parliament. But Mr. O'Connel has written his columns to prove that an Irish Papist has nothing to do but to put on his hat, walk into the lobby, kick the repugnant serjeant-at-arms from the door, and take his seat at the elbow of his *honourable* friend, Mr. Peel. If this be the fact of the case, we must own that we think Mr. O'Connel has thrown away a vast deal of time and oratory in the Corn Exchange, and that his wiser plan would have been to have packed up his portmanteau for Whitehall twenty years ago, and taken his seat, with as many of his fellow-patriots as had the fear of duns before their eyes, which would have made a most voluminous addition to his *tail*.

As to his abuse of Mr. Sugden, we heartily coincide with him. His calling the Chancery-man any name of contempt that fills his rich vocabulary, will hurt no feeling of ours; though to be fallen into the contempt of Mr. O'Connel, is of itself as deep a plunge into the mire of scorn as could easily happen to any one. Mr. Sugden has, forsooth, been suddenly enlightened: he too has made the brilliant discovery that all the conceptions of his learned life on the nature of the Constitution; nay, that all the principles which, six months ago, he so solemnly protested were as solidly imbedded in his brain as Westminster Abbey in its foundation, were absolute nonsense; that he had been dreaming all his life; that, treating of the Constitution every day of his existence, and living by his presumed knowledge of it—he knew nothing at all on the subject, and that he has received his new inspiration from Mr. Peel; nay, that he has turned off all his old whims, and new clothed his inner man in realities from the broadcloth wardrobe of Mr. Peel. And the

man has uttered this in the face of day! Well, let it pass. Those things must work themselves to an end!

But a noble Whig, too, has been out on his voyage of discovery, and has brought back the extraordinary knowledge that the Protestants of 1688 had no objection whatever to the fullest admission of Popery into all the recesses of the Constitution. In our ignorance, we had all along thought that James was flung from his throne in a burst of national indignation at his frauds upon the Protestant Constitution, at his guilty abolition of the acts that excluded Papists from the power of destroying the Constitution, at the course of Jesuitism, vileness, and vice by which he was labouring to make the government Papist, and the country the slave of Rome. We had thought that William had fought against Popery in Ireland, and persecution in France; and that, after having stricken down the fiend, he had delivered it over to the generations of England, to be kept in eternal chains. But Lord Holland's discovery, reserved for this age of congenial illumination, brings the intelligence that every statesman, writer, and speaker, since 1688, has been totally in error; that even the men who made the Constitution did not know what they were making; and, finally, that King William was one of the most determined friends imaginable to Papists. Where the noble Whig, or individuals like him, find their authorities, is no inquiry of ours; but here follows the unquestionable language of the King:—

“*Speech of King William III. on opening the Sessions of Parliament (a Whig one), in December, 1701.*—‘I promise myself you are met together full of that just sense of the common danger of Europe. The eyes of all Europe are upon this Parliament; all matters are at a stand till your resolutions are known. Let me conjure you to disappoint the only hopes of our enemies, by your unanimity. I have shewn, and will always shew, how desirous I am to be the common father of all my people; do you, in like manner, lay aside parties and divisions; let there be no other distinction heard of among us for the future, but of those who are for the Protestant Religion and the present Establishment, and of those who mean a Popish Prince and a Foreign Government. If you do, in good earnest, desire to see England hold the balance of Europe, and to, indeed, be at the head of the Protestant interest, it will appear by your right improving the present opportunity.’”

“The will of Dr. Wollaston has been proved in the Prerogative Court in Doctors' Commons; and probate granted for fifty thousand pounds personal property, which he has left among his brothers and sisters.”

So much for philosophy. Wollaston was a shrewd, sour, and indefatigable money-maker. The little stories on record of his dexterity in turning every toy of his trade of science to account, from the new pointing of a pin to the polishing of a diamond, would make a pleasant memoir. His *Camera Lucida*, an ingenious trifle for sketching landscape, is said to have netted, by his peculiar management, no less than four thousand pounds. His next contrivance for gathering a little of the floating capital of this world, was a pasteboard Map of the Stars—ridiculous, of course, in the hands of science, but very well for school-girls, who very well paid for it. The Doctor's chief money was made by the working of platina, for which he had discovered a process, which process he kept dextrously to himself, until he felt that he could melt and mingle no longer, and he then gave the secret to the public.

His latter years were engaged in pursuits equally promising: he was supposed to have occupied himself in making a portable steam-engine, by which a lady could have her family washing done under her dressing-table, without smoke, smell, or noise. He was the inventor of the boiling machine, by which three inches of Cobbett's paper, tightly rolled together, would boil water enough for the shaving of a company of the Coldstream in five minutes. A musical Tetotum, carved into the form of a Secretary of the Home Department, was the work of the last six months, and he had already added to "Rule Britannia," and the "Duke of York's March," the new airs of "Long live the Pope," and "A Fig for the Country." A humming-top, on a new construction, exhibited the curious phenomenon of a speech of his Grace the Duke of Wellington in transparent characters, changing colour at every twirl; and a chief source of the Doctor's chagrin was his not being able to add to it the speeches of all the Cabinet Ministers; for though in every attempt it twirled enough, yet it seemed suddenly to have lost the power to hum. Nothing escaped the Doctor's eye. A gentleman, at a dinner party, had described to him the common contrivance in the streets, by which a sheet of paper could be folded into twenty different shapes—a fan, a wheel, a hat, and so forth. The Doctor slept a night upon the idea; and, at the next meeting of the Royal Society Club, at the Crown and Anchor, took from his pocket a sheet of paper, which he twisted with almost invisible rapidity of hand into a military hat, a mitre, a crown, and one of those coverings of the head which, from their peculiar place of employment, are called Old Bailey night-caps. After having delighted the president and fellows with this most ingenious exhibition, he proceeded to increase their surprise, by unfolding the paper, which, by simply pressing his hand upon it, displayed a late remarkable ministerial declaration. This he passed round the company, requesting each to read it aloud; and, to the universal amusement, every second reader read it in a directly contrary sense to his neighbours. The perplexity growing considerable, and the several readers contending with growing irritation for their readings, the Doctor took the paper into his hand, and simply breathing on it, returned it to the company. The characters had totally vanished, and the paper was voted to be the most ingenious exhibition of a talent for tricking that would have beat all the Breslaws out of the field.

The Doctor had so strong a passion for purchasing every thing, among which were some of the most curious as well as the most repulsive monstrosities of human nature, that we have no doubt his sale will be highly worth attending. We shall make a point of watching the development of his treasures, and hope to have an opportunity to describe them.

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A Dublin paper states that the plate of the Duke of Northumberland, forwarded to Holyhead, weighs *three tons*.

Parsons, the clever Irish barrister, and intended residuary legatee to Lord Norbury's fame, said, on reading this announcement, "that he supposed O'Connel had gone over to *New-market*, to be in training for the Northumberland *plate*."

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"In Great Britain there is one soldier for every 229 inhabitants, France 138, United States 1977, Russia 77, Prussia 80, Austria 118,

Netherlands 142. The relation of the fleet to the population is—Great Britain, one ship of the line or frigate to every 82,979 inhabitants, France 290,909, United States 316,000, Russia 686,250, Austria 2,909,091, Netherlands 170,556.”

How long this humiliating inferiority in our military muster is to remain a disgrace to England, we cannot say. What! only one showy fellow in a red coat walking up and down a barrack yard, or shining in ball-rooms, to 229 of such useless and ill looking animals as merchants, citizens, farmers and manufacturers! We ought to be ashamed of ourselves.

But there are better hopes in store for us. The warlike tastes of his majesty's premier are making way as they ought. We understand, that the cabinet are already drilled to an extraordinary degree of discipline, all the old stiff members of the corps having been discharged, and a new recruiting having taken place, by which several remarkably *promising* additions have been made, fit for any service. The sergeant major employed to teach them the manual, declares that in the course of his experience he never met a squad more obedient to the rattan, and quicker at obeying the word of command. That the “eyes right and eyes left” is already complete; the kneeling in platoon very correct; the general salute performed with the exactness of the most regular parade, and the whole done with a degree of silence, such as he never observed before. He has, in consequence, reported some of them as worthy of being made corporals, and, we heartily wish them the *stripes* that their merit deserves.

Lord Lyndhurst is said to be indefatigable at his exercise, but he prefers the dragoon drill to the infantry, from his having been trained in early life to a charge. Undoubtedly, twelve men are different from twelve millions; but we rely upon his lordship's profession and practice alike, and are assured, that let who will tumble, he will stick to the saddle still, and push on through thick and thin.

Lord — is one of the last brought in; and a fine strong backed recruit he is, he can bear any thing; he, to be sure, lies under rather an awkward suspicion of having deserted from every corps that he engaged in during about forty years of all kinds of service. But he swears, that he is sobered by misfortune, and the man has certainly a look of ragged repentance; besides, he will now be kept to his tether, and the first attempt to call his soul his own will be the last. As to desertion, let him try that if he can; his face is too well known at every receiving house in the kingdom, and not a corps will have any thing to do with him. As it is, he is fit only to stand centry at the custom-house docks, he having a natural antipathy to every kind of SPIRIT. He is, in fact, already expecting to be placed on the list of out pensioners.

We understand, that the fashionable vocabulary is to be reformed in the rising taste. That an evening party is henceforward to be called a *drum*; and that gunpowder tea is to be the reigning potation. A dance is to be a *ball* again.—A *conversazione* retaining its old right to the name of *bore*, and *cutting* being more *ton* than ever. Some of our belles have taken to powder for the first time since the French revolution, and the favourite is *marechale*. Even the clergy have submitted to the general influence, and there are at this moment several hundred dozens of venerable men sent packed on the tops of stage coaches, up to town, for the express purpose of changing their condition, and being cast into *canons*.



Lord Mayor Thompson, is a good fat fellow enough, with a good face, as the court ladies of the Easter ball say; a good fortune, as is presumed in the heavy regions round the London Docks, and a good voice for haranguing that magnanimous concentration of practical wisdom, a common council. But why the deuce does he always slide into the common stuff that has been talked for the last five hundred years by the common council understanding. We know, by precedent, what any one of those orators will say in the irregular succession of every five minutes of his blundering. There is in all the same eternal stuff about gratitude, and insufficiency, and awe, and determination to love, honor and obey the fat fellows wallowing in tureens of turtle soup, by the thousand, as far as the eye can reach through the smoke of the hecatomb fresh from the altars of Smithfield. Let us now hear my Lord Mayor:—

“The Lord Mayor returned thanks—He felt that the duties he had to perform were onerous and embarrassing, but he certainly never felt *more difficulty* than in giving utterance to his sentiments on this occasion, *overwhelmed as he was by the kindness* which he that day experienced.—(Cheers.) *The ward of Cheap was the cradle in which his young ambition was first rocked*—he had acquired *vigour and strength* under the *parental care* of the honourable men by whom he was surrounded; and if his heart did not beat with *gratitude* at this proof of the continuance of their *affection*, he must be destitute of the feelings which they must have thought he was influenced by when they raised him to the *elevation* he had at present attained.—(Loud cheers.)”

What can be finer than all this—The most exquisite flummery ever administered by the spoon of city gratitude? “Ambition rocked in a cradle,” and that cradle Eastcheap. “*Cheap ambition*,” says one wag, “ambition founded on a *rock*,” says another. “Ambition rocked by a ward. The man himself, instead of the nurse, should have been the ward, until he came to years of discretion,” says a third. A fourth, and the kindest of all, with a sigh over an orator nipped in the bud, says, “Lord Mayor Thompson, be an orator no more!”

*The Pantomimes.*—“The whole of these annual entertainments have been very successful this season. The following is an estimate of the expences attending each of the pantomimes, both at the major and minor establishments:—

Drury Lane, about	-	-	-	£1,870
Covent Garden	-	-	-	1,426
The Adelphi	-	-	-	500
The Surrey	-	-	-	600
The Cobourg	-	-	-	400
The Pavilion	-	-	-	100
The Olympic	-	-	-	80

Making an aggregate of 4,976*l.* for providing enjoyment for the holiday folks. Sadler's Wells is not included in the above sum, as that establishment (contrary to its practice from time immemorial) produced no pantomimic Christmas entertainment.”

We wish the Harlequins and Columbines well; they are good subjects, and never fail to do their duty. Of tragedies we are desperately tired, and of French farces desperately sick: there is not marrow enough in a whole theatre of them to furnish any thing beyond a professor of the

London Boarding-house-Radical-Rationality-College with a thought; while Harlequin and his rose-cheeked Columbine, and his well-made and well-kicked Clown, have flesh and bone undeniably national. What is it to cry out at, if Harlequin keeps his carriage, and Columbine is in doubt which of three lords she shall marry? They deserve their honours, and shall have them.

The story goes, that the Marquis of Clanricarde had ordered his house to be fitted up for the reception of Mr. O'Connel in London. Of the nature of the fittings which would be most appropriate in this country for the Irish M.P.'s reception, we have a very distinct opinion; but, as Jekyll said the other day, "Englishmen should *drop* the subject." Mr. O'Connel politely declined the honour, saying "that he was in charge of the *rent*."

The "Counsellor" has, however, since put himself into the hands of Sir Francis Burdett, Sir James Mackintosh, and Mr. Brougham; a strong indication that he has gained courage on the part of the "rent." But, in point of personal precaution, nothing could be more judicious; for, in the multitude of counsellors, says the proverb, the timid may look for SAFETY; and, if Sir Francis has not been at the bar, he has been in the dock, which is nearly the same; and has, besides, during his whole career, exhibited the true slipperiness of Chancery Lane. The poet was of old gifted with prediction, and we fully agree with the annexed pleasant lines:—

#### THE DEMAGOGUE'S DEPARTURE.

AIR.—"The Minstrel Boy."

The sham M.P. to "the House" has gone,  
 In the ranks of rogues you'll find him;  
 His green surtout he has buttoned on,  
 And Killeen trots behind him.  
 "Child of Rome," said the silly Lord,  
 "Though all the world despise thee,  
 The 'Rint' at least thy rights shall guard,  
 And I, for one, will prize thee."  
 O'Connel went down, for the Speaker's rod  
 Soon forced him to knock under;  
 And back he flew to his Papist sod,  
 With his bruises, and brogue, and blunder:  
 And he cried, "I thought the English soft,  
 And I whined about Papist slavery;  
 But they shewed me the Drop, and the rope aloft—  
 So, Here's long life to knavery!"—[Age.

*Martin the Incendiary.*—"He was born in the year 1782, at Hexham, in Northumberland, of parents in an humble station, who apprenticed him to a tanner. In his twenty-second year he went to London, where he was impressed, and sent to sea on board the *Hercules*, a 74 gun ship. While on board this vessel, he was engaged in the bombardment of Copenhagen. He was afterwards engaged in the blockade of the eight Russian ships in the Tagus, and from thence sailed to Corunna, where the wreck of the English army, under the command of Sir John Moore, was taken on board. Subsequently he sailed to Egypt. After a number of adventures, by sea and land, in which he mentions having been four times ship-

wrecked, he returned to his parents in Northumberland, 'as safe and as well as when he left them.' He states that he is brother to Martin, the celebrated historical painter. Having obtained employment at his own business at Norton, in the county of Durham, he married. On the death of his mother, he dreamed that she came to see him, 'and told me,' says he, 'that I was to be hanged. At another time,' he adds, 'I dreamed, and looking up, I saw there was a sea of fire coming upon me, and found myself surrounded with it. I thought surely the world was at an end.' He then began to go to the church and chapel by turns. He afterwards joined the Methodists. He next travelled to Stockton, where he conducted himself in such a way as to shew that he was deprived of reason. While in this state, he took the resolution to shoot the Bishop of Lincoln. The parish officers committed him to a lunatic asylum, from which he escaped. Again he was committed, and again escaped from the asylum at Gateshead. From that time he seems to have led a vagrant life, supporting himself by selling his own history, and exhibiting every where symptoms of mental derangement. The last event recorded in his history is his visit to Lincoln, in September, 1827, where he went to view the cathedral, for what purpose is not mentioned. It appears to have been his practice to fix written denunciations of vengeance against the clergy on the doors of churches."

This wretched individual's story seems true enough, and belongs to the multitude of those who with weak brains are set to read "religious books," as they are called, written by brains as weak as their own. The Bible makes no man mad: there is not an irrational, fantastic, or high-flown syllable in the language of Revelation. But the writers of these books *never* read the Bible as an instructor—the safest, the only instructor—of the great truths by which man is to be raised as well above his delusions as above his vices. They look into it only for some quotation, which they pervert, or to reinforce some argument, of which they are equally incapable to see the force or the falsehood. Toplady and Flavel, Scott and Hawker, are their Bible, and the true sources of that infinite quantity of blindness, folly, and fanaticism, which among us degrades the beauty and the power of religion. This miserable incendiary was a reader of their pious nonsense, and by their fruits they are best known.

We give the following from that high-toned, able, and constitutional paper, *The Standard*:—

#### THE IRISH MINSTREL.

"Now let every string of the Harp of Erin resound to Liberty."—*Association Speech.*

Awake, Old Erin's tuneless harp!  
 And if thy tones were stern and sharp,  
 When earlier traitors bade thee ring  
 The praise of Pope, the curse of King,  
 Now answer to a darker hand,  
 The minstrel of a bloodier band!

Compound of every baser sin,  
 Half sycophant, half jacobin;  
 Pledging his prostituted soul  
 For power or place's meanest dole;  
 Beside his country's yawning tomb  
 He sings the victory of Rome.

Hear it, ye traitors, far as wave  
 Or wind can drive you—hear it rave ;  
 Hear it, ye livid, craven crew,  
 Scorn of the old world and the new,  
     Ye cleansings of the nobler jail ;  
     And give America the tale.

Hear it, ye sons of every crime,  
 That stains the man, or shames the clime ;  
 Thief, perjurer, traitor, murderer, all  
 Hear from your depths the kindred call !  
     Shout, brothers of the whip and chain !  
     Blasphemers ! echo back the strain.

Hear it, ye old unlucky slaves,  
 That justice trampled into graves ;  
 Hear, Atheist Jackson, mad Despard,  
 At length has come your native bard ;  
     Hear it beneath your gibbet-stone,  
     Ye grinning wrecks of Sheares and Tone.

Hear it ! ye rude and nameless crowd,  
 That sleep your last without a shroud !  
 Ye clay, that shot and sabres strewed,  
 When justice crushed rebellion's brood !  
     Ye festerers in the bloody ground,  
     Start at the old congenial sound !

But where's the striker of the string ?  
 To scoundrel life the slave shall cling,  
 Still shift and fawn, abjure and lie ;  
 Yet comes his hour. The slave shall die.  
     The axe shall drink his recreant gore ;  
     Then Ireland shout ! Thy shame is o'er.

The burning of York Minster is of course a matter to be much deplored, for its sacrifice of some very fine portions of the finest of English cathedrals. But we hope that the investigation will not close with the punishment of the miserable fanatic who did the immediate mischief. Was there any due precaution used ? Where were the watchmen, or church-officers, that ought to have been taking care of a building of so much value ? The story is told, that, in a spirit of curious economy, the single watchman (who cost twelve shillings a week) was cut down to half-pay, and that his watching was thenceforth to be only on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays—cathedrals being never capable of conflagration on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. For this tale we cannot vouch, though it is current enough. But we hope, at least, that other cathedrals will be taken better care of, and that other Martins will not be suffered to take possession of their pulpits, and harangue on the glories of arson, previously to the deed, quite so much without auditors, as the burner of the Minster.

“ On the Sabbath evening there was service in the Minster as usual, and all appeared to be left safe. About four next morning, a man passed through the Minster yard, and saw a light in the building ; but, it not being very considerable, he supposed there might be workmen preparing a vault, or otherwise engaged, and he consequently passed on without inquiry. The discovery, however, between six and seven o'clock, was made in a most extraordinary manner. A young boy, of the name of Swainbank, who is one of the choristers, was passing through the mas-

ter's yard, and accidentally stepping upon a piece of ice, was thrown on his back; thus placed, and before he could recover himself, he saw a quantity of smoke issuing from several parts of the roof. The sight was truly alarming and unaccountable, and he lost no time in going for the man who keeps the keys. They returned together; and when they entered, the sight was beyond description—a dense mass of smoke pervaded the whole building, and the beautiful work of the choir was extensively on fire. An alarm was immediately given; the workmen connected with the cathedral were all called up, fire-engines procured, and the whole city soon became acquainted with the distressing tidings."

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PARODY, BY THE GREAT SOLDIER.

"Toby, or not Toby—that's the question."—SHAKESPEARE.

Dear friends, this smug priest, who now foams with sham zeal,  
 In which I now trace the delusion of Peel,  
 Was once Dr. Philpott's, as worldly a Dean  
 As e'er bullied Papist, or spattered a Queen:  
 In veering about 'tis his praise to excel,  
 And amongst ratting Parsons he bears off the Bell.\*

It chanced as last summer he sat at his ease,  
 In his living of Stanhope, as gay as you please,  
 From the Church and the State *puffing* Popery away,  
 And to honest old Eldon was writing each day:  
 His letters announced a bright change in the scene,  
 And he saw himself hailed as the new Chester Dean.

His Reverence, when placed on this eminent perch,  
 And wishing still higher to rise in the Church,  
 The Premier found out, in his chapter—poor Phil,  
 And out of his brain he has formed this fine Bill,  
 Made sacred to Popery, Connel, and Shiel—  
 So, Here's to Rat Toby, the tempter of Peel!

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The fair sex are making their way to distinction. Several phenomena have been exhibited lately. A woman, somewhere among the villages, is astonishing every body, and setting an example to the churchwardens, by fasting. She has contrived to take no sustenance (publicly) for a month; and, though fish and game have been known to enter the chamber from the generous ponds and preserves of the unconscious gentry around, yet she has persisted in the determination to fast as long—as she can make anything by it.

Mr. Mary Allen was another wonder, too peculiar for us to make any remark upon the subject, any further than that the seven cabinet councils, held in one week lately, were supposed to be summoned for the purpose of investigating the statement, and ascertaining to what extent the clothes of manhood, in general society, might be presumed to negative the idea of the wearer's being of the opposite sex. It was after much

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\* This coincidence is curious—the father of the Very Reverend Dean Philpotts was the appropriately-named landlord of the Bell Inn, at Gloucester. It is probable, therefore, that the Very Rev. Dean, though subsequently educated for the church, was, in earlier life, intended for the BAR: at all events, his assumption of the APRON, like his present conduct, is only a return to first principles. It was in the Bell Inn that John Wesley was born.—*John Bull*.

deliberation resolved, that mustachios were no convincing proof, but rather in the style of a mask, and, in fact, suspicious; that lounging behind the Opera scenes, a half-hour's swagger through Bond-street, nay, even the privilege of hanging one's boots out of the Guards' Club-house window; or wearing a Hussar jacket, embroidered as thickly as a Lord Mayor's footman, or a travelling jack-pudding, were not infallible evidences. The resolution of the council has not transpired; but we understand that, by the suggestion of his Majesty's sempstress, who had advised a great public *measure* on the subject, a very considerable number of gowns and petticoats are in hand, to be ready for the first effect of the proclamation, which is supposed to be on the tapis, against deluding his Majesty's lieges by false appearances.

We are sick of Dr. Curtis and his noble correspondent, one of whom answers by a *public* letter, which he "never intended to be seen," as the other had begun the affair by a *private* letter, written by a committee of Jesuits. But the doctor, impatient to display himself just as he is, writes a second letter to a newspaper editor to disclose at last to the admiring world, the fact, that his original letter, the private impulse affair was written, "contrary to his own wish and opinion, and at the urgent request of several of his friends." Of course, the Duke's answer, which the doctor declared himself unwillingly and compulsively induced to read to several of his friends, merely to avoid the public surmises of what was inside the letter, from seeing "Wellington" on the cover, was actually received by him as an answer to the letter of his Jesuit committee, and was as such read to them: it no doubt being as such written by his Grace. Now, let honest men see the whole shuffle on both sides, and think what dependence can be placed on either. The Doctor contradicts himself under his own hand—the Duke contradicts himself by word of mouth. So much for the primate—so much for the premier—Philpotts, and Philpotts alone, could have made the third.

De Beranger, the French poet—perhaps the only poet of France, in the Parisian sense of the word, namely, a keen, bitter, very impudent, and very Jacobinical versifier—has lately undergone the natural apotheosis of French fame. He has libelled his king grossly, religion more grossly still, and, for the double exploit, has been tried, found guilty, fined, and confined as he deserved. We give a parodied specimen of him, much better than the original poem:—

#### THE PIGMY OPPOSITION.

In sorcery my faith is great:  
 A wizard shewed me in a glass,  
 A night or two ago, what Fate  
 Would in our country bring to pass.  
 At the droll sight I stood and gazed,  
 And of delight I drank my fill,  
 To see—I was not much amazed—  
 The Whigs in opposition still.

A dwarfish tribe appeared the crew ;  
 The Whigs great-grandsons were so small,  
 That only by their rags I knew  
 The pigmies who could scarcely crawl :  
 Fox, but a shadow of the shade  
 Of Charles Fox, *preterea nil* ;  
 But bright the magic glass displayed  
 The Whigs in opposition still.

What crowds of little tiny souls !  
 Here little Broughams full of bile ;  
 And little, little Humes in shoals,  
 All doing shabby tricks the while :  
 The Burdetts, Russells, Caves, had shrunk  
 To creeping nothings—but my quill  
 Must tell that they, thus sadly sunk,  
 Were Whigs in opposition still.

All, all was little—Brookes's clan  
 Had into antlike insects dwindled,  
 And here and there they crawled or ran,  
 The swindlers petty as the swindled :  
 All were a knot of Mammon's slaves,  
 Who act obedient to his will ;  
 But while they live, the elfish knaves  
 Will be in opposition still.

Such did the magic glass unfold ;  
 At last to close this sight of pain,  
 A giant Tory we behold,  
 Whom scarcely can a world contain !  
 He comes and puts this tribe so small,  
 With gentle but resistless skill,  
 Into his pouch—yet one and all  
 Would be in opposition still.—[*Age*.

Sir Anthony Hart, an old goose, more tedious than Chancery itself, more crabbed than blackletter, as much a Christian as Lord Holland, and as much a lawyer as Lord King, is making himself remembered by the only contrivance open to such intellects. He had already distinguished his office by the appointment of Messrs. O'Gorman and Steele to the magistracy ; and he is now receiving the distinction of being the *pis-aller* of all the puns of all the punsters of Ireland. Old Lord Norbury still fires a shot a head of him now and then. Blake the popish barrister, the confidential councillor, and depository of the successive brains of Lords Wellesley, and Anglesey, and now of Hart, was called the *sham-rock*, in some allusion to the captain. "No," said Norbury, "*sham* won't do, call him *heart's-ease*."

India will soon be as regular a place for disposing of our superfluous clergy, as our superfluous cousins. There is some unlucky planet about the business : either the labour is so enormous, the space to be traversed so vast, or the climate is so fatal to the bodies of English-fed parsons, that they all seem to go like the governors of Sierra Leone, to take measure of their final beds, in India. The third bishop, Dr. James, has just died, at 43, an amiable man, and a loss. Heber, too, was a

premature sacrifice. The following document shows how much it was felt in India :—

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT, ERECTED IN MEMORY OF BISHOP HEBER, AT  
MADRAS, COMPOSED BY THE REV. T. ROBINSON, M.A.

M. S.

Viri admodum Reverendi et in Christo Patris  
REGINALDI HEBER S. T. P.

Primo Collegii Æniæ Nasi in Academia Oxoniensi  
Alumni

Collegii deinde Omnium Animarum Socii  
Parochiæ Hodnet in Agro suo Natali Salopiensi  
Rectoris

Apud Societatem Honorabilem Hospitii Lincolnensis  
Prædicatoris

Postremo autem Episcopi Calcuttensis

Qui in ipso Adolescentiæ Flore

Ingenii Fama

Humanitatis Cultu

Omnigenæque Doctrinæ Laude

Ornatissimus

Ea omnia in Communem Ecclesiæ Fructum afferens

Se suaque Deo humillime consecravit

In Sanctissimum Episcopatus Ordinem

Bonis omnibus Hortantibus adscriptus  
Ecclesiæ apud Indos Anglicane Infantiam

Non pro Viribus sed ultra Vires

Usque ad Vitæ jacturam

Aluit fovit sustentavit

Admirabili Ingenii Candore

Suavisnima Morum Simplicitate

Divinaque Animi Benevolentia

Usque adeo omnes sibi vinxerat

Ut Mortuum

Ecclesia Universa Patrem

Etiam exteri Patronum carissimam

Desiderarent

Natus Die Aprilis XXI A. D. MDCCLXXXIII

Subita Morte Præreptus jaxta Urbem Trichinopolim

Mortales Exuvias deposuit Aprilis Die III

Anno Salutis MDCCLXXXVI Ætatis suæ XLIII

Episcopatus III

Madrasenses

Non solem Christiani sed et Ethnici

Principes Magnates Pauperes

Ad hoc Marmor Exstruendum

Uno Consensu adfuere.



## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*Tales of Passion, 3 vols. 12mo. by the Author of Gilbert Earle, 1829.*—Gilbert Earle established for the author of these tales a reputation much too solid and exciting not to ensure a readiness in his readers to see whatever he produces. The volumes before us comprise three tales, one common characteristic of which the general title sufficiently indicates. Here are no milk and water dealings. To sketch the point and purpose of each is scarcely compatible with our limited space; and, indeed, we know nothing within the whole circle of our reviewing labours so untractable as bundles of tales. To do justice to either reader or writer is impracticable—general words are incompetent, and almost always inapplicable; and as to a dry succession of skeletons, what can be more repulsive? Of the present series we have read but two. The first is of a lady—the daughter of a noble baron, who falls in love with—her confessor, who is, of course, the very beauty of holiness. The scene is laid in Henry VIII's reign, at the time when he and his grasping courtiers were looking to the spoils of the monasteries. The lady is young, innocent, inexperienced—she listens to the preacher—he is in the prime of manhood—a man of energy and talents; and she drinks in love at both ears without knowing any thing of the nature or qualities of the draught. The discovery soon comes—the father proposes sudden marriage with a courtier and favourite of Wolsey—which rends away the veil, and tells her the true state of her feelings. Resisting her father's importunities, she is turned over to the monk, who is commanded to dive into the mystery. The very first interview breaks up the secret—she prostrates herself in agony at his feet—the word love escapes; and the holy father, though not yielding an atom of his stern and stoic propriety, finds it safest for himself to cut the temptation, and fly to the continent. The lady pines the meanwhile at home; and true as the needle to the pole, (which, by the way, it has not been these 150 years) she can think of nothing but the monk; but she is pure as the icicle on Dian's temple. The coming ruin of the monastery, after three or four years, brings back the holy father to the neighbourhood, and the lady Alice is not long before she seeks an interview—from which, aftershewing some slight touch of humanity, he again tears himself away. Actively engaged in stirring up the adherents of the Catholic faith, he is now speedily involved in political difficulties, is secured, condemned, and brought to the stake. Alice pierces the gates of the prison, and offers him escape; but he is inflexible—he goes to the stake—and she throws herself upon the burning pile, &c.

The reader will find some very superior  
M.M. New Series.—VOL. VII. No. 39.

development of feeling, and excellent writing; but the parties are prudent—they scarcely offend—and the interest is, upon the whole, but feeble. But this tale is followed by one called the Bohemian, which is indeed a tale of passion—where love curdles into hatred, with an enduring thirst of vengeance—cherishing a plan of revenge, which requires some eighteen or twenty years to ripen. The Bohemian is a gipsy girl, a dancing and singing itinerant. At Leipzig Fair she is observed by Count Oberfeldt, a gentleman of family and fortune, who had spent some six or seven years diplomatically at Paris, equally distinguished for gallantry and cultivation, in the best days of Louis XIV's court. Out of employment, he had returned to his castle; and to relieve the tedium of loneliness—for he had no relish for the society of German boors—he resolved to go to Leipzig Fair, in the vague expectation that some adventure might turn up. The gipsy dances and sings to admiration; she is very young—sixteen—beautiful as a houri—full of grace and fascination, and the promise of voluptuousness. Her conversation was still more extraordinary. She resisted all his blandishments with the wisdom of a Minerva, and rejected his offers, but met him by appointment every day during the continuance of the fair. At last came the moment for decision—the alternative was continuance with her odious associates. She yielded to his respectful and ardent importunities and attentions, and withdrew with him to his castle, and eighteen months of perfect felicity followed—he solely given up to instructing her, and she to eagerly imbibing. She had high talents, and lofty feelings, and strong passions, but all were absorbed in the intensity of her affection for the count. Still she felt occasionally her position—she knew she had fallen—she had lost her self-respect; but the devotion of her admirer turned her from dwelling upon degradation. The first intention in cultivating her musical and dramatic talents was the stage; but this object had been gradually lost sight of in the charms and contentment of each other's society, and the pursuits of literature. At length the count proposes a little change, and a visit to Dresden is determined upon, mainly for the advantage of music-masters. There the report of her beauty and her powers quickly spread. The king, Augustus, renowned for his gallantry, hears of her, and the supposed purpose of the instructions she was taking at Dresden, and lays his commands upon the count to permit her to be introduced in some new piece that was then forthcoming. Though reluctantly by both parties, consent was yielded. Mabel appeared, and carried all hearts by the splendour of her charms, and the superlativeness of her performance.

This event precipitated the break up of that fond intercourse which was always but too probable, though she at times cherished the hope of being still his wife; but he was proud of his birth and his sixty quarterings, and must keep up the family succession—and marriage with an actress was quite impossible. The thing that was thus inevitable one day or other, seemed at last, as if it were well done if it were done quickly; and meeting with a desirable match, on the common principle of life, he abruptly and perfidiously announced his intention to marry and see her no more. Shocked at this barbarity, she spurned at his offers of provision, and determining to rely on her own talents, she fled to Naples, and assuming another name, unknown to the count, she quickly attained the highest celebrity. Here all the fascination of the tale terminates. Mabel had been insulted, and revenge she was determined to have. She laid a deep and loathsome scheme. The count had only one child by his wife, and that a daughter. The very purpose for which he had thus abandoned Mabel, and married—the extension of his line—was thus defeated; and Mabel resolved, Medea-like, to strike where he was most sensitive. She contrived to steal the girl when three years old, and finding her likely to grow beautiful, resolved to pervert her moral feelings, and expose her to the corruptions of profligacy for the purpose of disgracing the man who had abandoned her for considerations of family pride. The plan succeeded but too well: the miserable girl became accomplished and unprincipled, and fell the victim of the young Duc de Richelieu, and thus became qualified for Mabel's ultimate vengeance. Mabel now returned with her to Dresden, under an assumed name, to throw her in the way of the profligate Augustus. All fell out as she had planned; and the count, still a favourite at court, was actually employed by the king to promote his connexion with the young beauty, which was brought about at his own castle—when Mabel presented herself, and announced the completion of her revenge—and died at his feet, suffocated by the violence of her emotions.

This naked outline shews more *extravagance* than will be felt in the story—for there all is admirably developed. The first part in particular is all in a tone of beautiful and touching softness, and the whole career of passion is traced with such a thorough definiteness, that every word of it may be read. We have seen nothing so energetic and fixing for many years.

We have just cast our eyes over the third story, and perceive it has great capabilities, which the author is well able to make the most of, and can have no offence in it—which can scarcely be said of the one we have been describing.

*The Ellis Correspondence; 2 vols., 8vo;*

1829.—This is another addition to those stores, which have of late been thrown open, and which are calculated to let us in to a closer and more correct view of events, by the communications of men who have come in contact with official persons—communications, which made in the confidence of friendship, have not been dressed up to meet the general eye—to gull the public, or gratify private passions. Admirably fitted are these sorts of memorials for exhibiting the naked state of facts—indispensable, indeed, for stripping off the shows of things—but which can seldom be got at till generations pass away, and family interests and family pride have none to support them. A century must generally lapse before they are *released*, though, undoubtedly, the present passion for private history, which is however a very justifiable one, will, in numerous instances, accelerate the publication of family papers, and vanity will here, as in many other cases, be often more than a match for pride.

How comes it about that these revelations of private documents have almost invariably tended to make of historical persons the bad better, and the good worse? Simply because the plain truth was never told. Spite or partiality, for the most part, were the first to tell the public tale. Sometimes the truth itself was unknown, but more frequently, we believe, it has been designedly perverted. Cotemporary writers are stimulated by personal feelings—resentments—admiration—obligations. Historians, who come after, in absolute ignorance of circumstances, and often of the characters and connections of their authorities, can only take what they find, or pick and cull, and must give to events that tone which depends on their own judgments and convictions. These may be good or bad—sagacious or simple; and generally, though there are conspicuous exceptions, it may be said, from their actual position in society, or their necessary retirements, they are fairly excluded from the means and opportunities of measuring the motives and rules of action of influential persons, and are disposed with a marvellous tenacity to judge of public men by the rules of romance instead of humanity—giving them credit for pure patriotism and undisturbed rectitude, because, in their uncorrected simplicity, they persuade themselves official persons are too high-minded to suffer private bias to influence public action.

It is not one in a hundred, who writes with a free spirit, bent upon penetrating into secret and real motives, and exhibiting uncoloured truth, whomsoever it may offend, or with whatever theory or favourite fancy the results may conflict. Who write the lives of great men? Sometimes their very *protégés*; and the world—which has always more regard for conventional proprieties than facts—would brand with infamy the man, who so circumstanced should venture to do any thing but applaud his protector. Even

those who undertake the office, apparently from their station, independent of all artificial shackles—must often trust for materials to family descendants; and which of them has ever ventured to expose obliquities in the ancestor of the very person perhaps who has furnished the evidence—has Archdeacon Coxe or Dr. Nares? Facts will speak. There are no bounds to the insinuations of patronage—lies lurk under compliments, and collusions are shielded and sanctioned by personal favours.

The papers which we are thus prefacing, are not strictly however of the authoritative kind. The correspondence is, for the most part, anonymous, though evidently very much of it is from persons in immediate contact with office, and familiar with the current of events, and the gossip of the town and court. They are all of them, however, addressed to one person, and his respectability will, of course, to some extent, answer for his correspondents—some of them pretty obviously are his own brothers. The reader must not anticipate large additions of new intelligence, but rather confirmations of old—mixed up still with a multitude of allusions and circumstances, that help admirably to fill up the outline. Mr. Ellis, the person to whom the correspondence is addressed, was secretary to the commissioners of public revenue for Ireland at the time of the correspondence, which extends from the beginning of 1686 to the end of 1688, and of course embraces almost the whole period of James's reign, detailing or hinting throughout at all the leading incidents of the period, especially the process and progress of *conversion* among the courtiers and aspirants for office. This is indeed by far the most interesting part of the papers, and shews more distinctly than any thing we have seen the headlong zeal of the infatuated monarch. There is a gap of seven months about the middle of the period, apparently from Mr. Ellis being himself in London. Many of the letters, particularly towards the latter part, are strictly *news-letters*, that is, letters written by persons in town for pay, whose profession it was to gather and communicate intelligence—the frequenters of coffee-houses—at a period when newspapers did not abound, and when the editors of them, if they ventured a little too far, had no protection against broken heads and slit noses.

This Mr. Ellis, with four or five brothers, were the sons of a clergyman of some distinction in a turbulent period, and all educated at Westminster, and then apparently thrown upon the public to struggle for office—some of them taking the shortest course to it. The eldest, the one more particularly connected with this correspondence, was, as we have said, secretary to the Irish revenue, and after the revolution became under secretary of state:—the second was knighted, and following the fortunes of James, was his secretary of state, and finally treasurer to the

old Pretender, and of course a Catholic. The third was Philip, who was kidnapped while at Westminster by the Jesuits, and brought up a priest of the Catholic church at St. Omer. He was in great favour with James, and actually consecrated bishop of the English Catholic church at St. James's; and after he was compelled to quit the country, was made bishop of Segni, in Italy. The fourth was Welbore, a Protestant bishop, successively of Kildare and Meath; and the fifth, Samuel, was marshal of the King's Bench; and a sixth, in orders, of whom nothing more is known. Of all these, Welbore was the only one who left a family—from him have descended the Lords Mendip and Clifden; and Mr. Agar Ellis, the heir of the latter nobleman, is the editor of the present papers. They were found by him among the Birch MSS. in the British Museum, and considered, very justly, worthy of publication; and he has taken great pains to supply notes, elucidating, briefly, obscure passages, explaining personages, and occasionally sketching characters—discharging his office in a manner highly commendable to his industry and liberal spirit.

The thousand events, significant and insignificant, scattered over the volumes, are too little connected, and too little detailed, to admit of any condensing;—but we will give a specimen of the correspondence.

London, April 6th, 1686.

Yours of the 5th of last month came on Saturday hither per the boat we concluded lost. The busy time of devotion is now over here: his Majesty, God bless him, one of the zealouses; ten hours in a day sometimes. The Court returns from St. James's to Whitehall to-morrow, and goes not to Windsor till the middle of May, when also the camp opens at Hounslow. Our sparks all go for Hungary to-morrow. Duke of Hamilton, Lieutenant-General Drummond, &c., come to town this evening, sent for; I imagine it will end in his Grace's becoming Commissioner of Scotland, though the common vogue is, he was sent for to be chidden for the method of his management, since he became a Commissioner of the Treasury there. Our ministers of state have all retired likewise this holy-season; Lord Chancellor\* to his country-house near Uxbridge, Lord Treasurer† to Twitnam, Lord Sunderland to Althrope, either for the private satisfaction in their consciences, or to avoid showing in town whether they had any or no.

I imagine your Countess of Dorchester (*Mariborough's sister*) will speedily move hitherward, for her house is furnishing very fine in St. James's-square, and a seat taken for her in the new consecrated St. Ann's Church. The French King is not right yet, though little is said of him. Madame de Maintenon *makes all the applications to him that he stands in need of*. I hear poor Princess Ann is sadly teased about a new declaration in matter of faith, so that at last it is agreed to after lying in: but I hope it may not be thus, say nothing of it.

\* Lord Jeffries. His country-house was Bulstrode, afterwards belonging to the Dukes of Portland and Somerset.

† Lord Rochester.

New equipage in great splendour is every where to be seen, especially their Majesty's. Her Majesty is wonderful glorious in her own apparel. Here is arrived an Italian Prince of Piombino,\* the greatest spendthrift in the world reckoned, for he has consumed the greatest part of a patrimonial estate of £150,000 per annum, and the treasure of three Popes. So it seems not that we need fear his politics. This next term I am like to be confined hither, and then what I shall do I know not. Lords Ormoude and Ossory come next week; if their favour help not, I will see you for a little, to wind up a mean bottom very indifferently worth my while, and so go for Paris, and with my Lord Denbigh† into Italy in the winter. I hope you will succeed in your design of removal hither; but these lords keeping thus out of town, puts us both out of our way. Phil.‡ has many wonderful kind expressions from the King, so that I imagine some room in the navy (where they roll in money) might be found; so I advise you to solicit hard and court kindly. Sure Pepps would value Lord Ossory's recommendation at no mean rate, though Eure and he together neglect all where money chinks not. You may be sure of me upon all occasions.

Your new Chancellor (*Porter*) is on the road; and I am going to sup with Will Legg, Governor of Kingsale, who follows him to-morrow.

Sir G. Hewet is dying. The Graces Grafton and Northumberland (*two of Charles's sons*) are returned from Newport,§ and put the lady (*a widow lady whom Northumberland had married, and wished to get rid of*) in a monastery; but the King says, it is not fit she should stay, nor is it believed she will.

Now, though here is nothing very memorable, yet it is very agreeable gossip, and familiarizes with the times, and recalls old acquaintances.

One of the letters notices the death of the Duke of Buckingham in these terms. "The Duke of Bucks, who hath some time supported himself with artificial spirits, on Friday fell to a more manifest decay, and on Sunday yielded up the ghost, at Helmsley in Yorkshire, in a little alehouse, where these eight months he hath been without either meat or money, deserted of all his servants almost." To this Mr. Ellis adds the following note:—

This contemporary account of the death of George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, is curious, as showing the grounds upon which Pope wrote his pathetic description of the decease of this nobleman; and yet it would appear that the statement of his extreme penury and desertion was much exaggerated. He died not "in the worst inn's worst room," but in the house of one of his tenants, in the town of Kirby Moorside, which still exists, and must have been at the time

\* Buoncompagni Ludovisi, Prince of Piombino, who had inherited the fortunes of the Popes Gregory XIII. and Gregory XV.

† Basil (Fielding) fourth Earl of Denbigh, who was going on his travels, not being yet of age. He had succeeded his father in the title of 1685. He became Master of the Horse to Prince George of Denmark, and subsequently one of the Tellers of the Exchequer. He died March 18th, 1717.

‡ Philip Ellis.

§ Nieuport in Flanders.

one of the best houses in the place. He had caught cold by sitting on the ground after fox-hunting, which brought on internal inflammation. A letter from Lord Arran, afterwards Duke of Hamilton (to Dr. Sprat, who had been chaplain to the Duke of Buckingham), which appeared in the Whitehall Evening Post, January 3d, 1784, and has every appearance of being authentic, gives the most credible and detailed account of the death of the conspicuous nobleman in question.

The letter itself is too long to quote, though very interesting.

We do not remember to have heard of this medal, struck on the acquittal of the bishops.

A medal is said to run about with the seven bishops on one side, with these words: "*Wisdom hath built her house, and chosen out seven pillars*;" on the other side, a church undetermined by a Jesuit and a fanatic, with these words, "*The gates of Hell shall not prevail against her*."

What would be thought of this, now, in the Alley?

Among other Policies of Assurance which appear at the Exchange, there is one of no ordinary nature; which is, that Esqr Neale, who hath for some time been a suitor to the rich Welsh Widow Floyd, offers as many guineas as people will take to ensure thirty for each one, in case he marry the said widow. He hath already laid out as much as will bring him in 10 or 12,000 guineas; he intends to make it 30,000, and then to present it to the lady in case she marry him; and any one that will accept of guineas on that condition, may find as many as he pleases at Garraway's Coffee House.

*Tales and Confessions, by Leitch Ritchie, 1829.*—Once upon a time, when a new writer appeared, it was with a name; and the inquiry was, what's the performance?—now, the name scarcely ever appears, and the sole question is, *whose* is it? The manœuvre, for manœuvre it is, is often a successful one; for if the writer announced himself John Smith, or William Tomkins, no soul would care about him; but a book with no name at all, may be, now-a-days, a *patrician* performance—curiosity is consequently on tip-toe; for the sooner the secret is discovered, the sooner is the discoverer in possession of something to communicate. It is always worth something to know what others, no matter how insignificant, do not. But if, after all, the name, upon inquiry, prove the writer to be nobody,—one which goes in at one ear and out at the other, and, of course, never likely to extend beyond his own immediate circle, he *himself* throws off the incognito, and uncovers. Nothing, therefore, finally goes unclaimed. Even the periodicals give up their dead, and we ourselves have some faint thoughts of re-publishing in a *justum volumen*, and with our own names at full length, all these our doings and misdoings—but who is to pay the printer's bill? But seriously, these re-printings and collectings

must be extremely annoying and confounding—first, to those who build a reputation upon what does not belong to them; and next, to those who know what every body writes, especially in periodicals, and venture at a glance, to name the scribbler. This will soon become a very hazardous speculation.

The collection before us, for the most part, has appeared, partly in our own excellent miscellany, and partly in the *New Monthly* and a *Weekly Review*, and is, on the whole, certainly, as deserving of this species of conservation, as any of the small curiosities usually locked up in amber. They consist chiefly of rough and striking incidents, ambitiously, but not unsuccessfully detailed. The wonderful is the writer's point, and surprise the immediate aim, and this occasionally at the expense of all probability, or the pretence of it. The "Strange Ormonds" is an attempt to raise an interest in a family succession, where the proprietors succeed each other, all of the same qualities and characters—pursuing the same career, and terminating the same way—so as to produce the effect of a marvellous identity upon the minds of the neighbourhood. The "Last of the Ormonds" is scarcely intelligible—and, we shall only blunder by attempting to detail it. "The Midshipman" has a *real* ghost in it. Occasion is sometimes taken from actual occurrence, as the narrative of "John Williams," supposed to be one of the persons buried alive in the ruins of the Brunswick Theatre, carrying with it an air of reality, enough almost to confound a reviewer. But the "Life of Allen Grey," is, in this respect, perhaps the most successful. He is a Scotch peasant, who took to rhyming—fell in love with a *lady*, who admired his verses—slighted for her a simple maiden of his own cast—was jilted by the patrician—fled to sea, as a refuge from misery—cooled back to his senses—returned home to marry Mary—found her dead of neglect—and then ran mad, and died. His verses are shortly to be published. Here is no bad specimen, sung by the widow of a drowned fisherman:—

Oh softly sleep, my bonnie bairn,  
Rock'd on this breast o' mine;  
The heart that beats sae sair within,  
Will not awaken thine.

Lie still, lie still, ye canker'd thochts  
That such late watches keep,  
Ah! if ye break the mother's heart,  
Yet let the baby sleep.

Sleep on, sleep on, my ae, ae bairn,  
Nor look sae wae on me,  
As if ye felt the bitter tear,  
That blins thy mother's e'e.

Dry up, dry up, ye saut, saut tears,  
Lest on my bairn ye dreep,  
An' break in silence, waeft' heart,  
An' let my baby sleep.

But among the most appalling are the "Confessions of William Jones." He was

a Welch grocer, well to do in the world, whose wife being in ill-health, was indulged with a cottage at some distance from home, where, by degrees, she became too intimately acquainted with an idle neighbour. Taffy's suspicions were awakened, and more than once expressed; but, being present once at the representation of *Othello*, he took a vigorous resolution to shake off his own, perhaps unfounded suspicions, confess his folly, and offer reconciliation. Unluckily, on his arrival at home, he detected the parties in each other's arms. In the frenzy of his rage, he seized the wife, beat her violently, and drove her, more than half naked, out of doors, in the middle of the night, in the most inclement season of the year—which severity was quickly the death of her. The grocer sold off, and quitted the neighbourhood. But revenge was rankling—duelling was not to his taste—assassination was perilous—but the offender was a gentleman, haughty, fastidious, and sensitive; and the Welchman, with a sort of *Medea*-like malignity resolved to strike where he was most vulnerable—he determined upon *disgracing* him. He found him at Bristol; and contriving to put the plate of the house into the gentleman's trunk, he left the thing to work its own effect. The gentleman was arrested, tried, condemned, and brought to the scaffold. The Welchman presented himself, and whispered in his ear, "This is my doing—I am William Jones." The victim shouted out to seize him; but the cap was over his eyes, and he could not identify the man. The grocer still looked calmly on, and enjoyed his sensations, till the last moment, when, suddenly, by a violent revulsion of feeling, he screamed out, "*Stop!*—stop—he is innocent." The cords which bound the arms of the unhappy man burst like a thread, and he tore off the cap from his head; but on the instant the drop fell—the body swung round, and the eyes glared on *the demon*.

*Autographs, by John Gough Nicholls; 1829.*—This is a very complete collection—comprising most of the royal, noble, learned, and remarkable personages of English history, from the reign of Richard II. to that of Charles II.—including also some illustrious foreigners, as the title page has it. The editor accompanies the autographs with brief sketches of the characters and circumstances of the individuals; and, occasionally, whole letters are inserted; and pains have been taken to select such specimens as are characteristic of the writers; or, he says, from having been penned at remarkable periods in their lives, exhibit the influence of some extraordinary mental excitement. We have no doubt the collection will prove an acceptable present to many curious persons; and, at all events, will admirably suit a drawing-room table—calculated as it is to suggest topics for chit-chat, where they are often most wanted. We do not ourselves

quite enter into the *sotenee* of the thing, nor quite understand the editor, when he talks of the taste for autographs being no longer in its infancy—nor his anticipations of its further advance as a prevalent and even fashionable pursuit. The following remark was less puzzling:—"It (the collection) will also be a great assistance in reading, and, in some instances, in *appropriating* those annotations, which the learned of other days have so frequently left in the books which once constituted part of their libraries." The whole will be completed (perhaps is already completed) in ten monthly numbers, each containing five plates.

*The Last Days, by the Rev. Edward Irving, 1828.*—Whatever be the bent or the prejudice of the reader—whether he thinks Mr. Irving a fanatic or a quack—whether he be indisposed to theological reading, or leans to a party, or is bound up with one, or starts free of all—let him, for the sake of the sound stuff, which we assure him he will find, take up this volume of sermons—it will abundantly repay him, if he can be repaid by independence and boldness of conception, by sagacity and depth of remark, by generous and even liberal sentiments, by touches of great moral beauty, by flashes of lofty eloquence, and floods of vigorous writing.

The author's purpose is to establish his own interpretation of the prophetic declarations of the Scriptures. Our days, according to him, are the 'Last Days'—the periods and characteristics of which, he contends, are generally mistaken. Every class of religionists, established or sectarian, are representing the present age as an improving one—Christianity as extending—religion as better understood, felt, and practised, and, of course, approaching, and soon it may be, to the state of the Millennium—though they may not exactly use the term. Mr. Irving contests both the conclusion and the grounds of it. The 'Last Times,' or 'Days,' are not synonymous with the Millennium, but are destined to precede them. The characteristics, again, of the 'Last Times' are not good, but bad. They are perilous times—for men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetors, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure, more than lovers of God—*having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof.*

These characteristics, which the author carefully and ably specificates, it is the object of the volume to establish, as peculiarly and pre-eminently marking the existing state of society, in all classes, high and low, cleric and laic. Now, whatever we may think of the theory—whether we concern ourselves with his interpretation, or not—nine-tenths of the book is full of mat-

ter of great pith and substance—quite independently of the application he makes of it. Facts are facts; and he has clenched them with a firm grasp. He looks abroad upon society—especially on the middle classes—where, if there is more decorum, there is more sordid, grubbing, demoralizing conduct—more vices degrading human qualities, than in any other, high or low—with a clear and comprehensive eye; and denounces their obliquities with a courage and simplicity we have never seen equalled, and almost wonder to see tolerated, for his admirers and hearers are chiefly of these classes—the truth must be, they scarcely *take* him. Worldliness is the game he delights to hunt down—and he detects it especially among religionists and the clergy; and without mercy lays bare profession and ostentation wherever he finds them—asumption, pretension, thirst for gain, and selfishness—and a rich harvest he gathers, in the city and the court—the church and the chapel. *He* has no disguises; he shews himself, his views, and his principles, without desire or attempt to conceal, or withhold. Bigotted he undoubtedly is, though we employ the word unwillingly—for he is not so, in a thousand instances, where others, professing liberality, are habitually so: he cannot tolerate catholics, nor scionians—they are blasphemers; he cannot bear radicals, and especially, and we join him, newspaper-radicals; and he has the profoundest reverence, not hypocritically, but on principle, of power, and all that are in authority. But he is an honest man, if ever there was one—no hypocrite could sustain the noble tone—and we should as soon doubt *Latimer* himself.

One of the characteristics on which he dilates is disobedience to parents—this he assigns, with every justice, to the 'relaxation of discipline on the part of parents, or rather to the general dissolution, and breaking up of that most natural and most venerable relationship,' of which he produces, what he considers, four memorable signs. The first is, that the legislature has been forced to interfere with an enactment, in order to prevent the children of the laborious poor from being over-wrought, to the injury of their health and growth, a thing which, I suppose, says he, is unparalleled in the history of Christendom. The second, is the number of young men, who take up with young women in the same circumstances, live in concubinage, form irregular marriages, or otherwise come together in a wicked, hasty, and inconsiderate manner, cast off their parents, and leave them to be supported by public charity—and why? merely because *they* entwined no affections round their children's hearts, who laboured not, who suffered not for them more than they could avoid. The third is the amazing increase of juvenile depredations and felonies, not only in town, but over the whole country—a proof that children have

no longer that reverence for their parents' commands, nor parents that command over their children, which, in times past, was sufficient to keep them from the open ways of iniquity. The fourth is the frequency of infant schools and Sunday schools. These, he considers, as they truly are, indications of a diseased and disorganized state of family ties. These, which are regarded as improvements of the age, he justly describes as the best proof of its decline. He is glad such remedies for parental neglect exist—but would be more so if there were no diseases calling for such remedies.

But the pious efforts of the religious world are the especial object of his scrutiny. In the sermon on the covetous, he suddenly asks—"What is the first subject of conversation in all their meetings, and the great theme of their delight? Is it not the state of their funds? What the great end of their speeches? The increase of donations and subscriptions. What the great labour of their travellers, and what the proof of their success? The amount of their in-gatherings. What the qualification for honourable office? The amount of your contributions. What the great fear and apprehension? Lest the funds should fall off. If these things do not betray a covetous spirit, I know not where it is to be met with elsewhere," &c.

Again:—

Outside, indeed, as in the reports of societies, they are truly spiritual; but, inside, in the management, they are truly carnal and legal. Any body knows this, who will be at the pains to examine. So also it is in the management of churches and chapels—the pulpit must be evangelical, but behind the scenes the management is legal. Look, for example, at the Sunday-school institutions—be present in their public meetings—read their reports—their published books—and you will find nothing but the most holy, evangelical spirit. In the Bible Society, to take another example, which assumeth such a holy, Catholic appearance—it is not long since it was applauded as the true doctrine, and may, perhaps, be so accounted still, that it really was not a religious society at all—and certes this seemeth to be truth, whereas they contend to the uttermost against their meeting with prayer. I am quite willing to go the round of every other evangelical, spiritual work, which hath given so much celebrity to these latter days, and to shew that they are legal, worldly, yea, and often hard-hearted in their administrations—insomuch, that after much experience, I do uniformly dissuade, when asked advice upon the subject, from entering into their service. Not that I love the missionary cause less than they, but because I do not love that the evangelical and legal spirit should be mingled and confused. *And so exceeding overwhelming in its influence is this spirit become, that it seems to change the very aspect of womanhood itself; yea, even of tender-hearted mothers, whom, when clubbed into a committee, I have known guilty of the cruellest things towards even the most deserving of their own sex.*

"Love we good men?" he asks, in another place:—

I think it is departed wholly, for the love of *gifted men*, men of talents and of understanding, on the one hand; and for the love of benevolent, and charitable, and useful men, on the other. Instead of dreading unsanctified talent, as the most adverse unto God, and friendly unto satan, of all the possessions of man, and keeping by the good old maxim of our forefathers, that gifts are not graces, the men of these times set their affections, and pay their respects to men of great talents, of great eloquence in the senate, of great wealth, of great skill in affairs, of great weight and influence in the state. I myself have had opportunities of witnessing this, which made me weep. I have seen good men rush into the arms of open reprobates; nay, sue them and woo them unto the unnatural and hideous alliance; entreat them to become their patrons, and the patrons of their societies, and the patrons of their seats of learning; for all which they should have looked out for *good men*, and accepted of good men only. You know, my brethren, without my going about to enumerate the instances, to what an awful height this love, this endurance of unsanctified talent, hath arisen. For once I have been entreated to serve any society for the worth or integrity of my character, I have been a thousand times, without exaggeration, for the talents which they supposed me to possess, or for the popularity, the transient popularity, which I might chance to have at the time, &c.

In the sermon—lovers of pleasure—where he glances at the literature of the day, there are some admirable morsels.

The poetical justice, the moral of the tale, the purity of the sentiment, and, in one word, the moral and spiritual of the composition, are all lost sight of, in the entertainment, the power, the fertility, or in one word, the pleasure which is set before us. They call it an intellectual age; but they should call the age of the love of pleasure, in which the intellect is constrained to contribute its share to the great banquet of pleasure that is served up. It is not for the discovery of the truth, it is for the admiration of moral worth, not for the discernment and taste of what is beautiful, but for the gratifications of our likings and dislikings, that we write and read in these times.—I think it is not many years since we first had a book entitled the Pleasures of the Imagination; and now, I may say, that we have Pleasures of Hope, of Memory, and even of Religion—every thing brought to contribute its portion to the love of pleasure, rather than to the love of God.—If, again, we look to the lust of the eye—we find that men seem no longer to dread any evil in this quarter, nor to guard against it; but rather to think that the elegance and beauty of the object seen, is a complete justification of the time, the expense, and the honour bestowed upon it. For example, of beautiful pictures and precious statues, of ornamental objects in our apartments, of outward decorations in our habitations, and of every other thing pleasant to the eye, the increase which hath taken place within these thirty years, abstracting the minds of our nobility and gentry, and well conditioned people, from the study of homely household economy, from family cares,

from noble and charitable pursuits, which hath increased the vanity and the expense of living, and propagated so much the more toil and speculation of every kind—this increase, I say, of the lust of the eye, within my own remembrance, is not to be reckoned up.—Take up a book of travels into foreign parts, of older date than fifty parts—for example, Burnett, or even Moore, or Coxé—and you find the religious, and moral, and social aspect of men and things to have been what they chiefly reported; but now what have ye but the description of lakes and waterfalls, of mountains, and avalanches of snow, of pictures and statues, interlarded with a gazing admiration of the abomination of the papacy, &c.—If I direct my attention to public entertainments, I can hardly keep my indignation within bounds. A rout, a ball, a conversazione for the exhibition of rarities and shows—to what do they amount but foolish spectacle? To speak, is out of the question—to discourse, madness—to breathe, oft difficult enough.—And, again, if I turn to look at the character of our theatrical exhibitions, the same love of show—the same gratification of the sight—splendid scenery, wonderful machinery, which now will open to you the mouth of hell, now present you with airy congregations of the gods, and now with the mockery of a battle; and, in short, with every thing which addresseth the eye, which sparkles and flames, and flares, and thunders—an endless round of sights, signifying nothing—or if any thing, something very evil, &c.

Sometimes the reader will find something approaching to humour:—

Men speak of a sermon (says he) in the same language, and perhaps with the same gesture of the hand, smiting the body in the same place, with which they speak of a dinner—it did me good, Sir, I felt the better for it.

Again:—

Between the oppression of business and the oppression of fashion, the tender, and delicate, and blessed abode of our natural affections, which our fathers called *Home*, hath been almost crushed to pieces, and the very word hath changed its meaning; so that *at home* now signifies being surrounded with a multitude; and *not at home*, almost signifies being alone with your children.

Of the common intercourse of man and wife, this is a very happy morsel, and the volume has many such:—

To speak of one another with good-natured gaiety—to neglect one another with easy good breeding—to let one another go their several ways unchecked—to make sprightly allusions and sparkling witticisms on the relation of husband and wife—this, even this, is the present state of that everlasting covenant, &c.

To do any thing like justice is, with our limits, quite impracticable—we have thought of Mr. Irving with contempt—he has won our respect.

*Biographical Magazine, No. II. 1828.*  
—The first number of this publication escaped us. We have glanced over the second, and venture to pronounce it a valuable addition to our periodical literature. Something of the kind was evidently re-

quisite to keep up with the current of mortality. Every body feels the defects of biographical dictionaries—their value is perpetually oozing away, and in a few years they become comparatively and painfully useless. Every year numbers pass off the stage, of whom it is desirable to know something more, and more authoritatively than can generally be learnt from the ordinary *on dits* that float in common conversation, of distinguished individuals. Their origin and connexions—the steps of their progress—the development of their abilities—the growth of their reputation—the aids and friends they have made, and met with—the order and succession of their publications—all these matters are subjects of interest, and the earlier they can be obtained the more welcome they are. A man's death is the time when his merits are most minutely scanned—for his memory soon gets washed away by succeeding waves. Few things will be more acceptable than a register of this continuous and cotemporaneous kind—well done or ill done.

The specimens before us, however, are, some of them, very well done; while others are conspicuously meagre—too much so to be of any use—Lemot, for instance, or Mark Noble. The personages are Mitford, the historian—Thiebault de Leveaux—Madame Guizot—Beethoven—Professor Jardine—Holloway, Rafaellé's engraver—Lemot—Mark Noble—Dawbeny—Clive—Laplace—Clapperton, and Canning. All cannot, of course, be of equal interest—the editor must trust to the chapter of accidents; but it is of no use to give obviously inadequate accounts—he should wait for further information. The most agreeable article is *Madame Guizot*. By the way, it is surprising how little is known in this country of this indefatigable and intelligent lady's exertions—the Miss Edgeworth of France. Too much is made of Archdeacon Dawbeny, who was merely a polemic, and not a very successful one. Too much, also, we venture to add, is made of Mr. Canning, of whose *classical* attainments it is quite sickening to hear, for obviously they amounted to nothing beyond an Eton school-boy's flippancies; and as to his claims as a statesman—as to any measures which may be regarded as personally *his*—as to any disposition he ever shewed to check corruption—as to any actual benefit conferred upon the country—as to any assistance contributed to useful reforms—the less his friends, old or new, say about him the better. He was a man of words—words! When shall we have done with babbling?

*A Pronouncing Dictionary; Whittaker, 1829.*—This, we confess, is entirely out of our beat. When we venture a dictum, we like to place it upon some acknowledged basis. The matter of pronunciation has none. In the little work before us, which is evidently very respectable, words are to



be pronounced so and so, because it is correct—and correct, because it is fashionable, or polite, or learned, or according to analogy and usage, or sanctioned by the stage; or, again, such and such pronunciations are to be shunned, because they are too learned, or vulgar, &c. The compiler has manifestly taken great pains, and consulted carefully and critically all the established—orthoepists we find they are called—and we have no doubt is as well deserving of confidence—to all who place confidence in such things—as any of them—with these special advantages, that the book is a small one, embracing *only*, which is surely all that is demanded, the doubtful words, and that the price cannot be considerable.

If we were to give our opinion on certain pronunciations here recommended, we might object—but then our objections are mere matter of taste, and depend more on habit than inquiry—to the substitution of e for i in ad'-me-ra-bl, ep-e-cu-re'-an, be-tu'-men, &c.—to pre-zhum'-tshu-us, rit'-tshu-al, sat'-tshu-rate, &c.—to ad'-ju-la-tur'-re, ed'-ju-kate—to in-nish'-al, luk'-shu-re, naw'-she-ate. *Where* has the writer heard of pad'-jun-tre? Is not padg'-en-tre nearer the mark? Is not o-rawn'-zher-e (orangery) a queer-looking word, and would it not be a queer-sounding one? And is not spur'-it queerer still? To pronounce this latter word, as if written spe-rit, is declared, as we suppose it is, vulgar—but is not spur-it, if possible, more so—and is not spir-it both more according to analogy, literality, and even fashion? But enough of this.

*Conversations on Intellectual Philosophy*, 2 vols. 12mo.; 1829.—This is wholly Dr. Brown; and as every thing must get into the crucible of "Conversations," we are heartily glad the very able framer of these has chosen to melt *him* down rather than Dugald Stewart—not so much because we think ill of Stewart, and well of Brown, as, because, though Brown be not, perhaps, essentially better, he *is* so circumstantially. In all respects his equal—save only in the very equivocal advantage of knowing other people's opinions—in subtlety of intellect and flexibility of power—in easy and effective discrimination—in brilliant and vivifying development he is immensely his superior.

It is more difficult, we take it, in this country than in any part of the world when once a man is seated at the top of his profession, to dispossess him. It is the most prevailing conviction among us, shewn more by deeds, if possible, than by words, that the man who has by any means attained a sort of supremacy in *any* department, can have no equal—no other person's opinion in that line can be worth a rush; and hence it is, we see every body running after one doctor, one surgeon, one lawyer, one chemist, one astronomer, one mathematician, one artist, one *statesman*, even though they are scores of men of M.M. *New Series*.—VOL. VII. No. 39.

equal powers, and, in the case of professions, starving for want of employment—while the fashionable individual is overwhelmed, and compelled, be his honesty what it will, to sacrifice the interests of his employers to their caprices, and pocket the difference.

But the worst effect of this foolish and baby-like confidence is, that if a man find reason for contending with the principles or practice of the favourite, and venture to give expression to his conviction, he raises a nest of hornets about his ears—the friends of the idol unite to repel the invader, and as it is much easier to revile than refute, no scruples are spared to depreciate him, not merely as a mistaken man, but as a mischievous person, as one actuated by jealousy, or prompted by a restless spirit of opposition, and altogether unworthy of attention. Mr. D. Stewart, the acknowledged head of his branch of study, had prosecuted his class of researches, in which others had taken great liberties, with so much reticence and respect for all existing institutions as to secure the suffrage of all, and more especially of those who knew nothing of the subject. Dr. Brown succeeded him in the philosophical chair, and from the first moment opposed his views with little or no consideration for his *authority*—scarcely indeed noticing him—and ventured upon novel statements and bold expressions, which threw certain good people into a frenzy of alarm. He was young, ardent, something of a poet, adventurous, and with a little dash of the coxcomb in his composition; he manifestly took pains to make the differences of doctrine as glaring as possible, and certainly made no attempt to conciliate. At the bottom we do not believe the differences are at all essential—but consist almost wholly in form and language. *We* like Brown—both in form and language—because his statements, generally, are at least as satisfactory, and have much less of pedantry and assumption about them.

Dugald Stewart distinguishes a thought, from the act of thinking—memory, from the thing remembered—judgment, from the thing judged—consciousness and conscience, from the subject of consciousness, &c. Where is the harm of this? He called memory, judgment, conscience, &c., faculties; but then he did not suppose them a something *different* from the mind itself. They were not new, or separate entities—it was merely his mode of expressing the feeling and phenomena. They were not, even in his representation of them, *parts* of the mind; or, if they were, they were only metaphorically so. Dr. Brown will have no faculties at all—he extinguishes them all—the thing remembered is the memory, and nothing else—nothing of it exists, but what is present—no storehouses—no receptacles. Still the memory is *distinguishable*, at least from consciousness, for instance—and to mark this distinction in whatever it consists, was all that Stewart aimed at. These very distinc-

tions Brown acknowledges, by terming them states or affections of the mind; but if any body likes to speak of them as faculties, we do not immediately see the mischief that will result from it. While Stewart talks of faculties, he means nothing but mind; and while Brown admits of nothing but states and affections, he all the while means different things—distinguishable feelings.

Though admiring Brown's mode of exhibiting his sentiments, more than we can readily express, we still think he chose to fix upon Stewart, and men of his school, a meaning which they could not recognize; and that Stewart, in return, jealous, piqued, and sulky, affected a contempt which could not be sincere, and secretly felt his pupil had beaten him on his own ground. There was some littleness in Stewart with respect to Brown, but there was also some provocation.

Every thing with Brown rests upon experience—every thing is phenomena—we know nothing of the nature of the mind—we can only *observe* its operations; but how does all this differ from Stewart? Not a jot. The fault with Stewart, if fault there be, is, that with all his horror of materialism, he is perpetually running a parallel between the properties of matter and those of mind, which, of course, has a tendency to defeat his ultimate object, the distinguishing of one from the other—while he proves we can know nothing of the nature of either. What, again, know we of *power*—the relation of cause and effect? Nothing, but that one thing precedes another. But this was shewn distinctly long before, by Hume; and Stewart, though not using precisely the same language, is essentially of the same opinion. Brown will have nothing to do with associations, of which Stewart is eternally talking; but then his "suggestions" do not at all differ from them, as to their application to facts. Though specifying, in some measure, we wish to speak generally—for there are still many small points on which the parties really clash, and there we, for the most part, incline to Brown—the differences between these potent rivals, to our conception, are equally more in manner than matter.

But as to power of clear statement—of easy and flowing expression—as to simplicity, directness, and natural coupling of thought—as to the detection of misleading terms, and the selection of more appropriate ones—as to subtlety of discrimination—as to native force and penetration—as to real genius—as to generous and liberal sentiments—freedom from prejudice, and contempt of mere authority—Brown is immeasurably his master's superior.

We have not forgotten the "Conversations" all this while. We find them expressly representing Brown's sentiments, and adopting his language and arrangements; and they do so with great distinctness and ability. They will attract some,

where the name of Brown might deter. The writer carefully and even painfully guards against all deductions, conflicting apparently with morals and doctrines sanctioned by general and public adoption:

*Chemical Catechism, by Dr. Thomas John Graham; 1829.*—Is this intended to supersede Mr. Parkes' well-known book—and why? Yes; because, first, the science is every day enlarging its domains—its arrangements, by the accumulation of new facts, require frequent shifting, and Mr. Parkes is gone, where he can no longer for uswrite and correct; because, secondly, Mr. Parkes' book, independently of recent discoveries, which change the aspect, or at least exact a change in the nomenclature of many previous matters, contains numerous recognised errors; because, thirdly, Mr. Parkes' arrangement originally was radically bad, and the work itself not sufficiently elementary, for he treats of compound substances before he gives the details of the simple ones, and instead of laying down affinity, or attraction, as the foundation, which it truly is, of chemistry, and of course making it the first object of his consideration, happens to have made it the last, apparently from not thoroughly grasping its important and all-pervasive influence; because, fourthly, he has almost wholly overlooked two pre-eminently important matters, vegetable and animal chemistry; because, fifthly, in the same manner, he has barely alluded to the atomic theory, by which alone is an adequate explanation obtained relative to the uniformity of the proportions of chemical compounds, and the cause which renders combination, in other combinations, impossible; and finally, because Mr. Parkes' book has neither plates nor cuts.

These defects it is the object of the author to supply, and we believe he has accomplished that object very completely. The more important facts are exhibited in the text briefly, but with remarkable clearness, while the less important matter, together with all requisite details, are thrown into the form of notes at the foot of each page. Every thing is written up to the latest date, and the work cannot fail, we think, of being found eminently useful.

In turning over the pages, to ascertain how particular facts were stated, we dropped upon the article Sugar. This, every body knows, is extractable not merely from the cane, but in considerable quantities from maple, beet-root, skirret, parsnips, dried grapes, &c.; but it is not every body who knows that old rags are even *convertible*, every thread of them, into sugar. Yet this is represented as an indubitable matter:—

It is a remarkable fact (says Dr. Graham) that a pound of rags may be converted into more than a pound of sugar, merely by the action of sulphuric acid. When shreds of linen are triturated in a glass mortar, with sulphuric acid, they yield a gummy matter on evaporation, and if this mat-

ter be boiled for some time with dilute sulphuric acid, we obtain a crystallisable sugar.

Nitric acid, too, it appears, has the same power and privilege of converting rags into sugar. Even wood, for instance, well-dried elm-dust, may be converted into sugar by sulphuric acid. Truly this is a matter to be remembered against the seizure of the

West Indies by the Americans—the President has lately hinted very broadly that they already *geographically* belong to them. Our own rags and saw-pits must then supply sugar, and Cobbet has just made the timely discovery that the husks of his corn will furnish paper in abundance.

## VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

*Fall of a Hill in India.*—The following circumstance is communicated in the Asiatic Journal, in an extract of a letter dated Colabah, in the Southern Concan, August 21, 1828. The hamlet of Cathenera, consisting of twenty-one dwellings, situated at the foot of a hill about two miles south of Berrowavva, in the direction of Kongoory fort, had, on the evening of the 20th July, after the inmates had collected their cattle, been completely destroyed by what may be called an avalanche of earth from the adjoining hill. I found the place silent: an old man in a cow-hut was all I could see; the destruction had been complete, and left but this cowed and three other huts standing. The hill was neither very high nor remarkably steep. The heavy and incessant rain on the above day had penetrated the side of the hill and worked a passage to the rock under the earth, which, from appearance, lay from fifteen to sixteen feet in depth. The unfortunate beings could have had no warning, for at the same instant themselves, their cattle, and homes, were buried in the same graves: sixty-five human beings, eighty-six cows and buffaloes, twenty-three goats, and eighteen dwellings, are the numbers I collected as swept off by this catastrophe. This bank of earth broke from the hill in form of a cone, the apex having loosened perhaps about sixty feet up the hill, and the base about forty yards in breadth, no doubt rested almost against the houses: in the velocity of its progress part of it reached a rivulet eight hundred yards down the plain, and scattered fragments of rafters and posts over a considerable space of batty ground, which it completely destroyed for this season. At the village the avalanche lay deep. I attempted to go across the end of it, and got up to my knees the first step. I then was nearly overpowered by a smell, doubtless similar to such as may always be found at those places yeleft fields of glory, a few days after the carnage.

*Experiments on Friction.*—An account of a series of experiments on the friction and resistance of fluid and solid bodies retarded by the attrition of their surfaces when rubbing against each other, has been communicated by Mr. Rennie to the Royal Society. Nearly fifty years have elapsed since the labours of mechanicians were directed to this subject: the progress of knowledge consequently in this department of science has been slow and unsatisfactory,

and a wide field is still left open to experimental investigation. The following are the principal conclusions deduced by Mr. Rennie. The friction of ice rubbing upon ice diminishes with an increase of weight, but without observing any regular law of decrease. When dry leather is made to move along a plate of cast iron, the resistance is but little influenced by the extent of surface. With fibrous substances, such as cloth, the friction diminishes by an increase of pressure, but is greatly increased by the surfaces remaining for a certain time in contact; it is greater *cæteris paribus* with fine than with coarse cloths: the resistance is also much increased by an increase of surface. With regard to the friction of different woods against each other, great diversity and irregularity prevail in the results obtained in general, the soft woods give more resistance than the hard woods, thus yellow deal affords the greatest and red teake the least friction; the friction of different metals also varies principally according to their respective hardness, the soft metals producing greater friction, under similar circumstances, than those which are hard. Within the limits of abrasion, however, the amount of friction is nearly the same in all the metals, and may in general be estimated at one-sixth of the pressure. The power which unguents have in diminishing friction varies according to the kind, and the fluidity of the particular unguent employed, and to the pressure applied.

*Natural History.*—On the second of February, Dr. Ovid Lallemand presented to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, a monster, which, from particular circumstances, he was induced to regard as the issue of a dog and an ewe. Upon examination, however, it was rather considered as belonging to a genus already known, and which M. Geoffrey-Saint-Hilaire has pointed out under the name of *Polyotus*, a monstrosity observable among several animals and even among the human species.

*Experiments on Coal Gas.*—The Rev. W. Taylor, of York, in performing some experiments on the combustion of coal gas, has obtained results which promise to be of public importance. He has discovered very simple means by which the illuminating effect of a common argaud gas burner may be much increased, while its flame is proportionally enlarged. The following statement will show the nature of the experi-

ments. A piece of wire-gauze being laid upon the glass chimney of a common argand gas burner, the flame is immediately enlarged to twice its former dimensions, and its light fully doubled. (A similar experiment being tried with a common argand oil lamp or reading lamp with a flat wick, the flame is often enlarged, but so discoloured as to yield less light). Place the finger or a bit of cork, so as to close the lower opening of the interior air passage of a common argand gas burner: the flame experiences a sudden enlargement with an increase of light nearly equal to that in Exp. 1. (the inner air passage of an argand oil lamp being closed, the flame is greatly deteriorated and darkened.) The air tube of an argand gas burner being stopped as in Ex. 2. and the flame consequently enlarged no further change happens when wire gauze is laid on the top of the glass chimney. Over the glass chimney of a single jet gas burner, wire gauze being laid, produced no enlargement of the flame and no increase of the light. In an experiment at the rooms of the Mechanics' Institute, York, it was found that one hundred feet of gas were consumed in three hours and twenty-five minutes by six argand gas burners in the ordinary state, while the same gas burners provided with wire gauze caps to their chimneys yielded an equal light for an equal time, but consumed only about fifty feet of gas.—*Phil. Mag.*

*The Apotheosis of Travellers.*—The beams of light seen at times to issue from the sun through the interstices of dense clouds when that luminary is near the horizon, appear by the laws of perspective, to diverge from the sun, but are, in fact parallel; and when seen of considerable length, they of course appear arcs of great circles. When the sun is in, or a little below the horizon, they are often seen to converge to a point diametrically opposite, and are seldom seen far from the vanishing point. These beams are produced in the same manner as those in a room where there is smoke or dust and the sun shining in through the window. The vanishing point of the solar beams is seen in the sea when transparent and smooth, and the sun shining at least 60° or 70° above the horizon. Then by looking over a vessel's side opposite to the sun, the spectator will see around the shadow of his own head only a kind of corona: the same phenomenon may likewise be observed in a stratum of fog, when the sun and observer are in certain positions. This has been called the apotheosis of travellers. The appearance is caused either by rain, fog, or spray, on the same principles as the common rainbow. A line drawn from the centre of the sun passing through the eye of the spectator, who has his back to the sun, passes through the centre of the bow; consequently if the spectator be elevated above the horizon, as when on a high mountain, he may see the entire

bow, encircling like a corona, the head of his shadow projected on the subjacent plain or upon the clouds.

*Crystal Bed.*—Immediately before the late war broke out between the Russians and the Persians, a bed of massive crystal was made in the imperial manufactory of Petersburg to be sent as a present to the Shah of Persia, by the Emperor of Russia. This magnificent bed, the only one of the kind perhaps in the world, is resplendent with silver, ornamented with columns of crystal, and ascended by steps of blue glass. It is constructed in such a manner that there can be made to issue from it on each side jets of odoriferous water, the murmuring sounds of which may excite an agreeable slumber. It reflects by the light of flambeaux a dazzling splendour, resembling myriads of diamonds. There is no doubt that this piece of furniture would have astonished even eastern luxury and magnificence.

*Steam Artillery.*—In a memoir on the comparison of the mechanical effects of gunpowder and steam, as applied to artillery, a German author, Herr Prechtel, concludes, from a series of analytical deductions from facts and experiments, that steam artillery will never offer practical advantages over powder ordnance, and that it is an invention to be ranked among the number of discoveries more curious than useful or applicable.

*Earthquake in India.*—A smart shock of an earthquake was felt at Bhooj, in Cutch, on Sunday, July 20, 1828, about 1 P. M., and although it does not appear that any accident has happened there or in the surrounding neighbourhood, the vibration was so great as nearly to spill water from a tumbler half full. The day was dull and somewhat close, and in the evening there was a heavy shower of rain. The shock, as far as could be judged, was from East to West.

*Natural History.*—An account has been communicated to the Lyceum of Natural History of New York, of a case of singular malformation observed in the teeth of the *Arctomys Monax*. In this individual there had been a cavity in the lower jaw, which had prevented the growth of the incisor on that side. Its antagonist in the upper jaw having nothing to oppose it, had continued to be developed until it had described more than one complete spiral revolution. There is in England, in the possession of an eminent scientific surgeon dentist, Mr. Snell, the head of a rabbit, in which the grinding surfaces of the inside teeth of the upper and lower jaw, not being in contact, the teeth had described more than half a spiral revolution.

*Drinking Ice Water.*—It has long been known that ice water debilitates the stomach much more than spring water of nearly the same temperature. On two very hot days in the month of June 1828, some experiments were made in America, with ice

water and cold spring water. As much difference in the effect, as has usually been represented, was experienced when the difference in temperature was scarcely perceptible by the hand or tongue. These trials led to the following inquiry by Professor Eaton. The experiments of Black and others have shown, that when water is brought to the freezing point, a quantity of caloric sufficient to carry the thermometer through many degrees, may be imbibed or given off without affecting the thermometer or the sense of feeling. May not the state of ice water be such, that though it seems to be but little colder than spring water, it will take much more caloric from the stomach? Would not this inquiry afford ample materials for a medical graduate's dissertation?

*New Salt Pans.*—A patent has been obtained for an admirable improvement in the construction of salt pans, which consists in raising what might be called the bottom of the boiler up to an angular form in the middle, like the two upper sides of a prism, in order that the crystals of salt as they become concentrated by the evaporation of the water, may descend down the inclined planes, thereby preventing an inconvenience called or known to salt makers by the name of pan scratch, and fall into boxes or troughs placed in recesses below the fire, and may thus allow the salt to become cool. Which boxes or troughs when they are full, may be drawn up by the cords or chains attached to them, and the salt discharged without drawing off the brine from the interior.

*New Constant of Aberration.*—From a mean of 4119 observations made at the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, during the years 1825-6-7-8, with the two mural circles of Troughton and Jones, on the stars most affected by aberration and the least affected by refraction, whereby the errors of observation have the least possible influence on the result, Mr. Richardson has determined 20.5035 as the most probable value of the constant of the aberration of light.

A medical fellow of the Royal Society, much distinguished by his ingenious researches regarding mummies, was detailing at one of the meetings of that society, the celebrated characters who had attended to witness his labours. Among others Dr. Wollaston was mentioned; the latter although in a different group, was within hearing, and briefly inquired "What is it you say, Sir?" "Only that you were present at my last examination of the mummy." "Sir, I was not present." "Yes you were, Dr. Wollaston, and made such and such remarks." "Sir, I never was in your house in my life—Sir, I do not even know where your house is situated," said Dr. W., turning his back with indignant astonishment at the other's singular misconception or unparalleled effrontery.

*Intense Light.*—The intense light produced by igniting lime in the oxy-alcohol

flame is well known, and has been beautifully applied in the construction of geodesical signals, by Lieut. Drummond. It is said that an easy mode of exhibiting it on a small scale, is to place a small piece of lime on charcoal, lighted at the spot by a little piece of tinder, and throw a jet of oxygen from an ordinary blow-pipe aperture upon it.

*Antiquities.*—The report just published by the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, at Copenhagen, giving an account of its labours for the years 1825-6-7, makes mention of a discovery of some interest for the history of northern navigation. A stone, engraved with Runic characters, was found in 1824 in the island of Kingilktorsoak, on the western coasts of Greenland, bearing an inscription, of which the following is a translation by Dr. Ragn, secretary to the society. "Erling Sigvatson, Bjarne Thor-darson, and Enride Oddson, erected these heaps of stones, the Saturday before the day called Gagndag (April 25) and they cleaned the place in 1135." M. Kragh, a Greenland missionary, saw three heaps of stones on the spot where this inscription was found, each of these three individuals having apparently erected his own. This stone, according to Dr. Ragn, is of great historical importance, as it proves that so early as the twelfth century our ancestors had pushed their navigation on the western coast of Greenland up to so high a latitude.

*Meteoric Phenomenon.*—An uncommon phenomenon appeared at Malacca, on the evening of May 14, 1826, between seven and eight o'clock, which produced a curious sensation among the inhabitants. A meteoric globe of fire, of about the size of the full moon when seen in the horizon, approached from the south-east and passed over the town in a north-west direction, at a height apparently not much above the tallest trees. It was followed by a rattling, rumbling noise, somewhat resembling that of thunder, produced, we suppose by the bursting of the ball, which took place at some distance from the town. The oldest people in Malacca say they never witnessed such a thing before, and many, not knowing its real nature, consider it a portentous omen for evil.

*Fossil Osteology.*—Among the fossil bones discovered by Mr. Mantell, of Lewes, during the present year in the Hastings strata of Sussex, are two specimens, which M. Cuvier has determined to be the unguis of the Iguanodon. The largest is four inches in length; while the corresponding part in a recent Iguana three feet long, is but two fifths of an inch.

*Antiquities.*—At a recent sitting of the Société de Géographie at Paris, M. Warden communicated an extract from a letter, addressed to the Marquis de Fortia, by M. le Comte Saqui, from which it appeared, that in digging a well in Cuba, about twelve leagues from the Havannah, at the depth of about one hundred French feet, a vase was

found in perfect preservation covered with hieroglyphics, and bearing several figures, one of which resembles the Sagittarius of our Zodiac, and is represented drawing his bow at two individuals, who appear chained together or holding each other by the hand. These figures resemble those found in Egypt. The vase has been presented to the city of Orleans.

*The Italian Language.*—Prizes are continually offered in Italy for discoveries regarding the formation of the Italian tongue; hitherto but imperfect success has attended the inquiry; but one point appears to be unquestionably settled, namely, that the Sicilians were the first who wrote Italian, and no compositions remain of a date anterior to Frederic II. who was Emperor in 1230.

*Russian Trophies.*—Among the trophies brought by the Russians from Persia, is the library of Ardebihl, which fell into the hands of General Count Suchteleu. This library was founded in the year 1013 of the hegira, 1635 of our own. Shah Abbas I. who reigned at that time, deposited the manuscripts which he had collected in the mosque erected in memory of his ancestor Sheikh Sofi, on the very spot where that founder of the dynasty was buried.

*New Carronade.*—A deputation from the navy board, with several officers of the royal artillery, lately inspected a sixty-eight pounder carronade, fitted on a new principle, on board the *Blenheim*, at Woolwich. It is placed on the poop, and the carriage is so constructed as to allow the gun to traverse

both sides, and to fire down upon any object along side the ship.

*Oriental Antiquities.*—An eminent Orientalist, Mr. Wilson, of Calcutta, speaking of the carved temples of the Indian peninsula, considers the fact as nearly established, that these excavations, which are in general Saiva and Buddha are comparatively recent, or that none of them bear a high antiquity. There is nothing in their construction which Hindu architects of the present day would not be as well qualified as ever to accomplish. The sculptured works are equally destitute of pretensions to antiquity as well as many of the great temples of Southern India, which, though genuine Hindoo monuments, and probably of the same style of architecture as when first erected, are modern constructions, in spite of the testimony of the local Purānas, which are impudent fabrications.

*Schools in the State of New York.*—There are in the State of New York, 50 incorporated academies, numerous private schools, and between 8 and 9,000 school districts, in which, last year, instruction was given regularly to 441,850 children, besides 9 or 10,000 more in the higher seminaries, without including the colleges; so that the whole number of young persons at this moment under instruction in that State probably falls little short of half a million, which is between a fourth and a third of the whole population of the State.—*Public Report, Dec. 1823.*

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## FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

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*British Institution.*—OUR limits caution us to avoid all introductory matter under the above head, and proceed at once to the immediate subject of our notice—the Exhibition of the Works of Living Artists, at the rooms of the British Institution. The collection of this year is, generally speaking, a good one; but in the highest department of the art—that which takes a poetical character, by blending the ideal with the historical—we find a marked deficiency. In fact, we do not observe in this department a single work calling for high or unqualified commendation; and only two or three that merit a detailed notice at all. These latter are all on scriptural subjects; and the best is the veteran Northcote's *Adoration of the Shepherds*, (No. 1 in the North Room). The subject is treated with that simplicity, both in the composition and the expressions, which is the best characteristic of this painter; and which, while it is the source of much merit in his works, is also not free from the charge of originating some of their faults. In the present picture, for example, the desire to be natural and simple, has led to what we cannot but look upon as the error of being common-place, and conse-

quently unimpressive. Surely, if we have a right to demand an *ideal* character any where, it is in the virgin mother of the Saviour of the world; and yet in this picture she is a mother merely—a sweet and touching one, but no more so than may be seen every day among ourselves. It is the same with all the other persons in the picture. Moreover, they are all *English*, which we cannot but look upon as another fault, in a work of this class. Nevertheless, the picture is a pure, and, upon the whole, a very meritorious one. The colouring of it, in particular, is more to our taste than this artist's usually is. The two other historical attempts are, *The Deluge*, by W. BRACKEDON, (251); and *Satan*, by S. PARTTRIDGE, (474). The first of these is dark, dreary, and desolate, without being either mysterious, fearful, or impressive; and the second is ambitious and conspicuous, without being either grand, striking, or original. Among what may perhaps be called the second class of historical composition—that which has for its object simply to illustrate or commemorate known events, in connection with which (on account of their proximity to our own times, and the exact know-

ledge we possess relative to them) the *ideal* cannot with safety or propriety be introduced—we have two excellent productions, one of them by *J. Jones, R. A.*, and the other by *H. P. Briggs, A. R. A.* These works are the joint result of an order given to the artists respectively, by the British Institution, and are intended as presents to Greenwich Hospital; and the subjects chosen are of course commemorative of events in our naval history. Mr. Jones's work represents a particular moment in the battle of Saint Vincent,—when Nelson (the commodore) and Captain Berry, are leading a party of boarders over the deck of one of the Spanish vessels. We have never seen Nelson so well represented, with a view to pictorial effect—his historical character (if we may so speak) never so skilfully and impressively blended with the actual traits of his countenance—as in this work. There is also great spirit and effect given to the whole scene,—which is one of the best we could any where point to on so extremely intractable a subject. Mr. Brigg's picture, which is a sort of companion to the above, and of the same size, represents the late king presenting a sword to Lord Howe, on the 1st of June, 1794, on board the *Queen Charlotte*; her Majesty and some of the Court being present. This is a still more intractable subject than the last, with a view to any thing like dignity or grandeur of historic effect. The odious costumes, and “not to speak it profanely,” the no less odious physiognomies of our gold-loving (the antithesis of “golden”) age, defy the pencil in this respect. All we can say, therefore, is, that Mr. Briggs has not only escaped unhurt from his task, but has produced a work highly creditable to his taste and execution. Descending (if it must be looked upon as a descent) one step lower in the scale of composition, we meet with some exquisite works—works on which the value and beauty of this exhibition may be said almost entirely to depend. We allude to those having for their object at once to move, to elevate, and to gratify the intellectual faculties and affections of the spectator, by illustrating matters connected with, or growing out of, the events of actual life and manners, or depicting actual scenery as modified and coloured by that life and manners. At the head of this class of works we must place two little cabinet gems, by Newton.—*The Letter*, (166) and *a Dutch Girl* (255). As a piece of execution,—resulting jointly from skill of hand, force of imagination, and delicacy of taste and feeling,—we know of very few things indeed, that are superior to the first named of these works. Yet the whole picture is simplicity itself. A single female, not a vestige of whose face you are permitted to see, has just opened and read a letter, which evidently contains some fatal news, for she has dropped it on the floor—buried her face in her hands—bent her frail form half way to the earth—and, in brief,

seems stricken into a new Niobe, for she is “all tears.” We look upon this picture as, without exception, the best repetition we have ever seen of the antique painter's idea, of hiding the face of an afflicted person, in despair of duly expressing the depth of human sorrow. Here, however, the attempt has evidently been made with the view, not of escaping from the artist's admitted want of power, but of proving his possession of it—of shewing the possibility not merely of making inanimate things conform to and assist in the production of an expression that we look for from the human face alone, but of actually drawing the whole effect from these inanimate accessories. And the attempt has been singularly successful: so much so, that we scarcely think any expression of face could have added to the pathetic effect of the picture. The other work exhibited by Mr. Newton, is, we imagine, a portrait; and it is, in point of style and execution, not inferior to the foregoing. It represents a Dutch Girl, dressed in the national costume, and standing at an open window, the curtain of which she has just withdrawn with one hand, while she leans on the ledge of the window with the other. This work small as it is, (scarcely bigger than the page the reader is perusing) may be pronounced a capital production, no less for the force and spirit of its execution, than for the delicacy of taste displayed in the air and attitude, and the refinement of tact in the intellectual expression.—But we must stop here, we shall, however, return to the subject next month.

*Portrait of the Honourable Mrs. Charles Lindsay.*—We verily believe there is no end to the progress of improvement, in the department of Art to which this charming little portrait belongs. It forms the new number of the series of “Portraits of the English Female Nobility,” which grace the opening page of *La Belle Assemblée*; and though we lately pronounced an opinion that the portrait of the Marchioness Wellesley, which formed the last number of that series, had reached the acme of the art in such matters, yet we cannot but think that the present portrait surpasses it in some particulars at least. This praise, however, is intended to apply entirely to the accessories of the picture—the dress, furniture, &c.; for we must still consider the face of the former portrait as maintaining the supremacy over any of the series that we have seen. In the white satin dress of the present picture, we have an effect produced not greatly inferior to that of an oil painting by Netscher, Terbourg, or F. Meires: yet with not half the “appliances and means,” employed by those artists; and the rich curtain which forms the back ground, the ornamented antique chair in front, the hair, &c. are of corresponding merit; and the whole forms a most agreeable and tasty production. The painter is Mrs. James Robertson, and Mr. Wright the engraver.

*Interior of York Minster.*—This large engraving of the interior of York Minster (just published by Messrs. Colnaghi) is one to which late circumstances have given an unexpected and permanent interest. It is slightly executed, but with sufficient skill and effect, especially in the perspective—

which is well preserved, and conveys a fine and imposing idea of this magnificent edifice. The engraving is executed by Mr. W. Woolnoth, from a painting by Mr. Harwood, and it forms a pendant to one lately produced by the same artists, representing the interior of St. Paul's Cathedral.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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## PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

*New Patents Sealed in February, 1829.*

To James Fraser, Limehouse, Middlesex, engineer, for having invented a new and improved arrangement of a flue, or flues, to communicate with the various parts of culinary apparatus; such as steam, soup, or water-boilers, ovens, hot plates, hot closets, and stewing stoves, to render them more compact, and to appropriate part of the said apparatus to effect other useful purposes—Sealed, 27th January; 2 months.

To John Braithwaite, and John Ericsson, New-road, Fitzroy-square, Middlesex, engineers, for a new-invented method of converting liquids into vapour or steam—31st January; 6 months.

To Lieutenant Robert Parker, R. N. Hackney, Middlesex, for an improved drag or apparatus applicable to stage coaches and other wheel carriages, whereby the motion may be retarded and stopped when required—31st January; 2 months.

To Joseph Rayner, King's-square, St. Luke, Old-street, Middlesex, civil engineer, for his improvements in machinery for conducting heat, and applying the same in the operations of washing, scouring, cleansing, fulling, dressing, dyeing, and finishing woollen cloths, and in callendering, straining, glossing, polishing, and finishing silks, cottons, linens, &c.—5th February; 6 months.

To Julius Pumphrey, Jally Hill, Worcester, glover, for his improvements in steam engines and machinery to propel steam boats and vessels, some of which improvements are applicable to other purposes—3d February; 2 months.

To Alexander Daninos, Leman-street, Goodman's-fields, Middlesex, for an invention for the manufacture of improved hats and bonnets, in imitation of Leghorn straw hats and bonnets—5th February; 6 months.

To John Burgis, Maiden-lane, St. Paul's, Covent-garden, Middlesex, ornamental paper manufacturer, for a new method of gilding or silvering woven fabrics in burnished and dead or matted gold or silver, and which fabric may be used as gold or silver and laced borderings, &c.—5th February; 2 months.

To Richard Green, Blackwall, Middlesex, ship-builder, for improvements in the construction of made masts—5th February; 4 months.

To William Henry Kitchen, High-street, St. Giles's, Bloomsbury, Middlesex, ironmonger; and Andrew Smith, York-terrace, St. Margaret's, Westminster, merchant, for improvements in the construction of window frames, sashes, or casements, shutters,

and doors, designed to afford security against burglars, as well as to exclude the weather—7th February; six months.

To Edward Heard, Devonshire-street, Vauxhall-road, Lambeth, Surrey, chemist, for an improvement in illumination or artificial light—12th February; 6 months.

To Samuel Walker, Beeston, Leeds, cloth manufacturer, for an improved apparatus, which he denominates "an Operameter, applicable to machinery for dressing woollen or other clothes—20th February; 6 months.

*List of Patents, which, having been granted in March 1815, expire in the present month of March 1829.*

7. Dudley Adams, London, for improvements in the construction of paper vellum tubes and other parts of telescopes.

— William Drakin, London, for his portable kitchen.

— William Mitchell, Glasgow, and John Lawton, London, for their improved lock and key.

9. William Wood, Shadwell, for a method and material, called adhesive felt, for rendering ships water-tight and seaworthy.

14. Elizabeth Breveridge, London, for an improved bedstead.

— John Mills, London, for improved elastic stays for women, pregnant ones in particular, and children.

— Robert Dickinson, London, for improved tools, implements, and other articles.

— William Bell, Edinburgh, for improvements in the apparatus for copying MSS. and other writings.

— Jonathan Ridgeway, Manchester, for metallic types, and a mode of fixing them on cylinders for printing cotton or linen cloth.

— Thomas Potts, Rickmansworth, for a mode of applying principles already known for producing pure fresh warm air.

18. Henry Houldsworth, Glasgow, for a mode of discharging air or condensed steam, or both, from pipes used for the conveyance of steam for the purposes of heating blindings or other places.

21. Charles Gent, and Square Clarke, Congleton, for a swift, and other apparatus belonging to it, for winding silk.

29. Richard Smith, Stafford, for an improved method of smelting and refining all metallic substances.

## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

## THE EMPRESS DOWAGER OF RUSSIA.

Her Imperial Majesty, the Empress Maria Feodorowna, was a Princess of Wirtemberg, sister of Frederick, late King of Wirtemberg Stuttgart, who married the Princess Royal of England, and niece to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia. Her baptismal name was Sophia Dorothea; but on her marriage, at an early age, about the year 1766-7, to the Grand Duke Paul, afterwards Emperor of Russia, she assumed, in compliance with the custom of the court, that of Maria Feodorowna, as descriptive of her alliance with the Imperial family. On the death of the Empress Catherine II. Paul ascended the throne. The events of the short reign of that unhappy prince, and the tragical termination on the 11th of March, 1801, are still remembered. Whatsoever may have been the political faults of the Emperor, historians are unanimous in attesting his amiable qualities in domestic life. The virtues of his accomplished consort were fully estimated by him, and towards her he at all times evinced the greatest tenderness and affection. Kotzebue relates an affecting instance of his attachment, which occurred the night before his assassination, and describes the last and affectionate leave which he at the same time took of the Empress and of his youngest children.

In the various relations of life, as daughter, wife, and mother, the Empress shewed herself possessed of every virtue that can adorn the female character. She superintended the education of her children, with the most sedulous attention; and, to her instructions, and to the principles of morality and religion, which she from infancy instilled into his mind, may be attributed the numerous acts of goodness and philanthropy by which the reign of her eldest son, the late Emperor Alexander, was distinguished. Nor were her exertions less successful in forming the characters of her younger children. The present Emperor Nicholas appears to sympathize, as did his brother, with the noble feelings of his mother. Of the talents and graces of her daughters, a specimen was offered by the Duchess of Oldenburgh, during her visit to England; and a similar example presents itself in the character of the Grand Duchess Anne, who is married to the Prince of Orange.—Her exertions were not, however, confined to her own family, but were beneficially felt throughout the empire. She established schools for the education of the poor, and, in almost all the large provinces, female colleges, on the model of the celebrated St. Cyr. These institutions she repeatedly visited and inspected. She was also a munificent benefactress and patroness of every charitable foundation in the empire.

The Empress, on the marriage of the Princess Royal of England to her brother, the King of Wirtemberg, presented her with the Order of St. Catherine; and the Princess frequently displayed, on Windsor Terrace, the insignia of the order—a magnificent collar and star of jewels.

Her Imperial Majesty expired, after a short illness, at St. Petersburg, on the 5th of November. The terms in which this event is officially announced in the St. Petersburg Gazette, strongly indicate the warm and kind feelings with which she was regarded by all ranks.

## MR. BEWICK.

Mr. Thomas Bewick, the celebrated wood-engraver, was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, about the year 1754. He was a pupil of Mr. Beilby's, a gentleman who was employed by Dr. Hutton in engraving some plates for his Mensuration, his Theory of Bridges, and his Diarian Miscellany. Under Mr. Beilby's auspices, Mr. Bewick proved himself to be the best wood-cutter of his time. He is universally allowed to have carried the art to a greater height of excellence than it had ever before attained in this country. In partnership with Mr. Beilby, he, in 1793, published a General History of British Quadrupeds, the figures of which, on wood, were executed with unprecedented neatness, precision, and truth. In 1797, he published, in two volumes, a History of British Birds, similarly illustrated; and, just before his death, he was employed upon a work of the same character, relating to Fishes. Amongst many other valuable performances, Mr. Bewick prepared the wood-cuts for a system of economical and useful Botany, to include 450 plants, the text of which was furnished by Dr. Thornton.

Mr. Bewick was a man apparently of a strong and durable frame; but he had been many years subject to attacks of the gout, a spasm of which is thought to have caused his death on the 8th of November.

## PROFESSOR BONTERWEK.

Francis Bontewek, a distinguished Professor of the University of Gottingen, was born at Goslar, in Germany, in the year 1766. He was at once a poet, a philosopher, and a philologist. In the course of his life, he produced nearly thirty literary works, filled several public offices in his native country, and was indefatigable in promulgating and commenting upon, the doctrines of Kant. He acquired, by his General History of Poetry and Eloquence, since the End of the Thirteenth Century—a stupendous work relating to French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, English, and German literature—the reputation of one of the most eminent writers on the Continent.

Amongst his other works are—*Mennæus*, or *Thebes saved*; a *Tragedy*;—*Count Donamar*, a *Metaphysical Romance*;—*Poems*, &c.

Professor *Bonterwek* died, greatly lamented, about the month of September or October last.

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JAMES WEBSTER, ESQ.

James Webster, of the Inner Temple, fifth son of the late Rev. John Webster, of Inverary, in the county of Forfar, and brother of George Webster, Esq., of the firm of Moncrieff and Webster, of Palace Yard, Westminster, was born in the year 1802. His education was completed at the University of St. Andrews, where his merits and acquirements obtained for him distinguished notice. His imagination was vivid, his reason strong, and his devotion to study indefatigable. He laboured with equal success in the respective departments of literature, as in those of the exact sciences. His amiable manners, his unimpeachable moral character, the chivalrous warmth of his heart, had, even in early youth, secured for him a place in the affection of all his friends.

Intended for the English bar, Mr. Webster entered himself of the Inner Temple; but, previously to his commencing the arduous duties of his profession, he resolved to devote a few years to the improvement of his mind, and the acquisition of a knowledge of the world, by visiting the principal countries of Europe. For that purpose he left England more than three years since. Subsequently, his views and objects were enlarged; he traversed the Crimea, and, after visiting Constantinople, he proceeded to Egypt—ascended the Nile to the confines of Nubia—examined the ruins of Thebes, &c.—returned to Grand Cairo—and, intending afterwards to visit Jerusalem, made an excursion, in company with his friend and fellow-traveller, Mr. F. Newnham, to Mount Sinai. From that excursion, his friend endeavoured to dissuade him, as he had for some time been subject to feverish attacks, and a determination of blood to the head. To Mr. Newnham's remonstrances, he answered:—"To you, perhaps, it may not be so interesting as to me; but if I could stand on the top of Sinai—on the spot where the Commandments were given, which are, as it were, the fountain of all law—it would be a day which I should remember with satisfaction all my life. Will you wait for me here? I am almost inclined to go alone." Mr. Newnham, however, accompanied him. Mr. Webster accomplished his object, but experienced much indisposition in the course of his journey; and, after his return to Cairo, his debilitated frame sinking beneath a renewal of fever, he died on the 1st of August. He was interred at Old Cairo, in the Greek burial ground. An acacia tree overshadows his grave, over which is to be erected a plain

monument, with a marble tablet, recording his name, age, and death. The funeral service was performed by the Rev. William Crusser, a clergyman stationed at Cairo, by the Missionary Society.

—

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL DENHAM.

Our information respecting this lamented individual, the late—and we hope it may prove the last—Governor of Sierra Leone, is very scanty. Lieutenant Colonel Dixon Denham, the associate of Captain Clapperton (whose melancholy fate it was lately our duty to record\*) in his memorable expedition for penetrating the interior of Africa, was a native of London, where he was born in 1785; consequently, he was only in his 43d year. After much and varied military service, he was appointed to the office of Commissioner of Inquiry into the state of the settlement of Sierra Leone; and, upon the death of Sir Niel Campbell, a short time since, he succeeded that officer in the government. This appointment gave great satisfaction to all ranks of persons; and the most sanguine hopes were entertained, that a new era was about to commence in the colony. Amongst other sound and judicious regulations, he took measures for inviting the native chiefs to come down to the seat of government to trade—to promote the interchange of good offices between them and the people—and for the establishment of savings' banks amongst the poorer classes of the inhabitants. The excellence of Colonel Denham's constitution had enabled him to encounter, and to triumph over, all the rigours of a life in Africa; even the pestilential climate of Sierra Leone—that insatiable grave of Europeans, the very existence of which, as a settlement, is a disgrace to the British government—did not seem to affect him; and, down to the 29th of May, his letters to his friends in England show him to have been in high health and excellent spirits: they were full of sanguine promise respecting his plans for the prosperity of the colony, and the advancement of the salutary and benevolent objects that he had in view. Alas, how sudden was the reverse! a very short illness terminated his valuable existence at the government house, early in June. His death is thus affectingly recorded in a letter from Sierra Leone of the 10th of month:—"Exactly four weeks ago, this day, I had the honour of being presented to him on his assuming the command of Sierra Leone. His levee was most numerously attended by all the military and civil officers of this station—by its magistrates and merchants. This gallant officer and celebrated traveller was surrounded by his staff and friends—all eyes were turned upon him with looks of admiration and regard; he had escaped the dangers of battle and travel—the field of Waterloo and the

\* *Video* page 324.

deserts of Africa. He returned here to rest after his many perils and enterprizes—he now rests in his silent grave. This day the same hands bore the pall of his coffin which a little month ago grasped his in congratulation and joy. In the freshness of his fame, and in the vigour of his manhood, even he succumbs to the destiny which awaits all who have the temerity to intrude upon this awful spot, where death sits high enthroned. He was interred with all the military honours of a soldier, and with the still more precious honours of tears and of sorrow poured over his grave.”

#### DR. O'CONNOR.

The Rev. Charles O'Connor, D.D., was a Roman Catholic clergyman, librarian at his Grace the Duke of Buckingham, at Stow, and confessor to the late Marchioness. He had acquired considerable eminence in the literary world. By the violent members of the Romish faith, he had the misfortune to be reproached as an apostate; but, in truth, he appears to have been a moderate and sensible man. He declared against papal influence, and the lofty pretensions of the Irish prelates; and he contended that a veto ought to be allowed to the government, in return for any concessions which it might make.

Dr. O'Connor was the author of *Columbanus's Letters*, with an Historical Address on the Calamities occasioned by Foreign Influence in the Nomination of Bishops to Irish Sees, in two volumes 8vo., published in the years 1810–13; and, in 1812, of a *Narrative of the most Interesting Events in Modern Irish History*, in one volume. Some years since, he announced for publication a work to be entitled *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptorum Veteres*, which was to comprise, in four 4to volumes, the Irish annals, and a variety of documents connected with them; but the volumes have never appeared, though they are understood to be in the library of the Duke of Buckingham.

Dr. O'Connor died on the 29th of July, at Belinagar, the seat of his brother, Mr. O'Connor Don.

#### GENERAL MACK.

General Mack, the scion of a poor family, was born in Franconia, in the year 1752. Having received an excellent education, he entered the army as a soldier. During the war with the Turks, he was placed upon the staff, and obtained a captaincy from Marshal Lascy. Laudohn, the successor of Lascy, disliked, and grossly insulted Captain Mack, as a creature of Lascy's. Mack replied, "Sir, I have the honour to tell you, that here I serve neither M. de Lascy, nor you, but the emperor, to whom my life is devoted." Two days after this unpleasant rencontre, Laudohn having hesitated to attack Lissa, under the idea that it was defended by a garrison of 30,000 Turks, Mack swam across the Danube, in the night, accompanied by a single hulan, pene-

trated into the suburb of Lissa, between twenty and thirty miles from his own camp, seized, and carried off a Turkish officer, and, early on the ensuing morning, informed his general, that the town was garrisoned by only six thousand, instead of thirty thousand men. This bold action won the esteem of Laudohn, who made him his aid-de-camp, and on his death-bed recommended him to the emperor.

In 1793, Mack, as quarter-master-general in the army of the Prince of Saxe Cobourg, directed the operations of the campaign. Early in 1794, he was sent to England to confer with ministers; and on his return to the Netherlands, he drew up a plan for a general attack on the republican forces, which, however, proved unsuccessful. Not being upon good terms with the Prince of Saxe Cobourg, he obtained his recall. In 1797, he was employed in the army of the Rhine; and, on the renewal of the war between France and Naples, in 1798, he was appointed to the command of the Neapolitan army. Having sustained a succession of defeats, he was suspected of treachery, and, to avoid the fury of the Neapolitans, compelled to throw himself upon the mercy of the French. Treated as a prisoner of war, he remained in captivity till 1800, when he effected his escape. In 1804, he was appointed to the command of the Austrian forces in the Tyrol, Dalmatia, and Italy. He then drew up a scheme, executed by the Arch-Duke Charles, for organizing the troops. In 1805, he commanded the Austrian army in Bavaria. Whether he were bribed, or out-manœuvred by Bonaparte, was a point much contested at the time. Certain it is, that he was shut up in the fortress of Ulm, upon the Danube, where, though forty-thousand men were under his orders, he surrendered his troops as prisoners of war without an effort for their relief.

On his return to Austria, General Mack was arrested, and sent to the citadel of Brunn, in Moravia, whence he was transferred to the fortress of Josephstadt, in Bohemia. He was tried by a military commission, and condemned to death; but the emperor was pleased to mitigate the sentence, and his actual punishment was the loss of rank, and two years' imprisonment. Candour and probability now favour the idea, that his judgment, rather than his loyalty and honour, had failed him. It by no means followed that, because he had been an able tactician, and had distinguished himself in various minor commands, that his talents—his mind—should be such as to qualify him for a first-rate station. However, he published a memoir in justification of his conduct.

Subsequently to his release, General Mack lived in retirement, on a small estate in Bohemia, and, we believe, with a pension from the Austrian court. More recently, his residence was at Vienna, where he died, on the twenty-second of October last.

## MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

REPORTING since the commencement of last autumn, on the weather, the condition of the lands, the forwardness of every agricultural process, the prosperous state of the crops, and the well-doing of every kind of live stock, has proved to us a very satisfactory and pleasing task. It would be even difficult to conceive a state of greater prosperity and of promise. We cannot, however, say so much in favour of the accounts that we are constantly receiving from our farming friends, which are of the most gloomy, desponding, and even reproachful nature; nor are we well able to reconcile or digest the discrepancies; for how would it be possible for a tenantry *in re*, and actually ruined, beggared, and pauperized, as so many of them declare themselves to be, to find the ability to cultivate their farms in the superior state wherein they are found, sow such vast breadths of corn and agricultural productions of all kinds, and feed such immense numbers of live stock, in the depressed circumstances under which they are said to groan?

The late frost atoned for the shortness of its duration, by its remarkably intense severity; and the lands, on its commencement, being generally in a dry and favourable state, it had a very speedy and salubrious effect; and although its dissolution was succeeded by a renewal of hard weather, an alternation generally dangerous to the crops on the ground, yet the second frost lasting but a short time, no visible ill effects, to any extent, have ensued. The wheats were checked in their ultra-exuberance, as also was the foliage and stem of the turnips; and the former at present, having taken a fresh start since the frost, wear perhaps as promising an appearance as any man can recollect to have witnessed. In course, we speak of the aggregate, for upon poor, low, and wet lands, where the slug had been most active, the wheats appear thin, weak, and not, thus far, of a healthy complexion; but a warm and moderately dry spring may do much for such lands.

Never was there a more rapid and effective destruction of the slugs and vermin than appears in those parts of our country which we have lately gone over, and a similar good report seems universal. This speedy destruction, it may be apprehended, was the result of the suddenness and intensity of the frost, and the want of a deep cover of snow. An infinity, too, of the mischief workers of the feathered race, are said to have perished from the same cause. Few of the common turnips escaped some damage, and most of them upon improper soils were completely rotted, and unfit for sheep; especially as so many flocks must yet be regarded as only in a state of convalescence. No season, however, can be better calculated to encounter a loss of this kind than the present. The Swedes have not been much, or at all affected; and the few Scotch (Aberdeen) turnips, some very excellent seed of which several of our friends purchased last year of Messrs. Gibbs, have stood the frost nearly or equally well as the Rutabaga. A friend of ours, against sound advice, left two acres of mangel abroad, when it was totally destroyed by the frost, for any other purpose than that of manure. The young clovers are in a flourishing state, and we may hope for a better crop than the late, both of clover and sanfoin seed, in the present year. The frost is said to have had the further happy effect of checking, and, we trust, in this fine season, of putting an end to an endemic febrile disease, which has prevailed in certain low and damp situations, since the incessant rains and floods of the last summer.

The clays have been in a most favourable degree freeable, and the lands in general have worked admirably well; a dry March will put a good spoke in the wheel of prosperity to the crops of the season. Farmers in forward districts have nearly got through with their bean and oat sowing; and under a continuance of the present favourable weather, the present will be an early seed season, always the harbinger of good expectation. On Wool there is nothing novel, far less favourable, to advance. Complaints still prevail against the excessive price of store stock, and asseverations are continued of the losses, or, in other words, the no profit of the graziers and feeders. Yet fat stock and meat certainly make high prices; at least, the consumers deem them such. Mutton must continue dear, from the late prevalence of rot in the low lands; but we have good hope of a repair for our losses, in the present successful lambing season; in which, perhaps, as few ewes have warped (slunk their lambs) as has been remembered. In Lincolnshire, and the fen districts, the Pigs have been almost as unhealthy as the Sheep; and from the same cause, superabundant moisture, numbers have died, and still greater numbers have been killed in a state of unsoundness. This disease, in swine, has not been hitherto generally understood; but we have long since known it, to our cost, having lost great numbers, even from damp lodging, the disease usually commencing from the symptom called the "heavings." The inflammation was so great in some of them, that their skins, after death, were red as morocco leather. Of Horses there is nothing new to report; the dearest season for them is immediately at hand.

A considerable decline in the price of Wheat has taken place at the Corn Exchange, though the home supply has been on a very narrow scale throughout, and the quantity of the last crop is now estimated lower than before. But the foreign supply has been much more plentiful than was expected, and it is now ascertained, will continue sufficiently ample, both from the north, the Mediterranean, and, in all probability, from America. Barley is much lower, even the best samples; the maltsters having been, for some time, large purchasers, and the malting season being far advanced. There can be now no expectation of much advance in the price of wheat; but there may well be of its further decline, for various reasons. It may be presumed that, the large cultivators of our best lands have held their wheats on the speculation of great spring demands. Those wheats must come to market, and they are in considerable quantities, and the best of the year. A promising crop on the ground will have its effect.

We have already remarked on the extremely gloomy tone of the letters received from various parts of the country, and several such are now open before us. They assert, in a mood of irritation and despair, that their tradesmen's bills and taxes are in arrear, and that they have not wherewith to pay, their funds, in produce and cattle, being nearly, or entirely exhausted; that tithes are exorbitant, and that the money squandered in building new churches ought to have been applied to the support of their pauper labourers; and that the diatress and criminal conduct of these last are entirely owing to the intolerable weight of taxation. They deprecate violently the importation of untaxed and untithed wheat, and even of wheat and provisions from Ireland, and of Irish labourers; complain bitterly of the export of our currency, yet acknowledge the necessity of our poor having bread at a moderate price.

Letters also, of a directly opposite tendency, are in our hands from the best corn countries. With respect to the farmers of poor lands in these days, we can sensibly feel for them, having ourselves farmed poor land, in much better times, with sometimes at a little, and at others with no profit. But this account, in the gross, cannot be balanced without serious and various considerations. If rents be too high, the tenantry cannot in reason expect to be excused their share of the blame, since it is well known the competition for farms is at present as eager as in the most prosperous times, and even among those already holders of land, and with respect to the weight of taxation, the interest of the national debt must be paid; and also, it seems, other heavy public charges, which have not so fair a claim. Now, it is a material question, what particular class or description of the people was it who were most urgently instrumental in forwarding those measures, in pursuance of which our enormous and unpayable debt originated? and who have since been most opposed to all attempts at investigation and reform? Surely a shilling for a loaf of bread, and perhaps that is cheaper than the inferior bread, is full as much as our best paid labourers are able to afford. But, without an ample import of wheat and flour, what might have been the advance? As we neither grow wheat, nor various other provisions sufficient for the national supply, can there be aught of common sense or justice in this everlasting declamation against import? Of this also Ireland, a part of ourselves, has its share; but we are not aware of what could be done in this country, independently of Irish provisions and Irish labour.

*Smithfield.*—Beef, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 10d.—Mutton, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 10d.—Veal, 4s. 6d.—Pork, 4s. 0d. to 5s. 8d. to 6s.—Raw fat, 2s. 7d.

*Corn Exchange.*—Wheat, 60s. to 75s.—Barley, 20s. to 34s.—Oats, 18s. to 32s.—Bread, London 4 lb. fine loaf, 1s.—Hay, 45s.—Clover, ditto, 50s. to 105s.—Straw, 30s. to 38s.

Coals in the Pool, 26s. 7d. to 35s. 3d. per chaldron.

*Middlesex, February 23d.*

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*Corrigenda in the last Report.*—For "*Flaminica*" read "*U. S. America.*"—For "*are yet*" read "*yield.*"



## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

**SUGAR.**—The request for Muscavadoes was not so general and extensive last week, as during the preceding weeks; yet the actual purchase reached 2,500 hogsheads and tierces. There was a heaviness about the soft and low brown descriptions, and in some instances prices a shade lower were submitted to. All sugars 58s. and upwards, fully supported the previous currency; they are still scarce. In the refined market there were no supplies of goods to any extent; the purchase of lumps were limited, but they were so scarce that a further advance of 1s. per cwt. must be stated.—Molasses were 6d. higher.

**COFFEE.**—The Coffee market continued languid till Friday, when 1,388 bags Cheribon, and 140 bags Brazil, were brought forward at public sale; nearly the whole went off with briskness, at prices 1s. higher than what had been obtained early in the week.

The few parcels of British plantation Coffee sold last week, went off at very full prices; Jamaica fine old, 52s. to 54s; good old coloured, but very rank, 43s. and 44s.

**RUM, BRANDY, AND HOLLANDS.**—The rum market continues heavy, the few sales reported are small parcels for shipping, at prices equal to 2s. 3s. and 2s. 4d. for proofs.—Brandy is neglected, but the prices are not lower.—Geneva is without inquiry.

**HEMP, FLAX, AND TALLOW.**—The demand for Tallow early in last week, rather improved, and the prices were firm; but the market is again rather heavy.—In Flax and Hemp there is little variation;—the letters from St. Petersburg, dated 30th January, state large sales of Tallow exchange a shade under 11d.

*Course of Foreign Exchange.*—Amsterdam, 12. 1½.—Rotterdam, 12. 2.—Antwerp, 12. 2.—Hamburgh 13. 12½.—Paris, 25. 40.—Bordeaux, 25. 90.—Berlin, 0.—Frankfort-on-the-Main 151.—Petersburgh, 10.—Vienna, 10. 2.—Madrid, 37½.—Cadiz, 37½.—Bilboa, 37½.—Barcelona, 36¾.—Seville, 37.—Gibraltar, 49½.—Leghorn, 48.—Genoa, 25. 45.—Venice, 47½.—Malta, 47.—Naples, 39¾.—Palermo, 1. 19.—Lisbon, 45¾.—Oporto, 46½.—Rio Janeiro, 28.—Bahia, 34.—Buenos Ayres, 0.—Dublin 1½.—Cork, 1½.—Canton, 0.

*Bullion per Oz.*—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 10½d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9½d.—Silver in Bars, (standard), £0. 5s. 0d.

*Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, 295l.—Coventry, 1,080l.—Ellesmere and Chester, 111l.—Grand Junction, 295l.—Kennet and Avon, 27½l.—Leeds and Liverpool, 460l.—Oxford, 700l.—Regent's, 25l.—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.), 792½l.—Warwick and Birmingham, 255l.—London DOCKS (Stock), 88½l.—West India (Stock), 195l.—East London WATER WORKS, 115l.—Grand Junction, 50l.—West Middlesex, 67½l.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 9½l.—Globe, 151½l.—Guardian, 23½l.—Hope Life, 5½l.—Imperial Fire, 105l.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 51½l.—City, 185l.—British, 17 dis.—Leeds, 195l.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

*Announced from the 22d of January, to the 21st of February 1829; extracted from the London Gazette.*

## BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

W. Harker, Cropton, York, grocer  
J. and T. R. Oakes, Carnarvon, grocers  
C. Cunningham, Bryanstone street, money-scrivener  
R. T. Cotton, Worthing, and Great St. Helens, surveyor.  
W. Fulwood, Birmingham, victualler  
J. Wright, Ashton-under-Lyne, cotton manufacturer.

## BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month, 159.]

*Solicitors' Names are in Parenthesis.*

Atkin, J. Greenwich, draper. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Hadfield and Co., Manchester)  
Appleby, J. R. Bath, soap-maker. (Keene, Furnival's-Inn; Gaby, Bath)  
Appleton, J. Mansel-street, spirit-

merchant. (Evitt and Co., Haydon-square)  
Allen, T. Mile End-road, tailor. (Chitton and Son, Chancery-lane; Eagles, Beauford)  
Allen, J. E. Aldersgate-street, druggist. (Lane and Son, Lawrence Pountney-lane)  
Archer, R. Jun, Upper East Smithfield, corn dealer. (Sarson, Bridge-street, Southwark)  
Armitage, John and Joseph, and Isaac, Emley Park, York, fancy-manufacturer. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's Inn; Whitehead and Co., Huddersfield)  
Brock, J. St. James's-street, silkm-er and hosier. (Stokes and Co., Cateaton-street)  
Blincoe, N. Holborn-bridge, grocer and tea-dealer. (King, Castle-street, Holborn)  
Briggs, S. Grantham, tailor and draper. (Young, Great Tichfield-street; White, Grantham

Berridge, J. George-yard, Whitcombe-street, stable-keeper. (Clutton and Co., High-street, Southwark)  
Barehead, J. New Malton, corn and coal merchant. (Wilson, Southampton-street; Allen, Malton)  
Burleigh, R. B. Bishopsgate-street, wine-merchant. (Parton, Bow Church-yard)  
Boulton, T. Painter's-court, Bury-street, tailor. (Wood, Richmond-buildings, Soho)  
Balch, J. Evercreech, Somerset, baker. (Burfoot, Temple; Russ, Castle-Carry)  
Baxter, W. Oxford, printer. (Holmes and Co., Great James-street; Taunton, Oxford)  
Buckland, J. W. Great Tower-street, tailor. (Young and Co., Mark-lane)  
Brown, N. Bristol, druggist. (Evans and Co., Gray's-Inn; Peters and Habersfield, Bristol)  
Brown, P. Blandford-Forum, victualler.

- (Chisholme and Co., Lincoln's-Inn-fields; Moore, Blandford-Forum  
**Bannister**, J. Knightsbridge, picture-dealer. (Popkin, Dean-street  
**Burton**, B. Huddersfield, woollen-drapery. (Wigglesworth and Co., Gray's-inn; Sutcliffe, Hebdon-bridge  
**Bishop**, J. Sheffield, miller. (Taylor, John-street, Bedford-row; Bader, Botherham  
**Borwood**, T. Norwich, brewer. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Dye, Norwich  
**Bennison**, H. New-road, and High Holborn, iron-fence maker. (Rhodes, Chancery-lane  
**Bradcock**, S. Leek, innholder. (Jennings and Co., Temple; Cruso, Leek  
**Banks R.** and A. Richardson, Boston, shipwrights. (Taylor, Clement's-inn; Tuxford, Boston  
**Bennet**, J. and R. Cerne-Abbas, Dorset, grocers, ironmongers, and butter-factors. (Warry, New-inn; Cockerham, jun., Cerne-Abbas  
**Carey**, W. Leamington Priors, and Stourport, perfumer, victualler, and hair dresser. (Wortham and Co., Castle-street, Holborn; Kitchen, Barford  
**Cardinal**, J. Halsted, carrier. (Hewitt, Token-house-yard  
**Cock**, E. Eastcheap, stationer. (Stratton and Co., Shoreditch  
**Cowper**, S. High-street, Wapping, victualler. (Matanic, Pancras-lane  
**Cooper**, J. Lancing, grocer. (Vaugh, Great James-street; Edmunds, Worthing  
**Caspar**, E. Bevis-Marks, watch-manufacturer. (Spyer, Austin-Friars  
**Cass**, Jane, Kennington-lane, school-mistress. (Walker, Austin-friars  
**Clapham**, C. Wakefield, wine-merchant. (Leigh, George-street, Mansion-house  
**Cockerell**, J. Blackman-street, pawnbroker. (Eaton, New-inn  
**Cartwright**, T. and W. Langston, Wolverhampton, factors. (Norton and Co., Gray's-inn; Corser, Wolverhampton  
**Crane**, J. Warrington, butcher. (Hammond, Furnival's-inn; Croxon, Os-westry  
**Candlin**, J. J. Fenchurch-street, merchant. (Farry, Gray's-inn  
**Clarke**, P. Manchester, grocer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row  
**Chisman**, T. Castle-court, Birchin-lane, insurance-broker. (Hindman and Co., Basinghall-street  
**Cock**, A. and M. J. Wellard, Shadwell, sugar-refiners. (Straiton and Co., Shoreditch  
**Copley**, J. Lurton-upon-Trent, cabinet-maker. (Turney, White-bart-court  
**Chapman**, W. and T. Fairclough, Harrington and Liverpool, timber-merchants. (Bl.ckstock and Co., Temple; Ramsbottom, and Co., Liverpool  
**Clarke**, S. and Isaac, Fenchurch-street, bricklayers. (Laine, Fenchurch-street  
**Dunn**, B. Pimlico, appraiser. (Eaton, New-inn  
**Drew**, T. Exeter, linen-draper, and silk-mercant. (Burt, Mitre-Court, Cheapside  
**Everiste**, J. and Smith, R. Kent-road, coal-merchants. (Wright, Little Ayile-street  
**Edwards**, T. Liverpool, victualler. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Holden, Liverpool  
**Flack**, J. Chatham, builder. (Robinson, Pancras-lane  
**Farr**, G. Exeter, silversmith. (Britton and Co., New Broad-street; Hugo, Exeter  
**Ferrett**, M. Bristol, victualler. (Hamilton and Co., Berwick-street; Clarke, Bath  
**Freitas**, M. A. de, and A. de Costa, Tokenhouse, merchants. (Gates, Lombard street  
**Griffin**, J. Paisgrave-place, wine-merchant. (Davies, Paisgrave-place  
**Greenwood**, Jane Eliza, Bath, milliner. (Williams and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Mackey, Bath  
**Goatley**, D. Nun-court, Alderman-bury, ironmonger and bill-broker. (Hyde, Ely-place  
**Getting**, J. Lime-street, wine-merchant. (Miller, Ely-place  
**Garbutt**, T. Manchester, linen-manufacturer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Buckley, Manchester  
**Glover**, E. jun., Leicester, silver-smith. (Toller, Gray's-inn; Toller, Leicester  
**Greenwood**, J. Marsden, calico manufacturer. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Hadfield and Co., Manchester  
**Green**, W. Sheffield, grocer. (Dun-cann, Gray's-inn; Broomhead, Sheffield  
**Hordein**, J. and J. Wood, and J. Crosse, Lad-lane, warehouseman. (Mangnall, Aldermanbury  
**Hedgson**, J. Staindrop, draper and grocer. (Griffith, Gray's-inn; Trotter, Bishops-Auckland  
**Hall**, W. Olerton, grocer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Greasley, Notting-ham  
**Hart**, F. T. Charlotte-street, Black-friars-road, tailor. (Stafford, Bucking-ham-street  
**Hera-path**, S. Oak-lane, Wood-street, hat-manufacturer. (Hemman, Walbrook  
**Hopper**, S. Luston, Hereford, mason. (Smith, Basinghall-street; Coates and Co., Leominster  
**Hanks**, H. Great Surrey-street, shoe-maker. (Russell and Son, Lant-street, Southwark  
**Hare**, W. Marchmont-street, draper. (A. Hurst, Newgate-street  
**Hibbert**, J. Little Bolton, shop-keeper. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Cross and Co., Bolton-le-moor  
**Higginbotham**, J. Macclesfield, silk-manufacturer. (Bell and Co., Bow Church-yard; Grimsditch and Co., Macclesfield  
**Hill**, J. jun., Stoke Lacy, dealer. (Auten and Co., Gray's-inn; Milnes, Leominster  
**Hale**, J. Eromley, Middlesex, meal-man. (Young and Co., Mark-lane  
**Heslop**, G. Ilmlico, cheesemonger. (Dadds, Northumberland-street  
**Hatton**, T. Stockport, painter. (John and Co., Falsgrave-place; Booth-royd, Stockport  
**Hurst**, T. Louth, victualler. (Hicks and Co., Gray's-inn; Anison, Louth  
**Irwin**, E. Gracechurch-street, victualler. (Palham, Paradise-street, Rotherhithe  
**Inman**, J. Tower-street, wine and spirit broker. (Dillon, Furnival's-inn  
**Jones**, J. and H. Grafton-street, brass-founders. (Ullithorne and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields  
**Jones**, J. and J. Fereday, Dudley, pig iron-maker. (Barber, Fetter-lane; Fellowes, jun. Dudley  
**Joyce**, C. Thieves-inn, jeweller. (Whitehouse and Co., Gray's-inn  
**Jacques**, J. and W. Wright, Newington Butts, booksellers. (Dashwood, Southwark  
**Jeffries**, W. and W. M. Spiring, Aylesford, and Newnham, smelters. (King, Serjeant's-inn; Chodborn, Newnham  
**Jones**, J. Swansea, linedraper. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Barrington and Co., Swansea  
**Jerard**, J. Halesworth, thymist. (Ayerton, Milman-street; Braine, Ipswich  
**Jones**, F. jun., Bristol, builder. (Evans and Co., Gray's-inn; Habberfield, Bristol  
**King**, M. D., and King Henne, Ful-ton-treet. (Gates, Lombard-street  
**Knowing**, J. Exeter, builder. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Fur-long Northenhay, Exeter  
**Kirby**, M. of the Wood, Hawkshead, butcher. (Cavelje, Staple-inn; Ar-mistead, Lancaster  
**Lycett**, P. E. Worcester, and Ger-rard's Hall, Basing-lane, glove-manufacturer. (Hurd and Co., Inner Temple; Hadfield and Co., Man-chester  
**Laves**, S. New Sarum, victualler. (Nettleford, Clement's-inn; Wil-mot and Son, Salisbury  
**Lee**, J. Deby, draper. (Knowles, New-inn; Hurst, Nottingham  
**Lomax**, W. Bolton, auctioneer. (Ad-lington and Co., Bedford-row; Boardman, Eolton  
**Langford**, W. Manchester, machine-maker. (Adlington and Co., Bed-ford-row; Morris, Manchester  
**Leeds**, T. Manchester, spinner. (Per-kins and Co., Gray's-inn; Lewtas, Manchester  
**Lodge**, G. Tower-street, wine-mer-chant. (Hill, Cross-lane, Tower-street  
**Mackenzie**, J. Watling-street, ware-houseman. (Kemp, Lincoln's-inn-fields  
**Martin**, M. and S. Barnard, Regent-street, paper stainer. (Popé, Gray's-inn  
**Meyer**, J. Lawrence Pounney-lane, and Quebec, North America, mer-chant. (Borradiale and Co., King's Arm's-yard  
**Mores**, W. G. Old Bond-street, auc-tioneer. (Withy, Buckingham-street  
**Mutrie**, R. Manchester, chemist. (Chester, Staple inn; Tinnall and Co., Manchester  
**Milton**, M. Piccadilly, horse-dealer. (Archer, Percy-street  
**Nixey**, T. Oxford-street, hosier. (Hamilton and Co., Berwick-street  
**Nicholson**, T. Hertford, scrivener and paper manufacturer. (Temple, Great Tower-street  
**Nelson**, A. Deptford, draper. (Che-ster, Staple-inn; Lewtas, Manches-ter  
**Oldfield**, F. Norton-street, wine-mer-chant. (Spurr and Co., Warford-court  
**Ogle**, A. Olerton, seedsmar. (Hall and Co., New Boswell-court; Maw, Mansfield  
**Pue**, J. Harp-lane, and Lambeth, flour dealer. (Devereil, Gray's-inn  
**Pear**, J. Coleman-street, horse-dealer. (Gates, Lombard-street  
**Palin**, G. F. Goswell-street, rope manufacturer. (Willet and Co., Essex-street  
**Pittman**, C. F. Butcher-hall-lane, sta-tioner. (Fountainer, Angel-court  
**Price**, J. and Unwin, William, High-bury, victuallers. (Shave, Fen-church-street  
**Primett**, T. Inn, Beccles, butcher. (Bromley, Gray's-inn; Bohun and Son, Beccles  
**Parker**, D. Chester, hop-merchant. (Austen and Co., Gray's-inn; Ar-nold and Co., Birmingham  
**Pearson**, S. Birmingham, cabinet-maker. (Norton and Co., Gray's-inn; Hawkins and Co., Birming-ham  
**Pace**, W. Hastings, surgeon. (Miller, Bedford-row; Miller, Ryk  
**Porter**, J. and N. N. Clark, Frampton-upon-Severn, edge-tool-makers. (Britten, Basinghall-street; Bevan and Co., Bristol  
**Parsons**, J. Leamington Priors, vic-tualler. (Meyrick and Co., Red Lion-square; Burbury, Warwick  
**Powell**, W. Cheltenham, coach-builder. (Clarke and Co., Lin-coln's-inn-fields; Walter and Co., Cheltenham  
**Parke**, H. W. Pimlico, spirit-mer-chant. (Henson, Upper Stamford-street  
**Powlett**, D. Nottingham, grocer. (Gregory, Clement's-inn; Wise and Co., Nottingham  
**Rose**, A. M. Stock Exchange, coal-merchant and broker. (Bebb and Ganning, Bloomsbury and Co.  
**Rayner**, W. Farnon, coal-master and surveyor. (Walker, Exchange Of-fice; Allison, Huddersfield  
**Robson**, R. Manchester, victualler.

- (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Temperley, Manchester  
 Richmond, W. Stockton, mercer. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Wilson and Co., Stockton  
 Rowland, H. Chaworth, paper-manufacturer. (Hutchinson and Co., Crown-court, Threadneedle-street  
 Stabler, R. Leeds, chymist. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Hall and Co., Beverley, and Scotchburn, Driffield  
 Stanfield, R. and J. G. Rigby, Ashton-under-Lyne, cotton-spinners. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lace; Hampson, Manchester  
 Spedding, B. J. and R. A. Lambeth, coal-merchants. (Thomas, Fencourt  
 Sims, R. King-street, Snow-hill, leather-seller. (Richardson, ironmonger-lane  
 Small one, J. Berner's-street, auctioneer. (Pupkin, Dean-street  
 Stephenson, H. Lombard-street, banker. (Barrow and Co., Basinghall-street  
 Sanders, J. Epsom, coach-master. (Davison, Bread-street  
 Smith, T. Manchester, publican. (Capes, Gray's-inn; Smith, Manchester  
 Shewings, L. Bristol, ironmonger. (Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Cornish and Son, Bristol  
 Sawdon, R. Ashton-under-Lyne, and Manchester, innkeeper. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Chew, Manchester  
 Smith, W. Leeds, corn-dealer. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Moore, Leeds  
 Seymour, R. Pirrcess-street, Lisongrove, builder. (Carlton, High-street, Marylebone  
 Smallman, J. F. Basinghall-street, Blackwell-hall, factor. (Fisher, Queen-street, Cheapside  
 Salt, J. Stafford, grocer and ironmonger. (Clowes and Co., Temple; Webb, Stafford  
 Shires, or Shiers, T. Sheffield, grocer. (Tattershall, Temple; Tattershall and Co., Sheffield  
 Thompson, J. Great Quebec-street, Marylebone, merchant. (Noy, Cannon-street  
 Toms, A. High-street, Shadwell, cheesemonger. (Burford, Cannon-street  
 Tonge, J. Grappenhall, dealer and chapman. (Appley and Co. Gray's-inn; Whitehead and Co., Manchester  
 Turner, W. R. Great Dover Road, Surrey, carver and gilder. (Kearsey and Co., Lothbury  
 Thompson, J. Fox Ordinary-court, tailor. (Whiting, London-bridge-foot  
 Traynor, P. A. Salisbury-court, feather-merchant. (Burrard and Co., King-street, Cheapside  
 Turner, G. Bognor, Innkeeper. (Becke, Devonshire-street; Dally, Begnor  
 Vaughan, J. Lamb's Conduit-street, linedraper. (Turner, Basinghall-street  
 Webb, R. Ledbury, coal-merchant. Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Higgins, Ledbury  
 Wilkin on, J. Barge-yard, Bucklers-bury, merchant. (Nicol, Queen-street, Cheapside  
 Wade, J. Wood-street, warehouseman. (Burt, Mitre-court, Milk-street  
 Whitehead, J. Leeds, victualler. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Fodden, Leeds  
 Wilcock, J. Nottingham, grocer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Fearnhead and Co., Nottingham  
 White, G. H. Ipswich, linedraper. (Jones, Size-lane  
 Wood, J. Horncast'e, tailor. Norris and Co., John-treet, Bedford-row; Parker, Ho'ncastle  
 Young, W. Lambeth, carrier. (Sundom, Donster-court  
 Young, J. Shepherd's-place, Brook-street, plumber and glazier. (Harris, Bruton-stre t  
 Youngs, Ann, Rochester, corn-factor. (Collins, Great Knight, Rider-street.

### ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. W. Nicholson, to the Rectory of Bramshot, Hants.—Rev. W. Church, to be Chaplain to Dowager Countess of Erne.—Rev. W. R. Taylor, to the Perpetual Curacy of West Beckham, Norfolk.—Rev. W. H. R. Birch, to the Vicarage of Reydon, and Perpetual Curacy of Southwold, Suffolk.—Rev. C. Craven, to be Lecturer of St. Philips, Birmingham.—Rev. J. Graham has been installed into the prebend of Sancta Crucis, in Lincoln cathedral.—Rev. R. T. Singleton, to be a Prebendary of Worcester cathedral.—Rev. W. Harding, to the Chapelry of Bubbenhall, near Coventry.—Rev. R. Messiter, to the Rectory of Pulse Caundle, and to the Perpetual Curacy of Stourton Caundle.—Rev. C. Webber, jun., is elected Canon-residentiary of Chichester.—Rev. J. Crane, to be Chaplain to Lord Lyttleton.—Rev. C. Nairne, to the Curacy of Carrington, Cheshire.—Rev. R. Bloxam, to be Chaplain to the naval yard, Millford Haven.—Rev. T. Robinson, sen., to be Archdeacon of Madras.—Rev. D. G. Morris, to the Rectory of Belaugh, with Scot-tow annexed, Norfolk.—Rev. J. Prowett, to the Rectory of Helgham, next Norwich.—Rev. A. Clive, to the Rectory of Solihall, Warwickshire.—Rev. R. Messiter, to the Rectory of Bratton.—

Rev. J. H. Seymour to the vacant stall in Gloucester cathedral.—Rev. J. K. Whish, to the Perpetual Curacy of Christ Church at the Spa, near Gloucester.—Rev. J. Lubbock, to be Chaplain to the County Lunatic Asylum, Norwich.—Rev. F. Rouch, to the Livings of St. George the Martyr, and St. Mary Magdalen, Bristol.—Rev. E. P. New, to the Perpetual Curacy of Northmore, Oxon.—Rev. J. W. Hughes, to be Chaplain to Lord Colville.—Rev. G. P. Richards, to the Rectory of Sampford Courtenay, Devon.—Rev. T. Jones, to the Rectory of Creaton, Northampton.—Rev. M. Wridick, to be Curate of Milbrook.—Rev. J. Bond, to the Rectory of Romansleigh, Devon.—Rev. T. Moseley, will succeed the Rev. C. Curtis, as Rector of St. Martin's, Birmingham. (*Worcester Journal*).—Rev. J. M. Turner, nominated to the See of Calcutta.—Rev. J. B. Frowd, to the Rectory of Letcombe Basset, Berks.—Rev. W. Mousley, to the vicarage of Cold Ashby, Northampton.—Rev. J. James, to the Canonry of Peterborough.—Rev. R. Foot, to the Rectory of Longbrady, Dorset.—Rev. J. Davies, to the Vicarage of Windrush and Sherborne, Gloucester.

### CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, ETC.

#### CHRONOLOGY.

January 27.—His Excellency Count de Matuszewicz, Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the Emperor of all the Russias, arrived in London on a special mission.

Feb. 3.—The Spitalfields weavers went in procession to deliver a memorial to the Duke of Wellington, expressive of their miserable state. It was a long and melancholy line, about ten thousand persons, extending from St. Paul's to Charing-cross, eight or ten deep.—They moved

slowly and in a most orderly manner—and their appearance was sufficient to shew that they were indeed in great distress; it was a moving mass of misery from which not a single word of dissatisfaction against Government was heard. They had banners with inscriptions upon them—*Victims of Free Trade.—We only wish to live by our Labour.—British Artisans reduced to Starvation.—Free Trade and Pauperism.—We pray for Restoration of our Trade.* And there were looms and other instruments enveloped

with crape carried by weak hands, and emaciated bodies, in behalf of thirty thousand poor creatures out of employ !!!

Feb. 5.—Parliament opened, and his Majesty's speech read by commission, by the Lord Chancellor as follows :—

“ My Lords and Gentlemen : His Majesty commands us to inform you, that he continues to receive from his Allies, and generally from all Princes and States, the assurance of their unabated desire to cultivate the most friendly relations with his Majesty.—Under the mediation of his Majesty, the preliminaries of a treaty of peace between his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Brazil and the Republic of the United Provinces of Rio de la Plata, have been signed and ratified.—His Majesty has concluded a convention with the King of Spain for the final settlement of the claims of British and Spanish subjects preferred under the Treaty, signed at Madrid, on the 12th of March, 1823.—His Majesty has directed a copy of this Convention to be laid before you ; and his Majesty relies upon your assistance to enable him to execute some of its provisions.—His Majesty laments that his diplomatic relations with Portugal are still necessarily suspended.—Deeply interested in the prosperity of the Portuguese Monarchy, his Majesty has entered into negotiations with the head of the House of Braganza, in the hope of terminating a state of affairs which is incompatible with the permanent tranquility and welfare of Portugal.—His Majesty commands us to assure you, that he has laboured unremittingly to fulfil the stipulations of the Treaty of the 6th of July, 1827 ; and to effect, in concert with his Allies, the pacification of Greece.—The Morea has been liberated from the presence of the Egyptian and Turkish forces.—This important object has been accomplished by the successful exertion of the naval forces of his Majesty and of his Allies, which led to a convention with the Pacha of Egypt ; and finally, by the skilful disposition and exemplary conduct of the French army, acting by the commands of his Most Christian Majesty, on the behalf of the Alliance.—The troops of his Most Christian Majesty having completed the task assigned to them by the Allies, have commenced their return to France.—It is with great satisfaction that his Majesty informs you, that during the whole of these operations, the most cordial union has subsisted between the forces of the three powers by sea and land.—His Majesty deplors the continuance of hostilities between the Emperor of Russia and the Ottoman Porte.—His Imperial Majesty, in the prosecution of those hostilities, has considered it necessary to resume the exercise of his belligerent rights in the Mediterranean, and has established a blockade of the Dardenelles.—From the operation of this blockade, those commercial enterprizes of his Majesty's subjects have been exempted which were undertaken upon the faith of his Majesty's declaration to his Parliament respecting the neutrality of the Mediterranean Sea.—Although it has become indispensable for his Majesty and the King of France to suspend the co-operation of their forces with those of his Imperial Majesty, in consequence of this resumption of the exercise of his belligerent rights, the best understanding prevails between the three powers in their endeavours to accomplish the remaining objects of the treaty of London.

“ Gentlemen of the House of Commons : We are commanded by his Majesty to acquaint you that the estimates for the current year will forthwith be laid before you. His Majesty relies on your readiness to grant the necessary supplies, with a just regard to the exigencies of the public service, and to the economy which his Majesty is anxious to enforce in every department of the state. His Majesty has the satisfaction to announce to you the continued improvement of the revenue. The progressive increase in that branch of it which is derived from articles of internal consumption, is peculiarly gratifying to his Majesty, as affording a decisive indication of the stability of the national resources, and of the increased comfort and prosperity of his people.

“ My Lords and Gentlemen : The state of Ireland has been the object of his Majesty's continued solicitude.—His Majesty laments that in that part of the United Kingdom an association should still exist, which is dangerous to the public peace, and inconsistent with the spirit of the constitution ; which keeps alive discord and ill-will amongst his Majesty's subjects, and which must, if permitted to continue, effectually obstruct every effort permanently to improve the condition of Ireland.—His Majesty confidently relies on the wisdom and on the support of his Parliament ; and his Majesty feels assured that you will commit to him such powers as may enable his Majesty to maintain his just authority.—His Majesty recommends that when this essential object shall have been accomplished, you should take into your deliberate consideration the whole condition of Ireland ; and that you should review the laws which impose civil disabilities on his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects.—You will consider whether the removal of those disabilities can be effected consistently with the full and permanent security of our establishments in church and state, with the maintenance of the reformed religion established by law, and of the rights and privileges of the Bishops, and of the Clergy of this realm, and of the churches committed to their charge.—These are institutions which must ever be held sacred in this Protestant kingdom, and which it is the duty and the determination of his Majesty to preserve inviolate.—His Majesty most earnestly recommends to you to enter upon the consideration of a subject of such paramount importance, deeply interesting to the best feelings of his people, and involving the tranquillity and concord of the United Kingdom, with the temper and the moderation which will best ensure the successful issue of your deliberations.”

10.—Protestant Petition from the county of Leicester presented to Parliament signed by 17,035 persons ; it measured 52 yards in length, and consisted of 154 skins of parchment.

11.—The Recorder made his report to his Majesty at Windsor, of the 16 prisoners capitally convicted at the last Old Bailey Sessions, when all were respited except two who were ordered for execution on the 17th instant.

— His Majesty appointed Lord Willoughby de Eresby to be Lord Lieutenant of the county of Carnarvon.

15.—News arrived of a revolution happening in Mexico ; a general pillage and a great massacre in the streets of that town, and all commerce at a total stand.

15.—The Duke of Cumberland arrived in town from the Continent.

17.—Two culprits executed at the Old Bailey.

19.—Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

20.—News arrived of the disastrous intelligence that a most ruinous fire had broken out in George Town, Demerara, which occasioned an immense destruction of property, calculated at no less than £2,000,000 sterling.

21.—Prince Polignac arrived in London from Paris, and had a conference of two hours with the Duke of Wellington; he likewise had an interview with the Earl of Aberdeen.

—Duke of Wellington's answer to the Spitalfield's weaver's petition is, "that the Government will do every thing in its power, short of returning to the prohibitory laws, during the present session of Parliament, for the alleviation and removal of the existing distresses in the silk-trade;" and that his Grace had it in command from his Majesty to contribute to their present relief.

#### MARRIAGES.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Montague Cholmeley, esq., M.P. Grantbam, to Lady Georgiana Beauclerk, sister to the Duke of St. Albans.—At St. James's, Rev. W. D. Bromley, to Lady Louisa Dawson, daughter of the late Earl of Portarlington.—At Marylebone Church, T. J. Ireland, esq., to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir W. E. Welby, Bart.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, C. S. Dickens, esq., to Lady Frances Elizabeth Compton, sister to the Marquess of Northampton.—At Marylebone church, the Hon. Stafford Jerningham, eldest son of Lord Stafford, to Miss Howard, niece to the Duke of Norfolk.—At Marylebone, Trinity Church, J. Wainwright, esq., to Miss Elizabeth Powell.—At Thetford, Rev. F. Leighton, son of the late Major General Leighton, to Miss Catherine Severne.—S. Newton, esq., to Charlotte, daughter of General Onslow.—Rev. R. Anderson, to the Hon. Caroline Dorothea Shore, third daughter of Lord Teignmouth.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Lieut. Col. Fremantle, to Miss Agnes Lyon.

#### DEATHS.

Rev. M. Wilks, minister of the Tabernacle, Moorfields, upwards of half a century, and successor to the celebrated George Whitfield.—At Heathhill, Stafford, Mrs. Elizabeth Tooth, 102, in possession of all her faculties: she had been 80 years tenant to the Marquess of Stafford, on the same farm, and the family, for time immemorial.—Hon. Margaret Emma, wife of J. H. Langham, esq., and daughter of Lord Kenyon.—In Weymouth-street, R. K. Cox, esq., 84.—At Evesham, aged 98, Mrs. E. Horne; she left upwards of 3,000 guineas to various public charities.—At Worcester, Mrs. M. Bevin, 94; and Mrs. E. Griffiths, 100; at Frampton-upon-Severn, Sarah Prape, 98; at Bromyard, Mrs. Boar, 101, and at Madeley, J. Crump, 103.—In Pall-Mall, Sir Mark Wood, Bart, 82.—At Yarmouth, Dowager Lady Lacon.—At Harefield, Lieut. General Lawrence, 74.—In St. James's-square, Amelia Anne, Marchioness of Londonderry.—At Clontarf, the Rev. Dr. Usher, 100, formerly rector of Clontarf.—In Queen-square, Rev. W. Crowe, 83, public orator of the University of Oxford.—At Bury St. Ed-

munds, James Oakes, esq., 87; he had served the office of chief magistrate in 1771, 1785, 1798, 1802 and 1810.—At the advanced age of 87, Mr. John Pratt, the oldest person connected with the turf in Newmarket, and the most eminent rider of his day.—At Kenilworth, the Hon. T. R. Arundel, brother to the late Lord Arundel, of Wardour.—At Brixton, S. F. Waddington, esq., 70.—At Edinburgh, Lady Ann Wharton Duff, sister to the Earl of Fife, and wife to R. W. Duff, esq.—At Bath, Lieut. Gen. Dickson, 84.—At Arundell, Lady Caroline Sidney Kerr.—At Minehead, Capt. Murdoch Mackenzie, 86; he was the last surviving officer who sailed round the world with Admiral Byron.—In Lincoln's-inn-fields, the Baroness Le Despencer.—At Newton Priory, the Hon. Jane Estcourt, relict of T. Estcourt, esq., and eldest daughter of James and Viscount Grimston.—Foxton, *alias* Jack Ketchel, in a *natural*, not a *professional* way, aged 61.—At Dalston, B. Flower, esq., 74, formerly editor of the *Cambridge Intelligencer*.—At Brighton, Mr. W. Bradford, 96; he started the first coach from Brighton to London.—At Ashley Park, Frances Charlotte Fletcher, only daughter of the late Sir Henry Fletcher, Bart.—Mrs. Riggs, 100, of Kingston, Isle of Wight.—In Regent-street, Lieut. General Sir P. K. Roche.—At Mardynewyd, Mr. E. Thomas, 101; he served in the first militia in Glamorganshire; and his name was inserted in a lease for 99 years determinable by three lives, the second instance of the kind on record in the kingdom.—At Kingston (Surrey) Mr. J. Astin, a celebrated florist.—At Bath, D. H. Dallas, esq., only son of Lieut. General Sir T. Dallas.—At Starston, Anne, wife of the Rev. J. Aldershaw, Archdeacon of Norfolk.—At Lincoln, the Dowager Lady Nelthorpe.

#### DEATHS ABROAD.

In India, Sir Edward West, Chief Justice of Bombay, and Lucretia, his widow; and Lieut. General Sir T. Bradford, Commander-in-Chief at Bombay.—At Naples, J. Maberley, esq., and son of J. Maberley, esq., M.P. Abingdon.—At Dieppe, Rev. T. Hartcup, son of the late General Hartcup.—At Berlin, the celebrated writer Von Schlegel.—At Paris, Paul Barras, 72, formerly President of the Directory during the French Revolution.—At Vienna, the beautiful Princess Meternich, 23, wife of the great diplomatist.—At Rio de Janeiro, the Hon. G. J. Stanhope, son of Earl Stanhope.—At Bayonne, a widow named Prado, 108.—At Prades, in the Eastern Pyrenees, Anne Bennet, at the extraordinary age of 114, wanting 2 months.—At Paris, the Rev. Francis Henry Egerton, Earl of Bridgewater, and a prebendary of Durham.—At Brussels, Lady Whiteford.—At Borno, in Moravia, the learned and erudite Abbé Dobrowsky, 70, well known by his "Institutes of the Old Slavonian," "History of the Bohemian Tongue," &c. &c.—At Paris, Mme. la Comtesse de Bruce, a descendant of Robert and David Bruce, Kings of Scotland.—At Rome, his Holiness Pope Leo XII.—At Pisa, Grace, third daughter of the late Admiral Sir C. Hardy, Bart.—At Passy, M. de Gossec, 95; he composed the music to the celebrated *Hymne des Marseillois* in the French Revolution, and which was the national hymn performed at all the atrocities during the reigns of Robespierre and the Goddess of Reason, as well in the armies as in the interior of France.

## MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

**NORTHUMBERLAND.**—A meeting has been held at North Shields for the establishment of an Asylum for Decayed Master Mariners, and a committee formed and subscriptions entered into for that purpose.

A woman has been committed for trial at Newcastle, on a charge of having wilfully murdered her own mother, Margaret Jameson, widow, by thrusting the point of an old iron poker, through the breast-bone into her heart.

A public meeting has been held in Newcastle, for the purpose of facilitating the intended railroad between that town and Carlisle. It was determined to petition Parliament in favour of the measure.

**DURHAM.**—The ship-owners of Sunderland have resolved, at a general meeting, not to take any freights below a certain rate; and they have published a list of the freights to be taken, which are all rather higher than last year. They express their decided conviction, that the great cause of the depression is the ruinous competition which the ship-owner has been drawn into with foreigners; and they have resolved to present another memorial to government praying for relief.

It is in contemplation to build a bridge over the Tees, at Whorlton, with roads leading to it from Stainton and Barnard-castle. The estimated expense is £2,400; which is to be raised by subscriptions of £50 each—repayment and interest to be secured on the tolls; and donations of smaller sums.

**YORKSHIRE.**—A meeting of the ship-owners of Hull has been held at their Mansion House for the establishment of an association for the mutual insurance of vessels at that port, when resolutions were voted for purpose.

In the last week but one of January, a severe frost, with a heavy fall of snow, visited Yorkshire. On this occasion, a species of carriages, much used in winter in the United States, as well as in the North of Europe, were introduced at Hull, viz. sleighs. The thermometer, at York, between 7 and 8 o'clock on the evening of the 26th, stood at 12.

One of the most lamentable events that ever occurred in Yorkshire, took place on the morning of the 2d of February. On that day, about half past two o'clock, an incendiary, of the name of Jonathan Martin, who had concealed himself behind a tomb, in the north transept of the Minster, during service in the afternoon, set fire to that sacred pile, by collecting the clergymen's and singing-men's surplices, &c., and placing them in a heap, in the vestry, on the north side of the choir, usually called the clergymen's robing-room, and applying a candle to them, which he had lighted by means of a flint and steel he carried in his pocket. Having seen the flames fairly take their hold of the elegant tabernacle wood-work by which the choir is surrounded, he made his escape through a window in the north transept, by means of a piece of rope cut from the

one attached to the prayer-bell. The fire was not discovered till 7 o'clock the next morning. It had then extended nearly the whole of one side of the choir, and was making a rapid progress. Had there been a few active firemen present at that period, we have little doubt but the whole of the south side of the choir might have been saved. However, the flames communicated to the organ, from thence to the roof; and the latter being soon burnt through, the timbers fell upon the hitherto unburnt part of the choir, and that was also set on fire, and every thing combustible was consumed from the southern tower to the east end, including the noble organ, and a quantity of music. The greatest efforts were made to subdue the flames, and the utmost anxiety was displayed by all classes of persons. All the engines in York were soon on the spot, and more were sent for from Leeds, from which place four arrived in the afternoon; but the fire was then completely prevented from doing any more damage, by having exhausted the materials on which it had to feed. An engine arrived from Tadcaster, and another from B. Thomson's, Esq., of Escrick. After the roof had completely fallen in, which was about half-past eleven o'clock, the whole floor of the choir and chancel resembled an immense furnace, and continued burning for hours after. An immense torrent of water was directed upon it from the engines. The rope, by which Martin escaped, being left suspended from the window, led to an inquiry, which terminated in his apprehension, near Hexham, the following Friday. He is a brother to Martin the historical painter, according to his own account, and was born at Hexham; and has been a sailor, but has lately obtained his living, hawking about a pamphlet called "The Life of Jonathan Martin."

The subscription entered into for the restoration of the choir of York Minster amounts to upwards of £10,000. Mr. Smirke, the architect, has just concluded a survey: and a public meeting of the subscribers will shortly be held, at which the ulterior measures to be adopted will be determined upon.

The Festival of Bishop Blaize, the patron Saint of wool-combers, was celebrated at Wakefield, by a public procession, on the 3d of February.

The project of carrying a railway from Leeds to Hull is abandoned. The application to Parliament will only be for powers to construct a railway from Leeds to Selby.

A fine specimen of that very rare bird the Waxen Chatterer, was taken a few days ago by Mr. Westoley, of Humbleton, in Holderness.

A meeting has been held at Doncaster, for the purpose of considering of a plan for warping and draining the level of Hatfield Chace. It will require about £110,000. to carry this plan into execution, which will forthwith be raised.

The trade of Leeds and neighbourhood has been very bad during the month; so has that of the West Riding generally. Sheffield is not much better. Indeed, all over the county there are great complaints.

**LANCASHIRE.**—A society has been established at Bolton, in conjunction with the parent society in Manchester, for protecting children employed in the cotton factories, by enforcing the provisions of 6 Geo. IV. "for regulating the hours of working children in cotton manufactories." Subscriptions were entered into for its support.

A very numerous meeting of the merchants and principal inhabitants of Liverpool was lately held at Liverpool, presided by the mayor, for the purpose of taking into consideration the best means of removing the restrictions imposed upon commerce by the present charter of the East India Company, and for prevailing on the legislature to secure to the public all those benefits which a free commercial intercourse with India and China is capable of affording; when several resolutions were unanimously passed, by the last of which the mayor is requested to transmit copies of them to all sheriffs of counties, and chief magistrates of the principal trading and manufacturing towns in the United Kingdom, requesting the consideration of all their inhabitants to the important subject.

**LINCOLNSHIRE.**—The expenditure for that part of the county of Lincoln called "Parts of Lindsey" for the year 1828, amounted to no less a sum than nearly £22,000—deducting about £4,000 for bridges, &c.; the rest was swallowed up entirely for the administration of justice, and its attendants, gaols, houses of correction, &c. &c.!!! In addition to which, £1,356. 4s. 6d. was likewise expended for the borough of Stamford! Notwithstanding these heavy expenses for *punishing* crime, sheep-stealing, in the south-east division of the county, where some considerable works are executing, is arrived at a pitch that calls for *preventive* measures of severity and vigour commensurate to the evil, and to do away the discredit which attaches to the police of the county; independent of the numerous burglaries and other daring robberies which have been almost without a parallel!

**WARWICKSHIRE.**—Two more incendiary fires have taken place in the neighbourhood of Stratford-upon-Avon. At one farm, the barns and a valuable wheat-rick were destroyed; at another, a rick of hay was consumed. During the last twelve months there have been fourteen fires of a similar kind in the neighbourhood, all supposed to be the work of one miscreant. Rewards to the amount of £600 have been offered for his apprehension!

**SUSSEX.**—The gross amount of expenses for the better regulating, paving, improving, and managing the town of Brightonstone, for the last half year, was £13,317. 14s. 7d.!!! independent of the maintenance of the poor!

**CHESHIRE.**—A meeting has been held at the Guildhall, Congleton, of the inhabitants and tradesmen of that borough, at which it was unanimously resolved, that the alarming state of stagnation and distress in which the trade of this borough is now placed is unparalleled; and proceeds, in the opinion of this meeting, from the reduction which has taken place in wages, and the want of employment by the working classes, thereby rendering them incapable of purchasing a sufficiency either of food or clothing requisite for their subsistence and comfort—that the dis-

tress they suffer can only be improved by the improvement of the staple trade—which can only be effected by a return to the prohibitory system in the silk trade!!!

A meeting has been held at the Town Hall, in Marclesfield, of the principal inhabitants, to take into consideration the present distressed state of the working classes, as the relief found in the ordinary operations of private benevolence, had become utterly incapable of meeting the demands upon them!!!—A subscription was entered into, which we trust will be more effective, if supported by other resources in addition to those of the town. A petition has likewise been forwarded to Parliament, stating "that the deplorable state of the town is wholly attributable to the recent changes in the commercial policy of the country!!!"

**WILTSHIRE.**—The manufacturers of Trowbridge, we are sorry to say, are in a very dissatisfied state, and, to such an extent, that the trade of the town is suffering very severely; and the cavalry have received orders to be ready for prompt attendance whenever called on. The poor workmen are dreadfully oppressed by the bad system among the small manufacturers of paying in truck. Meetings of the Union are frequently held in different public-houses, and the magistrates have interfered to prevent it. Those who are employed in respectable establishments have still plenty of work, and are satisfied, it appears, with their wages; but it is to be feared, the steady course of trade will, with them, be disturbed, by the influence of the suffering thousands. We have heard it as a fact, that the workmen of a respectable firm in Wilts have been offered £1,000 to be paid weekly from the Union, if they would strike, but the men informed their employers, expressed their satisfaction, and would not comply with their request. It appears that the society above alluded to, extends throughout Yorkshire, and to many parts of the kingdom, containing more than 300,000 members.—*Trewman's Exeter Flying Post, Jan. 29.*

**DORSETSHIRE.**—Preparations are making to proceed with the Dorset County Lunatic Asylum early in the spring, and the utmost care will be taken to render it in every respect well adapted to its object, and ready as soon as may be for the reception of patients. From the central situation of Forston House, in respect of the whole county, an easy opportunity will be afforded to magistrates, and to overseers of the poor of parishes having patients in the asylum, as well as to other persons interested in the condition of lunatics, to inspect and judge of the merits of the establishment. There remains to be provided the accommodation for sixty pauper lunatics, towards which nearly £3,000 has been already subscribed. The vote of the Court of Quarter Session, just closed, reduces the burthen of the contributors to the county rates to the half only of that amount to which they are by law liable in this instance, but the most sanguine expectations may justly be entertained, that, through the operation of subscriptions, what may further be required will be raised, and that the county rate may be exonerated from the whole expense.

**WORCESTERSHIRE.**—A general meeting of the subscribers and friends to the newly formed institution for the diffusion of useful literary and

scientific information among the industrious classes of the community, was held at the Guildhall of Worcester, Feb. 9. A committee for the ensuing year having been appointed, thanks were voted to the mayor, for the use of the Guildhall, on the occasion. The object of this establishment is to afford to the labouring classes, by means of useful books, philosophical apparatus, and occasional lectures, an opportunity of employing their leisure hours in an agreeable and profitable manner; thereby partially removing one cause of a dissolute and immoral life, the want of an interesting occupation when not employed in their business.

**SOMERSETSHIRE.**—A numerous meeting of officers belonging to his Majesty's navy and marines was held, January 29, at Bath; when the report of the Bath Branch of the Royal Naval Annuitant Society was read, and exhibited a very gratifying improvement in the funds, more particularly in the general fund, which now amounts to no less than £41,621. 15s. 6d. Of officers enrolled, the number is 1,936, showing an increase of members during the past year, amounting to 266, and an augmentation of capital of £12,322! The report, after alluding to the investment of the capital in the Bank of England, &c., concludes by a congratulation from the committee to their friends for the eminent success which this institution has received.

Last year's expenses for this county (as published by the treasurer, and audited by the magistrates) amounted to nearly £18,000; upwards of £14,000 of which were paid for the dispensation of criminal jurisprudence, and about £2,000, of the remainder, for building bridges, treasurer's salary, &c. &c.

**WALES.**—There is now living at Penboyr, Carmarthenshire, a female of the patriarchal age of 108 years, in perfect possession of all her faculties, with the exception that her hearing is very slightly impaired. She frequently travels eight or even ten miles a day, generally barefooted, whilst her shoes and sandals are snugly lodged under her arm, until she approaches the precincts of a village, when her feelings of economy give way to her sense of propriety, and the aforesaid habiliments are transferred from under her arm to her feet. Two females died in that town within the last twelve months, whose united ages amounted to 208 years; and there are two women now living whose joint ages exceed 200 years.—*Northampton Mercury.*

**SCOTLAND.**—Wednesday, January 28, Burke, the monster of iniquity, whose offences are without parallel in the annals of human depravity, paid the last penalty of the law. The assemblage of spectators drawn together on this occasion was immense, and far surpassed all former example. The hardened insensibility of the wretch continued unshaken, until his "dead-clothes" (a suit of sables furnished him at the expense of the city) were produced, when he shewed considerable emotion. On Tuesday evening, long before the erection of the gibbet commenced, many people had collected; and crowds continued observing the progress of the operation until its completion; and when it was effected, the crowd gave three loud cheers. At a very early hour on Wednesday morning, while the rain fell in torrents, the people began to assemble; and by eight o'clock one of the densest crowds had collected ever witnessed

in the streets of Edinburgh. Every window and house-top from which a glimpse of the criminal could be obtained, was occupied. Burke walked to the scaffold with a firm step. As soon as the officers by whom the culprit was preceded made their appearance at the head of Libberton's Wynd, a loud and simultaneous shout was given by the crowd; and as soon as the culprit appeared ascending the stair towards the platform, the yells of execration were tremendous, and at the moment when he came full in view, they were redoubled, intermixed with maledictions. Arrived on the platform of the scaffold, the miserable wretch was apparently somewhat blenched by the appalling shouts and yells of execration with which he was assailed, and cast a look of fierce and even desperate defiance at the spectators, who reiterated their cries. At the time when he was observed to kneel, which he did with his back to the crowd, the shouts were repeated, with cries, to the persons on the scaffold, of "Stand out of the way!" "Turn him round!" Signals were made to the crowd by the magistrates to intimate that Burke was engaged in his devotions; but these were totally disregarded, and the clamour continued. The executioner then proceeded to untie his neckcloth. At this moment the yells which had been almost uninterrupted, became more tremendous. When every thing was ready, and the assistants of the executioner had withdrawn, he at once gave the signal, and was instantly launched into eternity, and the falling of the drop was accompanied with three savage shouts. After being suspended, he gave several convulsive heaves, to each of which the spectators responded by another shout of triumph!

**IRELAND.**—**CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION DISSOLVED.**—At a meeting of the Catholic Association in Dublin, Feb. 10, the predominant and almost universal feeling was in favour of its immediate dissolution—a result much promoted by a speech from Mr. Shiel, who urged "the fatal folly of continuing a single hour in an attitude of defiance or distrust towards a government which has, of its own accord, held out the olive branch, and pledged itself to the work of Emancipation." The dissolution was, in substance, and amidst loud plaudits, adopted by the numerous meeting. It would have passed in form as well as substance, but for a letter from Mr. O'Connell to Mr. Dwyer, entreating the Catholics not to dissolve until "complete and unconditional emancipation" should have been actually carried. In another paragraph, Mr. O'Connell tells his countrymen, that there is "reason to apprehend DELUSION or CONTRIVANCE;" and, therefore, to be upon their guard. Mr. Maurice O'Connell, son of the M.P. for Clare, declared that his own mind had been made up as to the necessity of dissolution, but requested that another meeting should take place, as he wished "his father should have time, by another, letter to share the credit of that salutary sentiment which actuated every distinguished friend of the cause in England, and every sound Irishman, including the Catholic bishops, to insist on a dissolution, frank, prompt, and final." The meeting was held on Thursday, as follows:—"Dublin, Feb. 12, 1829.—Sir Thomas Esmonde, Bart, in the chair. Moved by Richard Shiel, Esq. Seconded by John Lawless, Esq., and carried unanimously, That the Catholic Association, at its rising this day, do stand totally dissolved.—Thomas Esmonde, chairman, Edward Dwyer, secretary. A



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THE CORONATION OATH, AND THE CABINET.

IN the tremendous extremity to which the Constitution is reduced, the only hope of England is in the fortitude, integrity, and patriotism of the King.

In the House of Commons the question is at an end; and while we give due tribute to the manliness that has distinguished the defenders of their country, we almost wish that they should not condescend, by their attendance on the Committee, to give the sanction of their presence to a measure which they have so irresistibly pronounced ruinous to the Constitution.

In the House of Lords the battle is still to be fought, and we have no doubt that it will be fought with the vigour and intelligence of patriotism. But we have seen too much of human nature in these trying times to feel secure in the result. We turn from the broken outworks to the citadel; from the fears, the weaknesses, and the tergiversations of the many, to the firmness and faith of the one; from the representatives and Peers of England to the King of England.

The original Coronation Oaths of the early English kings, contained general declarations of reverence and adherence to God and the Church. The first regular form was in Edward the Second's coronation; when the king, after pledging himself to the observance of the ancient laws and customs of the realm, and peculiarly the laws, customs, and liberties granted by Edward the Confessor, by a separate clause, swore to preserve perfect peace and concord in holy things to the Church of God, the Clergy, and the People. We must remark, too, that by those laws of Edward the Confessor, no supremacy whatever was given to the Pope. The king was declared to hold the complete supremacy. "*Rex, quia vicarius summi Regis est, ad hoc est constitutus ut regnum terrenum, et populum domini, et super omnia sanctam veneratur Ecclesiam ejus, et regat, et ab injuriis defendat, et maleficos ab ea evellat, et destruat, et penitus disperdat. Illos decet vocari reges, qui vigilanter defendunt, et regunt Ecclesiam Dei.*" (Leges Edwardi, 17 De Regio jure, &c.)

This oath continued, with scarcely an alteration, down to James II. to whose oath there was appended an express demand or petition of the bishops (probably from the fears of the nation of the coming in of popery) that the king should "preserve to them, and the church committed to their charge, their canonical privileges, and due law and justice: and that he should be their protector and defender, as every good king ought to be in his kingdom."

To this formal demand the king's answer was an equally formal promise of protection, expressed as closely as possible in the words of the demand. To all this the king swore.

This oath James violated: and for the violation was expressly declared to have forfeited the throne—in the words of the Act, “King James having broken the solemn compact with his people.” The accession of William and Mary, the Protestant sovereigns, saw the oath moulded into a new shape, and that shape expressly formed with a respect to the perpetual security of the established religion. After two clauses, declaring, with scarcely an alteration from the original oath, the Sovereign's promise to govern according to the laws, statutes, and customs of the land, and the execution of the laws in justice and mercy, comes a third, being the first part totally new modelled. The archbishop demands of the king,—“Will you, to the *utmost* of your power, maintain the laws of God, the *true* profession of the gospel, and the PROTESTANT REFORMED RELIGION AS ESTABLISHED BY LAW? And will you preserve unto the bishops and clergy of this realm, and to the churches committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do and shall appertain to them or any of them?” This is the first of William and Mary (c. 6.) But, as if to make assurance doubly sure in the Act of Union with Scotland (the 5th of Anne), it is enacted, that “every King or Queen of England for *ever* hereafter, coming to the throne of Great Britain, shall, at his or her Coronation, take and subscribe an oath to maintain and *preserve inviolably* the said settlement of the Church of England in the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government thereof, within the kingdoms of England and Ireland, the Dominion of Wales, and Town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and the territories thereto belonging.” This oath was evidently framed with a peculiar view to the security of Protestantism. It added nothing to the old promise of security to the civil rights, but it added, in the most emphatic degree, to the security of the Protestant Church.

The necessity of this change was pressed on the mind of the legislature by the necessities of the time. They had seen the former oath evaded by the sovereign, and they were determined to construct an oath which no evasion could nullify. And so important did they consider this bond, that to form it was among the very earliest efforts of their newly created freedom. On the very day after the declaration that the throne was vacant, Sir Richard Temple, on the 29th of January, stated, as the three essentials of the free constitution,—“1st. The security against encroachments on parliament, by providing for the certainty and frequency of holding its assemblies, and allowing no standing armies without its consent.—2d. Security for the faithful administration of the laws, by giving salaries instead of fees to the judges. And, 3d. The settlement of the Coronation Oath.” Within a month, on the 28th of February, the Coronation Oath was referred to a Committee to inspect it, and consider what alterations ought to be made therein. On the 25th of March, the House resolved itself into “a Committee to take the matter into their consideration”—and the oath was modelled as it now stands. The purport of the whole change was security against the *influence* of papists in the government, and their returning power of perplexing the constitution. The only question which had at all retarded the House in settling the oath was, actually, how far it might restrain the king from giving the Protestant Dissenters the relief which had made a part of his original promises, and in which many members were willing to concur.

The purpose of all those debates and declarations was to settle the fact without any further controversy, that England must be in all the branches of its government Protestant; that finding popery to have been pernicious, as was declared even in the reign of Charles, by the statute; (30, c. 2.); to have involved the councils of the king in doctrines of tyranny; and to have entangled the king in foreign connexions ruinous to his honour, the independence of his throne, and the safety of his people; the legislature, speaking the voice of the nation, resolved, that (in the language of the late King George,) the door should be shut against the incursion of a religion which, wherever it worked its way, made mischief, which lived on intrigue, which had no bounds to its intrigue, which hated with a mortal hatred the religion, the constitution, and the power of England, and which, swearing allegiance to the pope, laboured to reduce every country under the dominion of the papacy, with all its plunders, political depravity, popular ignorance, and sanguinary persecutions.

The declaration of the Prince of Orange when he embarked, stated, "That it is certain that the public peace and happiness of any kingdom cannot be preserved where the laws, liberties, and customs are openly transgressed, and more especially where the *alteration of religion* is endeavoured, and that a religion which is contrary to law is endeavoured to be introduced; upon which, those who are most immediately concerned in it, are indispensably bound to endeavour to preserve and maintain the established laws, liberties, and customs, and, *above all*, the RELIGION AND WORSHIP OF GOD."

The "Nottingham paper," bearing the signatures of a great number of the nobility and gentry, states, "that the exclusion of popery, and the support of Protestantism, constitute the object of their resisting James and offering to join William. Not being willing to deliver their posterity over to such a condition of *popery* and slavery as their oppressions inevitably threatened, they will, to the utmost of their power, oppose the same, by joining with the Prince of Orange for the recovery of their almost ruined laws, liberties, and religion. And herein they hope all good Protestant subjects will not be bugbeared with the opprobrious term of rebels, by which the court would frighten them to become perfect slaves to their tyrannical insolences and usurpations.

"For they assure themselves, that no rational or unbiassed person could judge it rebellion to defend their laws and religion, which all English Princes have sworn at their Coronation, which Oath, how well it has been observed of late, they desire a free Parliament might have the consideration of."—(Cobbett's Parl. Hist. v. 17.)

In the celebrated discussion between the Lords and Commons on the word "abdicated," Mr. Somers pronounced, that James, by breaking the original contract between the king and the people, had renounced being a king according to law, such a king as he swore to be at his coronation.

The Declaration of Rights, in February 12, after stating the crimes by which James was dispossessed of the throne, declares, as the substance of the whole, that he did endeavour to subvert and extirpate the *Protestant Religion*, and the laws and liberties of this kingdom. The letters summoning the New Parliament, desire that the Lords Temporal and Spiritual, being *Protestant*, and the representatives of the counties, &c., shall meet at Westminster, in order to such an establishment as

that their religion, laws, and liberties might not again be in *danger of being subverted*. The full and solid establishment of Protestantism for ever, and the utter exclusion of the perverted principles, and unscriptural religion of popery, from all power to trample upon England again, are the constant topics in the addresses of the people to the parliament, and of the parliament to the king. In the royal proclamation, the "zeal of the Princess of Orange for the Protestant religion," is augured into "bringing a blessing with her on the nation."

In the speaker's address to their Majesties on the 12th of April, the day after their coronation, he declares this: "That which completes our happiness is, the experience we have of your Majesties' continual care to maintain the *Protestant Religion*, so that we can no longer apprehend any danger of being deprived of that inestimable blessing by either secret practices or open violence."

We have now seen how important the maintenance of the established religion was held by the parliament and people, who best knew, from experience, its value; and we see that the means by which they proposed to maintain the religion, were the *renewal of the tests*, which James had abrogated; and the *utter and final* rejection of Papists from all and every share in the legislature. The *Protestant* lords and representatives only were summoned to parliament, and the whole offices of the state were filled with men who had publicly taken the oath of supremacy.

If it be said, that at the time of taking this Coronation Oath, Papists sat in the Irish parliament, let it be remembered how slightly Ireland was at that time under English jurisdiction; that, immediately on the overthrow of James, and its reduction of English allegiance, Papists were excluded from parliament, and that the 5th of Anne, the Act of the Scotch Union, declares, that every sovereign of England and Ireland shall take the oath to the support of the established religion, inviolable for ever. The true means on which no change of circumstances could be brought to act, being the exclusion of all Papists from parliament.

It will be seen that the ecclesiastical clause of the Coronation Oath consists of two parts, the latter part, one in some measure dependant on circumstances. It declares that the bishops and clergy shall be maintained in the privileges that *do or shall* appertain unto them. But the former clause contains three things, which it separates, as equally and perfectly unchangeable: the maintenance of the laws of God, the true profession of the gospel, and the Protestant reformed religion, as established by law.

Mr. Hampden, the younger, expressed the common sense and truth of the case, when he said, "As to religion, the king swears positively to the true profession of the gospel, that is, the Christian religion—no latitude in that—and then comes to the Christian religion, as it is, *against popery*, and this is the stress of all your oath.—This Coronation Oath 'is the very touchstone and symbol of your government.'" (Cobb. Parl. N. V. p. 202.)

This oath, then, thus changed and formed for the express maintenance of Protestantism, in its power and purity, to the end of time; was the Oath taken by King George the Fourth on the day of his putting the crown upon his head; and from this Oath he *cannot* withdraw, while he is able to maintain it by his "*utmost*" exertion. In fact, nothing but the sword at his throat, nothing but the most absolute physical necessity, can justify his conceding an iota of this, the most solemn obligation that can be laid on the conscience of man. It is nonsense to say that he

takes it merely as an executive officer ; the king is a legislator. It is nonsense to say that he cannot resist the will of parliament. It was for the actual purpose of resisting the will of parliament, if it should ever be mad enough to approach the overthrow of the established religion, *that this oath was framed*. It was meant to be the last rampart of the constitution. It is nonsense to say that the parliament can dispense with the oath. The oath has been made by the king, not as a member of parliament, but as a sovereign ; not simply to his people, but to God. He has pledged himself not merely to keep the religion safe for the present generation, but to deliver it as he received it, to his successor, for the latest posterity. By this oath the king is bound, until he puts off all human obligations for the grave.

We must not now go further into the reasons which make this conclusion still more unanswerable, but advert to the slight and common topic of the difficulty of finding any successors to the present unpopular and hazardous Cabinet.

Since the world began, the rogues and fools, a pair of deliberative bodies that always act in conjunction, have had their rallying cry. And the cry now is, where, if we kicked out, or hanged, or sent to Botany Bay, to-morrow, the whole of the present cabinet, should we be able to find another. That we should not be able to find another *like it*, we hope from the bottom of our souls ; and firmly believe, that except among the RATS, we should be under a moral impossibility of making the discovery.

But the cry is, where will you find the talent? The "talents" is an old burlesque, almost too old for any thing but the dullest of jokes, and worthy of figuring in a speech of Lord King ; but we shall take the liberty of inquiring singly into the extraordinary brilliancy of those lights, whose extinction would leave the empire to darkness. We put his Grace of Wellington out of the question, for a while. As to his military merits there is no doubt, we may come to his ministerial by and by ; but of his whole cabinet beside, we pronounce that there is not one man above the commonest average of society. We will go further, and with as much security ; and pronounce that there never has been, in British history, a cabinet *so contemptible*, not merely in point of principle—that point is settled by universal consent—but in point of intellect. In all the cabinets, hitherto, there have been three or four of the best men that the premier could collect. The stronger his cabinet was, the stronger his ministry, and, of course, he looked out for the ablest coadjutors. But the very reverse has been the present system. Wellington has looked out for the weakest coadjutors, and has done it on principle, if the word be not scandalized by its application. It was his object to have a submissive cabinet, a table-full of miserable dependants, ready to do as they were bid in all things ; not daring to speak above their breaths while the field-marshal was present ; and so perfectly conscious of their own total exclusion from public respect, confidence, or consideration, that a look from him would turn them aloof, without a hope of commiseration or their quarter's salary.

Now let us see, one by one, those extraordinary geniuses, whose being kicked out of Downing Street—which we pray Heaven that they may before another month is over—would be so fatally irreparable.

First comes Lord Melville, a shining character, as every body knows ; and without whose seamanship the navy of England must go head-foremost to the dogs. We hope that it may be no public crime to

mention this noble lord as one of the very dullest individuals that ever pocketed five thousand a year on the merit of his being a Scotsman. The merit has gone far in other times, but in Lord Melville it has gone beyond any endurable length; and we feel ourselves warranted in the conclusion, that if Scotland could not produce a duller person, England could at least find his equal in naval affairs, and the empire would be, by no means ruined, even if Lord Melville should be sent back to his native North, and be left to vegetate on his recollections of the integrity of his father, and his own popularity in the navy.

Then comes Lord Bathurst. This noble person is in exactly the same predicament; and, after a salaried life of a quarter of a century, no man living can recollect any one public service of his—any trait of talent—any evidence of his being beyond the most common grade of clerkship. Lord Bathurst is, like Lord Melville, a mere cash-bag, for receiving so much per annum of the public currency.

Then come the three secretaries of state. First, the foreign secretary, Lord Aberdeen. Who, on earth, knows any thing about Lord Aberdeen? He is a scribbler in the *Edinburgh Review*, he wrote some nonsense somewhere or other about sculpture, and he is president of the Antiquarian Society—that learned body which meet to read abstracts of the bricklayers' bills of old London, write papers on Queen Elizabeth's farthings, and publish memoirs on all the cobwebs of history. Worthy president of a worthy assembly. And this sullen and dull personage, one of the very "weeds that grow on Lethe's wharf," is the holder of the office which is presumed to conduct the whole foreign diplomacy, the treaties, negociations, and wars of England with the world! This man is actually in the office which Canning held, which Castlereagh held, which Fox held, which a crowd of the first names of English history have held. And, yet, we are to be told that the world could not go on if Lord Aberdeen were to be kicked out of office!

Then comes Mr. Peel. But of this wretched being we will not permit ourselves to speak. Our hearts shrink at the mention of the apostate. Scorn has no word deep enough for the emotion that his very name stirs in us. He is undone: if he were to live for a thousand years he can never wash away the name that his apostacy has earned for him. The best thing for him to do, is to fly from public life, and make his peace with Heaven; for, by his country, he will be called apostate during his existence, and it will be the only title upon his grave.

But, what are his abilities? Neither of the first, the second, nor the third rate. During nearly twenty years of perpetual opportunity, he has not signalized himself by any one great public measure; by any one marked evidence of talent, not even by any one distinguished speech. Mr. Sadler's speech, the other night, was worth all that Mr. Peel has spoken since he was born, as an evidence of ability. It had more of powerful thinking, the real matter of a vigorous mind, than all the long-winded stuff that Peel has ever prosed. The home secretary was always a poor creature, puffed by the sycophants who hang upon the heels of every man who can feed them, and who would puff the devil at the same wages; but dull, dry, long-winded, and wearisome, to a degree not to be borne by any human being, except some miserable expectant, whose business it is to sit on the back benches and cry "hear," from five in the evening till three in the morning. We could do, incomparably well, even though Mr. Peel were kicked out.

Then comes Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald. We have yet to learn what are

the invaluable qualities of this individual. He has been in the House for about the same time as Peel, and endeavoured to crawl on in the same track. But there he failed. Peel crawled better—he was thrown back even by Peel, and that is enough to settle his claims for ever. At the Clare election he behaved in the silliest and most imbecile manner; he bore all the cutting scorn of his respectable opponents, and all the impudent brutality of his disrespectable ones, including O'Connell, with the most babyish affectation of sensibility; he wept, or pretended to weep, where another man would have manfully put down the ruffianism that was roaring round him, and triumphing over his foolery. He took all as tenderly as a school-girl, whipped for mislaying her sampler; he abounded in compliments, to a set of rascals to whom it was a degradation for a gentleman to speak; and concluded his wretched exhibition by begging pardon of every body for every thing. During his whole parliamentary career, Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald has done nothing—has never distinguished himself by speech or action, or any attempt that could place him beyond the average of those good-natured gentlemen who, like Billy Holmes, are ready to take up with any thing that offers. We think that we could survive as a nation, even though Mr. Fitzgerald were kicked out.

Then comes Mr. Herries, whom we conclude to be a clever fellow from one fact—that being the son of a bankrupt, he has contrived to lay out the slight sum of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds on an estate! How he managed this piece of luck, Mr. Herries has never condescended to explain. There was some growling at it when Lord Goderich proposed him as Chancellor of the Exchequer. But that innocent and silly lord having given him a regular character in the newspapers, and other matters of more importance having caught the public eye, Mr. Herries and his money were forgotten for the time. But we hope he may yet be indulged with the opportunity, which, to a man of his sensitive feelings, must be so extremely desirable.

Mr. Herries is, in all points, utterly below notice as a debater; and while his ability might be matched by any clerk, at five shillings a day, in any banker's shop in London, we cannot think that the empire would be undone if Mr. Herries were kicked out.

Then comes Mr. Goulburn. For this individual we have an especial contempt, for Mr. Goulburn is a Saint. As such, we presume, he has found out that to keep in place is his first duty; and, as such, Mr. Goulburn, hitherto one of the most violent, determined, and furious, in his hostility to the Papists, has thought proper to turn to the right about at the word of command, discover that all that he had been doing under a ministry which allowed a man to speak his own mind, was the height of error under a ministry which ordered a man to speak their mind; and is now a solemn, solid, stupid pillar of the apostacy. As a speaker, Mr. Goulburn has always been confused, prolix, and intolerable. His new principles have not brightened his elocution in the most trivial degree; and we have arrived at the full conviction that the nation would not be undone by the most summary process of kicking out Mr. Goulburn.

Then comes Lord Ellenborough, who, at present, rides double, being mounted on the privy seal and the presidency of the board of controul. His lordship is a handsome man, with a handsome head of hair, and a handsome wife; and beyond those qualifications for governing India, taking a two-fold share in the government of England, and receiving

a two-fold salary, amounting to eight thousand British pounds, we know of none in the possession of this noble lord, who, by the by, is in the receipt of some thousands a year, besides, from a large sinecure in the King's Bench. Why the nation should thus pay about ten thousand pounds a year for the services of Lord Ellenborough, however rich his ringlets, or high his conception of his own merits, we profess ourselves totally at a loss to imagine. Our opinion is that the nation would not perish even if his lordship were, to-morrow, to throw up his functions, and retire, for life, to his looking-glass.

Then comes Sir George Murray, a good hard-working soldier, we have no doubt, though we are by no means in the habit of connecting superb military reminiscences with the name of Murray. We have had enough of them in the service, for public experience, and we as little desire their following in the cabinet as their leading in the field. In fact, we have a good deal of dislike, suspicion, and disgust, at seeing this man, the notorious confidant of the marshal's military career, exalted into one of the very highest places of confidence in the minister's Cabinet career. It is not the custom of Englishmen to have the laws of civil life made or administered by soldiers. Let Sir Francis Burdett, and the mendicant followers of that political mountebank, take up his jackanape's maxim, that soldiers are the very men to manage the British government. We shall chime in with the radical, when we shall think that the sword is a safer instrument than the constable's staff, that an order from the provost marshal is more suitable to a free country than a Habeas Corpus, and that a drum-head Court-martial is the finest possible substitute for the Trial by Jury. On the whole we should feel no compunction whatever, if Sir George Murray were kicked out before next roll-call.

The chancellor comes next; and we join in the universal opinion of the chancellor. Enough is said. He has the merit of being a convert on the shortest notice. As to his personal virtues, private morality, and pecuniary independence, we know no more than we do of Lady Lyndhurst's. We hope the best of this well-matched couple; but would have no objection to see his lordship kicked out, to-morrow, in the most summary, contemptuous, and returnless manner.

So much for the Cabinet of England; so much for the governors of the first and freest of empires; and so much for the security, honour, or dominion, of England, while tergiversation is the triumph of politics, while the last year's speech of every man is the bitterest rebuke of his this year's speech, and while the most unblushing political effrontery, even to the open avowal that the constitution is to be broken in upon, is the merit that distinguishes one man from another, and confers the supremacy of defection upon that most odious of politicians—the home secretary. That there would be some difficulty in making up such another Cabinet we readily allow: for we hope, for the honour of England, and human nature, that such another display of political slipperiness is not to be found. But, in point of ability, we could match it from any dozen clerks in Whitehall; and, in point of public confidence, could match it from the first dozen men whom we met in the streets, let them be who or what they may. We call upon our countrymen still to rouse themselves; to express, in the boldest language of truth, their abhorrence of, what the Attorney-general has justly called, The “*ATROCIOUS BILL,*” and of a faction whose triumph is pregnant with the most fatal consequences to all that we value. Once more we say, Englishmen must never despair.—“*No surrender.*”—“*So, help us, God!*”



## THE TWO MINERS OF FAMATINA.\*

THE great mountain of Famatina, situated in the province of Rioja, has long been looked upon traditionally as the depository of enormous wealth in the form of gold and silver ore; but the turning this wealth to any important practical account is a circumstance of very recent date; partly owing to the superstitious feelings which the native Indians have always connected, and still connect, with the supposed demons and other supernatural beings who are believed to inhabit the mountain; but chiefly, no doubt, from the absence of any sufficient motive, on the part of the occupiers of the surrounding country, to encounter the perils and hardships attendant on exploring the scene of those, to them, useless and unnecessary treasures: for, so rich and fertile are the surrounding plains of the Rioja, and the Pampas, and so comparatively trifling is the labour required to obtain from them all which the simple-minded inhabitants need for their subsistence and comfort, that probably nothing but an actual display of the physical consequences (in wealth and consideration) to be gained by the enterprise in question, could have induced them to commence or continue the prosecution of it, even *since* the revolution, and the new train of motives and feelings which that event has introduced. But before that period the wealth of the Famatina mountain remained a treasure of the imagination merely; and was, as such, as much superior to the actual possessions of the miser, who has not the heart to use what he has hoarded, as the feeling of having all one's wants supplied is to that of wants increasing in the exact ratio of the supply to which they refer. The innumerable herds of the Pampas, to be had almost by seeking for—the inexhaustible fertility of the soil, requiring nothing worthy the name of toil in its tillage—the peculiar character of some portion of the vegetation, serving for almost every purpose connected with the actual wants of human life;† and, finally, the beautiful, but enervating and relaxing climate; all these things united, afforded ample means of content to the comparatively few inhabitants of the vast province of Rioja; which, even at the present time, does not number more than twenty thousand souls. It is true the King of Spain and his government have made repeated attempts to work the mines, known to have formerly existed in this mountain. But they

\* This brief sketch of the singular circumstances attending the comparatively recent discovery of the wealth of the Famatina mines, is by one who collected them on the spot, and from persons who may be described as eye and ear witnesses of what they reported.

† Allusion is here made to the Algarrova tree, in particular. This tree seems to have been expressly provided by Providence for the sustenance of the rude inhabitants of these districts, and if it were by any accident of nature to be exterminated, it is scarcely too much to say that the population would follow it. It is the universal sustenance of the poor, the idle, and the destitute; there is a drink made from its bean-like pod, which is excellent—its seeds are ground into flour—its leaves are used as the general food for cattle—and its branches, which are studded with sharp-pointed thorns, are stuck in the earth, and wattled together into a sort of palissade, which even a starving bull will not attempt to break through, though he see the tempting pasture on the other side. The wood, too, is not only excellent for all agricultural and architectural purposes, but is, from its hard and solid nature, almost as durable as coals, for fuel. Finally, even dogs are fond of the pod, and pigs fatten on it better than on any other food. The former will often leave their homes, and live in the Algarrova woods as long as the pod is in season; and the poor will none of them work—nor need they—while that portion of the Algarrova tree lasts.

could never hit upon any inducements sufficiently strong to secure the earnest and active co-operation of the inhabitants, or even to overcome that superstitious horror which had been left as a legacy to them by their simple, but in this instance, perhaps, wise ancestors, relative to the dangers—unnamed and unknown, but not the less effectual in their influence—attendant on the task of exploring the vast and naturally terrific solitudes immediately surrounding the objects of search. The early Indians, just referred to, had also adopted another precaution, as if with the view of deterring their descendants from the perilous enterprise in question—perilous even, more on account of the cupidity which its results excited in their European masters, than in the actual physical hardships and evils connected with it. On ceasing to work the mines, they carefully built up and concealed, by every means in their power, the various openings to them, so as to remove all clue, if possible, to the exploring of them in future.

It should be mentioned, however, that just before the great discovery, now about to be described in detail, a slight impulse had been given to the Riojanos, to avail themselves of the wealth which all believed to be at their disposal, if needed, by the smuggling trade, which commenced at the opening of the present century, between the province and Buenos Ayres, in articles of English clothing. The desire of being more gaily clad than their neighbours—a desire always easy to be put in action, in idle and unoccupied bosoms—had induced a few of the inhabitants to undertake mining expeditions into the heart of the desolate mountain; and the consequence was that a little silver got into circulation in the province—a thing, till then, almost unknown. At length, in the year 1805, about four years after the slight and insignificant attempts just referred to, there were seen one day, riding into the village of Chilecito, two wretchedly clad men, both mounted on one sorry mule, and armed with one old musket. On inquiry, it appeared that these men had travelled from Peru in the manner just described, and had supported themselves on their journey, entirely by the aid of their old gun, with which they had killed, from time to time, what they needed for their subsistence. It was ascertained, too, that, having been long engaged as labourers in the Peruvian mines, and having acquired the knowledge necessary for their purpose, they had left that country solely with the view of seeking their fortune in the mountain of Famatina—the traditional reports of its wealth having long ago reached the country from which they came. These two men were named Juan Leita, and Juan Echavaria; and I have been told by persons who were eye-witnesses to their first entry into Chilecito, that nothing could exceed the astonishment excited in the inhabitants of the village, at the idea of two poverty-stricken and almost naked beings attempting to contend with the dangers and rigours of the so dreaded solitudes of the Famatina mountain. But these men, unlike the happier inhabitants of the fertile plains of Rioja, had long felt the evils of poverty, and craved the advantages which they had been accustomed to see enjoyed by the possessors of wealth alone; and they determined to risk, and to bear everything, with the view of bettering their condition. These are the class of persons from whom we are to look for those discoveries and achievements, which demand unwearying perseverance, and suppose and include constant privation. The two penniless and friendless adventurers, from a distant land, looked on the wondrous mountain, of which they had

heard so much; and seeing in its now visible form literally "a mine of wealth," they determined within themselves to explore and take possession of its treasures, or perish in the attempt. On their arrival at Chilecito, they were literally destitute of everything necessary to their enterprise, except that unquenchable desire and determination to accomplish it which constitutes in such cases great part of the required power. They had not even brought with them any of the mining tools necessary for the commencement of their operations; nor a farthing of money to purchase them. These, therefore, together with the supply of provisions indispensable to their very existence, while working on a spot, near which none could, by possibility, be procured, they contrived to obtain on credit, from a curate of Chilecito, named Granillo, who agreed to supply them with what they needed, to the amount of thirty dollars, on condition, that if they succeeded in their undertaking, they were to repay him double the amount within a certain time; and, with these supplies they started for the mountain, the very day after their arrival in its neighbourhood. They proceeded on foot themselves, as it was necessary to load their mule with the provisions, tools, &c., which they were enabled by the curate to take with them. It is said that the hardships they endured, for the first three or four days, were almost incredible; for, during the whole of that time, they were exposed to the fury of a snow storm, almost naked, and without firing, or even shelter. At the end of that time they had contrived to dig out a small cave in the side of the rock to shelter them at night from the snow and rain; and there they used to lie close together, with no other means of avoiding being frozen to death, but that of receiving the animal warmth of each other. Their only provisions were biscuit, and a little dried beef, or *charqui*, which they were obliged to eat cold—having, as I have said, no means of procuring firing of any kind. Nevertheless, they persevered—their first attempt being made at that part of the mountain, called the Cerro Negro, where, after working for some time, they discovered a small vein of virgin silver, mixed with sulphuret of silver. They continued working upon this for about a month, never quitting the mountain during that period; at the end of which time, having collected together as much ore as they could carry, they returned with it to Chilecito. As all mining speculations had ceased in that neighbourhood, they were now at a loss how to turn their little treasure to account, by reducing it to a tangible form. This, however, they at last effected, by grinding the ore to powder, on a large flat stone, as painters grind their colors, and then triturating it with mercury to extract the silver. The produce of this their first adventure was about one hundred dollars; with which, having first paid the curate his promised sixty dollars, they purchased more provisions, and a little clothing, and then returned to the mountain, and were heard of no more for three months. At the end of that time one of them came back to the village, with sufficient silver ore to purchase two additional mules, for the purpose of bringing back the increasing produce of their labours. And thus they went on for about twelve months, never quitting the mountain but when compelled to return in search of provisions. It was understood that, by this time, they had accumulated a capital of about two thousand dollars; and about this time it was that they discovered the rich mine called Santo Domingo. They now found themselves sufficiently beforehand with the world to feel justified in hiring labourers from the village to work for

them; and having also purchased a spot of ground in the valley of Famatina, in which there was a convenient fall of water from one of the mountain rivulets, Juan Leita, who was a man of great mechanical ingenuity, constructed with his own hands a trapichi mill, for the purpose of grinding the ore on a larger scale. The whole of this construction he completed without assistance; and then, being the hardier man of the two, he returned to the mountain, to work and superintend the operations there, while Echavaria came to reside at the mill, and attend to the extraction of the metal from the ore. In this manner they proceeded for ten years, by which time they had accumulated a capital of a hundred thousand dollars. But in doing this they had excited the malicious envy of the Riojanos, whose cupidity made them covet the wealth which their want of industry prevented them from even attempting to compass for themselves by similar means. At this period, too, the revolution broke out, and afforded the means of, in some measure, accomplishing the object which was now contemplated by some of the heads of the people. The first step taken against them was to order them to pay a contribution of a thousand dollars for the service of the state. This was no sooner complied with than another was sent for a similar sum, and shortly afterwards others to the amount of five thousand dollars more. On this, Echavaria, who was at once a shrewd and a timorous man, and foresaw the storm that was brewing, endeavoured to prevail on Leita to join him in retiring to Peru with the property they had amassed. But Leita refused to consent; and the result was, that they came to the resolution of dividing their property, and Echavaria made his escape immediately after—having first buried in a spot, near the mill, that portion of his gains which he was not able to carry with him. Shortly after the departure of Echavaria, it was reported that Leita had discovered another mine, still richer than any of those they had hitherto been working upon. Whether this was true or not, it had the effect of exciting still further the cupidity of the new government, and an order was speedily sent to Leita, requiring him to furnish a still larger contribution. This he had expected, and had prepared himself for, by burying in the ground nearly all his treasures; and his reply to the government order was that they had already deprived him of all his gains. But they were not to be put off in this manner. On receiving the above reply, they immediately had a meeting of the Cabildo, in the town of Rioja; and the result was the sending a militia officer, and twenty men, to take Leita into custody, and lodge him in prison, under the pretence that he was an old Spaniard, and an enemy to the state. The party arrived at his house, in the Escaleras, just as he was sitting down to dinner; and having immediately taken him, and placed heavy fetters upon his legs, they were about to place him on a horse, and carry him away. But he determined on having recourse to stratagem, with the view of, if possible, gaining his liberty, and escaping from their hands. Accordingly, pretending the utmost submission to the commands of the government, he invited the party to take some dinner with him before they set out, and offered to supply them with some excellent wine, which he possessed. This proposal was immediately accepted by the officer commanding the party; and, as the only servant of Leita, a black slave, had ran away on the approach of the military party, Leita offered to wait on them himself, and fetch the wine, serve the dinner, &c. This he did for some time with

great apparent good humour, and with great satisfaction to the party; who, as their spirits waxed higher with Leita's excellent wine, grew more favourably disposed towards their prisoner; and the head of them, seeing with what alacrity he went in and out in their service, observed that it was a pity he should be so much inconvenienced by his fetters, and ordered that they should be taken off. Freed from this incumbrance, he still kept running in and out doing their bidding, and supplying them with more wine; till at length, having ascertained the position and arms of the three sentinels who had been placed without, he watched his opportunity, and suddenly closed the door (which shut with a spring latch) on the drinking party within; and then, having by great resolution and strength disarmed and put to flight the sentinels, he presented himself at the window of the room where the rest were enclosed, and threatened with an axe to chop off the head of the first person who offered to cscape by that exit. Then, still keeping watch over the now drunken party within the room, he whistled for his black slave, (who, it appeared, had only been sent out of the way to conceal himself with the view of assisting his master's project,) Leita ordered him to prepare the two best horses of the party and bring them to him, and to unsaddle and turn loose all the rest. This being done according to his desire, both master and man mounted, and were soon at a great distance on the road across the Andes to Coquimbo in Chile. They rode day and night; but by the time they had reached the central ridge of the Andes, their horses sunk under them from fatigue; and, on seeing their pursuers approaching in the distance, they abandoned their horses, and continued their flight on foot, making for the craigs and precipices where their pursuers could not possibly follow. They were now safe for the present; and in a few days Leita made his appearance before the Spanish Royalist, General Osorio, representing who he was, and the circumstances under which he had left Rioja; and stating that if the general would supply him with a certain number of men he would engage speedily to reduce the whole province to the dominion of the Spanish monarchy. Osorio could not supply Leita with the required means, but was induced, by his representations, to provide him with letters of recommendation to Pezuela, the viceroy of Peru, who, he said, would be likely to further his view in the proposed project. But to deliver these letters, it was necessary that Leita should travel through a great tract of country in the provinces of Tucuman and Salta, at the imminent risk of falling in with his enemies. He therefore determined on disguising himself as a poor miner, and taking with him only one attendant as a guide on the road he was to go, leaving his own faithful black behind him to avoid suspicion. In this manner he reached in safety the boundary of the province of Salta. But here, observing a scouting party of fifty men in the distance, Leita hid his money and papers in a thicket hard by; which he had scarcely accomplished when the party came up, and began to make illusory inquiries, which he at first refused to answer, for fear of causing suspicion by his Arragon accent. At last, being compelled by their ill usage and threats to speak, he described himself as a poor miner in search of work. But, as he had feared, his accent excited further suspicions, and they proceeded to beat him and his guide, till the latter at last confessed who Leita was, though he could not disclose the object of his travelling that road. But another blow or two soon induced him to confess where his master had hidden his papers and money; and these disclosed all

that they wished to know. They then immediately conducted their prisoner to the city of Tucuman; where he was subjected to a brief and summary trial, and was immediately condemned to death for being in correspondence with the enemies of the Patria. Soon after his condemnation, a priest, named Jose Augustin Colombres, came to confess Leita; and, with the view of extracting from him the knowledge of where he had hidden his supposed treasures, he promised to procure a grant of his life on condition of such disclosure. Leita was easily induced, under his desperate circumstances, to fall into this snare; and having made the desired confession to the wily priest, he was almost immediately shot in the Plaza of the town. Two years after this, the above-named priest made a journey to the Escaleras, for the purpose, as is supposed, of taking away the buried treasure, the knowledge of which he had extracted from its owner; and thus concluded the first modern mining enterprise of the Famatina.

This history was related to me by a person named ——\*, who was himself intimately connected with the mines then working in the mountain, and who went on to tell me a few further anecdotes relating to them. He said that having by dint of hard industry amassed a little capital, he determined to embark it in the mining speculations which the success of Leita and Echavaria had brought somewhat more into fashion; and that having exhausted his own savings of 2000 dollars, he borrowed 2000 more, with which he was at length successful, and speedily afterwards accumulated a capital of 10,000 dollars; but that disgusted by the vexatious obstacles thrown in his way by the new government, he had retired to Cordova with his little fortune, and embarked it in trade. Until this period the mines of the Famatina had been looked upon as open to the enterprises of any body who chose to engage in working them. But when Rivadavia came into power in Buenos Ayres, he determined on turning their wealth to a national account. He therefore sent to the governor of Rioja for a statement of the general state of the mines, and their adaptation to the purposes he had in view, of making them subservient to the interests of the state. The consequence was that a great company was formed at Buenos Ayres under the auspices of Messrs. Hullet, Brothers, and Co., consisting partly of English and partly of native merchants; and to this company the right of working all the mines in the province of Rioja was conceded, for a certain period, and under settled restrictions.

It may be well to close this sketch by a brief notice of the present, or at least the very recent, condition of the mines at Famatina. Some years ago, the number of working miners, employed on the mountain, was rather less than four hundred, a comparatively insignificant number, when it is considered that the mountain is twenty leagues in length, and that not more than about one-fourth of that extent had been, in any way, explored for mining purposes, and even that portion had been examined very imperfectly. Indeed, so rude was the method then employed of working the mines, and so inexhaustible are the riches supposed to be which they contain, that, at the time referred to, the miners used to turn away with contempt from any spot which did not contain ore capable of returning 640 ounces of silver for every *cajon* (about 4,800lb); and

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\* I omit the name, as it might possibly expose my informant to persecution.

many of the mines then in work produced an average of four times that proportion. Moreover, so defective was the system of working the mines, it was perfectly well understood that the workmen stole at least half the produce. Yet, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, the profits of working the mines were understood to be immense, as compared with the capital employed for the purpose. The wages paid to the workmen, at the period now referred to, were as follows:—To the working miner (*barretero*) twelve dollars per month, and as much beef, bread, and fire-wood as he chose to consume; to the *apire*, or labourer, who carried up the ore on his back from the lodes, eight dollars per month, and the same provisions; the overseer (*majordomo*) was generally paid from twenty-five to thirty dollars per month, and he generally contrived to appropriate as much more. The mountain was, as it were, parcelled out into nine different divisions; of which the richest and most productive was said to be that portion called the Cerro Mejicano, and situated just beneath the snowy ridge. The other portions, bearing the best repute for riches, were the Ampallao, the Cerro Negro, and the Cerro Tigre. In the Cerro Mejicano alone there are eight rich mines. The particular mine which is reputed to be the richest is called the mine of Santo Domingo. It produces abundance of virgin silver, and was, at that time, estimated at the value of 200,000 dollars. The metal of nearly all the mines is silver; but there were three or four which produced gold. These, however, though much more healthy to work than the silver mines, were not looked upon as nearly so profitable.

Finally, it may be mentioned, that the mountain of Famatina presents, from the village of Chilecito, a most beautiful and noble appearance, especially in the early morning, when its enormous snow-crowned ridges are just receiving the first rays of the sun. At this period of the day, indeed, it is usually enveloped, for the most part, in light mists. But as these clear away before the increasing power of the sun as it rises, the various effects of light and shade are most curious and beautiful; and when, at last, the whole is enveloped in the full blaze of day, the effect is truly magnificent.

A. G.

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THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR: A FRAGMENT.

By the Author of "Field Flowers," &c.

So stood the Christian Martyr;—he that morn  
 Had heard his dreadful doom, had heard, unchanged  
 His mind and purpose; and, with step as firm  
 And brow as placid, to the stake moved on,  
 As when in other days he claimed the bride  
 Of his young heart's affections. Now he came  
 To wed another bride, but not of Earth,  
 For he was Earth's no longer; his the bride  
 Of Heaven, immortal, pure, unchangeable.  
 Oh, what an hour was that! With eye upturned  
 To the blue ether, and with soul outpoured  
 In praise to his Creator, there he stood,  
 A thing of fearful wonderment, and fraught  
 With such high aspirations, that e'en they,  
 Who had but come to scoff, in silent prayer

And adoration owned Religion's power.  
 Religion! mightiest of the mighty gifts  
 Of God to man; thou, who with awful voice,  
 Speakest amidst the thunder; thou, whose form  
 Bids us fear not the tempest, it was thou  
 That, in this hour of horror, took'st thy stand  
 Beside him, and to mortal ken badst wide  
 Unclose the gates of Heaven's eternal dome,  
 And to his dazzled eye the sapphire throne  
 Shewedst of immortality; and what  
 With thee may be compared, all-powerful,  
 Eternal, glorious, great, majestic, good?  
 All that man seeks on earth, is it not found  
 In thee—the balm, the comfort of the soul?  
 Thou art not likē the insensate Ocean, which,  
 With greedy waves and darkling, swallows up  
 The guilty and the guiltless in one vast  
 And common grave, unheedful, a deaf ear  
 Turning alike on all. What matters it  
 Who seeks thy guardian power, whether the poor  
 And sad repentant sinner, or the man  
 By no foul crime polluted! thou to each  
 Thy hand alike extendest, and for each  
 Crownest the cup of grace, pointing the path  
 To life eternal and the throne of God.  
 Thy sway is all-resistless, and thine aid  
 Sure, universal; in his palace, lo!  
 To thee down bends the monarch; in his cot  
 The peasant; and thou hearest, 'mid the blaze  
 Of the full noontide, or amid the depth  
 Of the still midnight, when the thousand stars,  
 Bright suns to other systems, sparkling gem  
 The infinite abyss—thou hear'st the prayer  
 Of penitence, or thanks, and bidst it soar  
 On angel wings to Heaven.

On thee, on thee  
 Alone relying, confident and bold,  
 So stood the Christian Martyr; in his eye  
 Hope, in his mouth Thanksgiving, in his whole  
 Deportment Faith unchanged, unchangeable.  
 So stood he, and so died! for through the land  
 (Working God's secret purpose, out of ill  
 Producing good) strode Persecution then,  
 And unrelenting Hate, and bigot Rage.  
 But all in vain—for though the flames arose  
 High o'er his head and round him, burning slow  
 And lingering out his agonies, yet still,  
 True to the glorious purpose of his soul,  
 Unflinching stood The Protestant; so firmly  
 Meets death the Christian Martyr.

*Brighton, Feb. 8th.*

H. B.



## AN ADVENTURE NEAR GRANVILLE.

Joy to those travellers who find a pleasure in foreign countries! It was not with such feelings that I left England, and even now, after a twelvemonth's residence in France, I am as little reconciled to it as ever, and that from no fault either in the people, or in the country; both are, in many respects, delightful; but champagne itself is flavourless to a sick palate, and the fairest land is no better than a desert, when the affections are pointing homewards.

I landed at Granville, with the intention of making France my place of abode for some years. At first, therefore, I set up my rest at an inn, that I might have leisure to look about me, and find a permanent dwelling suited to my narrow income, and, as far as might be consistently with that essential condition, agreeable to my taste and habits. Fortunately, before I had been in the town three days, I heard of a house to be sold, that, from the description, I thought would suit me. It was small, cheap, not more than two English miles from Granville, and with no other fault, according to my informant, than its extreme loneliness. This fault, however, was to me rather a recommendation. I lost no time in seeking out the proprietor, who proved to be ostensibly a tailor, though, as I learnt by the way, he was shrewdly suspected of carrying on a more lucrative trade with our Guernsey and Jersey smugglers. This might well be, if any conclusion could be drawn from the exterior man, for certainly he had much more of the smuggler than the tailor in his appearance. He was a tall, gaunt fellow, with a sallow face, that was three parts overgrown with whiskers, that from their colour might seem the legitimate produce of a coal mine, while a broad scar across the cheek made him look yet more ferocious. It extended down to the upper lip, which it had drawn considerably on one side, so that when he attempted to smile—and a Frenchman is seldom without a smile—it resembled nothing so much as the grin of an angry bull-dog.

But, however little promising the man's exterior, I had no reason to complain of him when we came to talk of business. His demands were extremely reasonable, and delivered in few words, with the plain frank manner of one who knows he is offering a bargain; and does not think it worth his while to tempt a purchaser by specious language. We soon, therefore, settled preliminaries. If I liked the house upon seeing it, I was to purchase it for my life only, a mode of sale not very common in France, I believe, any more than in England; but it suited me well enough, the price was proportionably low, a matter of the first importance with me, and I had no great wish to acquire property in a foreign land, even had I possessed the means.

The tenement in question was, as I have already noticed, about two English miles from Granville, and was neither more nor less than an old-fashioned farm-house, in every respect, except size, far inferior to the worst cottages on the Acton and Ealing road. It consisted only of a ground floor, and a single story above, but there was room, and to spare, for a moderate family. Grates there were none, even in what seemed to be intended for a parlour; this, however, was the less necessary, as wood was the fuel in general use, and it burnt as well upon the hearth as between iron bars. I ought, perhaps, to except the kitchen, in which was a sort of earthenware stove, about three feet high, with large circular holes in the top for the saucepans to be placed upon, any other idea

than that of boiling or stewing never, as I suppose, having entered into the head of a French cook. The rest of the house was in perfect keeping with these arrangements; the sashes were about the size of four panes in the window of a fourth-rate London house; the bed-rooms were floored with brick, and the furniture, which was to be included in the purchase-money, was such as may be found in most English cottages,—not, to use Porson's phrase, "cottages of gentility," but those of the Yorkshire farmer, which are a very different matter. Still the extreme cheapness of the house tempted me, and on the second day I entered into possession of my new abode, perfectly out of humour with myself and every thing about me. I would have given the whole of my domain, with its acre of garden and orchard for a first floor in London, or, what I should have rather prized, a snug little cottage in my favourite Isle of Wight. But the thing was not to be.

Upon the recommendation of the tailor, I had taken into my service a girl from Granville, who, like Scrub, was every thing to her master—cook, housemaid, valet, and even gardener. Nay, had I wanted a groom or coachman, I have no doubt she would have been both willing and able to officiate in either character. Madelon, for such was her name, was about twenty years old, and no less strange to my eyes, at least, in her costume than in her manner. Of the first, the principal singularity was in the head-gear, which, I believe, is peculiar to Granville and the parts adjacent. It consisted of two, or even more yards of coarse white calico, folded something like a dinner-napkin, in which form it lies flatly upon the head, with the square corners brought down to either ear, and then turned back again upon the crown. A red handkerchief was crossed over her neck down to her waist, and there fastened. This last was joined, and partly covered by a white apron, with pockets in it, into which her hands were constantly inserted when she had no employment for them, or rather when she indulged them with a holiday, that she might talk with the greater vigour. Her gown was made of chintz, and open; her stockings were of grey woollen, smuggled probably from Jersey, and her shoes were nearly the same as those worn by our English ploughmen.

Madelon spoke English, as her friend the tailor said, and as she herself swore, "*bien—très-bien!*"—To give a correct idea of it would be utterly impossible; but when I say it was picked up in the school of the Guernsey and Jersey seamen, the reader will easily imagine it could be no other than elegant.

Madelon was a rogue, that was clear; I read it in her eyes and face, the first of which were remarkably handsome, and the latter would have been equally so had it been less exposed to the weather; for beauty, after all, is a hot-house plant, and requires no little nursing to its perfection. But then the tailor gave her an excellent character, and she herself confirmed his account after a manner, that in any one else had been downright impudence, but in her, by some strange alchymy, was converted into humour and simplicity. Madelon, therefore, upon her own guarantee, even more than that of her friend, the tailor, was duly installed in her four-fold office, being thus one degree better than the tripartite, Hecate; and I who, in England, could not contrive to keep one servant, had now my cook, housemaid, valet, and gardener. In spite, however, of these advantages, and wine at tenpence a bottle, I was far from being comfortable, and twenty times a day I had to undergo

Madelon's reproaches for my blue devils English, as she called it. "Eh! mon Dieu!" she would begin—"vous autres Anglois, vous êtes si tristes—so sad you English gentlemens!—always ces maudits blue devils! We have no blue devils in France, but when you English gentlemens bring them from Angleterre. Ces coquins de douaniers should put a duty comme ça," spreading out her hands, "on the blue devils Inglis."

"Have patience with me, Madelon," was my answer; "I shall be merry enough, no doubt, when I have got a little more reconciled to absence from those I love in England."

"Love Ingeland!" the nearest approach I can make by letters to her mode of pronouncing England. "Love Ingeland!" in a yet higher tone. "Bah! C'est la France is the pays for love—G—d damn! You sell your wives in that maudit Ingeland!"

"It is the first time I heard of it, however."

"Ah, oui! All de Inglis sont des coquins—except Monsieur, and he is tout-à-fait un François."

"By no means, Madelon; I have no title whatever to that distinction. I neither sing nor dance."

"Ah quel malheur!—Mais G—d damn! I forget die garden. Pardonnez-moi, Monsieur"—

And off flew Madelon, humming another of her hundred and one songs.

From this slight specimen it will be seen what sort of a treasure I had lighted upon in my Granvillian. In other respects she was invaluable. Never was so seemingly affectionate a creature, or one so assiduous in the discharge of all her duties. A watch was superfluous to me with one so rigidly punctual. Did my breakfast appear? I was sure it was eight to a minute. Was dinner upon table? with equal certainty I might calculate upon its being four exactly. And, when at night she summoned me to my coffee, I was no less sure it wanted a quarter to ten. Nor was her attention given solely to these matters, which, as they were fixed and invariable, the observation of them was a point of no great difficulty; she seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of what I wanted, without the expression of my wishes, insomuch that the little hand-bell lay almost unused upon my table.

The month was June, the day fine; an unusual fit of cheerfulness seized me, and I felt, in my dark study, much as a school-boy feels over his task, when the sun is shining through the window, and the young blood is boiling in his veins. I flung down my book—it was Goëthe's Faust—and walked into the fields that skirted my little domain.

Before the fervour of these feelings had exhausted itself, I met a poor French sailor, who did not indeed beg, but who continued for a long time eyeing me in a way that made me suppose he wanted the charity, which, from some cause or other, he did not choose to solicit. Without, therefore, waiting to be asked, I proffered him a small piece of silver. The man stared at me in evident surprise, as if alms-taking was by no means a part of his trade; but he did not the less pocket my gratuity, returning me at the same time a profusion of thanks, probably as sincere, and certainly more gracious, than I should have received from an Englishman under the same circumstances. His manner induced me to enter into conversation with him, and when, in the course of it, he learnt that I was the owner of the near house, he testified his pity or surprise,

—I know not which—by a shrug of the shoulders, and a long-drawn “Ah!” inimitable by any save a Frenchman. I was astonished in my turn.

“You don’t seem to admire my house, friend; what fault do you see in it?”

It should be observed that this conversation was carried on in French, —indifferently enough, I dare say, on my part,—but still we could contrive to understand each other.

“What fault? Does Monsieur say what fault?”

“Ay; what fault?” I replied. “The house is stout enough to last my time; is it not?”

Another long-drawn “Ah!” with a corresponding shrug of the shoulders and elevation of the eyebrows, was the only answer.

“If you have any thing to say,” I exclaimed, “say it out at once plainly, that I may understand you.”

He had nothing to say—“nothing in the world.”

This of course did not satisfy me. I pressed him yet more closely, and at last brought him to confess that he looked upon the house as unlucky. At first I thought he was laughing at me; but he protested again, with great earnestness, that the house was truly and notoriously unlucky.—“In three years it had been possessed by four different proprietors, who had all come to an untimely end. One had been found dead in his bed in the morning, after having gone to rest on the night previous in perfect health. A second had tumbled into the well, and been drowned.”—That I by no means wondered at, considering the state of the wood-work about it; and, though I had not given it a thought before, I now mentally resolved to have it repaired without delay, that I might not be added to the list of casualties.—“A third, in an English fit of despondency, had hung himself on a pear-tree in the orchard.”

Here I interrupted his list of disasters, telling him, jestingly, that to prevent the repetition of any such accidents, I would have the pear-tree cut down.

“There are many trees, besides pear-trees, in that orchard,” replied my sailor, significantly.

“But your fourth proprietor,” I said; “what became of him?”

“He was found dead in the high-road, with a bullet in his body.—So Monsieur may see I had some reason for calling his house unlucky. If it were mine, I would sell it before the day was over.”

“And who is to become the purchaser?” I asked; for I had little doubt that the rascal was employed by some greater rascal, who expected, by alarming my fears, to get a good bargain of the house—perhaps the tailor himself; he was like enough to do such a thing if he at all repented of the sale. Had I been a jot less angry, I should have laughed in the fellow’s face for his excessive impudence.

“Who is to become the purchaser?” I repeated.

“Not I, for one,” replied the seaman; “Monsieur may be sure of that.”

And, so saying, he set off on the road for Granville, just as the punctual Madelon came to summon me in to dinner, which, to her great annoyance, I had already kept waiting nearly a quarter of an hour—enough, as she said, to spoil any thing but English cookery.

But Madelon’s disappointments were not to end here. Just as I sat down to table, in came an agent of the police, at sight of whom the poor

girl turned as pale as ashes, and I myself did not feel too comfortable, though I could not imagine what I had done in my retirement to draw upon me the attention of the authorities of Granville. Nor would the officer vouchsafe me a syllable in answer. Without bestowing a single look upon the terrified Madelon, he peremptorily bade me follow him, assuring me that he had at hand the means of compelling obedience if I were so unwise as not to yield it voluntarily. This was true enough. Without were three sturdy fellows in waiting; and I had, therefore, nothing left to me but to do as I was ordered.

From the marked incivility of the subaltern, I augured little good of my meeting with his superior. But herein I was agreeably disappointed. The Prefect (or rather Sous-préfet), a tall, dark man, with a keen, yet by no means unpleasant expression of features, received me with the greatest politeness. His first words were to apologize for any uneasiness he might have given me, and the next to beg that I would be under no apprehensions. "His conduct," he said, "had its origin in motives which he could not at present explain; but any thing rather than evil was intended to me personally."—

"You are," he added, "an Englishman?"

"I am."

"And probably have served in the army?"

"No."

"In the navy, then?"

"No; my pursuits are literary."

A dissatisfied "hem!" followed this answer; my examiner was evidently puzzled by it, and seemed like one who wavered in some pre-conceived purpose. At length he abruptly asked, "Are you a man of courage?"

There was something so ambiguous, and at the same time so absurd, in this query, that I knew not whether to laugh or to be offended. I replied, "That to ask a man if he had courage was about as reasonable as to ask a woman if she were chaste. What answer could he possibly expect to such a question?"

The Prefect smiled as he replied, "I am quite satisfied; we may proceed to business."

I was all attention.

"Your life will be attempted to-night. You seem surprised; but nothing can be more certain. Are you in the habit of keeping any weapons in your bed-room?—pistols, for instance?"

"Undoubtedly; I never go to rest, or travel, without having a brace of pistols at my side."

"Whatever you may see or hear, you must not make use of them on the present occasion—if, indeed, that has not already been provided against."

"How!" I exclaimed, "not defend myself if I see a fellow in my bed-room ready to cut my throat?"

"No," replied the Prefect, coolly. "You must not even speak, or move, or take any sort of notice, see what you will. Have you sufficient firmness for this? If not, say so plainly: yet I hope better things; I hope I am speaking to an English gentleman."

I bowed—what else could I do?

"We understand each other, then?" continued the Prefect; "you trust yourself to my vigilance, and promise to be perfectly passive, let what will happen?"

“Certainly—though I should have been much better pleased not to have played so secondary a part in a matter where, as it seems to me, I ought to be the principal.”

“I trust, in the end, you will have reason to think otherwise. At all events, I have your word that you will be passive?”

“Most assuredly.”

“I am obliged to you for this confidence. Yet one thing more. You will be good enough not to breathe a syllable to any one of what has passed between us. Should your servant be curious——”

“I will be silent,” I said, interrupting him, “though I have not the slightest reason to doubt her fidelity.”

“Nor do I doubt it; but she might chatter, or she might be alarmed; and in either case she would equally defeat my projects.”

“The first,” I replied, “is impossible, as she has no one in the house, except myself, to talk to; the second, I grant, is likely enough, though I should not think Madelon was a woman to start at trifles either. I will, however, do as you wish me, and the rather as I cannot be supposed to be a competent judge of measures, of which I am utterly unable to divine the motives.”

With this understanding I was dismissed, and returned home, not well knowing what to think of my first introduction to French justice. There was a degree of mystery in the whole proceeding that I might have laughed at had it involved less serious personal consequences. As it was, I sate down gravely enough to my half-spoilt dinner, Madelon besieging me all the time with a thousand questions in the style of familiarity so common among French servants. These were not direct, but put in the way of conjecture, as—“*Ce maudit Préfet! Est-il possible, he trouble Monsieur! G—d damn! I fear you find him un peu bête.*”

“Pretty well for that, Madelon.”

“Ah! *c’est un misérable!* But, may be, he shall be *trompé* by his spies?”

“Not unlikely.”

“Ah! I suppose he fancy Monsieur come to cut de heads off to all de Bourbons.”

“That would, indeed, be doing things on a grand scale; but the *Sous-préfet* has not half your fancy.”

“Ah, *oui!* *C’est un homme bête—vraiment bête.* I should no surprise if he take Monsieur for a smuggler.”

“No.”

“*Tant mieux!* Dere is hard law against ces pauvres diables de smuggelers. Peutêtre he hear. Monsieur’s garden a *été volé*, and wants to do you justice. En ce cas, *Je l’aime beaucoup.*”

“Nor that either.”

“Diable!” exclaimed Madelon, driven by impatience out of her polite conjectures—“Diable! Pourquoi then ce bête, did he send his gens-d’armes after Monsieur?”

“The fault was your’s, Madelon.”

“Mine!” said, or almost shrieked, Madelon, turning deadly pale—“Mine!”

Seeing the poor girl so seriously alarmed, I was angry with myself, and told her, truly enough, I had spoken in jest only.

“In jest!” said Madelon, rapidly repeating my words; “Monsieur was in jest!”

“No more, Madelon—and that to punish you for your idle curiosity.

But I care not if you know the truth. The other day I was at Granville, when it seems I spoke somewhat too plainly of your blessed government, and this was carried to the Préfet by one of his spies I suppose. Luckily, he contented himself with reading me a lecture on my want of prudence, and took my word for my better discretion for the future."

As the evening advanced, I began to feel, not alarmed—I should wrong myself if I said so—but certainly anxious and restless. I protracted my supper as long as possible, to the visible annoyance of Madelon, who was at no time a friend to late hours; and when at length I retired to my bed-room, it was with feelings that I should in vain attempt to describe.

My first care was of course to lock and double-lock the door, and see to the fastenings of the windows: my promise to the Préfet did not prohibit me from this necessary act of self-defence. I next proceeded to examine my pistols; the charge was drawn, and, upon farther inquiry, I found my powder-flask had been emptied. The villains, then, were already in the house! They had begun their work by disarming me previously to the intended attack! For the first time, a suspicion flashed across my mind that Madelon, for as honest as she seemed, might be in the plot against my life. But what was to be done? I was alone and unarmed; and the murderers, it was plain, were already within the walls, so that it was fruitless to think of escaping. The slightest symptoms on my part that they were discovered, would only precipitate matters; whereas, by waiting quietly for the tardy aid of the Prefect, I had some chance for life.

Just as I was preparing—not very wisely, all things considered—to examine my chamber, I was startled by a low whisper—so low, indeed, that no ears but those sharpened by a keen sense of danger could have distinguished it. The sound evidently came from under the bed. My first impulse, since I was unarmed, was flight; but a moment's reflection—and moments are as hours in such situations—convinced me, that to attempt leaving the room was the surest way to rouse my assassins, whose scheme it probably was to wait till I should be asleep. I took my measures accordingly, and with a calmness that now seems even to myself surprising.

My plan proceeded upon two suppositions—first, that in a short time the police would come to my assistance—and, secondly, that while I remained awake, the attempt upon my life would not be made. I, therefore, protracted my preparations for rest as long as I well could without awaking suspicion; and when, after having spent full half an hour at the toilette, I at last went to bed, I took a book with me, and left the lamp burning on the table by my side. To convince my enemies that I was watching, I read aloud, though I must frankly confess I hardly knew what I was reading.

On such occasions we count time by minutes, and think and feel more in a single pulsation than in a day of common life. Half an hour had elapsed, and still there were no symptoms of the police. Oh, how in my heart I cursed the dilatory Prefect! It was not to be expected that the assassins would wait much longer for my sleeping.

I was afraid to leave off reading, lest my silence, even for a moment, should bring on the catastrophe; and yet I would have given any thing to be able to listen freely, that I might catch the meaning of the whis-

pers, that began again, low as before, but quick and impatient. The crisis was evidently at hand. It was a terrible moment!—I do not hesitate to say so—a terrible moment! Had I been armed, it had been something; the consciousness of having the means to make a struggle must stir the blood, whatever may be the odds; but to be locked up in the same room with a band of midnight murderers, defenceless, such a moment is terrible!

The whispering grew more and more frequent. Had instant death been the consequence, I could not have read a moment longer. The book might be said almost to drop from my hand, and, scarcely allowing myself to breathe, lest I should lose a single syllable, I listened to the almost inaudible whispers, till my ears tingled with the intenseness of the application. I heard the cocking of a pistol, and knew the time was come,—when, to my infinite surprise, the door was gently lifted off its hinges, the screw having evidently been drawn and left loose for that purpose. Whether it was the effect of the air, upon the door being opened, or my moving, or only chance, I know not; but just then the curtain on that side of the bed, which I had tucked back when I first began reading, now fell forwards, and I could only see through it the shadows of two figures, without being able to distinguish the persons. As I lay with my eyes fixed in that direction, the light, which one of them held up as if examining the room, rendered their forms yet plainer. I could see that one of them carried a weapon of some sort in his hand, and that both were creeping stealthily towards my bed. Then there was a pause. I thought, from the action of the hand, that the man who carried the drawn knife or dagger gave a sign to those under the bed: at all events, they were in motion. I heard a slight rustling, and, turning my eyes to the right, saw through the curtains on that side the shadows of no less than six men, rising successively from under the bed. The natural instinct of self-defence would have prompted me to spring into the very midst of them, and make a struggle for my life. But, before I could move, the shadows on my right flitted rapidly round my bed—a loud shriek followed—and, on throwing back the curtains, I saw Madelon and the tailor struggling in the hands of the police.

I now learned that the sudden deaths of my four predecessors in the possession of the house had long excited suspicion, and the rather as the property was always sold for the life-time of the occupant. This had led the Sub-prefect to imagine, as indeed was afterwards confessed by Madelon, that the tailor tempted purchasers by the cheapness of his house, and, having pocketed the money, he then made away with them as soon as possible, that he might resume the property, and have the benefit of a fresh sale on the same conditions. But, however strong might be the Prefect's suspicions, the tailor managed his affairs too cunningly for him to get any thing like certainty on the subject; and I might have perished, as my predecessors had done, to make room for another tenant, had not a little girl overheard the tailor settling with Madelon the time and manner of my murder. The child, naturally enough, lost no time in communicating what she had just heard to her parents; and they, as a matter of course, carried the tale to the police. But, besides that she was very young—she was scarcely seven years old—she had, partly from fright, and partly perhaps from deficient understanding, contradicted herself so often in her story, that the Prefect had deemed it prudent to get more certain evidence by seizing them in the very attempt to



murder. With this view, he had taken the opportunity of Madelon's being abroad in the afternoon, to introduce his people into my bedroom.

In the midst of my inquiries, the Prefect himself made his appearance on the scene, with another party of his gens-d'armes, in a high state of exultation, as it seemed, at the success of his schemes.

"Eh bien, Monsieur! C'est un joli roman, n'est-ce pas?" was his first exclamation upon seeing me.

In reply, I gave him full credit for his ingenious management; but I could not help adding, that he would have spared me no little anxiety had he let me into the whole secret beforehand.

"No doubt," he said; "but it is generally believed at Granville that there is a *liaison* between you and Madelon."

"Ridiculous!"

"Yes, indeed," continued the Prefect; "and I feared lest, in a fit of generosity, you should give the girl warning of her danger. In that case, I should have lost both my criminals."

"It seems hard though," I replied, "that a man cannot live quiet and secluded, without its being gossiped over a whole town that he is in love with his servant maid."

"Bagatelles!" said the Prefect.

"Well, but there is not a word of truth in it, I assure you."

The Prefect shrugged his shoulders; and, saying that he should require my attendance at the police-office early in the morning, very politely bade me good night.

G. S.

#### THE LONDON MARKETS.

What will you buy? What will you buy?  
*Chronicle of Leadenhall.*

THE construction of useful buildings, for the mere convenience of society, are among the first efforts of civilization—their utility is felt and acknowledged, and mankind are satisfied. Time and improvement beget fastidiousness, and beauty must be united to utility—the "utile and the dulce" must be commingled, before the taste of increased civilization will condescend to bestow its praise. Thus the convenience of trade pointed out the necessity for a general rendezvous of merchants of different commodities; and large open spaces were left in towns and villages, for the congregation of agriculturists and manufacturers, where the productions of labour and of cultivated nature were displayed to purchasers. At first these places were open and unsheltered, and each merchant took his station, as his convenience directed him, and displayed his fruit, his meat, or his merchandize, in the best manner his invention dictated, shielding them from the evil influence of the sun and the rain, by awnings of cloth, or, where the climate afforded them, by the large leaf of the palm or the plantain.

These shelters gradually grew into tents, which were pitched at the pleasure of the proprietors, as they are at present in our fairs, while, with venders of lesser note, the plantain and the palm were replaced by umbrellas of various colours, covering the baskets which formed their shops.

As civilization, and consequently luxury, increased, their tents became permanent buildings of solid materials—the ground on which they were erected became the source of income to proprietors or public bodies, and the Turkish bazaar, the Italian piazza, the Spanish plaça, and the English market-place, gradually succeeded to those ruder marts of domestic commercial intercourse.

Still convenience was considered without reference to beauty, and more particularly in London, where our market-places have remained rude and vulgar buildings, while, on the continent, they have long since assumed that architectural appearance which renders them an ornament instead of a disgrace to the places in which they have been erected.

In London our markets have long been nuisances in themselves, as well as to the neighbourhood in which they are placed. Rows of unsightly booths — brick, mortar, and timber, mingled together, without taste or form, and the buildings placed so contiguous to each other, as scarcely to admit a free passage between the meat, fish, and vegetables, which they displayed for sale, while this passage was also impeded by the offal, formed the general character of our London markets. All that the ground proprietors have thought about, was, how to get the greatest number of standings in a certain given space ; and all that ever entered the occupiers' heads, was, how to dispose of their meat, &c. to the best advantage. These were the only ideas with which our markets have been hitherto constructed, no one having hitherto chosen to think and see that these advantages might be quite as easily, if not with more facility, obtained, by being united with architectural regularity ; and that this architectural regularity would cost no more than the unsightly buildings which disgrace our present market-places, since the same quantity of material and labour would have constructed them with architectural proportion.

A walk through the markets of London will convince any spectator of the truth of this statement, for there is not one, we believe, that does not form a complete illustration of our observations. Look at St. James's, Clare Market, Newport Market, Carnaby Market, Hungerford Market, and, again, at the east end of the town, at Newgate and Leadenhall Markets — one and all of the same character — a congregation of low, vulgar buildings, without any more form or proportion than if they had been built by the butchers, fishmongers, and greengrocers who inhabit them.

Markets should, likewise, never be in the direct thoroughfares of a city, although they should not be far removed from them ; for nothing is more disagreeable than the passage through a market, to those whose business is not in it : nor could this slight removal from the general thoroughfare affect its trade, since the market is sought by purchasers, and very seldom owes any part of its success to the chance custom of casual passengers.

What can be a more disgusting, not to say disgraceful, scene, than Whitechapel Market presents to the eye of the passenger, while the feet of the pedestrian are slipping about among the offal, or the horses of one's carriage perpetually impeded by oxen and sheep, goaded on into the neighbouring slaughtering houses. Yet this is the scene which, for nearly a mile, greets the traveller at the only eastern entrance to the metropolis ; and all the disgusting appearances of raw meat and its appendages, is added to the brutality of manner and language, which is,

unfortunately, the too general characteristic of the tradesmen and labourers in this department of commerce ; it becomes doubly desirable that the markets should be removed from public thoroughfares, and have places set apart for their separate reception.

Amidst the general cry for improvement in the metropolis we are glad to find that the removal of these inconveniences has found many advocates, and that attempts are making in different directions to destroy such nuisances.

Smithfield is already, we believe, condemned ; and, we trust, that some future attempt to remove that extraordinary nuisance, the Hay-market, will be more successful than the last that was made.

People seem to forget that when these privileges were first granted, that the places were then the suburbs, instead of the centre, of the metropolis ; and legislation should take care that they are always kept in the suburbs, where they may be held without that dreadful inconvenience which they are to the neighbourhood in which they are situated.

Improvements in the markets of London are now, however, gradually taking place ; the old lumbering building, so long used as the Corn Market, in Mark-lane, has been taken down, and has given place to one of the most elegant buildings in the city, from the designs of Mr. George Smith, the architect to the new St. Paul's school. His new Corn Exchange does credit to his talent as an architect, and to the liberality of the directors of the establishment. It is replete with every convenience for the purposes of its peculiar commerce—contains a superb subscription room, and a handsome and commodious coffee room, and presents, towards Mark-lane, a part of Grecian doric architecture, than which we cannot call to mind any building in the metropolis which surpasses it of this simple style.

We trust that this spirited example, on the part of the directors of this establishment, will be followed by the directors of other great commercial marts ; and that the exterior of our buildings, devoted to that pursuit which forms our greatness, will be in some measure commensurate with the importance of the business which is done within their walls.

At the other end of the town that long-continued nuisance, though very great convenience, Covent Garden, has at length become the object of improvement. This has, indeed, been long called for, on many account ; not only from the dreadful state of dilapidation of its wretched buildings, and for the quantity of filth, partly the consequence of the nature and disposition of these buildings, and partly of the want of proper regulations, but, also, for the numerous and perpetual disputes, as to the boundaries and dues of the market. Many an hour of their worships of Bow-street, and the judges of Westminster Hall, has been obliged to be bestowed upon the tediousness of an argument, as to the right of paying two-pence for a load of potatoes, or the exact and proper extent of the denter stones. While, however, a certain income was produced, the cry for improvement was in vain ; at length Mr. Fowler, the architect to the market now building, hit upon an expedient that was sure to lure the Duke of Bedford into the long-wished for improvement ; and this was a plan by which the income would be increased considerably, by extending the convenience of the market. Additional income is of great import, where fortunes must be saved out of the surplus for younger children ; and the Duchess, having no small quantity of them to provide

for, has, for years, been looking out, with all the laudable anxiety of a good mother, for means of doing so. The market afforded, not only the present means of additional income, beyond the common interest of capital, but, also, the opportunity of a real benefit to the estate, and a permanent improvement to the public convenience.

Designs were therefore made, according to Mr. Fowler's ideas; the interest of the noble proprietor got a bill through the house which must set at rest all future disputes, and diminish the fees of certain barristers, and the costs of certain solicitors, most materially, and the long-talked of, and long-wanted, work, is now not only begun, but one side of the quadrangle nearly completed for occupation.

We have frequently observed, in our former lucubrations on the architectural improvement of the metropolis, that it is unfair to criticise any building until it is complete, for nothing but completion can convey to the eye and mind of the spectator the idea or the intention of the architect. We have ourselves seen many buildings, which from ugly and rude masses, promising neither beauty nor proportion, have become, when the whole was put together, good specimens of architecture; and, in the same manner, we have frequently admired parts of a building in progress, the completion of which has disappointed our expectations.

In architecture that may be bad, as a part by itself, which, by becoming a part of a whole, is essentially good; and *vice versa*; a column—a wing—a porch, may be good in itself, yet from some want of propriety in appropriation, or from the incongruity of other portions of the structure, there are instances in which it may become a deformity. One front, however, of Covent Garden Market being completed, the critic is fully competent to judge of its merits and defects; and presuming that two sides of the quadrangle are intended to correspond, the one half of this large building may be contemplated in the "mind's eye" of the spectator.

This front, which is towards James-street, consists of two ranges of granite columns of the Greek doric, connected by an arched centre, forming an entrance, and terminated by a square building at either end; on the other side of which four columns are returned so as to give uniformity to the flank elevations. These columns are surmounted by a balustrade which we do not at all think compatible with the simplicity of the style of the architecture; and from the base of this balustrade rises the slated roof, giving light to the upper apartments by skylights. The buildings at each end form the boundaries of this balustrade; and, by being one story higher, or, rather, by the upper story being an attic instead of a garret, the elevation is rendered complete. The centre is formed by semicircular arches springing from two columns of the same order with the other, and each arch is surmounted by a pediment. A waggon head ceiling is carried over this entrance, and, by the plastering works going on, it seems the intention of the architect to bestow a little more decoration in this than in the other parts of the building.

The construction is divided into small shops, with staircases leading to the sleeping apartment or store room over, and display no pretensions whatever to any architectural appearance.

For all the purposes of its construction the plan and disposition of the building appear extremely well calculated, and perhaps we ought to look for no further excellence than this. But we confess that in a situation, so conspicuous, and so well adapted for architectural display, as the insulated

area of Covent Garden—in the direct passage, too, between the two extremities of the metropolis—we should have wished for a specimen of architecture, characterised by a little more embellishment than the artist has bestowed upon his design.

Covent Garden should not have been considered quite like a meat or a poultry market. It is the great mart, it is true of vegetables, and vegetables may be said to require no more display of taste in the shops than animal food. But it is likewise the great mart for fruits and flowers—for the beautiful productions of spring, summer, and autumn. It is the great garden of London for roses, carnations, and all the other blooming attributes of the season, which we should not like to see displaying their lighter beauties amidst the heaviness of granite columns. We would have had Covent Garden one large conservatory, of such a light style of architecture as is more adapted to the display of fruits and flowers, and such as this very architect is displaying, on a grand scale, for the Duke of Northumberland at Sion.

Such a specimen of architecture as this might have made Covent Garden one of the show places of London, and have ranked it, in the flower season, among one of the most agreeable lounges of the metropolis. Our imagination can easily conceive gallery on gallery, leading into apartments of this sort, tending, at once, to display, to the best advantage, the articles to be sold, as well as helping greatly to their preservation.

As only one of the sides of the quadrangle is yet built, we are still in hopes that the architect has the intention of making at least two of the others a little more conformable to our ideas on the subject; or if such should not be his present intention, we trust that some such reasons as we have advanced will now have their influence upon him, and induce him to make the parts of the building which are to front St. Paul's church and Russel-street, of a lighter description of architecture.

The Ionic order, surmounted and backed by conservatories, in which stained glass might be introduced, would be far preferable, and then the present buildings might be preserved as wings, and used for the sale of vegetables, while the others might be kept exclusively for flowers. We earnestly hope the architect will not permit such an opportunity of giving to London so unique and splendid an embellishment as this would present, to pass without availing himself of it.

In the centre of the square, too, something of this sort might be very well adapted, in the form of a temple, whose dome of glass might give additional effect to the whole pile. Such an opportunity as this presents has seldom been afforded to an architect, and much blame will certainly attach to him if he neglects or loses it. His present building is of too mean a character—the wide-stretched, low slate roof—the balustrade parapet—and, indeed, the common appearance of the whole, disappoints us exceedingly; and the only redemption will be in the other parts of the building being composed something in the lighter style above proposed.

The arch in the centre, springing from columns, is bad in architecture. An arch should always have an APPARENTLY strong abutment, as well as a real one, otherwise the idea of insecurity will enter the imagination in spite of our knowledge of its fallacy. In the present instance, this arch is also surmounted by a pediment, which really puts one in mind of the distich—

“ On the top of his head was his wig—  
 “ On the top of his wig was his hat.”

The opposite side of the quadrangle will, of course, we imagine, correspond with this, but we shall look, with much anxiety to the connecting ones, and to the centre building, for something to which we can give more unqualified praise.

New Fleet Market is also now rapidly in progress, and will no longer be the dreadful nuisance that it has so long proved in one of the most crowded thoroughfares of the metropolis. Of the style of architecture of this building we are yet in ignorance; but from the able hand to which the management of this great improvement is consigned, we have the best hopes.

Gentlemen engaged in concerns of this kind should recollect that taste must be mingled with utility, and they should select men of taste as well as men of business, on all committees connected with carrying public works into execution.

Much of the beauty of the metropolis has been sacrificed to mere men of business—men who think only on pounds, shillings, and pence, and the mere utility of a thing; not considering that beauty has its usefulness by the instruction it imparts, the example it affords, and the emulation it creates.

The same architect has, we understand, submitted a new design for Hungerford Market, which we consider, from the model which we have seen, far superior to Covent Garden; but the project for its erection has been arrested by the Woods and Forests, who have some idea of adopting Mr. Burton's plan of converting this market into a grand news, and appropriating a portion of it to the stabling, &c., of the Golden Cross, which must be taken down in the progress of the present contemplated improvements in that quarter.

There is likewise some intention of constructing a market in the rapidly rising and increasing neighbourhood of Pimlico, for the purpose of affording accommodation to Belgrave and Eaton Squares, and their vicinity. Should this be the case, and Mr. Porden inherit the talent and taste of his uncle, along with his employment as the architect to Lord Grosvenor, we have little doubt of seeing something worthy of the splendid neighbourhood in which it is to be erected.

We cannot conclude this article better, than by earnestly calling the attention of the proprietors of markets towards making them rather embellishments than nuisances to our metropolis; and we trust that the general spirit of improvement will not stop till these disgraces are reformed altogether.

S. S.

## THE RACE BALL.

The Races, dear Martha, are over ;  
 You can't think how gay we have been ;  
 I hate you for living at Dover—  
 I like so to *tell* what I've seen :  
 'Tis better by half, love, than writing ;  
 We both, you know, doat on a chat ;  
 It saves one the bore of inditing,  
 My letters are always so flat.

However, no doubt you are dying  
 To hear all the news of this week ;  
 A truce, then, dear girl, to my sighing—  
 I'll write, though I still long to speak.  
 First, fancy our starting from London,  
 Close pack'd in Pa's new yellow coach ;  
 (My Harry says I shall have one done  
 Just like it, when I'm Mrs. Roach.)

Our party consisted of nearly  
 The whole of our family squad ;  
 My sisters were dress'd out so queerly,  
 Folks thought us, I'm sure, very odd.  
 As soon as we got to Southampton,  
 Ma made us all dip in the sea ;  
 I said that it cruelly cramped one ;  
 My father said, " Fiddle-de-dee !"

We daily attended the Races,  
 And always had plenty of beaux ;  
 The course, though, was thronged with plain faces,  
 And people whom nobody knows.  
 We dined the first day at the Major's,  
 And afterwards had a quadrille ;  
 The men talked of nothing but wagers,  
 Their noise made Mamma very ill.

To me it was vastly amusing—  
 The horses have such funny names !  
 (I hope you don't think of refusing  
 The offer you had from Sir James.)  
 Perhaps you don't care about betting,  
 Or bolting, or jockeying, dear ;  
 You see that I am not forgetting  
 To tell you of all I've heard here.

The next night, though terribly rainy,  
 We all started off to the play ;  
 The " Hamlet" was rather a Zany—  
 The farce was the " Devil to Pay."  
 I dropp'd my pink shoe in a puddle,  
 Our coach was so far from the door ;  
 Conceive, too, the barbarous huddle  
 Of seven, when room but for four !

But now comes the best of my story—  
 The charming, the exquisite Ball!  
 I never felt more in my glory  
 Than when I'd the dances to call.  
 The fuss and the fun, too, of dressing,  
 In order to be in good time!  
 For when one goes late, its distressing;  
 I think it amounts to a crime.

My dress was a brilliant *bleu d'Hayti*—  
 A love of a Mamaluke sleeve!  
 My gold chain *d'Amour* was so weighty,  
 I broke it, which made Mamma grieve.  
 I danced half the night with dear Harry—  
 I stood next that horrid Miss Jones;  
 I pity the man she's to marry—  
 How can he endure her cheek-bones?

The rooms were so cramm'd with gay people;  
 A great many of them we knew—  
 Young Dawes looked as tall as the steeple,  
 He sits, when in town, in our pew:  
 The Fothergills, Wilsons, and Parrots,  
 Were waltzing as if for their lives;  
 The latter (their hair is like carrots)  
*Ma* thinks would make excellent wives.

The two Birds were quite in a flutter,  
 For Harry abused their French curls;  
 I heard them soon afterwards mutter,  
 "They wondered *brunettes* should wear pearls!"  
 Their ill-natured glance at my necklace  
 Told plainly enough what they meant;  
 'Twas *his* gift they knew—but I'm reckless,  
 As long as my Harry's content.

I never saw half so much flirting!  
 Quadrilles were delightfully played;  
 The whole scene was truly diverting—  
 I fear that my blue gown will fade!  
 I wish you had seen the nice supper—  
 You can't think how much those Birds ate;  
 They fully employed poor James Tupper,  
 And took every thing he could get.

We staid there till five in the morning,  
 I danced out a new pair of shoes:  
 This sheet, being full, gives me warning  
 To tell you that thus ends my news.  
 We go back to Town, love, to-morrow—  
 This week seems so soon at an end;  
 Yet always, in joy and in sorrow,  
 I am—Your affectionate Friend,

FANNY.



NARRATIVE OF SOME EVENTS IN THE IRISH REBELLION :  
BY AN EYE-WITNESS.\*

" Let not Ambition mock their useful toil."

My father's name was Samuel Barbour ; he held a small farm within two miles of Enniscorthy, called Clevass. It contained but twenty-two acres, but it was rich ground, and the rent was low ; it had been in our family since the battle of the Boyne, for both my father's people and my mother's were Williamites.† It lay in a pleasant valley between two hills, one called Coolnahorna, and the other the Mine. On the former, an old tradition said, that King James, when flying, stopped to take breath ; and an old prophecy said, that before an hundred years should have elapsed from that flight, the Irish should yet gather on that hill, strong, and victorious. The truth of this I myself saw but too clearly confirmed.

Our farm, though very productive, would not have supported us in the comfort and respectability we enjoyed, but that my father was also a clothier ; he bought the fleece from the sheep's back, and manufactured it into middling fine cloths and friezes, which he sold at the neighbouring fairs. He thus gave employment to eight men and six women, and no one, rich or poor, had ever reason to complain of Sam Barbour. Though all our neighbours of the better class were Protestants (for we lived in the midst of twenty-two families of our own persuasion), yet all the people he employed were Roman Catholics, and we met with as much honesty and gratitude from them as we could have desired.

My father was advanced in life when he married, and I was his second child. He had five more ; the eldest, William, was at this time a fine well-grown boy, little more than sixteen. I was not much above fifteen, but tall and strong for my age. I had two sisters, of eleven and six, a little brother of four years old, and my mother had an infant only six weeks before the fearful times which I am endeavouring to describe.

During the entire winter of 1797, when my father returned from Enniscorthy, he would mention the rumours he had heard of the discontents of the Roman Catholics, and the hopes they entertained that the French would assist them ; but we never had time to think of such things, much less to grieve about them. We never imagined that any one on earth would injure us, for we had never done the least hurt to any one, and we relied on the strength of the government, and, in particular, on the bravery of the Enniscorthy Yeomanry, for putting down any disturbances. My brother William was one of these.

On Saturday, the 26th of May, Whitsun-eve, Martin, our labourer,

\* This narrative is taken, almost without the alteration of a word, from the lips of a plain respectable woman, the daughter of a County Wexford farmer ; and though unpretending in its style, it possesses the merit of strict fidelity, and is so far curious, that few females in her rank, placed in such fearful circumstances, could have been capable of collecting their ideas into a continued narrative, and still fewer have ever met one to record it for them. It will, at all events, give to the tenderly-guarded of the sex who read it some knowledge of what was once suffered by hundreds, with as kind hearts, and as soft feelings, as their own ; and it will cause them to pray fervently against the miseries of civil war, which always fall heaviest on the most unoffending, on the widow and the orphan, the helpless woman, and the unconscious babe.

† Williamites were the soldiers of William the Third, who most of them, after the final expulsion of James the Second from Ireland, got grants of land ; Clevass was one of these. The Battle of the Boyne was in 1690.

was shovelling oats, and my father went to the field to look at him. When he saw my father drawing near, he laid down his shovel, and, looking earnestly and sorrowfully at him, he said, "Master, if you would promise me not to betray me, I would tell you something that might serve you and yours." My father answered, "You ought to know me well enough by this time, Martin, to be certain that I would not betray any one, much less you."—"But, master," rejoined he, "I'm sworn never to tell any one that won't take the same oath that I did to be true to the cause."—"You unfortunate man," said my father, "I had rather see all belonging to me dead, and die myself with them, than prove false to the government that has sheltered me." On this, Martin, with a heavy sigh, resumed his shovel, and continued his work. My father had but little time to think on this, for he was obliged to leave two cart-loads of oats at the mill of Moinart, to be ground into meal for the use of the family. Moinart is about two miles from Clevass, and Mr. Grimes, the miller, was a Protestant, and much respected in the county. As soon as my father cast his eyes on him, he saw that he too knew of something bad going on; yet he hardly exchanged a word with him but on business, for his heart, as he told us, was too full; and, leaving the oats to be ground, he turned back with the empty cars, anxious to rejoin us as soon as possible. When he had gone nearly half the road, he saw imperfectly (for it was now almost dusk) a great dust on the road before him, and heard a confused murmur of voices—a moment after he thought a body of troops were advancing, for he fancied he saw their bayonets; but the next instant he was surrounded by a party of more than two hundred rebels, armed with pikes, who stopped him, and dragged him off the car he was sitting on. My father was no coward, as he fully shewed two days afterwards; but he said, that, at that moment, the thoughts of all he had left at home rushed into his mind, his knees failed him, and if he had not clung to the head of his horse, he would have fallen to the earth. They asked all together who he was, and where he came from, and he was unable to answer; but one of them happening to know him, cried out, "Oh, let him go, that is Sam Barbour, of Clevass, he is an honest man;" and they did set him at liberty. He came home, and, turning the horses over to Martin's care, he walked in amongst us, and his face told us the ruin that was coming upon us, before we learned it from his words.

We cared little for eating the supper we had prepared for him and ourselves; and after hearing his story, we stepped to the door to listen whether any of the armed ruffians were coming towards us; we heard nothing, but we saw in the distance eleven distinct blazes, every one from its situation marking out to us where the house and the property of each friend and neighbour were consuming. In immediate expectation of a similar fate, we instantly began to load our cars with whatever furniture and provisions were portable, that as early as possible the next day we might fly with them to Enniscorthy; what we could not pack up we carried out to the fields, and concealed in the ridges of standing corn; and it was but little of it we ever saw again.

We passed the whole night thus; but the poor children, hungry and sleepy, lay down in the nearest corner, for we had placed the beds on the cars. On Whit-Sunday morning we set off for Enniscorthy, with heavy hearts, just about the same hour we thought to have gone to its church. My mother, yet weak, leaned on my father, I carried the

infant, and the other children followed us, the little one clinging to my gown. My brother William had already been in Enniscorthy for more than a week with his corps; the female servant went with us, but Martin, who, with his mother, lived in a small cottage on our ground, staid behind us: and when we again saw him he was an armed rebel. Yet, from his humanity to us, I cannot think that he ever was guilty of the same cruelties that were committed by his comrades.

When we entered the town, we went to the house of a relation, whose name was Willis, who instantly received us, but when we entered, we had hardly room to sit down, it was so full of the Protestant inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who had fled into the town for protection. Few of these had had time to save any thing, and those who, like us, had brought food, immediately gave it to be shared in common. My father, on seeing us safe in the house, immediately went and enrolled himself amongst the Supplementary Yeomanry, and was provided with a musket and cross belts, to wear over his coloured clothes. There were more than two hundred of the neighbouring gentry and farmers armed hastily in the same manner. Our regular yeomen, who were clothed and disciplined, amounted to about as many more; we had one company of the North Cork Militia, ninety-one in number; and it was this handful of men, not much exceeding five hundred in number, that, in our simplicity, we had imagined could conquer all the disaffected in the county. Excepting the few militia-men, all our little garrison were neighbours, or friends, or near relations, who now knowing the immense force of the rebels, which was well known to exceed ten thousand, and their barbarity, for they gave no quarter, knew they had no choice between dying like men with their arms in their hands, or standing tamely like sheep to be butchered. Scarcely one of these men but had every one that was dearest to him sheltered in the town he was about defending; and yet it is this very circumstance that was one of the causes of their losing possession of it, as I shall explain shortly.

When my father left us, and we had unpacked our furniture, my sisters and I were at first so unconscious of any immediate danger, that we were rather gratified by the novelty of our situation, and passed some time leaning out of a window, looking at the horse yeomen passing hurriedly back and forwards, and disputing between ourselves which man looked best in his uniform, or sat best on his horse. A very short time, however, changed our feelings, when we saw seven or eight men covered with blood carried into the house, and were called to lay down our beds for them to lie on; these were yeomen, who had been skirmishing in the neighbourhood, and who, full as the house was, were brought into it for present relief. I now began to see, for the first time; some of the miseries that threatened us; and thus passed a few anxious hours, when it suddenly struck me that our cows would be injured if they were not milked again, and the servant girl and I set out about six in the evening, and without meeting any thing to injure us, we got safe to Clevass; we found all as we had left it, with the poor cows standing lowing to be milked; we brought home a large pitcher each, and, on our road home, met several Roman Catholic neighbours, with whom we had lived on the most friendly terms, we spoke to them as usual, but they looked in our faces as if they had never seen us before, and passed on. I have since thought they either looked on us with abhorrence, as those devoted to destruction in this world and in the next, or, that know-

ing our doom, and pitying our fate, they were afraid to trust themselves to speak to us. We could not at least accuse them of hypocrisy.

It was late when we returned to the town, and, even in the midst of his anxiety, I could see joy lighten in the looks of my father at our safety, for even during our short absence, the reports of the rapid advance of the rebels had been so frequent, that he feared we might have been intercepted on our return. The milk was gratefully received by our own children, as well as all the other poor little creatures sheltered in that crowded house. We prayed, and endeavoured to rest on the bare boards, though worn out in mind and body; but I slept but little that night, with the moans of a wounded man in the very room with us, and the heat and closeness of the air, so different from our own pleasant airy little bed-rooms.

At the very dawn I arose, and my father seeing me preparing to venture once more to see our cows, and that I was seeking in vain for our servant (whom it was many weeks before I saw again) said he would go with me, for he hoped there would not be any immediate want of him in the town. We arrived at the little farm, and found, as yet, all was safe. The cows waiting for us, and the poor poultry and pigs looking for food that we had not to give them. After attending to the cows, I thought of some brown griddle cakes we had left behind us on a shelf, and went to break some to the fowls, when my father followed me into our desolate kitchen, and, taking a piece of the bread, asked me for a mug of the warm milk. I gave it to him, and turning to the door, and casting my eyes up to Coolahorna Hill, which was not a quarter of a mile distant from us, I saw the top ridge of it filled with men, armed with pikes, the heads of them glistening brightly in the morning sun. Much troubled, I called to my father, and hardly knowing what I did, I took up the large vessel of milk I had intended to carry into the town for the children; but my father, looking at me as if he never thought to see me again, said, "Lay that down, Jane, it is most probable we shall none of us ever want it." I laid it down, and we returned back to Enniscorthy, where we arrived breathless about ten in the forenoon. As we advanced towards it, we heard the drum beating to arms, and on entering, we heard that the enemy were closing in on all sides of the town in vast force. We saw our friends hurrying through the streets to the different posts assigned to them; the North Cork were placed on the bridge over the Slaney, which ran on the east side of the town; our own horse yeomanry filled the street leading from that bridge; our infantry, amongst whom were the supplementaries, were placed at the Duffrey Gate Hill; at the opposite extremity of the town to the west, a guard of yeoman was placed over the Market-house, where there was a great store of arms and ammunition, and where a few prisoners were confined; some more mounted guard over the castle, an ancient building, in which some of the most dangerous rebels were lodged; and my father, after leaving me with my mother, put on his belts, took up his musket, and joined my brother (whom we had never seen all this time though he was on duty in the town), at the Duffrey Gate, the post they were ordered to occupy.

In the course of this morning, Willis, whose house we were sheltered in, put his wife and his two infants on a horse, and mounting another, fled with them to Wexford; he never told any one he was leaving them, nor could we blame him, for such a calamity as we were all involved in

would have made the most generous man selfish. And he was a friendly man, but he could not save us all, so, as was but reasonable, he took with him those who were nearest to him.

At eleven in the forenoon, the videttes brought word from the Duffrey Gate, that the rebels were advancing towards the town from the north-east, in a column that completely filled the road, and was more than a mile in length; they were calculated, by some of our garrison who had served abroad, to exceed six thousand men. They soon closed with our Enniscorthy Yeomen, and the shots, and the shouting, fell sharply on our ears. I was at first greatly frightened, and the children hid their faces in my lap, but in a few minutes I became used to the noise, and could speak to my mother, and try to give her some comfort, but she seemed stupified, and could say nothing in answer, but now and then to lament that her fine boy was in the midst of the danger. She seemed not to comprehend that my father was equally exposed, more especially as he (seeing that the disaffected inhabitants had now actually begun to set their own houses on fire) had twice or thrice quitted his post, on the enemy being partially repulsed, and ran down to see if we were yet safe, and to tell us that William was well, and behaving like a man and a soldier; he then, on again hearing the advancing shouts of the rebels, would rush back to the fight. This imprudence, in which he did but imitate the rest of his comrades, gave dreadful advantage to the enemy, yet it was not cowardice that caused them to act thus, for they gave proofs of even desperate courage, but from their painful anxiety for all that was dearest to them, and from their being totally unacquainted with the duties of a soldier, for, until the preceding day, the greater part of the Supplementary Yeomen had never before carried arms.

The fearful firing had now continued nearly three hours. Our men were forced to fall back into the town, for our little garrison was now reduced to less than two hundred, and though upwards of five hundred of the enemy were killed, they were so numerous that they never felt the loss. The North Cork were now obliged to provide for their own safety; and I have since heard it said, that they neglected to sound a retreat, which, if done, might have enabled many of the Enniscorthy men to make a more regular one. As it was, some of them dispersed through the fields, and gained Duncannon Fort in safety, amongst whom was my brother, and the rest retreated fighting through the burning streets, and more than once repulsed the enemy; these would again return on them in thousands, till at last, though they disputed every inch of ground, they were forced to retreat to the Market-house, and join their comrades who kept it. The house that sheltered us was directly opposite, and though none within dared venture to the windows, yet we knew, from the increased uproar, that destruction had come nearer to us. At last the fire reached us, and we rushed from the flames into the midst of the fight, leaving all we had so anxiously saved the day before to be consumed, without bestowing a thought upon it. I know not what became of the wounded, but if they even perished in the flames, it was a more merciful death than they would have met from the rebels. We fled across the square to the Market-house, and I, who had never before seen a corpse, had now to step over, and even upon, the bodies of those rebels who had fallen by the fire of our men, whilst, which ever way I turned my eyes, I saw dozens strewed around. I do not know by what means we were admitted, but it was owing to the

courage and humanity of Mr. Grimes, the miller, and here we once more met my father ; we now sank exhausted with terror amongst barrels of gunpowder, arms, furniture, and provisions confusedly heaped up together ; but in less than an hour (during which time our defenders fired often and effectually) the fire reached the Market-house also, and all within it, women, children, and yeomen, were forced to leave it, and throw themselves into the midst of the enemy, who now surrounded it in thousands, or they would have been destroyed by the explosion of the gunpowder, which shortly after took place. As we were going to unbar the doors, Grimes determined on a desperate effort for our safety, he stretched out his hand, and seized the pikes of two men who lay dead across the door way, he turned then to my father, and said, "Throw aside that musket, Sam, take this pike, put a piece of the child's green frock on it for a banner, and perhaps you may save the lives of your family." But my father answered, "Never! I will never quit the King's cause whilst I have life." Grimes then raised a fitch of bacon on his pike, and bidding us follow, he rushed out of the Market-house cheering, and appearing as if he were joining the pikemen, and bearing provisions to them ; my father, still holding the musket, followed. I snatched up the child of four years old, my little sisters hung on my skirts, and my mother, with the infant, came after me. My father now turned to me, and said, "Jane, my dear child, take care of your mother and the children!" They were the last words he ever spoke to me.

Grimes stopped now to parley with the pikemen, who completely surrounded us, when a fine infant of five years of age, the son of Joseph Fitzgerald, a near neighbour of ours, ran out to join us ; at this moment one of the rebels, who had some particular hatred to his father, unfortunately knew the child, and exclaiming, "That's an Orange brat!" pushed him down with his pike (as I thought) on his back ; the child gave a faint cry, and I was stooping to raise him, when I saw the pike drawn back covered with its blood ! It shivered in every limb, and then lay perfectly still—it was dead. I had strength given me to suppress a shriek, and I hid my face in my little brother's bosom, whilst my sisters never uttered a cry, but pressed still closer to me ; and my mother, who never took her eyes off my father, did not see it.

We were allowed to pass over the square without any injury, and were following Grimes towards the river, when I noticed a pikeman following us closely, and at last pushing between my father and me. In my fear and confusion I did not know the man ; but I was told afterwards it was a man named Malone, whom I had many times seen, and who of all other men we should have thought we had least reason to fear. His mother had been of a decent Protestant family, but had married a profligate of the Roman Catholic persuasion, he deserted her and one infant, when she was with child of another, and my father's mother took her home, and on her dying in childbirth of this man, my kind grandmother then nursing her own child, put the deserted infant to her breast, and prolonged his life for some days till a nurse was provided for him, whom she paid ; he was reared by our family, and was at this time a leather-cutter. I could not then recollect him, however, for his face was covered with dust and blood, a terrific looking figure, and his action was suspicious ; so, as if I could protect my father, I determined not to lose sight of him, and, with his three young children, kept

close to them. Concealed in a chimney, at the corner of the lane, we were now about to enter, there was a yeoman, who, it was said, fired away more than an hundred ball cartridges at the rebels in the square below, and made every shot take effect. He at this moment took aim at a pikeman within a few paces of us, who staggered some steps, and fell dead across my mother's feet; she dropped in a dead swoon beside the corpse. I turned to raise her, and to lift the infant from the ground it had fallen on, and I thus lost sight of my father, and the fearful pikeman who followed him: I never more saw him alive. But Providence thus kindly spared me the sight of his murder, by the very man that drew his first nourishment from the same breast with himself. He followed him, as I afterwards heard, into Barrack-lane, and killed him at the door of a brewery; a man, named Byrne, who had the care of it, saw him, through a crevice in the door, commit the act, and saw him, too, with his leather-cutter's knife disfigure the face of the dead, after plundering him, and stripping him of the new coat he wore.

In a few minutes my mother came to herself; she arose, and we both, unconscious of our loss, went with the children towards the river, thinking that perhaps we might rejoin my father there. My mother was now quite bewildered, and unable to speak to, much less to advise me; and I, though born so near the town, had never been in it, but to church or to market, and was totally ignorant whither to direct my steps. We asked at many doors would they admit us, but were constantly driven away, and, for the most part, with threats and curses. At last we came by chance to the house of one Walsh, a baker, who knew my mother, and spoke compassionately to her, but we had hardly entered, when five or six pikemen followed, and ordered him to turn us out, or they would burn the house over our heads. He dismissed us unwillingly; and we then followed some other desolate beings like ourselves, who led us into the garden of one Barker, that held a high command among the rebels. His family seemed not to notice us, and we here sat down, with many more, on the bare ground under the bushes. All were women and children, some, from their appearance, seemed to be of a rank far superior to us; and I have since heard that forty-two widows passed the night in that garden. Many of these knew their loss, yet fear had overpowered grief so completely, that not one dared to weep aloud. The children were as silent as their mothers, and whenever a footstep, going to or from the house, was heard to pass along, we dared not even look towards it, but hid our face against the earth. The moon shone brightly, and I at one time saw a man led along, pinioned, but Barker, who was then in the house, was so humane as not to put him to death amongst us, but ordered him off for execution to Vinegar Hill.

As the night advanced, a rebel, named Lacy, observing my mother to shiver violently, went out, and, soon returning, threw over her shoulders about three or four yards of coarse blue cloth, speaking at the same time some words of pity to her. She, in her frantic terror, endeavoured to cast it away, lest, as she said, she should be killed for having what was not her own, but I, with some difficulty, made her keep it, and, except the clothes we wore, it was the only covering by night or day we had for ten weeks.

In the dead of the night I began to take somewhat more courage, and hearing a strange noise in a lane, which was divided from the garden only by a low wall, I crept to it, and saw a sight that soon drove me

back to my mother's side. Some wounded men had been dragged to die in that lane, and some boys of the rebels' side, were mounted on horses, and galloping up and down many times across their bodies, whilst the only signs of life they shewed were deep groans. But Barker, when he heard of this cruelty, put a stop to it, and allowed them to die in peace.

A Protestant lady, of great respectability, was allowed by Barker to take shelter with her children in his house. As a great mark of good will towards her, some thin stirabout was made for her early the next morning, which was Tuesday. She had noticed us from the house, and beckoning to me, with much kindness gave me a plateful of it for our children, but, though they tasted, they could not eat, for terror had completely deprived them of appetite.

About nine, I felt such a desire to rejoin my father, and to leave that garden, that I left my mother's side, and went alone towards the garden gate, to see if it were possible. The first person I saw at it was Martin's mother, dressed completely in new and excellent clothes, and in particular wearing a remarkably handsome hat. Knowing her poverty, I was so much astonished at her appearance, that, forgetting for the moment all my anxiety and fear, I asked her where she got the hat; to which she replied sternly, "Hush! 'tis not for one like you to ask me where I got it." I then said, "Oh! did you see my father?"—"I have," answered she; "and he is dead!"

I forgot what I said or did for some minutes after this, but I found Mary Martin had drawn me away from the garden gate, lest, as she said, my cries should inform my mother of what had befallen us. I clung to her, and intreated her to take me to him, that I might see him once more. She at first refused, but at last, to pacify my violence, she consented. We went about a quarter of a mile to Barrack-lane, where, lying in the midst of eight or ten other bodies, with two pikemen standing looking on, I saw, and knew my father.

He lay on his back, with one hand on his breast, and his knee slightly raised, his shirt was steeped in blood, the lower part of his face disfigured with the gashes of the ruffian's knife, and his mouth filled purposely with the dirt of the street; beside him lay our large mastiff, who had licked all the blood off his face, and who, though he was heard two or three nights after howling piteously round our burnt cottage, was never again seen by any one. I can now describe what then almost killed me to look upon. I felt as if suffocating: I thought, as I looked on him, that I could have given my mother, my brother, even my own life, to have brought him back again. I fell on my knees beside him, and, whilst kissing his forehead, broke out into loud cries, when one of the pikemen gave me such a blow in the side with the handle of his pike (cursing me at the same time), that it stretched me breathless for a moment beside my father, and would have broken my ribs but for the very strong stays which I had on. He was going to repeat the blow, but that his comrade levelled his pike, and cried out, "If you dare do that again, I'll thrust this through your body! Because the child is frightened, are you to ill-treat her?" He then raised me; and I knew him to be a man named Bryan, who but the week before had purchased some cloth from my father at a fair to which I had accompanied him. He spoke kindly to me, and led me back to the garden where I had left my mother, telling me to keep silence as to what I had seen, lest she should perish with fear and grief.



We remained without food all that day, and towards six in the evening, Barker's family turned us all out of the garden, for they said it was not safe for us to remain there any longer. I now thought to take my mother home, for she was totally incapable of giving me advice; but just as we arrived at the outskirts of the town, and were slowly walking by the river, a party of rebels on the opposite bank, ordered us to return again or they would fire on us. We then endeavoured to quit it by another outlet, when we were surrounded by a strong body of pikemen, and led, with many more whom they had already prisoners, to Vinegar Hill.

This hill lies close to Enniscorthy, it is not high, but tolerably steep, and the rebels were assembled on it in thousands. They seemed to have a few tents made of blankets, but the greater number were in the open air. I could see that some were cooking at large fires, whilst others lay about sleeping on the ground. It was probably about eight in the evening when we arrived at the hill, when the men whom they had captured were separated from us, and driven higher up, whilst we, and many other woman and children, were ordered to sit down in a dry ditch not far from the foot of it. We had not been long here, when we were accosted by a neighbour, whose name was Mary Donnelly, she was a rebel's wife, and had now come to the hill to join her husband. She pitied us, and sat beside my mother the entire of that night, who, feeling her presence a protection, would cower down beside her when she heard the slightest noise. And that whole night we heard fearful sounds on the hill above us, as the men who were brought there prisoners with ourselves, were massacred one by one. We could hear distinctly the cries of the murdered, and the shouts of the executioners. The moon shone brightly, and, towards dawn, I saw what I think alarmed me even more than any sight I had yet beheld. A tall white figure came rushing down the hill: as it came nearer, it had the appearance of a naked man, and I felt my heart die within me, for I thought it was no living being. He passed so close to us, that I could see the dark streams of blood running down his sides. In some minutes the uproar above shewed he was missed, and his pursuers passed also close to us; one of them perceived I was awake, and asked if I had seen him pass, but I denied it. This was a young gentleman named Horneck, one of the finest lads in the County Wexford; he had been piked and stripped, but recovering, had fled from the hill, he waded the Slaney, and ran six miles to the ruins of his father's house, where his pursuers reached him and completed their work of death.

On Wednesday, about ten in the forenoon, owing to the intercession of Mary Donnelly, we were allowed to leave the hill. When we had gone about a furlong, I was shocked at missing the infant from my mother's arms. On inquiring of her what had become of it, she seemed at first not to understand me; she was so much bewildered, she had actually forgotten it behind her. I returned, and found the poor little creature asleep on the ground, where she had laid it, and she did not even seem to rejoice when it was restored to her. In our slow progress towards home, we met a silly, harmless fellow, a wood-ranger, who called himself a pikeman, but who was armed only with the handle of a shovel, with no head on it. He took one of our children on his back, and another in his arms, and said he would not leave us till we had arrived at our own house. When within half a mile of it, we met a

Roman Catholic lad, a school-fellow of my own, named Murphy, who wept bitterly on seeing us, and, perceiving that we were sinking with weakness, he led us to the next house, insisted on our admission, and then flew off to his father's cottage for some bread and milk, but though two days had now fully passed since we had eaten, we could only moisten our lips. We were allowed to rest here till towards evening, but were then ordered to leave the house by the owners, for they said that our stay endangered their own safety. Murphy again gave my mother his arm; towards dusk we at last reached the home we had so long wished for, and found the house only a heap of ruins. It had been burned to the ground, the side walls had fallen in, and nothing remained standing but one chimney and a barn, from which the doors and part of the roof had been torn. Our little factory also lay in ashes, with all our looms, presses, wheels, and machines. All our cloth and wool, which we had concealed in the corn, was carried off; our young cattle, horses, and pigs, were all driven to Vinegar Hill, our stacks of hay and corn were burnt down, and yet we stood looking on all this desolation in utter silence, as if we could not comprehend that it was on ourselves it had fallen.

My father's brother lived within two fields of us: his wife had been uncommonly charitable to beggars, or poor travellers, as they called themselves, and even had an outhouse, with clean straw, purposely for them to sleep in. One of these, a woman of the very lowest class, when she saw the family on the preceding Sunday, preparing to take refuge, as we did, in Enniscorthy, clung round them, and between intreaties and threats prevailed on them to remain in their house. She remained also, and protected them; and owing to her courage and presence of mind, she saved nearly their entire property from destruction, for she turned back more than one party of rebels who were bent on murder and plunder. My uncle hearing that we were standing at the ruins of our house, came to us, and led us to his, where we found more than fifty women and children, many of the highest class, who had no other place in which to lay their heads, nor a morsel to satisfy the hunger, which (now that they were no longer in immediate terror for their lives) they began to feel.

All the provisions in the house had been given to the different parties of rebels who had called, but we milked all the cows, both those of my uncle and our own (which had not been carried away with the rest of our cattle) and made curds, which for some days was our only food. On the third day, poor Martin came to see us, he wept with us, and gave us two sacks of barley meal, which he and his comrades had plundered from some other distressed family, but want forced us to accept them with gratitude. My uncle, in a day or two more, found that two of our pigs had returned home, and he killed them, which gave us a great supply of food. In about a fortnight the greater part of those creatures he had sheltered, departed to whatever homes or friends were left to them, but still for many weeks we, and several as desolate, were entirely dependent on him.

In a few days after Martin's first visit he came again, with some tea and sugar for my mother, whose health was now so precarious, that, for many days, it was her only nourishment; and until he was killed, about the latter end of June, at Borris, he continued to shew us similar kindness. Even when dying, he made his comrades promise to carry

his body to his mother and us, though the distance was twenty miles, and we had him laid in his own burial-ground, as he earnestly desired.

On the day after we returned, my aunt said to me, "I shall tell your mother of your father's death; for it is better she should be in sorrow than in her present state of stupefaction." She did so, and I cannot bear even now to think of how my mother behaved when she heard it; yet the thoughts of his body lying unburied seemed to give her (even in the midst of her extreme grief) the greatest anguish. My aunt, who was a woman of great strength of mind, and who loved my father as if he had been her own brother, now proposed that I should accompany her the next day (Friday) to the town, to seek for the body, which we agreed to lay in one of those pits in which we buried our potatoes, but which was now empty, and open. We went in much apprehension, and on reaching the town, and passing though the Market-place, we could hardly tell which way to go, the appearance of every place was so much altered by the number of houses that lay in ruins. No one molested us, and with some difficulty we found the place where I had seen my father lying, but, on reaching it, the body was no longer there. All the others had also been removed; yet the smell of putridity was so strong that my aunt fainted. I brought her home again, and we found Martin there; and he seeing my mother's anguish, told her he had laid his master's body in a gravel pit, but this I knew was merely to soothe her; and I was afterwards told, that it and the others had been thrown into the Slaney, which ran close beside the spot, but a few hours before we went to seek for it.

We lived thus for some weeks, in constant dread both of the rebels and even of the straggling parties of the military sent out to apprehend them; from the first we were protected by the female beggar and Martin's mother, who lived with us, but the last, either not knowing we were loyalists, or not caring, frequently behaved with much insolence; the smaller the party was, the more we dreaded them; and more than once myself and a few more young girls, fearing to pass the night in the house, slept in the centre of a large holly bush, at some distance from it. But after the rebels were repulsed at Newtown Barry, and finally routed at Vinegar Hill, a regular camp was formed within a quarter of a mile of my uncle's house: we were then in safety, for the soldiers were under better discipline, and we found an excellent market for our milk and butter, which enabled us to purchase a few indispensable articles of furniture and clothing, and to fit up the barn as a dwelling-house. About this time, Grimes, who saved not only his life but his mill, and the greater part of his property, restored a good part of our oatmeal. The latter end of July, a field of barley, which had escaped trampling, became ripe, our new potatoes became fit for use, and we never afterwards knew want. We could not, however, rebuild our house till the next summer; and the blackened walls of our little factory (which we could never afford to build) are yet to be seen.

A few nights after Vinegar Hill was taken by the King's forces, I went with a lanthorn to an unfrequented outhouse to bring in some straw for our beds; Martin's mother, who did not at first know where I was going, followed me in much agitation; but I had already reached the little building, and, as I removed the sheaves, I was dreadfully shocked at seeing that they concealed four or five pallid ghastly-looking creatures, who, on seeing me, intreated me in the most piteous manner

not to betray them. They were rebels, who had been badly wounded in the battle; and the woman who sheltered them there, and supplied them with food from my uncle's house, joined her intreaties to theirs, and I promised I would be silent. In four days more one died there, and the rest were able to remove. I have been since blamed for not giving them up, but I have never repented that I kept my promise to them.

It was just seven weeks after the beginning of all our sorrows, that as I was passing one evening near the ruins of our house, I was greatly startled at hearing from within it the deep sobs and suppressed lamentations of some person in great trouble. I ventured to look in, and found they proceeded from a man who was sitting on a low part of the fallen wall, with his head resting on his kness. When he heard me he arose, and I saw it was my brother; but if it had not been for the strong likeness he yet bore to my father, I should never have known him; from a fair ruddy boy, he had become a haggard, sun-burnt man, so thin, that his waist might have been almost spanned; and this change had been wrought in him by want and hardship in the short space of eight weeks, for it was just so long since we had met. He immediately turned when he saw me, and fled from me at his utmost speed. In four days more he returned again to us, and seemed more composed; he occasionally got leave of absence to assist in our business of the farm, but he never could settle entirely with us till the winter was past. In one of his short visits, being alone with him, I asked him how soon he became acquainted with my father's death, and he answered, "I knew of it before I was told of it. I knew it when I was on guard at Duncannon Fort, the third night after the battle of Enniscorthy, for I saw him as plainly as I see you. I was overpowered with hunger and fatigue, and I slept on my post, and he stood beside me and awakened me; as I opened my eyes, I saw him clearly in the bright moonlight, he passed away from before me, and I knew by what I felt he was no living man!" This might have been but a dream, yet who can say he was not permitted to save his son from the certain death that awaited him if he had been found sleeping on his post?

I have now told the principal circumstances that fell under my own eye during the fearful summer of 1798, in which, besides my father, I lost fourteen uncles, cousins, and near relations; but if I were to tell all I saw, and all I heard, it would fill a large volume. Yet before I conclude, I must mention one evil that arose from the rebellion not generally noticed, but the ill effects of which may be said still to continue. The yeomanry was composed mostly of fine boys, sons of farmers, some of whom had scarcely attained the age of sixteen; these, removed from the eye of their parents, with arms placed in their hands, raised to the rank of men before they had discretion to behave as such, and exposed to all the temptations of idleness, intoxication, and evil companions, when peaceful times returned, were totally unable to settle to their farms (too often left by their father's death to them alone), but continued the same careless, disorderly life, till they became quite unable to pay their rents. They were then ejected, and emigrated to America; and on the very farms which thirty years ago were possessed by old Protestant families, there now live the immediate descendants of the very people who may be said to have been the original cause of all this evil.

This, thank God, has not been the case with our family. Clevass is still in my brother's hands, my mother, now an aged woman, lives with him, and all the rest of our family have been for many years married, and settled in our own homes. Yet fears and suspicious still remain in the hearts of the two opposite parties in the County Wexford, and until the present generation, and their children after them, shall have passed away, it will never be otherwise; for those who, like me, have seen their houses in ashes, their property destroyed, and their nearest and dearest lying dead at their feet, though they may, and should forgive, they never can forget.

*Enniscorthy.*

R. E. S.

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NOVELS BY THE AUTHOR OF HEADLONG HALL.

WE have long been familiar with the name and reputation of the gentleman who, though anonymous, is the well-known and much admired author of the very peculiar class of novels, commencing with *Headlong Hall*, and concluding—though we hope only for the present—with the *Misfortunes of Elphin*. We have long been familiar with his genuine, but somewhat elaborate humour, grave and saturnine as Swift, and occasionally extravagant as Rabelais, though recurring at rarer intervals—with his various acquirements—his fulness of ideas, and wealth of language—his agreeable poetic fancy, and above all, with his incomparable powers of ridicule and sarcasm. Among the numerous writers of the present day, he has long stood out, in our estimation, as one of the most sterling; and, though his works have been ushered into public life in a homely, unobtrusive sort of manner, without either puff, paragraph, or advertisement, to call attention to their characteristic excellencies, yet they have, nevertheless, grown upon the minds of their readers, forced their way into general notice, and abundantly proved that they have within them the undoubted germ of perpetuity.

Mr. Peacock's first novel, entitled *Headlong Hall*, published somewhere about the year 1815, attracted general attention, by its quaint, recondite, and various originality. It had no plot—scarcely any incident—little description—absolutely no sentiment—none of those clap-traps, by which our more glaring writers of fiction appeal to the public sympathies, and conceal their own intellectual sterility; its chief and only merit was its felicitous mode of hitting off some of the pedantic absurdities of the day, and discriminating between what was true and what was false, in ethics, philosophy, and sentiment. In a word, it was a tale penned by a profound and versatile scholar, who despising the ordinary resources of novelists, trusted for success to his own untrumpeted deserts. All who read it felt that its author was capable of greater things; they perceived in every page quaint gleams of a superior genius, which could launch with effects the massive bolts of declamation, and play with the keen lightnings of sarcasm. The incidents of this racy tale may be summed up in a few words. Squire Headlong, of *Headlong Hall*, in the county of Carnarvon, a genuine hot-headed Cambrian, descended from a pedigree of a more ancient date than that of Adam himself, having tired, for a season, of hunting, coursing, racing, dancing, and other equally enlightened and characteristic pursuits of country gentlemen, resolves, by way of novelty, to turn his attention to literature; with

which view he hurries off impatiently to town, where, with no small ingenuity, and after much research, he contrives to become acquainted with divers *cognoscenti* in the Belles Lettres and the Fine Arts, all of whom he invites to spend the ensuing Christmas with him in North Wales. As a matter of course they accept this invitation—the details of which, meagre and unsatisfactory as they may seem to the mere lover of incident and bustle, have furnished Mr. Peacock with materials for a volume, abounding in shrewd thought, broad caricature, and masculine and pertinent ridicule. Having discussed the plot, we proceed to the more important features of the tale, viz., its characters. In these it is rich to profusion. We have first Mr. Foster, the Perfectibilian, a gentleman who is a staunch believer in the daily progress of human nature towards perfection, in every department of mind:—secondly, Mr. Escott, the Deteriorationist (whose motto ought to be “*deteriora sequor*”), a cynical sort of philosopher, marvellously sceptical on the subject of the improvement of mankind, and one who holds it as his firm belief that they are fast retrograding in all branches of knowledge and virtue:—thirdly, Mr. Jenkinson, the *statu-quo-ite*, a negative sort of personage, who conceives that the human species is neither advancing nor retrograding, but remaining just where they ought to be:—fourthly, the Rev. Dr. Gaster, a pragmatist orthodox divine, fond of good cheer, as all orthodox divines are, or should be, and much addicted to falling asleep after dinner, when abstruse or philosophical conversation is going forward:—fifthly, Mr. Cranium, whose name sufficiently implies the nature of his favourite pursuit:—and sixthly, Mr. Milestone, an enthusiastic advocate for the orderly—becoming—artificial—sophisticated, in architecture and landscape gardening. All these different gentlemen, together with their respective hobbies, are brought into the broadest and most amusing contrasts imaginable; their opinions are set in the richest light of ridicule, while an earnestness, a gravity, a calm, deliberate mode of discussion is adopted throughout their numerous dialogues, that renders the tale a complete unique of its kind, a production *sui generis*, standing boldly out in the desert flats of modern literature, like Zenobia's column in the wastes of Tadmor.

“*Melincourt*,” which was Mr. Peacock's second production, is a novel of a more original and elevated character. It may be called a satirical allegory, a species of writing of unusual rarity in the writings of modern times, as distinguished from those of Greece and Rome. We know, in fact, but of three writers who have immortalized themselves by their allegorical turn for satire, and these three are, Rabelais, Swift, and Arbuthnot. The first is, beyond all comparison, the greatest, most inventive, and most original; he has a singular faculty of enabling his wildest fantasies to illustrate the plainest truths; wears his fool's-cap and bells with an imposing air; and, under the surface of frivolity, conceals a rich stratum of religious and political wisdom. He has had numerous admirers, and countless imitators, none of whom, however, with the exception of Swift, ever reached within a hundred degrees of his excellence, one great reason of which is, that the talents of Rabelais are peculiarly inaccessible to rivalry, or imitation, inasmuch as he is an author of extraordinary political foresight, and a long reach of experience, extending over upwards of half a century, during which time he saw life in its most varied forms, from the prince to the peasant, and at a period, when the intellect and manners of Europe were yet unsettled, and, conse-

quently, possessed all the rich excrescences of roughnesses of character that distinguish such a period—moreover he possesses, in their fullest degree, two qualities, seldom found combined in the same person; viz., unbounded learning, and equal powers of humour, and is gifted, in addition, with a vigorous imagination, which had it directed itself into a different channel, might have made Rabelais the first poet of his age. For these reasons it is that this incomparable satirist has seldom met with imitators, a mean ignoble race, whose professed object is to pull down their great models to their own inferior level. When, however, we use the term “imitators,” we are far from meaning to apply it to the intellect of a man like Swift, who followed in the track that Rabelais had before pointed out, only because his genius was of a congenial quality, and his learning nearly equal. The author of such works as the “Tale of a Tub,” and “Gulliver’s Travels,” both of which are store-houses of rich and matured thought, must not be confounded with the “*imitatorum servum pecus*.” He has too much vigour of fancy—too much profoundness of reflection—too much searching wit, and envenomed sarcasm—too much, in short, of all that constitutes the man of genius, to be other than a splendid original. In one point alone he is faulty, miserably faulty, we mean in a studious imitation of his great prototype’s obscenities. Were it not for this taint, which throws over the splendour of Swift’s intellect a cloud that nothing can disperse, which tends even to impeach his moral character, and almost induces us to believe (despite the contradiction of Hawkesworth, who, in his memoirs of this great Tory writer, asserts that he was cleanly in his habits, and decorous in his conduct, even to fastidiousness) that the author who could deliberately put forth such degrading suggestions, must himself have been perverse, and equally degraded as a man—were it not, we repeat, for this sickening taint, the works of Swift would be among the very first of their class; calculated no less to form and mature the mind of the philosopher, than of the politician. Arbuthnot, who forms the third of this illustrious triumvirate, is a writer of a quiet and lively fancy, full of ease and simplicity, and a certain *bonhomie*, or archness, unknown to either of the other two. He has little or nothing of the extravagance of Rabelais—nothing of his sweeping satire, or bold heedlessness of style, and is equally deficient in the perpetual point, terseness and dry sarcasm of Swift. But then to make amends, he is more natural than either: his jests seem to drop with less effort from his mouth; he appears more at home in his laughter. The tale of “John Bull,” by which he is chiefly remembered, is an allegorical satire, in which an easy power is everywhere visible—it is full to overflowing of character, and has the additional qualification of good humour to recommend it. In this last respect Arbuthnot is incomparably the first satirist of modern times. In reading Rabelais, the mind is oppressed, dazzled, bewildered; we feel, throughout his works, the presence of undoubted genius; but it is of a genius alien to our own—one in which we cannot sympathize as we would desire; his humour astonishes more than it delights us, and we acknowledge, rather than feel, the magic of his works. The cheerfulness of Swift is of a still less gratifying character: it is the cheerfulness of a determined misanthropist, and like a jest, uttered beside the grave, has a striking air of repulsiveness and inconsistency about it. We always feel as if we owed an apology to ourselves for even smiling at this author’s humour—so withering is its character—so malignant—so wholly

an appeal to the baser passions of humanity. All that would furnish others with food for quiet thought, and gentle commiseration, is, with Swift, made a matter for laughter and derision; we actually do not, throughout his voluminous works, remember one single remark suggested by good nature, or put forth in a spirit of humanity. His very smile is a scowl; his laughter the hysteric utterance of a rancorous and disappointed mind. Arbuthnot, on the contrary, is, as we before observed, a writer of the most social character; his humour is natural, unforced, conversational; and, though his allegory be at times a thought confused, yet his jests are universally intelligible. His sketch of Sister Peg can never be mistaken, or forgotten.

We have mentioned these three great writers as being the most remarkable in modern days for their powers of satirical allegory; and contenting ourselves with remarking that a few other, though inferior specimens of this quality of mind, may occasionally be met with in the pages of Steele and Addison, (more especially in the former's *Tatler*) we come, without further preface, to the consideration of the tale before us, "*Melincourt*;" a tale which possesses something of the extravagant invention of Rabelais, something of the stern sarcasm of Swift, and a great deal of the lively humour of Arbuthnot. The incidents of this novel are, like all the other of Mr. Peacock's works, trifling; being, in fact, mere pegs on which to hang up and support his own peculiar theories. Such, however, as they are, we feel it our duty to detail them. Anthelia Melincourt is an amiable, intelligent young lady—an orphan, an heiress, and the owner of Melincourt Castle, a fine estate, situated in the county of Westmoreland. Of course, under these circumstances, she is an object of great consideration, and equally a matter of course is it, as our author takes care to inform us, that among the number of her visitors are to be found Irishmen of various grades and habits, but all equally well matched on the score of excessive impudence. At the time the story commences, Melincourt Castle is filled with company who have just arrived, the majority from London, and some few from the neighbouring lakes. These, for the most part, are mere pedantic curiosities; but there is one redeeming character among them; a Mr. Sylvan Forester, a high-minded, poetic enthusiast, fond of the practice of virtue for its own sake, of learning, for a similar reason—a man, in short, who is manifestly intended as a type of Mr. Peacock's notions of perfection. Among this gentleman's peculiarities is a passionate admiration of human nature in its wildest and most untutored condition; a peculiarity which he carries to such an excess that, following up the well-known notion of Lord Monboddo, that "all men were originally monkeys, but that in process of time they wore out their tails," he, with some difficulty, procures an ourang-outang whom he educates, *à-la-mode*, and for whom he procures a baronetcy, under the appropriate title of Sir Ouran Haut-ton, and subsequently a rotten borough, the important and highly-disinterested borough of One Vote. Accompanied by this original, Mr. Forster makes his appearance at Melincourt, in the neighbourhood of which his own estate of Red Rose Abbey is situated; is, of course, favourably received, inspires Anthelia with a strong interest in his favor, and after releasing her from an imprisonment to which she has been subjected by the officious perseverance of one of her suitors, Lord Anophel Achthar, is finally rewarded with her hand and fortune. Such are the master features of a tale, which, though it extends to three volumes, is replete with arch



and lively incidents, some of which are of a highly intellectual character. The details, in particular, of the interview between Mr. Forester, Mr. Fax, (a Malthusian philosopher, if we remember rightly,) and Mr. Moley Mystic, of Cimmerian Lodge, are imbued with a strong Rabelaisian spirit: the allegory is admirably preserved throughout. We subjoin this able chapter.

“ CIMMERIAN LODGE.

“ After a walk of some miles from the town of Gullgudgeon, where no information was to be obtained of Anthelia, their path wound along the shores of a lonely lake, embosomed in dark pine-groves and precipitous rocks. As they passed near a small creek, they observed a gentleman just stepping into a boat, who paused and looked up at the sound of their approximation; and Mr. Fax immediately recognized the poeticopolitical, rhapsodicprosaical, deisidæmoniacparadoxographical, pseudolatreiological, transcendental meteorosophist, Moley Mystic, Esquire, of Cimmerian Lodge. This gentleman’s Christian name, according to his own account, was improperly spelt with an *e*, and was in truth nothing more nor less than

‘ That Moly,  
Which Hermes erst to wise Ulysses gave;’

and which was, in the mind of Homer, a *pure anticipated cognition* of the system of Kantian metaphysics, or grand transcendental science of the *luminous obscure*; for it had a *dark root*, which was mystery; and a *white flower*, which was abstract truth: *it was called Moly by the gods*, who then kept it to themselves; and was *difficult to be dug up by mortal men*, having, in fact, lain *perdu* in subterranean darkness till the immortal Kant dug for it *under the stone of doubt*, and produced it to the astonished world as the *root of human science*. Other persons, however, derived his first name differently; and maintained that the *e* in it shewed it very clearly to be a corruption of *Mole-eye*, it being the opinion of some naturalists that the *mole* has *eyes*, which it can withdraw or project at pleasure, implying a faculty of wilful blindness, most happily characteristic of a transcendental metaphysician; since, according to the old proverb, *None are so blind as those who won’t see*. But, be that as it may, Moley Mystic was his name, and Cimmerian Lodge was his dwelling.

“ Mr. Mystic invited Mr. Fax and his friends to step with him into the boat, and cross over his lake, which he called the *Ocean of Deceitful Form*, to the *Island of Pure Intelligence*, on which Cimmerian Lodge was situated: promising to give them a great treat in looking over his grounds, which he had laid out according to the *topography of the human mind*; and to enlighten them, through the medium of ‘darkness visible,’ with an opticothaumaturgical process of transcendentalising a *cylindrical mirror*, which should teach them the difference between *objective* and *subjective reality*. Mr. Forester was unwilling to remit his search, even for a few hours: but Mr. Fax observing that great part of the day was gone, and that Cimmerian Lodge was very remote from the human world; so that if they did not avail themselves of Mr. Mystic’s hospitality, they should probably be reduced to the necessity of passing the night among the rocks, *sub Jove frigido*, which he did not think very inviting, Mr. Forester complied, and, with Mr. Fax and Sir Oran Hautton, stepped into the boat.

“ They had scarcely left the shore when they were involved in a fog of unprecedented density, so that they could not see one another; but they heard the dash of Mr. Mystic’s oars, and were consoled by his assurances that he could not miss his way in a state of the atmosphere so very consentaneous to his peculiar mode of vision; for that, though in navigating his little skiff on the *Ocean of Deceitful Form*, he had very often wandered wide and far from the *Island of Pure Intelligence*, yet this had always happened when he went with his eyes open, in broad daylight; but that he had soon found the means of

obviating this little inconvenience, by always keeping his eyes close shut whenever the sun had the impertinence to shine upon him.

“ He immediately added, that he would take the opportunity of making a remark perfectly in point : ‘ that Experience was a Cyclops, with his eye in the back of his head ;’ and when Mr. Fax remarked, that he did not see the connexion, Mr. Mystic said he was very glad to hear it ; for he should be sorry if any one but himself could see the connexion of his ideas, as he arranged his thoughts on a *new principle*.

“ They went steadily on through the dense and heavy air, over waters that slumbered like the Stygian pool ; a chorus of frogs, that seemed as much delighted with their own melody, at if they had been an oligarchy of poetical critics, regaling them all the way with the Aristophanic symphony of BREK-EK-EK-EX ! KO-AX ! KO-AK ! till the boat fixed its keel in the *Island of Pure Intelligence* ; and Mr. Mystic landed his party, as Charon did Æneas and the Sybil, in a bed of weeds and mud : after floundering in which for some time, from losing their guide in the fog, they were cheered by the sound of his voice from above, and scrambling up the bank, found themselves on a hard and barren rock ; and, still following the sound of Mr. Mystic’s voice, arrived at Cimmerian Lodge.

“ The fog had penetrated into all the apartments : there was fog in the hall, fog in the parlour, fog on the staircases, fog in the bed-rooms :

‘ The fog was here, the fog was there,  
The fog was all around.’

It was a little rarefied in the kitchen, by virtue of the enormous fire ; so far, at least, that the red face of the cook shone through it, as they passed the kitchen door, like the disk of the rising moon through the vapours of an autumnal river : but to make amends for this, it was condensed almost into solidity in the library, where the voice of their invisible guide bade them welcome to the *adytum* of the LUMINOUS OBSCURE.

“ Mr. Mystic now produced what he called his *synthetical torch*, and requested them to follow him, and look over his grounds. Mr. Fax said it was perfectly useless to attempt it in such a state of the atmosphere ; but Mr. Mystic protested it was the only state of the atmosphere in which they could be seen to advantage : as daylight and sunshine utterly destroyed their beauty.

“ They followed the ‘ darkness visible’ of the *synthetical torch*, which, according to Mr. Mystic, *shed around it the rays of transcendental illumination* ; and he continued to march before them, walking, and talking, and pointing out innumerable images of singularly nubilous beauty, though Mr. Forester and Mr. Fax both declared they could see nothing but the fog and ‘ *la pale lueur du magique flambeau* ;’ till Mr. Mystic observing that they were now in a *Spontaneity free from Time and Space*, and at the point of *Absolute Limitation*, Mr. Fax said he was very glad to hear it ; for in that case they could go no further. Mr. Mystic observed that they must go further ; for they were entangled in a maze, from which they would never be able to extricate themselves without his assistance ; and he must take the liberty to tell them, that the *categories of modality were connected into the idea of absolute necessity*. As this was spoken in a high tone, they took it to be meant for a reprimand ; which carried the more weight, as it was the less understood. At length, after floundering on another half hour, the fog still thicker and thicker, and the torch still dimmer and dimmer, they found themselves once more in Cimmerian Lodge.

“ Mr. Mystic asked them how they liked his grounds, and they both repeated they had seen nothing of them : on which he flew into a rage, and called them *empyirical psychologists*, and *slaves of definition, induction, and analysis*, which he intended for terms of abuse, but which were not taken for such by the persons to whom he addressed them.

“ Recovering his temper, he observed that it was nearly the hour of dinner ; and, as they did not think it worth while to be angry with him, they con-

tented themselves with requesting that they might dine in the kitchen, which seemed to be the only spot on the *Island of Pure Intelligence* in which there was a glimmer of light.

“Mr. Mystic remarked that he thought this very bad taste, but that he should have no objection if the cook would consent; who, he observed, had paramount dominion over that important division of the *Island of Pure Intelligence*. The cook, with a little murmuring, consented for once to evacuate her citadel as soon as the dinner was on table; entering, however, a protest that this infringement on her privileges should not be pleaded as a precedent.

“Mr. Fax was afraid that Mr. Mystic would treat them as Lord Peter treated his brothers: that he would put nothing on the table, and regale them with a dissertation on the *pure idea of absolute substance*; but in this he was agreeably disappointed; for the *anticipated cognition* of a good dinner very soon smoked before them, in the *relation of determinate co-existence*; and the *objective phenomenon* of some superexcellent Madeira quickly put the whole party in perfect good-humour. It appeared, indeed, to have a diffusive quality of occult and mysterious virtue; for, with every glass they drank, the fog grew thin, till by the time they had taken off four bottles among them, it had totally disappeared.

“Mr. Mystic now prevailed on them to follow him to the library, where they found a blazing fire and a four-branched gas lamp, shedding a much brighter radiance than that of the *synthetical torch*. He said he had been obliged to light this lamp, as it seemed they could not see by the usual illumination of Cimmerian Lodge. The brilliancy of the gas lights he much disapproved; but he thought it would be very unbecoming in a transcendental philosopher to employ any other material for a purpose to which *smoke* was applicable. Mr. Fax said, he should have thought, on the contrary, that *ex fumo dare lucem* would have been, of all things, the most repugnant to his principles; and Mr. Mystic replied, that it had not struck him so before, but that Mr. Fax’s view of the subject ‘was exquisitely dusky and fuliginous:’ this being his usual mode of expressing approbation, instead of the common phraseology of *bright thoughts* and *luminous ideas*, which were equally abhorrent to him both in theory and practice. However, he said, there the light was, for their benefit, and not for his: and as other men’s light was his darkness, he should put on a pair of spectacles of smoked glass, which no one could see through but himself. Having put on his spectacles, he undrew a black curtain, discovered a *cylindrical mirror*, and placed a sphere before it with great solemnity. ‘This sphere,’ said he, ‘is an oblong spheroid in the perception of the cylindrical mirror: as long as the mirror thought that the object of his perception was a real external oblong spheroid, he was a mere *empirical philosopher*; but he has grown wiser since he has been in my library; and by reflecting very deeply on the degree in which the manner of his construction might influence the forms of his perception, has taken a very opaque and tenebriose view of how much of the spheroidal perception belongs to the *object*, which is the sphere, and how much to the *subject*, which is himself, in his quality of *cylindrical mirror*. He has thus discovered the difference between *objective* and *subjective reality*: and this point of view is *transcendentalism*.’

“‘A very dusky and fuliginous speculation, indeed,’ said Mr. Fax, complimenting Mr. Mystic in his own phrase.

“Tea and coffee were brought in. ‘I divide my day,’ said Mr. Mystic, ‘on a new principle: I am always poetical at breakfast, moral at luncheon, metaphysical at dinner, and political at tea. Now you shall know my opinion of the hopes of the world.—General discontent shall be the basis of public resignation. The materials of political gloom will build the steadfast frame of hope. The main point is to get rid of analytical reason, which is experimental and practical, and lives only by faith, which is synthetical and oracular. The contradictory interests of ten millions may neutralize each other. But the spirit of Antichrist is abroad:—the people read!—nay, they

think!! The people read and think!!! The public, the public in general, the swinish multitude, the many-headed monster, actually reads and thinks!!! Horrible in thought, but in fact most horrible! Science classifies flowers. Can it make them bloom where it has placed them in its classification? No. Therefore flowers ought not to be classified. This is transcendental logic. Ha! in that cylindrical mirror I see three shadowy forms:—dimly I see them through the smoked glass of my spectacles. Who art thou?—MYSTERY!—I hail thee! Who art thou?—JARGON!—I love thee! Who art thou?—SUPERSTITION!—I worship thee! Hail, transcendental TRIAD!

“Mr. Fax cut short the thread of his eloquence by saying he would trouble him for the cream-jug.

“Mr. Mystic began again, and talked for three hours without intermission, except that he paused a moment on the entrance of sandwiches and Madeira. His visitors sipped his wine in silence till he had fairly talked himself hoarse. Neither Mr. Fax nor Mr. Forester replied to his paradoxes; for to what end, they thought, should they attempt to answer what few would hear, and none would understand?

“It was now time to retire, and Mr. Mystic showed his guests to the doors of their respective apartments, in each of which a gas-light was burning, and ascended another flight of stairs to his own dormitory, with a little twinkling taper in his hand. Mr. Forester and Mr. Fax stayed a few minutes on the landing-place, to have a word of consultation before they parted for the night. Mr. Mystic gained the door of his apartment—turned the handle of the lock—and had just advanced one step—when the whole interior of the chamber became suddenly sheeted with fire: a tremendous explosion followed; and he was precipitated to the foot of the stairs in *the smallest conceivable fraction of the infinite divisibility of time*.

“Mr. Forester picked him up, and found him not much hurt; only a little singed, and very much frightened. But the whole interior of the apartment continued to blaze. Mr. Forester and Sir Oran Haut-ton ran for water: Mr. Fax rang the nearest bell: Mr. Mystic vociferated ‘Fire!’ with singular energy: the servants ran about half-undressed: pails, buckets, and pitchers, were in active requisition; till Sir Oran Haut-ton ascending the stairs with the great rain-water-tub, containing one hundred and eight gallons of water, threw the whole contents on the flames with one sweep of his powerful arm.

“The fire being extinguished, it remained to ascertain its cause. It appeared that the gas-tube in Mr. Mystic’s chamber had been left unstopped, and the gas evolving without combustion (the apartment being perfectly airtight), had condensed into a mass, which, on the approach of Mr. Mystic’s taper, instantly ignited, blowing the transcendentalist down stairs, and setting fire to his curtains and furniture.

“Mr. Mystic, as soon as he recovered from his panic, began to bewail the catastrophe: not so much, he said, for itself, as because such an event in Cimmerian Lodge was an infallible omen of evil—a type and symbol of an approaching period of public light—when the smoke of metaphysical mystery, and the vapours of ancient superstition, which he had done all that in him lay to consolidate in the spirit of man, would explode at the touch of analytical reason, leaving nothing but the plain common-sense matter-of-fact of moral and political truth—a day that he earnestly hoped he might never live to see.

“‘Certainly,’ said Mr. Forester, ‘it is a very bad omen for all who make it their study to darken the human understanding, when one of the pillars of their party is *blown up by his own smoke*; but the symbol, as you call it, may operate as a warning to the apostles of superstitious chimæra and political fraud, that it is very possible *for smoke to be too thick*; and that, in condensing in the human mind the vapours of ignorance and delusion, they are only compressing a body of inflammable gas, of which the explosion will be fatal in precise proportion to its density.’”

Among the practically satirical passages in which Melincourt abounds, we must not omit the catastrophe of the Country Bank, whose firm, con-

sisting of Messrs. Air-bubble, Smoke-shadow, and Hop-the-twig, (what a vein of arch humour lurks even in these *cognomina*) has just contrived to fail, notwithstanding the exertions of the clerk, Mr. William Walkoff, at the moment when Forester enters the village in pursuit of Anthelia. We have already observed that this novel possesses a tinge of Swift's sarcasm: such is literally the fact, in proof of which we need only adduce the circumstance of Mr. Peacock's having brought forward his Angola Baboon to represent a modern gentleman of fashion—a piece of practical satire which is little if at all inferior, either in severity or conception, to the Yahoos or Houhnyms of Gulliver. But the whole tale, we unhesitatingly repeat, is full of a high and commanding intellect that knows well how to play with the literary follies of the day, as also how to put them forward in the broadest and strongest light, though in no one instance, not even in the chapter entitled "Mainchance Villa," where a stinging faculty of invective is throughout the predominant feature, is the amenity of the gentleman, or the enlightened liberality of the scholar, forgotten. Altogether, Melincourt is a production worthy of Arbuthnot, to whose easy, unembarrassed, and social style of humour, it bears no slight resemblance.

"Nightmare Abbey," as may be readily imagined from its title, is a capital quiz on the rueful sentimentality of the German school. The owner of the Abbey, Mr. Glowry, is a gentleman wholly devoured by blue devils: he is only happy when miserable; only miserable when there is any prospect of a moment's happiness either for himself or his guests. He is thus described:—

"Mr. Glowry used to say that his house was no better than a spacious kennel, for every one in it led the life of a dog. Disappointed both in love and in friendship, and looking upon human learning as vanity, he had come to a conclusion that there was but one good thing in the world, *videlicet*, a good dinner; and this his parsimonious lady seldom suffered him to enjoy; but, one morning, like Sir Leoline, in *Christabel*, 'he woke and found his lady dead,' and remained a very consolate widower, with one small child.

"This only son and heir Mr. Glowry had christened Scythrop, from the name of a maternal ancestor, who had hanged himself one rainy day in a fit of *tædium vitæ*, and had been eulogised by a coroner's jury in the comprehensive phrase of *felo de se*; on which account, Mr. Glowry held his memory in high honour, and made a punch-bowl of his skull.

"The north-eastern tower was appropriated to the domestics, whom Mr. Glowry always chose by one of two criterions,—a long face or a dismal name. His butler was Raven; his steward was Crow; his valet was Skellet. Mr. Glowry maintained that the valet was of French extraction, and that his name was Squelette. His grooms were Mattocks and Graves. On one occasion, being in want of a footman, he received a letter from a person signing himself Diggory Deathshead, and lost no time in securing this acquisition; but, on Diggory's arrival, Mr. Glowry was horror-struck by the sight of a round ruddy face, and a pair of laughing eyes. Deathshead was always grinning,—not a ghastly smile, but the grin of a comic mask; and disturbed the echoes of the hall with so much unhallowed laughter, that Mr. Glowry gave him his discharge. Diggory, however, had stayed long enough to make conquests of all the old gentleman's maids, and left him a flourishing colony of young Deathsheads to join chorus with the owls, that had before been the exclusive choristers of Nightmare Abbey."

We cannot too warmly praise the moral of this tale, as it is one of the most uniformly beneficial character. It is an attempt to illustrate the folly, not to say the selfishness—the utter inexcusable selfishness

of that school of ethics which teaches its disciples to look only on the gloomy side of things, which in the external forms of nature can discern nothing but a foul and perishable process of corruption, and which inculcates the pernicious doctrine that man, even in his most elevated condition, is but a passive instrument in the hands of the great principle of evil. Moreover it is a useful tale, inasmuch as it ridicules that now almost exploded system of transcendental philosophy which Mr. Coleridge has for years been doing his best to engraft on the staple literature of England

“Maid Marian” is a lively, entertaining Sylvan story, with this besetting defect, that throughout the narrative the author has mistaken his forte. His genius is any thing but sylvan: he lacks an eye for nature, and is at home only where he grapples with the quaint absurdities of learning. His “Robin Hood” and his “Maid Marian,” his “Friar Tuck,” his “Little John,” and his “Scarlett,” are the creations not of nature but of art. They want the freshness—the vividness—the individuality of real life, and force on our minds a dangerous recollection of the pastoral sketches in “Ivanhoe.” But this, we may here observe, is the leading fault of all Mr. Peacock’s heroes and heroines. They are not men or women, but opinions personified; each individual being, in his or her person, the representative of some abstract truth or quaint pedantic anomaly. They smell of the schools, and are tainted with the miasma of metaphysics. In consequence of this defect, the range of our author’s invention is limited; for though the varieties of human nature are inexhaustible, those of art are necessarily confined. Sir W. Scott, in this respect, stands out in fine contrast to Mr. Peacock, and confirms the truth of our remark. His characters are all drawn from life; just as he himself has seen them, so has he described them, embellished, of course, and heightened by the magic touches of a fancy, such as Shakspeare only has surpassed, and hence his power of creation has been bounded only by his experience. With the author of “Melincourt”—or, as he delights to style himself, of “Headlong Hall”—the case is altogether different; he has drawn all his characters, their feelings, prejudices, opinions, &c. from books; with nature he has had little or nothing to do. He is, therefore, perpetually, though we are bound in justice to add, agreeably, repeating himself. His Mr. Flosky, the transcendental philosopher, is the mere echo of Mr. Moly Mystic, the Cimmerian metaphysician; Mr. Foster, the Perfectibilian, is a *Variorum* edition “longè auctior et emendatior” of Mr. Forester, the enthusiast; and the origin of Mr. Glowry, the sentimentalist, may be found in Mr. Hippy, the hypochondriac. To such an excess does Mr. Peacock carry his love of learning, so completely is his mind saturated with classic lore, that his very style partakes of this peculiarity; and though, in his latter fictions, it is purely English, just, in short, what it ought to be, in his former ones the idiom is, in many instances Latin; the phraseology especially so. No one who reads his “Headlong Hall” will fail to perceive this characteristic feature.

It may here seem a strange remark to hazard, but we cannot help fancying that Mr. Peacock is the man of all others to enjoy a clever Christmas pantomime. With the tumblings—and the twistings—and the rollings one over the other, which constitute so much of the fun of this species of dramatic amusement, our author is perfectly familiar. No man makes so much of the downfall of a fat oily monk, or an equally plethoric churchman. His incidents of this nature—and he is never tired of de-

scribing them—are irresistibly comic. His dumpy divines, with their thick, short legs and puffy lungs, tumble about with all the rich effect of Grimaldi in his better days, nor do we know, in the wide compass of modern comedy, a scene more truly laughable than the one in “Melincourt,” where the fat, broad-breeched, short-winded, apoplectic Mr. Grovel-grub is described as running at full gallop, over loose yielding sands, from the pursuit of Lord Anophel Achthar. To heighten the effect, Mr. Peacock takes leave of him in this condition, so, for aught we know to the contrary, the poor gentleman may be running to this hour. Another excellence, which our author shares equally in common with Sir W. Scott, is the exceeding felicity of his names. We have already spoken of the country-banking firm of Air-bubble, Smoke-shadow, and Hop-the-twig, with their clerk, Mr. Wm. Walkoff, and may mention, in addition, the *cognomina* of Mr. Portpipe, a high churchman, who requests his friends not to take down Homer from his allotted shelf, as he “has not been dusted for thirty years”—of Mr. Grovelgrub, the clerical tutor to a dissipated young nobleman—of Mr. Harum O’Scarum, the Irish fortune hunter—of Mr. Feathernest, the political sycophant—of Mr. Vamp, the Court reviewer—of Mr. Anyside Antijac, the uncompromising supporter of Ministers, “so long as they can keep their places”—of Sir Oran Haut-ton, the monkey-man of fashion, who “never failed to feel himself at home at the Opera”—of Mr. Derrydown, the ballad-monger—of the Hon. Mrs. Pinnoney, the match-maker and wholesale dealer in marriages—of Miss Philomela Poppyseed, the celebrated she-poet—and, above all, of the Rev. Dr. Gaster, whose highest boast is to have his patronymic mixed up with the recollection of the gastric juice.

Having already spoken at length on the subject of Mr. Peacock’s novels, we have little space left to discuss the merits of his last-published one, entitled “The Misfortunes of Elphin.” Luckily it is not of a nature to require any very minute analysis. It is a mere sylvan story, like “Maid Marian,” the scene of which is laid in Wales, and at that romantic period when King Arthur and the knights of his Round Table were alive in all their glory. It has no new characters, little fancy; but is penned in an easy colloquial style, very different from the cumbrous mannerism of Mr. Peacock’s earlier tales. The best point in it is the brief description of the holy abbot of Avallon, who “was a plump and comely man, of middle age, having three roses in his complexion; one, in full blossom, on each cheek, and one, in bud, on the tip of his nose.” The following also possesses merit: it is the description of a minor king of South Wales; one of those despotic individuals who stick fast to the doctrine of “the right divine of kings to govern wrong.”

“King Melvas was a man of middle age, with a somewhat round, large, regular-featured face, and an habitual smile of extreme self-satisfaction, which he could occasionally convert into a look of terrific ferocity, the more fearful for being rare. His manners were, for the most part, pleasant. He did much mischief, not for mischief’s sake, nor yet for the sake of excitement, but for the sake of something tangible. He had a total and most complacent indifference to every thing but his own will and pleasure. He took what he wanted wherever he could find it, by the most direct process, and without any false pretence. He would have disdained the trick which the chroniclers ascribe to Hengist, of begging as much land as a bull’s hide would surround, and then shaving it into threads, which surrounded a goodly space. If he wanted a piece of land, he encamped upon it, saying, ‘This is mine.’ If the former possessor could eject him, so; it was not his: if not, so; it remained his.

Cattle, wine, furniture, another man's wife, whatever he took a fancy to, he pounced upon and appropriated. He was intolerant of resistance; and, as the shortest way of getting rid of it, and not from any blood-thirstiness of disposition, or, as the phrenologists have it, development of the organ of destructiveness, he always cut through the resisting body, longitudinally, horizontally, or diagonally, as he found most convenient. He was the arch-marauder of West Britain. The Abbey of Avallon shared largely in the spoil, and they made up together a most harmonious church and state. He had some respect for King Arthur; wished him success against the Saxons; knew the superiority of his power to his own: but he had heard that Queen Gwenyvar was the most beautiful woman in Britain; was, therefore, satisfied of his own title to her, and, as she was hunting in the forest, while King Arthur was absent from Caer Leon, he seized her, and carried her off."

From the extracts that we have given from these delightful fictions, it will be seen that they possess strong claims on public attention. They are, indeed, in their own particular line, "gems of the first water:" but clever—humorous—satirical—thoughtful—learned as they are, we are firmly convinced that they are mere trifles, compared with what their author has it yet in his power to achieve. We are convinced that he has it in his power to build up for himself a splendid and durable reputation; splendid, because founded upon principle, and durable, because cemented with thought, learning, and morality. Anxiously do we look for something from his pen that may justify these our confident prognostications.

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#### THE DRUGGIST OF FIFE.

WHETHER, in consequence of an epidemic prevailing, or of the season, which was Christmas, and the consequent repletion attendant on it, had caused such an unusual influx of customers to the shop of Andrew, Chemist and Druggist in the town of Fife, or no, certain it is he and his boy had been more than usually employed in compounding aperients and emetics for the inhabitants of the good city; never before had such a demand on his gallipots and bottles been made—never before had blue pill and jalap been used in such profusion, and never before had Andrew felt more sincere pleasure than he derived that evening, from the market-house clock striking eleven, his signal for closing; with alacrity his boy obeyed, and in a few minutes departed, leaving him to enjoy solitude for the first time during the day, and to calculate the quantity of drugs made use of during it; this was not small— $14\frac{1}{2}$  oz. blue pill, 4lb. jalap, besides colocynth, senna, and rhubarb, at the lowest computation, had he prepared for the good townfolk of Fife; innumerable had been the cases of cholera morbus, and plum-pudding surfeits, he had relieved that day, and the recollection of the proportion of evil he had been the means of alleviating, gave him the most pleasing sensations; the profit also accruing from his day's labour, contributed no small share of pleasing thoughts, and one half hour more had passed, ere it entered his mind the time for closing had more than arrived; he had, however, just arisen for the purpose, when a stranger entered. Now Andrew, though an industrious man, would willingly have dispensed with any other call for his services for that evening, and not altogether so obligingly as usual did he welcome his customer, but awaited his commands without deigning a question. The stranger was



not, however, long in opening his commission, neither did he appear to take Andrew's inattention at all amiss; he seemed one of those happy beings upon whom outward circumstances make little or no impression, who could be either civil or otherwise, as should happen to suit his humour, and who cared little for any opinion but his own; his broad and ample shoulders, over which was cast a large coachman's coat, with its innumerable capes, with his hands thrust into the pockets, and his round, ruddy, good-humoured face showed the cares and troubles of the world had made little impression on him. Andrew had seen many a wild Highlander in his time; but either there was something peculiar in his customer, or his nerves were a little deranged by his exertions during the day, but an undefinable sensation of fear came over him, for which he could not account, and his first impulse was to run to the door for assistance; but then he bethought himself he may, perchance, fall into the hands of some of those night prowlers, who, reports say, make no scruple of supplying students with the living subject if they cannot procure dead ones. I cannot state this as a fact, but it occurred to Andrew he had heard so, and more, did he leave his shop, his till would be left to the tender mercies of the stranger; he was, therefore, compelled to summon courage, and demand the stranger's business. This was not so difficult to him, perhaps, as we may imagine, Andrew having formerly served in the militia; but it appeared his fears had alarmed him far more than there was any occasion, for, on asking the stranger's business, he in the most polite manner only requested him to prepare a box of moderately strong aperient pills; this at once relieved his fears, though it did not entirely remove them, and Andrew quickly set about the necessary preliminaries. Blue pill and jalap once more were in request, but so much had the stranger's sudden appearance agitated him, he could not recollect their places so readily as usual, and he was more than once on the point of mixing quite the reverse of what he intended; the stranger observed to him he appeared agitated, but politely begged he would wait a little and compose himself, as he was in no hurry; here all Andrew's fears returned, and in spite of all his efforts his hand shook as though he had the palsy, and never had the preparation of a box of pills appeared so irksome to him; it seemed as though the very medicine itself had this evening conspired to torment him—three times longer than it usually took him had he now been, and though the town clock had already told the hour of midnight, still Andrew was at his post, grinding and pounding, and often, as he delayed for a moment from mere inability to proceed, the stranger politely besought him to rest a few minutes and compose himself, and Andrew for very shame, was compelled to resume his occupation. At length his labours drew to an end, and he prepared the label, pasted it on, neatly covered the box with blue paper, and presented it to the stranger.

“I will thank you for a glass of water,” said he, as he bowed to Andrew, on receiving it, “and I see, Sir, you have given me a smartish dose. ‘All these pills to be taken at bed time,’ but so much the better, they will perform their required duty sooner. I have, ere now, mastered a leg of mutton: and some writers affirm the human stomach can digest a tenpenny nail, so here goes.”

It was in vain Andrew assured him he had made a mistake in the directions, and that one pill was sufficient; in vain he remonstrated with him on the danger of taking a larger dose; pill after pill disappeared

from his alarmed view, while between every three or four, in the same equable and polite tone came, "I will thank you to prepare me another box, and compose yourself, Sir; I'm in no hurry." Who could the stranger be? Andrew was now at the very climax of alarm; the perspiration stood on his brow, and his hands trembled so as to render it almost impossible to reach down his jars without damaging them; strong doses he had certainly often prepared after a city feast for the attendants on it, but this outdid it all. A man that could devour a leg of mutton, digest a tenpenny nail, and take a box of blue pills at a mouthful, had never entered his imagination, much less did he ever expect to see such a being in person, but be he who he may, he was again obliged to commence his labour. The stranger had now finished his box, and Andrew had no alternative but to commence again, or stare him in the face—the latter he could not do, as his imagination had now metamorphosed into something more or less than man; once more, therefore, did Andrew ply at the pestle, while the stranger, as if to beguile the tedium of waiting, began to grow more loquacious. Had Andrew ever sought after the Philosopher's Stone, the Universal Solvent, or the Elixir of Life? Did he put much faith in Solomon's Balm of Gilead, or Carrington's Pills, or did he believe in the Metempsychosis? In vain he assured him he studied nothing but the Edinburgh Dispensatory, that his shop bounded his researches; the stranger took it for granted he must be able to give or receive information, and question after question did he put, to which Andrew assented, without knowing their purport. At length he seemed to have exhausted all his subjects, sat himself on the chair, as if to compose himself to sleep, and in a short time gave unequivocal proofs of it. Andrew now began to breathe more freely, and ventured to cast his eyes towards his strange customer; and, after all, there was nothing to be alarmed at in his appearance, except he noticed the breath from his nostrils appeared more like the steam of a tea-kettle than the breath of a human being—still there was nothing extraordinary in his appearance; he had a good jovial English farmer's face, and a dress that well suited it; to be sure a smile, or rather grin, lurked in the corner of his mouth, even while asleep, as if he mocked poor Andrew's perplexity; he did not, however, allow much time for observation—he seemed to be intuitively aware Andrew had ceased his operations, and he awoke with his usual polite manner. "Oh, I see you have finished; have the goodness to prepare me one box more; but let me pray you to take your leisure and compose yourself, for I am in no hurry." Andrew, who had fondly hoped his labour was at an end, now found himself obliged to renew it again with vigour, while the stranger aroused himself, rose from his chair, yawned and shook himself—spoke of the comfortable nap he had enjoyed, was sorry he had kept Andrew up so late, or early rather, for it was now morning. Andrew, though internally wishing him any where but in his shop, yet constrained himself politely to answer, his commands gave him much pleasure. Again did he renew his toil. Box after box did he prepare without intermission, and the hours of one, two, and three, had been told in succession, by the market clock; bitterly did he lament his destiny—long before this ought he to have been snug and comfortable in his warm bed. Anger now began to assume the place of fear, as he grew more accustomed to his visitor's company, and often did he determine in himself to refuse preparing any more, still his courage was not yet at that pitch; probably his exertions, as I said

before, may have injured his nerves—however, he could not rally himself enough to do it. The stranger, with his usual smile or grin, stood looking on, employing his time by beating the devil's tattoo on his boot, while at intervals came forth the usual phrase, "Another box, but don't hurry yourself." At length, mere inability to proceed any farther, supplied the place of courage; his arms and sides ached to such a degree with his labour, as to cause the perspiration to stand on his brow in great drops, and he declared he could proceed no further. The alteration in the stranger's countenance told him he had better have left it unsaid, and his hands instinctively grasped the pestle with renewed vigour, but his repentance came too late; the stranger's hand was already across the counter, and in a second more had grasped Andrew's nose as firmly as if it had been in a vice. Andrew strove in vain to release himself—the stranger held him with more than human grasp; and his voice, instead of the polite tone he had before used, now sounded to his terrified ears what his imagination had pictured of the Indian yell. The pain of the gripe deprived him of voice to assure his tormentor he would compound for him as long as he would wish; still he contrived to make signs to that effect, by stretching his hands towards his mortar, and imitating the action of grinding; but his tyrant was relentless—firmer did he close his fore-finger and thumb. Andrew could not shake him off; like a person afflicted with night-mare, he in vain essayed his strength, though agonized with the fear of losing his prominent feature in the struggle. The stranger, at length, as if endowed with supernatural strength, lifted him from the ground, balanced him in the air for a moment, gave him a three-fold twitch, drew him head foremost over the counter, and let him fall. When he came to his senses he found himself lying outside his bed, his only injury being a broken nose, from coming in contact in his fall with a utensil that shall be nameless.

S. S. S.

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 THEATRICAL MATTERS.

DRURY LANE has been making the Beaumont and Fletcher experiment, and Morton and Kenny have been the representatives of that famous pair. They are both clever men—both practised in the affairs of the stage, and have both had the happiness of transferring to our boards as many French farces as any ten gentlemen within memory. Frederic Reynolds, himself, never transacted business so vigorously, on both sides of the channel at once; and, yet, Frederic was a determined spoiler of the Egyptians, indefatigably active, and burning with a patriotic love for increasing the literary opulence of his country at the expence of the enemy.

Some say that the reason of this joint-stock operation was the coverture of the smuggling, by dividing the produce. Others, that each was so much ashamed of the petty larceny, from the Porte St. Martin, (something in the style of the Olympic Theatre) that they agreed to divide the shame. Others, that they were so certain of being hissed, that each offered the other the honour of the paternity, and that, neither being inclined to fall the victim to popular vengeance, they agreed to take the storm in the same boat. Others, that Covent Garden, having laid hold of the same precious drama, the principle of the division of labour was

called in, and the two workmen were "put on," to distance the solitary operative of the rival theatre. We shall give no more reasons, though we have them, like Falstaff's, as plenty as blackberries. The joint performance was called "Peter the Great." It was, as all the French melo-dramas are, a curious contradiction of every fact of history, crowded with sentiments in equally vigorous contradiction to every dictate of nature. There was a great deal of forgiveness of Russian Conspirators, an act of which Peter was never guilty in the course of his existence; and the conspirators were Strelitzes too, those prætorian guards that had been exterminated at the very beginning of his reign, and whose memory used to drive him into all but convulsions. Peter and Charles meet alone, who never met but at the head of their battalions. Peter plays a miller, and makes love, mystifies a Swedish regiment, persuades a clown that he is not himself, and, finally, flourishes as the conqueror of Pultawa.

Charles plays an inferior card, but has the courage to scorn fact with equal intrepidity; and the melo-drame closes in, as the Duellists call it, an amicable arrangement.

We have laughed at this specimen of combined authorship; but we, by no means, laughed at the performance, except in the graver parts, the livelier being as productive of seriousness as if they had been excerpts from a Methodist sermon. Nor do we laugh at the twin authors, whom we have always allowed to be clever fellows, and to whom we shall allow the same title of honor, while we remember Jeremy Diddler, and Sir Able Handy. But they ought to have been otherwise employed. Kenny writes as vigorous dialogue as any author, at least among his contemporaries; Morton has as dextrous a conception of the embroilment of a plot as any man since the last century; and we wish to see them scorning the worthless facilities of French melo-dramas, and making comedies of their own. "Peter," after six nights of dubious existence, ceased to perplex conjecture, and died.

The "Casket, an Opera," followed. This opera was a compound of a French vaudeville, "*les Premiers Amours*," and a melo-drame. The vaudeville is a pretty little feeble pleasantry; in other words, is in the most vigorous style of French jest, and it was completely spoiled, the gossamery texture of the original was hardened and solidified, as the scientific say, beyond all endurance; and the jests fled away with the language of which they were born. A *Palais de Justice*, or Old Bailey catastrophe, in which somebody steals a case of jewelry from Braham, followed the love affairs; and Cooper, in the culprit, looked so regularly dressed for the guillotine, that we, every moment, expected to see more than poetic justice done. The music was said to be by Mozart, and "never heard before in this country." If it was by Mozart, he was wise in keeping it to himself while he lived; and, as to the second clause of the statement, we are satisfied that no one will ever desire to hear it again. Mr. Lacy, the prevalent fabricator of those formidable pasticcios is a good musician; but much as we pardon to his skill on the violin, we cannot be kept in a state of eternal tendernes to his literary sins. There is a vast difference between handling the bow and the pen, between dashing through a concerto and combining a plot. Wit and words are not obsolete, and the man must have both, who can expect to reap the harvest of the stage.

However, Mr. Price is an active manager, quick to seize his op-

portunity, and ingenious to make the best of the means which his admirable company supplies. His comic strength is complete; he has an excellent operatic force; and now he wants only the authorship that is to employ those means. Jones, the most intelligent, animated, and accurate, of performers of the lighter comedy. Farren, matchless in the close portraiture of age; and Liston, unequalled in rich eccentricity and natural humour, would, of themselves, give an unrivalled claim to a theatre. Novelty alone is now wanting. A new Comedy. Some happy and spirited sketch of the manners of the hour, undegraded by the gross allusions which make the vulgar laugh, but disgust good taste and delicacy together; the seizure of those characters which, belonging to the great museum of human oddity, in every age, are capable of such keen, yet inoffensive reference to the prominent absurdities of the passing day; a dialogue which should less glitter with laborious jests, than attract and amuse by graceful pleasantry, would make the *beau idéal* of modern comedy. And one such work would instantly raise the character of the whole dramatic system of England.

COVENT GARDEN, under Fawcett's management, has exerted itself with great diligence, and very considerable success. Mr. Diamond's "Nymph of the Grotto," which was by no means a bad production on the whole, though fragments of it were like lead dropt into water, having died a natural death, the "Maid of Judah" followed; an Opera on the story of Ivanhoe; which all the critics instantly declared to have been the first adaptation of that able story to the stage, with all the playbills staring them in the face, with no less than half-a-dozen previous adaptations of this same Ivanhoe, in all kinds of shapes, from high tragedy down to low farce. It was said to have been even performed at Sadler's Wells by the ponies last season, to the great delight of the audience, and the great popularity of the actors. The "real water" played a principal part in the catastrophe; and the hymn, in which the coroner and his jury brought in their poetic verdict of "Found Drowned," soliciting sympathetic drops, from eyes accustomed to drops of another kind, and extracting thunders of applause from hands to which the law of *Meum and Tuum* was not supposed to have been the most sacred.

But the Opera contains some fine and popular music by Rossini, a composer whose personal impudence, while he was here, injured, as it ought, his popularity; but who is, after all, the most showy of living musicians.

The story of the original is so dramatic, that the difficulty would be, to spoil it; and Miss Paton's singing, and even her acting, in the fair Jewess, are enough to carry a heavier performance through the season. The whole is a good melodrama.

Mr. Wood is not a very vivid warrior, though, we must allow, that Scott's Ivanhoe is a drivelling and well-behaved gentleman enough; as, by some curious fatality, is the case with all the intended heroes of the author. The true hero being some bold ruffian, who starts up, in spite of all Scott's efforts to strangle him, overtops and tramples the gentleman of the piece, scatters his well-plaited frills and fineries to the winds of scorn, wipes his memory out of the world, and sends him to the limbo of vanity, to give his gentle countenance to his companions in misfortune, the young Waverleys, Harry Mertons, the Frank Osbaldistons, &c., for ever. The "Maid of Judah" is the arrangement of Mr. Lacy;

who, instead of that extraordinary addition to his Irish name, from the treasures of his own fancy, Rophino, (by no means, we believe, a literal translation of the name under which he delighted the John Bull at the Haymarket, and which, to an untravelled ear, sounds so like that expressive name, "Ruffiano,") he should call himself Heliogabulus, or some name expressive of a dramatic digestion, on the largest scale, for we have Mr. Lacy, the manufacturer, compiler, arranger and deranger, of three-fourths of the French farces that have perished in the course of the year.

The "Oratorios" under the supreme command of Mr. Hawes, are solemnly following up the career of their predecessors, and are, like them, full of attraction to those who can listen to the heaviest music on earth for five hours together, and terrifying to all who have better tastes. The truth is that the world wears out its fondnesses for things of this kind, just as it does for every other. Thirty years ago we were all in love with revolutions, France, dancing dogs under the guillotine, and king killing. That taste wore itself out, and we had no more of it left, except here and there among a few little bitter coteries, of which the men were "beggars" and "philosophers," and the women scribblers and any thing else that the reader may please to conceive.—Our next taste was war: then nothing was delightful but Sunday drills, battles, with handsome loss in killed and wounded, illuminations, gazettes, and K. C. B.'s. Of that, too, we got tired; the taxes helping to clear our sight on the subject. Then came long-winded speeches about trade, the rabble of political economists, prosings on poor laws, corn laws, and cheap ways of smothering the Irish peasantry, and banishing the English. Those at length tired us. Then came Mr. Hume with his "tail" of forty clerks, fishing up the crimes of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with one hand, and with the other fishing for pint mugs clubbed by the aggregate sixpences of statesmen of the smithy and the scullery, assembling their "collective wisdom" in the appropriate pot-house. Of that, too, we got sick in time. Then came Queen Caroline, a magnificent card in the pack of the Burdetts and Broughams, the queen of clubs, that the knaves would have turned into the queen of diamonds, if they could. Wise England! land of the philosopher and the statesman, profound in thought, and pregnant with experience, glory be to the days of the mob-led queen! glory to the assembled cleanliness of her vindicatory chimney-sweepers, to the unblemished purity of the white-robed and plumaged sisterhood of Marylebone, to the sensitive delicacy of the nightmen of Whitechapel, to the scrupulous honour of the Rabbies of Moorfields, to the English feeling and legislative knowledge of the patriots of St. Giles's, and to the manliness and majesty of the Wilsons and Woods! Of that, too, we became tired. Then came this eternal Catholic Question, of which we are sick ever since we heard Mr. Peel, saw the back of Sir John Copley, and the brains of Sir Thomas Lethbridge. This taste is already gone: and now, unless we have a war, or pestilence, or half London burnt down, or an Irish invasion, or a pasture of the potatoe crop, or a run-away of some new Stephenson, we shall be absolutely at a loss for something to read of at breakfast. The newspapers will be merely schedules of sales of Mr. Robins's new filterer, histories of Mr. Elliston's next tortoise-shell snuff-box, presented by a "grateful company;" the squabbles of Madame Vestris with her adorers, the loss of Mrs. Waylett's best paste tiara, or the honour of the king's sword laid on the shoulders of

some eminent orator, much worthier of the king's horsewhip. However, the wheel of the world is always going round, and the quidnuncs may live in hope.

The *Adelphi* has had a prosperous year. Monsieur Mallet has behaved like a true English gentleman, entertained his friends in the most handsome manner, and dismissed them with a most particular invitation to them all to gratify him with the frequent enjoyment of his open house. Yates is a clever fellow in all ways, a genius in his own way, and if, by this time ten years he is not a member of parliament, or an alderman, or of the firm of Rothschild and Company, or dispersing his half million in some inordinate Covent Garden or Drury Lane speculation, we are false prophets, and worse mathematicians, and know nothing of the geometrical progression, beginning with five thousand a year, and are as little acquainted with the natural course of the theatrical soul.

The Dublin theatre is basking in the broadest beams of royalty and loyalty. The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland have gone to the theatre, surrounded with such a halo of Aides-de-camp as never were seen since the original raising of the militia. The duke's whole gallant battalion disbanded; all the Percys are in arms, and red coats—all ready to take any thing for the good of their country—and the duke, who, though the descendant of the Hotspur blood (diluted a little through the female line), has not figured much as a warrior before, feels the martial ardour burn within, and proclaims, that at the head of his faithful vassals he has no fear of suffering any place under the crown to be vacant for an hour. Foreign levy or domestic treason cannot subdue the strong hold of the pension list. Duncan sleeps well, and we wish him joy of his dreams. The performances fixed on for the viceregal entertainment were Simpson and Co., and Paul Pry. What glory to Mr. Poole, who should lose no time, but take the world at its will, go over and get himself knighted. All the theatrical woodcocks, the birds of passage, are hurrying over as fast as their wings can carry them to the land of sunshine and salaries. Kean, whom we heard of last as making a highway to his hereditary palace in the Isle of Sky, and whom we supposed to be either drowned, carried off by the "spirits" of that enchanted soil, or claiming the honours of chieftainry among his favourite squaws of Smokill-arrow mawkies, the legitimate heir of the great Tomahawk, and happy spouse of the majesty of the Mohawk's daughter, has suddenly transpired in the form of a candidate for an engagement of three nights on the Dublin stage. Macready, whom we concluded equally lost, and likely to come to the human ear only in some rumour from Kentucky, has likewise transpired in the vicinage of this all-engrossing theatre. And so ardent is the theatrical passion at this period, that the Lord Lieutenant has granted his license for the erection of a second theatre, to be dedicated to the improvement of the native genius for the drama and composition; Ireland having been, hitherto, as much accustomed to be indebted for those things to England as for her petticoats, having two theatres, being confessedly the only way to cure the national distaste or deficiency, which has hitherto made a regular bankruptcy affair of the only one that it had. However, the new patentee, Mr. Jones, having tried all the fortunes of theatres, knows, we hope, as well how they may be raised, as he certainly does how they may be

ruined, and we wish him the benefit of his experience, and his subscribers handsome dividends.

Catalani, *the Catalani*, the queen of song, is now waving her sceptre for the "last" (tenth) "time" over the souls of the Irish amateurs. And this—

" Creature,  
" Of a glorious feature,"

as Wordsworth, the great poet of namby-pamby, sublimely names his muse, is shouting Rule Britannia, and God Save the King, four times a night, and not a verse left out, for the loyalty and English sympathies of the "Hereditary bandsmen."

The King's Theatre we mention last, because we feel no great rapture on the subject. While the English stage is become a fashionable "horror" to the dandies of one sex, and the high-bred "dubious" of another; while no woman of ton can endure to be seen within the walls of the theatre of Shakspeare and Sheridan; and, while the silliest performances of the very vilest portion of society, the *danseuses* and *chanteuses*, of the foreign stage, are patronized, profusely paid for, and extravagantly worshipped, we shrink a good deal from giving our assistance to the general tastelessness and folly. We have no objection to Mr. Laporte. He is probably as fit to manage the King's Theatre as any body else. We care not about Mr. Bochsa, or the memory of his foreign exploits, but we think that Madame Pasta has made quite as much money as she deserves, if she carried off 17,000*l.* by her last year's singing in London. We think, too, that we might make better use of our purses than in giving Madame Sontag 10,000*l.* for three months of solfaing, or 500*l.* for a couple of songs at a charity meeting. We have no delight in hearing of the purchase of a villa by Mademoiselle Noblet, nor of Mademoiselle Brocard's exhibiting the handsomest equipage in Paris. When all the world know the habits of the foreign stage, the resources of those showy personages, with which their dancing and singing have nothing to do—the notorious system of their lives, and the system into which they lead the whole tribe of the brainless young men, and old men, too, that have a few thousand pounds, or pence, on hands, we honestly and heartily wish that our nobility could afford to dispense with the light fantastic toe; the display of the female figure in silk pantaloons; the mixture of grossness, avarice, baseness, and intrigue, that belongs, in every instance, to the continental stage; and that the whole of its exports should be met at Dover by an order, like the Old Bailey order, for their instant return "to the place whence they came."

The "Messicani," a dull opera; the "Conte Ori," a still duller, and one or two ballets of no interest, have been hitherto the chief efforts of the King's Theatre. Pisaroni is the *prima donna* still, if *donna* she be at all.



## NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

THE Duke of Wellington's duel has luckily passed over without bloodshed. But the example is mischievous, as much as the event was without excuse or necessity. Lord Winchelsea, in the letter withdrawing his subscription from the King's College, had charged the Duke of Wellington with using his zeal on that occasion as a cloak to deeper designs. The charge was of a public nature, on public grounds, and publicly brought forward. There were two ways of acting left open to the individual so charged. One was to deny the charge, prove that it was erroneous, and thus stand acquitted before the country. The other was, to say no more about it, quietly acquiesce in what the charged must allow to be true, and leave the wiping it away to the work of oblivion, of a majority, or of that factious clamour, which is always ready to follow the powerful. But the Duke of Wellington, not content with either, made for himself a third way, altogether unjustifiable, and tending in no degree to clear up the charge. This way was a challenge: which, translated into plain language, runs thus: "My Lord Winchelsea, you have accused me of an act of low hypocrisy in perverting the objects of religion and loyalty into the reverse. To this I make no defence, but I shall insist on your standing to be shot at, unless you retract the charge, whether you believe it to be true or false." In other words, "you must concede to personal fear, what the truth might not demand from you." Accordingly Lord Winchelsea would not thus concede to fear; and he went out to be shot at, and was shot at by the duke, Lord Winchelsea being the mere target for his grace's ball, and not firing, nor intending to fire. Thus, the affair, at this moment, stands in exactly the same position as before the meeting: the charge resting on the same grounds; being as fully believed as ever, and even more fully believed, from this military mode of silencing the charge and the charger together. Of course Lord Winchelsea's note on the field goes for nothing beyond the common ceremonial of a pistol affair. But whether his lordship be or be not converted to a belief of the duke's innocence by his readiness in sending challenges, nobody else is: and so far, the stigma is left just where it was.

As to the offence of the duel itself, it must be reckoned among the most offensive insults of the time to common sense and public morals. The only ground that any reasoner offers for duelling is, its saving a man from the imputation of pusillanimity. No one attempts to justify it as revenge, or defence against an accusation of immorality, political treachery, or personal hypocrisy. In the case of revenge, the duellist who kills is a deliberate murderer; and in the others, he attempts to screen himself by terrifying his accuser, or taking away his life. It is an utter abuse of words, to say that it is due to his honour to fire at his accuser. His honour can be defended only by fairly rebutting the accusation. But had the Duke of Wellington any necessity to vindicate his character for personal fearlessness? No man less. He has, then, left only the alternative of revenge; or of a determination to screen himself from all charges, by holding out the evidence that he is ready to meet the accuser, if not in the fair tribunal of parliament, or of law, in the field; and decide the point of guilt or innocence by that high judicial authority, the trigger.

But what is this duel, when we look upon its effects in the light of exam-  
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ple? The whole authority of law, morals, and religion, has been found scarcely able to restrict duelling within bounds suitable to the peace of society; and here comes, in full opposition to those efforts, the prime minister, the distributor of all power, the maker of bishops, the patron of judges, the originator of the whole moral action of the state, hurrying out, pistol in hand, with the impatience of an unfledged ensign, to show his readiness in imagining an affront. Is this example to be lost upon the army? There is a whole code to prevent military men from shooting each other. The officer who fights a superior is certain to be broke. The officer who fights an equal is liable to a court-martial. The regiment in which two or three of those rencontres take place, is sure to receive a stigma from head quarters, and either to have its promotion totally stopped, or to be sent to some West Indian island to learn the effects of insubordination. But now, every ensign can claim the sanction of Field-martial the Duke of Wellington! The first officer who is brought to a court-martial for pistoling his brother officer, will be entitled to call the duke on his defence, and prove, from the record of the duel with Lord Winchelsea, the duke's palpable opinion that any thing is ground enough for duelling. We look upon the whole transaction as weak, irrational, and violent; in every point of view mischievous, except in the one of developing more fully to us the character of the man with whom England has now to deal; into whose hands her parliament is, at this hour, giving an influence unprecedented in history; and by whose unlimited use of means, which, of themselves, inspire heady and dangerous thoughts, she is to be guided for the time to come.

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“ On Monday, the 26th current, the business of the Justices of Peace Court, Falkirk, was suddenly interrupted by an accident, which at first sight had a very tragical appearance. The assembly-room, in which the monthly court is held, is likewise the place in which the members of the School of Arts have their meetings: and for their accommodation a temporary gallery had been erected at the north end of the room. Upon Monday this gallery was crowded with above 150 people, witnessing the proceedings of the court, when, in one moment, owing, it is supposed, to some of the props below giving way, the whole of the gallery fell to the ground, and brought along with it, of course, the mass of men, women, and children, who were stationed upon it. The crash was tremendous, as if the house had been shaken by an earthquake. The bar, or railing, which separated the spectators from the ministers of justice, was broken down, the clerk's books and papers all scattered on the floor; and so alarmed were some of the members of court, imagining, no doubt, that their judicial labours were at an end—that one of them is reported to have uttered an audible prayer.”

Where are all the “*gens de protection*,” as our travelled people say, that should have prevented this affair, and fifty others of the same calibre? Scarcely a month passes without the discovery, that some solid place of assemblage is as perilous as a mine charged with gunpowder, and that a man is nowhere more unprotected than when he is under shelter. A theatre rises with the rapidity of a rocket; in fact, the art of building, in this instance, is all reduced to the art of hurrying up one rotten wall upon the top of another rotten wall, and with the same rapidity it descends. It is a sort of steeple chace, and the hardier the exploit the more honour. Nothing is done unless there are half a dozen

broken necks for the newspapers. Methodist chapels are the next in point of honour. They maintain a very active competition in the rapidity of their rise, and the certainty of their expeditious fall. They have, for the last half year, generally come down at the rate of a couple a month, and with a considerable loss of legs and arms—the conversion of gouty old saints into flying sinners—the stoppage of old women's tongues in that final rest, which is the only one that such tongues will ever know; and the solemn determination of all who value their osteology, craniology, and physiology, never to go within sound of popular preaching, and the Irvings of this world again.

The next description of candidates for overthrow, are county assembly rooms; where no sooner have the last touches of the Raphael of the town been applied to brightening the true-blue of the county arms—the cards of the stewards been duly honoured by the universal attendance of the fair and illustrious for ten miles round—the sheriff, at the head of his ten daughters paid his devoirs down the blushing and bowing ranks—the sheriff's lady, to set an example, set to the retired major of militia, the great military authority of the place; and both on the heavy fantastic toe, are boreing their way like linked buffaloes down the red-cheeked and full-fronted mob, when a crack is heard above; the floor shudders below—the candles in all their sockets sympathize by tumbling out—a shower of fresh plaster gives notice that the ceiling is giving way—the fiddlers fly for their lives—the stairs are choked with the heroes of the “local,” trampled down by fat and frantic belles; the walls heave like the side scenes of a village theatre; the young gentlemen jump over the young ladies in their way to the stairs; partners are forgotten, first loves jilted, passion breathes its vows no more, fortune-hunting is thinking not of the ladies' pockets, but of its own bones; the sheriff no longer takes the lead of the county; the representatives take leave of their constituents, without the ceremony of a farewell speech; “*Sauve qui peut!*” is screamed in all the languages of Somersetshire. The doors are no longer the received mode of discharge, the windows being substituted; flying leaps of the most magnificent kind are made without notice or applause. At last a burst of slates, dust, laths, plaster, brick and mortar, the crash of the last tea-cup, the last candle sconce, the last fiddle, and the last fiddler, announce that all is over. In a week more the ruins are developed; shoes and stockings are recognized by their distracted owners; a snuff-box leads to the discovery of some ancient she-conveyancer of scandal, who was supposed to have taken advantage of the general confusion to elope with the retired serjeant of the militia staff; and at the bottom of all is found the sheriff's enormous lady, with her arm tight round the neck of the old major, whom a coroner's inquest declares to have died of “strangulation.”

Captain Garth's affair has gone down. The black box that was to pour out such overwhelming ruin on the head of the Duke of Cumberland, and to prove the gallant Captain a prince in disguise, is found out to be worth nothing, to contain no secret deeper than that of the Captain's own incumbrances, and to prove no fact, beyond the ingenuity of the party in making it the foundation of a claim for the clearance of his debts. Into the depth of the transaction, of course, we do not condescend to look. There is degradation in the touch of such matters, and we leave the fictions as we find them. But the true purpose of

the clamour, after all, was of a more intelligible description ; and this, we pronounce, has totally failed. The infamous calumnies on the Duke of Cumberland's character, were not let fly without their object ; and the black box was an " infernal machine " for other explosions than those of the poor Captain's obloquies against the cruelty that refused to supply him with money *ad libitum*. The royal Duke's firm defiance has turned round the charge : he has demanded of his calumniators that they shall put their slanders into shape, and suffer him to give them the opportunity of proving them before a court of justice. He has solemnly and publicly denied, scorned and taunted, his calumniators ; and where are they now ? No where. Their slanders have shrunk into pitiful apologies, or blundering attempts to defend themselves. As to the other parties, let them answer, boldly, if they can, why General Garth should have preserved letters written in the unrestrained confidence of married life, and speaking the idle gossip of the court circle, we know not, when we consider the habits of caution which his peculiar circumstances demanded ? But why he should have suffered those letters to pass into the hands of Captain Garth, is a matter that requires clearing up, for the sake of the General's character. However, so the matter lies. The Duke of Cumberland stands clear ; and that is the only point worth any rational man's caring about. The intrigue against him is scattered into thin air, and the Duke will neither be frightened out of the kingdom, nor the attention of the public be diverted from the tremendous question on which its liberties depend for life or death, by this new bait flung to the whale. Mr. Peel must come as dry as ever to his old dry problems, and prose about his " two evils," till he relieves the House of himself and the subject, by setting the whole five hundred asleep.

#### THE LEAST OF TWO EVILS !

When Satan, the father of lies, first exhorted

The mother of all men his will to obey,  
He made her tell Adam she would not be thwarted,  
And, like other women, she had her own way.

'Twas " the least of two evils "—so Adam, deciding  
To please her, abandoned all else he held dear ;  
Though storming the conflict his bosom dividing,  
He yielded with many a groan and a tear :

He knew she was wrong, but he could not persuade her  
To choose, like himself, between darkness and light ;  
So rather than *force her* to yield, he obeyed her,  
Afraid to do wrong, more afraid to do right.

Thus Peel, honest man ! by the tempter exhorted  
To pull down the bulwarks of Church and of State ;  
Assures us the Catholics will not be thwarted—  
Secure what you can—to resist is too late.

Though awful the danger, if Papists have power,  
The least of two evils is always the best :  
If *we* can have concord and peace for an hour,  
Let those who come after take care of the rest.

But urged by necessity, plea of the devils !

The Church he loved dearly, yet feared Papists more—  
So her cause he deserts as the least of " two evils,"

And calling out " Robbers !" he opens the door.—[Standard.

If Lord Lowther have actually resigned, we shall regret his loss, as a public officer. The Strand was a nuisance; and we might well be alive to the taunts of foreigners at our suffering the chief transit of the capital, the very highway of London, to remain for centuries the same dirty, dilapidated, narrow passage. If two cabriolets came in different directions, nothing but good driving could keep them from a crash; a pair of coaches could scarcely escape without carrying off a wheel of each other; a waggon reigned royally over the whole passage; and if a van, presuming on its lightness, attempted to slip by, its only choice was into the windows of which side it was to discharge its cargo; a dozen gazers at a print-shop swelled the population to such a plethora, that there was no passing without a battle, or the loss of one's pocket-book; and the halt of a ballad-singer was a stoppage of the whole pedestrian intercourse of the west and east for the time. But better things are at hand; workmen have been employed for the last week or two in pulling down the old houses in the Strand which, in consequence of being too near the road, had impeded for a length of time the carriage-way, and, in fact, foot-path of that place, and, although not perceived by the public, in erecting the new buildings in lieu of the others. A day or two since, the labourers having cleared away all the rubbish occasioned by taking down the three houses that were nearest to Exeter 'Change, the passers by were (as well they might be) astonished to see one house at the distance of five or six yards from the old pavement completed and occupied, and another nearly half finished. The improvement, which will undoubtedly be finished soon, is decidedly one of the most useful that has been lately effected, and the Strand will shortly present a very pretty appearance, especially when the long-talked of King's College is erected, and the square built near the National Repository at Charing-cross. It is said that the conductors of the works are only waiting now for the pulling down of Exeter 'Change to advance more rapidly. The conception of those improvements is, we will admit, not due to Lord Lowther, but the execution is: and in this world of matter-of-fact, we consider the execution of a public work to be quite as good as the conception, and more useful too. We hope that he, or some successor inspired by his activity, will proceed up the Strand and utterly knock down that perilous receptacle of filth, pestilence, rags, and Israelites, lying between the New Church and St. Clements. Let the same mallet which knocks down Exeter 'Change and sends its Jews and wild beasts to seek whom they may devour elsewhere; knock down the Lions' Inn colony, and let the tribes of Dan begin their peregrination to the east, by removing beyond Temple Bar.

The Irish papers are just now especially indignant at three things; at O'Connel's not daring to take the seat which he pledged his soul and body that he would take in "less than no time," according to his own brilliant chronology—with his Grace of Wellington for saying, that the object of his bill was to curb, break in, and finally break down popery; an insult which is not by any means the less, for their not believing that he means any such thing—and with the Marquis of Anglesea, for his not running, scymetar in hand, all the way from Holyhead to Downing Street, and scalping the Duke at his desk, like a chevalier, as he is.

We are no warriors, and will not lend ourselves to this thirst of car-

nage. But, as we have already stated, we have been at least as much surprised as edified, by the equanimity of the gallant and very ill-treated Marquis; the angelic mildness with which he has borne as unpleasant an application to his feelings as we should suppose has been, for many years inflicted on a "fighting man;" and the lady-like delicacy of never adverting, by more than a sigh, to the most unqualified and hectoring turn out that ever befel anything above a footman, since the days of the first King Arthur. However, if the gallant Marquis can swallow this pill, we suppose he finds it for the good of his health, and we wish him joy of his digestion and his doctor together.

LORD ANGLESEY'S THREE LEGACIES!

Lord Anglesey had, when on Waterloo plains,  
Two legs, and a heart, and a head with some brains;  
He fought like a lion, and yet was so kind,  
On leaving the field, to *leave* one leg behind.

When Ireland to govern his Lordship was led,  
He took one leg with him, a heart, and a head;  
But, somehow or other, it entered his mind,  
To *leave* all his brains, in old England behind.

The mode he adopted the Irish to rule,  
Was soon to become a pro-Popery tool;  
His heart with the Papists became so entwined,  
He *left* it all with them, in Dublin behind.

So arriving again upon true British ground,  
No more than one leg, and his head could be found;  
But doubtless his Lordship is sparing no pains  
In helping his head to recover his brains.—*Age*.

The following account of the late Colonel Labedoyere appears in a curious publication which has just appeared in Paris, called *Le Livre Noir*:—"This unfortunate young officer had actually escaped after his condemnation, and was at large for three days, a circumstance not mentioned in any of the journals of the period. An inspector of police, named Debasse, who was indebted for numerous acts of kindness received from Labedoyere and his family, was applied to assist in getting him safe out of Paris after he should have escaped from prison. This he promised to do, assuring them that, by his means, Labedoyere might set at nought all the efforts of the police to intercept him. The evening of that day Labedoyere escaped from the prison, Foudras, the inspector-general of police, ordered no pursuit: but Debasse was called before the minister of police, to whom he basely revealed the hiding-place of his benefactor. The colonel, who thought himself perfectly secure in the asylum which he had chosen, remained three days; during which time Debasse frequently came to see him, for the purpose of discovering those who were aiding him to escape. This wretch denounced several, and amongst the rest an English captain, living in the Rue de la Puisi, who was immediately arrested. Labedoyere was the same day surprised and taken back to the Abbaye, from whence he was led forth, after a few hours' interval, to execution. For this deadly treachery towards his former master and benefactor, the vile Debasse, who could scarcely write his name, was made *officier de prix* at the prefecture of police."

Of course we are not much in love with the officials of justice, from one of Mr. Peel's red-breasted guardians of the peace up to the home secretary himself. We do not think that the hangman, though an undoubted essential in a civilized country like ours, where every body learns every thing, has a happy time of it. And yet we are not disposed very bitterly to whine over the trickery that entangled M. Labedoyere. What was the conduct of that exemplary patriot himself? He was as base and infamous a traitor as ever France, in her republicanism generated, to turn slave and lick the footstool of a tyrant. When Napoleon was flung into banishment, this rascal was patronized by the king, placed high in rank in the army, and made immediate commander of a military force. What was his honour thenceforth? He took the very first opportunity of breaking his oath, revolted, and rode off with his whole regiment to the Usurper. He finally fell into the hands of justice, and he paid the penalty due to a liar, a slave, and a traitor. So may every man perish who plays the *traitor*! So may he find man unsafe, confidence a burlesque, honour a dream, and nothing true but the stern punishment that he has earned at the hands of his country!

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*Origin of the Anglesea Family.*

“SIR.—You forget, in your genealogy of Lord Anglesea, that his *father's* name was Bailey, and that the name of Paget, though not ancient, is still *far more* so than anything from which Lord Anglesea can *paternally* claim descent. The Baileys were, a few years ago, small farmers in Wales, like the Hughes, Williams, &c.; and, like them, found a mine on their little barren plot of ground. On this, one got a Baronetcy, and marrying a distant relation of Lord Paget, of Beaudesert, she, by the death of her male relations, eventually became his sole heir. On this, Sir Nicholas Bailey, the present Lord Anglesea's father, took the name of Paget, and forgot the ‘Bailey’ as much as he could.

“Your obedient servant,      B. B.”

Now this we think not fair, though it is true enough. Heaven help us from a turn for genealogy hunting. Swift said, with his usual knowledge of affairs, “I never look into any man's pedigree if I mean to know him, nor into his kitchen if I mean to dine with him. I am sure to be sick in both cases if I do.” It is no blame to the poor Marquis of Anglesea if his father was of the Old Bailey descent, a descent, however, which though constantly supplied, leaves few heirs in the right *line*. His father might have been a tailor for anything that we or the world care. At the same time that we have a considerable objection to the living representative's showing the meekness of that useful and sedentary race.

We are not sure that out of the whole corporate body, which is composed of so many fractional parts of man, any one fragment of humanity would have taken a master's treatment with such humble gratitude. If ever there was a man turned out of employment, at a minute's notice, with less ceremony and more ease, than this son of Old Bailey, we will be soused gurnets. With the Duke it was a word, and blow; “*Veni, vidi, and out with him.*” The whole being done with the rapidity of “parade, right-about face.” The Marquis was, certainly, as summarily sent about his business as any hussar within memory; and he took it, at

once, with as indignant a face, and as patient a spirit, as any gentleman within the bills of mortality.

What! after he had made up his mind to the pleasant receipt of 30,000*l.* a year, for the next half dozen years? After having taken over his bulls and calves, his promising young Lord Toms and Harrys, his poultry and pigs, his Lady Aramintas and Juliettas, and prepared to distribute them in holy matrimony among the lords of the bogs; after he had even removed his last treasure, the late wife of the Duke of Wellington's brother, now gazetted Marchioness; after he had familiarized himself to Irish patriotism in the shape of Jack Lawless, and revelled in a long vista of the annual raptures of Donnybrook Fair—to be routed from his position, ordered to march without beat of drum; to return instantly by steam-boat, and deposit his three months' truncheon on the desk of the horseguards? All this was enough to try the patience of a saint, to make a hussar twirl his moustachios to the topmost curl of indignation, to raise the stones in mutiny; and fiercely did the dethroned hussar threaten—we will do him that justice; his parting correspondence with Dr. Curtis, that venerable personage who was destined to hold in his portfolio, at once, the secret souls of the Duke and the Marquis, was full enough of the wonders that he would do. His honour was to be plucked up, though by the locks, from the bottom of the deep, or brought down from the "bright-faced moon."

He arrived at last; and we expected to see vengeance let loose in her most terrific form, the hussar in full charge on the prostrate Duke; nothing but fiery tropes, and metaphors of oil of vitriol, thoughts that blast, and words that turn the culprit into tinder.

On the contrary, not a syllable was uttered; the dethroned monarch took his stool at the foot of the dethroner with the most exemplary tranquillity; not a word was suffered to escape on the "unexampled wrongs" that had pulled him out of his sovereignty—the babe untimely plucked from the womb of that parturient parent of grievances, the teeming Sister Isle. There sat the Marquis, and there sat the Duke, calm and fond, as two kings of Brentford "smelling at one nosegay." Nobody knows till this minute anything of the matter of dismissal; nobody has heard of the remonstrance—nobody knows more than the O'Connells, and other infallibles of the day, whether any offence was given, or how much was swallowed. The Marquis sits silent, smiling and contented, and why the deuce should not we?

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The French papers have gathered up the anecdotes of those public personages, Hare and Burke, and are making very gay paragraphs out of them for the terror of all the female world. They, however, acknowledge our superior facility of invention, and commemorate our skill. The English, they tell us, are all turned Burkites. The word "*to Burke,*" has become a word of science; and the disappearance of any individual from his general round of society is regularly accounted for on the principle of Burkeism.

If a member of parliament shrink from a meeting with his constituents, and take wing for the Continent, he is declared to have undergone the hands of some active assistant to mortality, and to be now doing more good by exhibiting his proportions in the surgeon's hall, than he could have done in his whole life-time. If a gentleman of peculiar elegance of dress has found it inconvenient to pay his tailor, and wishes to



withdraw himself from the officious civilities of the individuals that pay particular attention to the leaders of fashion under those circumstances, he has only to spread the report that he has been captured by one of the School of Science, and no one looks for him afterwards. He may ramble from Calais to Constantinople without a fear of pursuit; and, as long as he can contrive to beg his way, so far he may go with the other polite beggars of the world.

The French journalists further say, that the invention is so delightfully applicable to a variety of purposes, that, reluctant as they are to receive an expressly English manufacture, they are beginning to adopt it on a considerable scale. The Rue de la Paix, as being the chief resort of the English, has for some time exhibited those singular disappearances, which are rapidly losing their singularity. The neighbourhood of the Italian Boulevard is pretty much in the same condition; and the suddenness of John Bull's retreat is fully beginning to equal the oddity of his appearance. The Frenchmen, however, are not easily to be outdone in the talent of retreat, which, as the proverb says, shews the soldier, and which certainly is practised by soldiers at present in the most exhaustless variety. A *demi-solde* is as sure to break up without beat of drum, as if his object had been to capture an enemy's patrol; and his bill is much more likely to be left behind, than was once any fragment of the enemy's spoil. It is the science of the affair that dignifies this old manœuvre. Formerly, it was a simple flight; the wife was inconsolable for the disgrace, and in dread of the return; and the children starved with double appetite, through the loss of their family honour. Now, however, the honour is out of the question. If "*mon cher mari*" has fled the land, there is the comfortable hope that he has not fled, but fallen into the clutch of a tribe, to whom mankind, from the king to the beggar, must yield submission. She is at once tranquil; for the disciples of the School of Science suffer no continuance of life's troubles in their subjects. He is serving the great curative purposes of mankind and benevolence; he is making from sixteen to twenty pounds sterling for some brave son of surgery; and his wife is freed from all distressing doubts as to his reappearance, is entitled to write herself down "widow" at the moment, and marry her "*cher petit Auguste*," her husband's aide-camp, before four-and-twenty hours are over.

We give these clever lines from that very vigorous, eloquent, and constitutional paper, the *Morning Journal* :—

MY FATHER ! MY FATHER !

"The chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!"

Awake, ere the sceptre is wrung from thy race,

Son of the sainted and lord of the free—

Awake, ere the serpent has coiled in thy place,

And the hearts of the honest have perished with thee.

Thy name is still shrined in our heart's deepest core,

Those hearts which *thy* FATHER long loved as his own;

And those hands which ne'er quailed to a traitor before,

Are outstretched for their worship, their God, and thy throne!

Arise, and dash from thee the spirit of lies,

That would tempt thee thy purpose and pride to forego;

Trusting millions implore thee, their Lord, to arise,

Ere the temple their ancestors reared is laid low.

It was given to thy keeping unblemished and pure,  
 From a hand that was firm to its faith and its trust ;  
 And we feel that its glory is not less secure,  
 Though the form of our father is laid in the dust.

Not the deep cant of Priesthood should lure thee away  
 From the path which thy honour so brightly hath trod ;  
 And the TRUTH which was given, with the symbol of sway,  
 Should be left, *but* with *that*, at the call of thy God !

Though others be false, oh ! thou Lord of our love,  
 Be thou true, and the serpent is spoiled of its sting ;  
 And the *Temple of Truth* shall no traitor remove,  
 While the God of that temple preserves us our King !

There is high exultation among the honest part of the Cambridge A.M.s, at the prospect of getting rid of Sir Nicholas Tyndall, whom they already term Old Nick. If that fine fellow, Wetherell, whom we honour for the masterly lashing which he inflicted on the soul of that most contemptible of all apostates, Peel, should give up office, then Tyndall must give Cambridge an opportunity of vindicating her character. We own that we wish, rather than expect this. Cambridge is the new-light University—a good deal in the “march of mind” way—and generally plays a republican trick when she can ; which means, that she generally loves and worships the heels of power—a Democrat being always a despot when possible ; and a Republican always a slave when he can get any thing by it. However, Oxford has set an example, which, if Cambridge be not deep in the mire of Jacobinism, she will rejoice to follow, and Sir Nick will be flung out with the utmost contempt—namely, the contempt due to a turncoat. But the honest electors must be on the alert, and not suffer themselves to be taken by surprise by stage-coach parcels of dirty fellows, sent down, at half an hour’s notice, like hue and cry bills, from town.

LINES *not* ASCRIBED TO PROFESSOR PORSON.

From the Inns of Court at break of day,  
 The LAWYERS are riding gone,  
 To the CAMBRIDGE Senate House far away,  
 To see how the CHURCH goes on.  
 And hard by *the Hills*, and over the dales  
 They rambled, and over the plain ;  
 And backwards and forwards they switch’d their *Whig*-tails,  
 Like boys smarting under a cane.

“And pray now, how did the lawyers go?”  
 By the Fly, or Star (erst Tally-ho)?  
 They went in two Paddington coaches—’tis true !!  
 With a seat behind fitted for two :  
 They snuff’d the fresh air, as they clean escap’d  
 From smoke and the Court’s botheration ;  
 And the lawyers they smiled, for it put them in mind  
 Of CATHARTIC EMANCIPATION.

They saw a *soldier* fall from his horse,  
 As he rode in deep reflection ;  
 And the lawyers groaned, for it put them in mind  
 Of SCARLETT at *one* election.

They stopped at the neighbouring bookseller's shop,  
Said they, "We're of Trinity College,  
Come down to support the Romanists' cause,  
Without the Master's knowledge."

They saw the non-Regents preparing to vote,  
They reckoned the hoods, black and white ;  
And, "Now, Mr. Dean," they whispered, "we ween,  
Our own sly cause goes right."  
They saw the Vice-Chancellor taking his seat,  
A seat of good report ;  
And the lawyers grinned, for it put them in mind  
Of their own sweet Chancery Court.

They saw swim down through the learned tide  
A LAMB, with vast celerity ;  
Oh ! he cut his own throat, and they thought the while  
Of the POPE, whom he wished prosperity.  
They stood by St. MARY's, and heard the sound  
Of the deep and solemn bell ;  
And the lawyers paused, for it gave them a hint  
That the soul goes to heaven or hell.

They saw the SOLICITOR-GENERAL's face  
Lengthen with consternation ;  
So they hid them back in the PADDINGTON stage,  
In fiendish exultation.  
Sir NICHOLAS grinned, and twitched his brief tails,  
But not with admiration,  
For he thought that his seat in the Parliament  
Was lost through EMANCIPATION.—[*John Bull.*

"Parliamentary language," as it is called, is proverbially absurd. "Now that I am on my legs—I am free to confess," and that whole slipshod family, have long fallen under the lash ; but what is called "Parliamentary courtesy," is to us much more detestable. We waive the nonsense of calling every one, that a man has ever talked three words to, "my honourable friend," and we are by no means sure, that "honourable member," applied to every individual who works his way into what Sir Francis Burdett was accustomed, in his patriot days, to call "that room," may not be sometimes productive of odd emotions. But our complaint is of more serious things ; it is of the actual injury to the good cause, and the offence against truth, contained in the application of the words "honourable friend," and its expletives, to persons whom, in their souls, the speakers believe to be the very reverse of honourable ; whom they dislike and scorn, as committing, in their idea, the very basest acts ; and whom it would be their duty to exert all their means to detect and degrade for the good of the country, and the example to mankind.

We have, at the present moment, questions of the most signal importance agitated in parliament. The Opposition desire, if they are sincere, to overcome those measures by the most condign species of extinction. What can they think of the men who have proposed those measures ? The answer is plain. But what is their language ? One high-minded oppositionist prefaces his speech with "I beg to assure the Home Secretary that my opinion of him is of the same high order that it always was." Another merely varies the phrase, and pronounces that, "though

nothing shall ever make him think otherwise of the measure than as most "iniquitous," and so forth; yet "nothing shall ever make him think that his Right Honourable Friend, on the Treasury Bench, had any ill intention whatever in the bill," &c. Now, this is fulsome; ay, and suspicious—ay, and in nine instances out of ten, it implies neither more nor less, than that the honourable oppositionist by no means wishes to be on bad terms with the Treasury Bench. With some, however, the matter is more honest, and the whole is a mere idle adaption of an absurd phraseology. We do not object to civility on the ordinary occasions of debate. But nothing can be more misplaced than this tenderness of tongue on the vital questions of the state. The subjects now before the legislature are not party matters; not whether Lord Grey shall have the disposal of places, or Lord Holland make laws—but whether the people shall have a Constitution.—Whether the laws, liberties, nay, lives of Englishmen, shall not be in the most imminent danger;—whether we shall not introduce idolatry into the land, and provoke Heaven by desecrating Christianity?

What we desire to see is this; a dozen men boldly and firmly resolving to do their duty to the *utmost*; to abjure all compromise—to speak their disgust, their scorn, and their determination, in the most direct terms;—to leave no room for reconciliation, and do their best to crush the guilty measure, that, once passed, will not leave them a country. So long as those childish courtesies pass between them and ministers, so long it is impossible for the nation to believe its advocates sincere. A dozen bold men, whom the Home Secretary saw resolutely and systematically scorning his advances, would be an opposition more formidable to him, than all the bowing and smiling hostility that he thinks still within the reach of his lure; whose bowing and smiling he interprets into a wish to remain within the limits of treaty; and whose hostility he at once deprecates and derides.

The late frosty winds have given catarrhs to all the singers of the King's Theatre; stopped two operas, utterly d—m—d one, and made all the *premières danseuses* epileptic. At the French play in the Strand they made Perlet forget his part, Mademoiselle Stephanic Euthanasia Merveille stand gazing at two guardsmen in the stage box until every soul in the house thought her nailed to the stage; and Mademoiselle Pauline Precoce play Roxalana, for which she had no other qualification than the *petit nez retroussé*.

At Drury Lane they limited Kenny and Morton's play to six very bitter nights, and then blew it out of the world. They served Mr. Poole's farce of "Sixes and Sevens" in exactly the same way. Nor were they an atom less unrelenting to Mr. Lacy's Casket, which they treated in the same unceremonious manner; though, being of nearly the heaviest *matériel* that the stage ever suffered, the Casket must have gone to the bottom of itself.

At Covent Garden they destroyed nothing but Mr. Wood's voice and Madame Vestris's gaiety, for there was nothing else to destroy; they, however, had the advantage of making Madame wear a handkerchief on her neck; which is a protection not merely to the wearer, but, in this instance, to the spectator also; and of making her keep her mouth shut, when she had nothing to say; a practice which we recommend to her, as a valuable discovery, for the future.

In the House of Commons it carried away Mr. Peel's blushes, and all that makes a public man unfit to meet the world's eye after he has done things of which he ought to be ashamed. We will not suppose Mr. Peel about to pick pockets, or forge bank notes; but the countenance that he has now manufactured, would, we promise that worthy young person, not disgrace either of the occupations.

It also carried off Sir Thomas Lethbridge's last dozen years' harangues against the papists, and left in their place the very silliest apology for a turncoat that we ever heard in the shape of the most profound speech ever attempted by Sir Thomas. But we have to pay our compliments to him again, and shall let him down only until we have leisure for his flagellation.

The next performance of those all-pervading winds was to go down to Windsor, and stop Sir Jeffery Gimcrack Michael Angelo Palladio Wyattville, in full swing at the Royal Lodge. We grieve for the delay of that enterprising performer. In a week, no doubt, he would have had the whole job in a way to so handsome a catastrophe, that nothing short of a miracle could have given a well sized rat, or any thing short of the patience of a cabinet minister, such as they are at the present day, room to rest a foot in. But the besom of destruction was checked at once; the Royal Lodge was left to that miserable state of dilapidation in which the king has, however, contrived to eat, drink, and sleep, for years; and the formidable calamity has actually occurred, that Sir Palladio Wyattville is, at this present writing, standing without a job on hands. Only 217,000 pounds have been yet laid out on Windsor Castle. Only 70,000 pounds have been laid out on York House; which, if the Marquis of Stafford had not stepped in to take it off their hands, would have been turned into a barrack, a menagerie, or a receptacle for the Marchionesses of Westmeath and other highborn personages of the *beau sexe* who prefer living in lodgings rent free. So much for the blood of all the Salisburys; and of some dozens of other superb aristocrats, who will let any one that likes, pay for their coals and candles. The Palace! late Buckingham-House, has hitherto cost only 300,000 pounds, and is not to cost above double the sum besides, before his Majesty ever sits down in it, which we understand his Majesty never intends to do; and for which we by no means blame him, it being the vilest compilation of brick and plaster, that Mr. Nash, who is a bricklayer and plasterer, and nothing more, ever perpetrated. We profess, and vow, that the sight of this finished production makes us sick, and that our only consolation arises from the fact, that the brewery in its rear will so utterly blacken it in a month or two, that the world will not distinguish it from Westminster workhouse.

Who can call us a poor nation, when we can lay out a million in such a handsome manner; or a nation careless of the residence of our king, when we lodge him in such a style as no king in Europe beside is lodged in: or niggardly in our employment of artists, when we patronize the persons who now flourish away on our public buildings?

The next exploit of the nipping winds was to go to Rome, and extinguish the Pope; the poor old man died a great penitent, sent for St. Dominic's breeches from the Dominican convent, put them on, and anointed with the oil which St. Francis brought from Paradise two hundred and fifty years ago, and which has never lost a drop since, though it has oiled all their holinesses, and spared a regular supply for

the French kings; was wrapped in St. Vitus's cowl, and after having provided handsomely for his sons and daughters, he died innocent, as a Pope should do, in the midst of the general rejoicings of his afflicted people; who saw in his death the gaiety of a new election, and the general intrigues of the holy college of cardinals, every man of whom was instantly speculating upon the profit and loss of the next turn.

The next victim was the General of the Jesuits, who departed this life in the glorious anticipation of seeing his suffering brethren of Lancashire settling matters in their own way at Lambeth, sitting in the Cabinet, and cutting up the fat bishoprics of Rochester, Winchester, and Chester, *cum multis aliis*, as will be seen all in good time, or we are much mistaken.

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“ It is known that when Sontag entered into terms with the Opera Managers, she particularly agreed that her forfeit-money should not be enforced *if* she married a sovereign prince! We think, had such been the case, the prince could have well afforded 1,000*l.* penalty.”

We think that the person who “thought” so, could know nothing about Germany and its princes. A sovereign prince with us, means something better than an Irish squire, the dominator of a thousand acres of bog, with a thousand half-naked subjects. But they settle matters in another style in the land of Sourcroust. A sovereign prince there is sovereign enough if he have a territory of a couple of miles in a ring fence, have a house that would make a tolerable kennel to an English mansion, and rule, by right divine, over from fifty to five hundred boors. Sontag was quite right in her stipulation. The idea of his having to lay down a thousand pounds for her, would overwhelm the philosophy, and exhaust the finances of many a little monarch on the right bank of the lordly Rhine. However, we are not much at a loss to judge of the class, while we have the honour and happiness of possessing the light of Prince Leopold's presence among us. There is a model of a prince for the admiration of the world! That brilliant, magnificent, and open-hearted personage, has already received no less than six hundred thousand pounds of English money!! Why does not some honest senator stand up in the House, and demand that some reason shall be assigned to the nation why this enormous expenditure should be yearly persevered in? Why, when our Weavers are marching through the streets to beg at the doors of the Treasury, this hero should be suffered to stuff his pockets with the money that would feed and clothe a province? But can any body tell where he is; or what he is doing; or where he hides himself; or where he puts his gains out to interest? Has Joseph Hume nothing to ask upon this subject? Is the dashing Sir Robert Wilson chopfallen? Is the democratic Burdett inclined to pass this plethoric pair of pockets by, and let the German march off full to Germany? We certainly do not expect much from those personages. But we offer them a piece of fair game, in pursuit of which they could not go astray. By forcing this *munificent* prince to do his duty, they might, for once, gain popularity by honest means; and they would at once save their own names, and the money *of the nation*.

However, as to Sontag, the affair is yet a mystery. Who is the father of her child? There is the rub. One story says that she is married to Lord Clanwilliam. Another gives the honour to one of the Pagets. We disavow all belief in the report that Rogers the poet and banker is

the happy man. As to the lordly coxcombs about the Foreign Office, we have too high an opinion of Sontag's taste, clumsy little flageolet as she is, to suppose that she would recognize their existence. Is our beloved Prince Leopold the happy husband after all? And is he laying out his money in the savings bank, to make a pretty retiring allowance for himself and his wife, when she shall sing herself off the stage, and be a *prima donna* no more?

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*The Kemble Family.*—"We hear that this admired work of poor Harlowe is missing at the present moment; whither it has fled, nobody can tell; but it is not among the treasures left behind by Rowland Stephenson; and Mr. Walsh declares that he is inconsolable about it."

The whole affair of Rowland Stephenson's escape, property, and accomplices, is still nearly as much a mystery as ever. We give the Banker credit for, at least, his dexterity; and only regret that he did not remain in his legislative post, to place the last laurel on his brow by ratting. As it is, Sir Thomas carries it against him, and the banker must be content with mutilated honours.

In the whole career of "appropriation," no more effective example than the banker's is on record. The auctioneers have thriven on him ever since. Plate of the most *recherché* kind, as Mr. Robins says; jewels, equipages, furniture, prize pigs, marble Venuses, and Ormolu clocks, found in him a most dashing bidder; and, as he paid with other people's money, or with very handsome promises, no man could come between him and the favourite of his fancy. How much Mr. Tom Welsh lost by him, or how much he gained, has not yet come to the public eye. We think that the Banker's tears and implorations to Welsh, were merely to squeeze from his very costive friend the last sixpence that he could squeeze on this side of the Atlantic. Other people say other things. But, however the picture of the Kemble family came to leave Welsh's own wing, we should like to know what has become of it. It was the finest performance of one of the cleverest painters that England has produced since Lawrence. As a memorandum of the most extraordinary theatrical family of our time, it had a singular value, and as a work of art it was admirable. If Stephenson swindled Welsh out of this picture, he was doubly black; if Welsh let him have it for a "consideration," we should like to know of what nature. In short, we look with prodigious interest on the remaining feats of a man of genius in the art of knavery; who, though now in a land where he will find a good many clever persons, will probably not meet his match until he meets him in the finisher of the law.

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"*Mr. Martin.*—A large and handsome gold medal was presented to this celebrated painter a few days ago, on the part of the king of France, in acknowledgment of a copy of Mr. M.'s engravings, which his most christian majesty has been graciously pleased to accept. The medal has a bust of the king on the one side; and on the other (in French), 'Presented to Mr. John Martin by the King of France.' The medal is very weighty, and the intrinsic value of the gold alone cannot be less than twenty guineas."

This is an honour, no doubt; yet if the king of France were to go on with this pleasant species of interchange, he would make a fortune in a very short time. The king's medal is worth twenty guineas—a set of

Mr. Martin's proof prints would sell for fifty pounds. His majesty has thus much better the bargain. Why did not the old king send the artist a hundred pounds at once, though, to be sure, the sum put into francs, would be enough to frighten the "*grande nation*"—2,500 francs given to a foreigner! Why, a Parisian would think that it was a fair advance to the discharge of the national debt.

We hear an infinite quantity of fine and flourishing declamation on the change of mind, manners, and so forth in the papist world. Bigotry and superstition, fictitious miracles, and the other old abominations of a lying priesthood, are declared to have exploded before the touch of that civilizing and enlightening affair—the progress of the nineteenth century. But how are we to suppose that there is one word of truth in all this, when we see Prince Hohenlohe at work at this minute, giving tongues to the dumb, and teeth to the jawless? This is all very well for the prince, whose German pocket may find a very comfortable revenue in this stupidity of his fellow papists. But what are we to think of the people who believe that the German can do these things? Yet there are such people; and not merely among the morasses of the German mind—nor merely among the mob of Irish popery—but among the men who pretend to be fit to govern England, and who, unless Providence interposes to crush as dangerous a faction as ever threatened the safety of a people, will be the governors of England. It is the most notorious fact imaginable, that one of these predestined legislators—a rank papist, of course—who thinks himself measurelessly aggrieved at not having been allowed, for these last dozen years, to be a maker of laws for men of sense, a master over the Protestant religion, and a ruler of the revenues, rights, and liberties of the British people, is at this hour soliciting a MIRACLE at the hands of Prince Hohenlohe. And the miracle is—to give him an heir! We shall not suffer ourselves to repeat the burlesques to which this extraordinary request has so naturally given rise among the English at Rome, where this *patriot* continues to spend his income, and increase his claims to the gratitude of that miserable tenantry whom "he loves in his soul," and whom, however, it does not appear that he is inclined to favour with the light of his countenance, or with a sixpence of his income, which they would doubtless consider the much more valuable favour of the two.

The story is this:—The noble earl has a pretty wife, who has hitherto brought him but daughters. The noble earl, to whom his estate and title were but a windfall after all, he being only a collateral branch, is in agony at the idea that any body else may be as lucky as himself, and have a windfall of the estate and title after him—the next heir, too, being Protestant. Not content with the natural course of affairs in his family, or the will of Providence, or any other of those sources which may be supposed to regulate the sex or number of a man's children, he takes, like a true papist, the help of the miracle-monger, and demands an heir of a German quack—as thorough a mountebank as Breslaw or Katterfelto. And this is to be called piety, or common-sense, or manly feeling! Let the papists call it what they will, we hope in Heaven that we shall never be at the mercy of the minds that are capable of this nonsense; for of all tyrants, the most formidable is the compound of the bigot and the slave.



## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*The Present State of Van Dieman's Land, by H. Widowson; 1829.*—Of a country so recently and already so extensively colonized, it is desirable to have accounts following each other pretty frequently. Though numerous descriptions of New South Wales have been published within these five or six years, nothing has appeared relative to Van Dieman's Land, since Mr. Carr's book, which though, on the testimony of Mr. Widowson, it was accurate enough at the time it was written, is now very defective, and must give an imperfect notion of the island, and can be of no use at all to emigrants. The especial object of Mr. Widowson's performance is to furnish information for such as contemplate a removal to these antipodes, and the book is, accordingly, filled with practical directions, which can be of no interest to the general reader. He will, however, find every thing relative to the history—the climate—the soil—the colonists—the natives—the convicts—the towns—the settlements, and the government, which can be demanded for the gratification of common inquiries.

Mr. W. has himself recently returned, after surveying the whole of the "located country," in his capacity of agent to the agricultural society established there. It was, to him, he says, a matter of pleasure to investigate the capabilities, peculiarities, advantages, and disadvantages of this new world, and to compare them with similar and different things at home, as regards agriculture, grazing, and other affairs of the field. The whole is delivered in a spirit of moderation and fairness. It was not his purpose, he adds—and we may safely trust the tone of the work—to tempt those who can live well at home, to go to Van Dieman, or any where else, beyond the limits of their own happy island. He speaks of things as he found them—a mixture of good and evil, such as are found, though not in the same proportion, every where. Van Dieman's Land is not a paradise, where we may eat and drink of the abundance of nature, without the sweat of the brow, or some equivalent sacrifice. The "thistly curse" is not repealed, and the man who migrates there, expecting to live and prosper without labour, in some shape, will find himself miserably disappointed. But there is ample room, and abundant opportunity; there is a benignant sky above, and a fruitful soil beneath; there is, since the extirpation of the bush-rangers (run-away convicts) protection for life and property; and the emigrant who carries with him moderate means of beginning, habits of industry and skill, will soon acquire competence, &c.

Of the Aborigines scarcely any thing seems known—

dren of nature, and still less has been done to gain any knowledge of them, that not much can be offered as to their present numbers or condition. From what I have seen and read, the natives are unlike any other Indians, either in features, mode of living, hunting, &c. There are many hundreds of people who have lived for years in the colony, and yet have never seen a native. The stock-keepers, and those who frequent the mountains and unlocated parts of the country, now and then fall in with them; and sometimes a tame mob, as they are called, visit the distant settler, to beg bread and potatoes. An Aborigine has occasionally been seen in Hobart Town, but not of late years.

No mercy has been shewn to the bush-rangers, and, of course, none could be shewn with any regard to the safety of the colonists, and they appear now to be completely suppressed. "I am by no means," says Mr. W., "ambitious of the character of a prophet, but I will venture to predict, that bush-ranging is never likely to be carried on again in Van Dieman with the same devastation as before. The country is now more explored, the settlers are daily becoming more respectable, and the police decidedly more efficient—the *plan of disseminating suspicions of each other amongst the respective gangs, is also perfectly understood.*"

Though not a matter relative to Van Dieman, the author has furnished some information not generally known concerning the fate of La Perouse, the French navigator, who was supposed to have been wrecked in 1788. While at Hobart's Town, in April 1827, a vessel, the *Research*, carrying 16 guns, and 78 men, commanded by a Capt. Dillon, came into harbour for provisions, which vessel had been fitted out by the government at Calcutta, for the purpose of ascertaining the fate of La Perouse. The year before, Captain Dillon had looked in at Tucopia, an island in lat. 12 S. and lon. 169 E., where thirteen years before he had left, at their own desire, a Prussian, and a Lascar and his wife, to see if they chanced to be still living. This Lascar had an old silver sword-guard, which he sold to the sailors for some fish-hooks, and which, on examination, was found to have the name of La Perouse upon it. This, it appeared on inquiry, he had obtained from the natives, who were, he said, in possession of many articles, apparently of French manufacture—all which had been obtained from one of the Malicolo islands, situated two days' sail, in their canoes, to the leeward, where, it was understood, there were many more, and also the wreck from which they were procured. This intelligence determined Capt. Dillon to go to the Malicolos, and examine the wreck; but unluckily, on nearing the land, it fell a perfect calm, and continued so for seven days. Provisions

became short, and the vessel was leaky from long continuance at sea, and Capt. Dillon was thus compelled to take advantage of a breeze, and make for his port of destination. His reports, however, induced the government at Calcutta to fit out the Research, for the prosecution of the discovery, and appoint Dillon to the command. He was on his way, when he called at Hobart's Town. In a note, Mr. Widowson adds, "since my arrival in England, I have received from a friend the following intelligence. The letter is dated Hobart Town, 9th January, 1828. Accounts have been received from Capt. Dillon, that he has discovered several articles belonging to La Perouse, and there can be no doubt of his having been lost at the Malicolo Islands. A French corvette, L'Astrolabe, has been in search of Capt. Dillon for the same object."

Capt. Dillon, we believe, has since *been* presented to the King of France, received the reward offered by that government for the discovery, and even been made a Knight of the Legion of Honour.

*Wolff's Missionary Journal*; 1829.—This is a third volume—the other two we have never seen—of Wolff's Journal—embracing a period of something more than a year-and-a-half, 1824, 5, 6, and detailing his roamings from Bushire, on the Persian Gulf, through Shiraz, Ispahan, Tabreez, Teflis, Kertish, Theodosia, Odessa, Constantinople, Adrianople, and Smyrna, when he returned to England, married a lady of the Orford family, and then, in company with his noble bride, set out again into the same regions, and on the same object. The writer, as every body knows, is the fanatic—we do not mean to use the term offensively, but we have no other half so applicable—Jew-convert, and the object to the realization of which he has devoted himself, under the auspices of Squires Drummond and Bayford, is the conversion of his brethren in foreign countries. The book is filled with details of the condition of the Jews under the tyranny of the Turkish and Persian governments. To every thing but the one purpose of his journey he is completely blind—his whole time and energies were occupied in debates, now with the Jews, now with the Mahometans—occasionally with the Guebres, and once or twice with the Nestorians, and singularly curious is frequently the style of the discussions—the perversions of the several parties—the equal perversion often of Wolff himself—the superiority he every where arrogates—the rough tone he assumes, or rather indulges, for it is native to the soil—the undoubting confidence in the correctness of his particular views—interpretations—applications. Silence he takes for conviction—embarrassment for wavering—civility and gentleness for a favourable leaning and thought of conversion—opposition for obstinacy—distrust for wilful and wicked disbelief, as if

there was or could, in the nature of things, be such a thing. But his vehemence and violence are sometimes quite amusing—the *voie de fait* is evidently more congenial than the *voie de raison*—he longs to break their heads to get at their brains—and teach them—not better manners, but more compliance.

The Jews appear to be in a miserable plight, particularly at Bushire. Their condition is something better at Teheran—the sovereign has them under his own eye, and finds it his interest. At Shiraz it is surely worse again.

I called on Rabbi Eliasar (the high-priest at Shiraz), whose room was cleaner than I expected to find it. He told me, I must be cautious in conversing with the Jews, in order that the Mussulman Mullahs may not become jealous, and find a reason for exacting money from them; for he himself was not long ago bastinadoed, and obliged to pay 20,000 rupees to the Shah-Zadeh of that place. He treated me (Wolff) very kindly; but, although he is the high-priest, he is the most ignorant man among the Jews of Shiraz. He was made high-priest on account of the merits of his deceased father. *He has, however, much power*, and the Shah-Zadeh, gives to him the permission of flogging the Jews, if they do not obey him; and as often as he is bastinadoed by order of the prince, in order to get money from the Jews, he, the high-priest, orders his flock to be bastinadoed, to compel them by it to assist him in satisfying the demand of the prince.

Take a specimen of the style of argumentation:—

*Mullah David*.—How old was Jesus when he died?

*Wolff*.—He walked thirty-three years upon earth.

*Mullah David*.—Then Jesus of Nazareth cannot have been the Messiah, for hearken to the words of Moses—The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me—*like unto me*; the words "like unto me," contains the number 120 (we have no Hebrew type at hand to shew this—the reader must take it for granted). The Messiah must therefore be a man of 120 years, like unto Moses.

Again—where Wolff shines in his own peculiar light:—

*Mullah David*.—You say, that the Messiah has already come, and that he will come again; but must not Gog and Magog precede him?

*Wolff*.—Gog and Magog, whom we call Antichrist, is already come.

*Mullah David*.—Have you seen him?

*Wolff*.—Yes, I have seen him. In short, I then—says Wolff—described to them the Pope, as that Gog and Magog—as that Antichrist, who is mentioned in scripture. And this, he adds, is my firm belief, with all the respect I have for the private character of Pius VII.

*Mullah David*.—What kind of man is the present Pope?

*Wolff*.—Leo XII. opposeth every thing that is good, and lying wonders are done every where.

*Mullah David*.—He will lead us, according to

your account, after other Gods. What kind of man is he—is he a tall man?

*Wolff.*—Not very tall; but the most of his cardinals are *very fat men, and are clothed in scarlet, according to the prediction of Jesus Christ.*

*Mullah David.*—Send us only the gospel.

We must furnish one specimen of the temper of the man. Wolff visited the Jewish College at Constantinople:—

*Rabbias.*—We wish to hear of you words of wisdom.

*Wolff.*—You are disciples of the wise men, I shall therefore ask you questions. Of whom did the prophet Isaiah speak in the 53d chapter?

*Rab.*—(Looking at it)—This is too mysterious for us.

*Wolff.*—David, king and prophet in Israel, said—'The Lord said to my Lord'—who was the Lord of David?

*Rab.*—Jehovah was the Lord of David.

*Wolff.*—David speaks here of two Lords.

*Rab.*—We know not.

*Wolff.*—That Lord was the Messiah.

*Rab.*—How can the Messiah have been that Lord—the Messiah being the son of David, the branch of David?

*Wolff.*—But that branch was the Lord our righteousness.

*Rab.*—But the Messiah is still to come.

*Wolff.*—This is another question; but I tell you that the Messiah has already come.

*Rab.*—(In the greatest fury)—Are you a Jew?

*Wolff.*—A Jew!

*Rab.*—You are an apostate, your name shall be blotted out from the book of life; (and to this they added blasphemies.)

*Wolff.*—Hold your tongue this very moment, I command you, hold your tongue; the names of all the compilers of the Talmud are cursed for ever—and you have now betrayed your ignorance, in the presence of your disciples. And then I said—All ye children of Israel hear; Jesus of Nazareth is the very Christ—Jesus of Nazareth is the son of God. Then I went to the coffee-house, &c.

His discussions with the Mahometans are equally curious:—

*Mullah.*—Oh, Mullah Wolff, do you believe in the existence of the devil?

*Wolff.*—Yes.

*Mullah.*—Where is he?

*Wolff.*—In you.—A loud fit of laughter took place, and this answer came about in the town (Shiraz).

*Mullah.*—The gospel you have is corrupted.

*Wolff.*—Prove it.

*Mullah.*—Our prophet—the comfort and peace of God upon him—tells it us in the Koran.

*Wolff.*—The words of your Koran are no proof for me.

*Mullah.*—According to the Taurat (law of Moses) you must believe in Mahomet, for the Jews themselves tell us that he was mentioned by Moses, and that he is called in Hebrew *mad-mad*.

*Wolff.*—There is no such word in Hebrew as *mad-mad*. *Mad* is an English word, which occurs in the English bible—which is said of Nabal.

*Mullah.*—What do you believe Jesus Christ to have been?

*Wolff.*—The son of God.

*Mullah.*—God has no wife.

*Wolff.*—Abuse not my Saviour, and blaspheme not the Lord of Hosts. God, who created Adam by the power of his word, out of a piece of clay, was able likewise to overshadow, &c.

*Mullah.*—In this sense we might all be called sons of God, for we are all made by God.

Here is a specimen of mystical interpretation, which might very well be paralleled among ourselves:—

*Wolff.*—What do you think of Mahomet's journey to heaven?

*Mussulman.*—I do not believe it literally; but I believe that it indicates Mahomet's approach to truth.

Wolff asks the same person which is the true prophet—the one who acts by force, or the one who works by persuasion?

*Mussulman.*—One General takes a city by persuading the inhabitants to deliver the town—another takes it by force—both are generals. And thus Jesus, who gained the world by persuasion, and Mahomet who applied the sword, have been prophets.

Wolff asked a dervish, how it came about that Hafiz (poets are next to prophets *still* with the Persians) so much praised the wine of Shiraz, as it is a draught forbidden among Mussulmans.

Hafiz, said he, meant the mystical wine of truth. *Mei hakeket*, adds Wolff.

Upon some occasion Wolff was railing at the Koran, as being the most sensual book that ever was written.

*Mussulman.*—You must understand the meaning of the Koran in a mystical sense.

*Wolff.*—The Koran is a code of laws—therefore Mahomet understood every thing literally; and what mystery can be in the swelling breasts of girls, which are mentioned in the Koran?

It was well for the disputant, his opponent knew nothing of the canticles. Wolff, we suppose, trusted to his ignorance—or did he really forget?

We have no space for the extracts we had marked relative to Henry Martyn, who is not yet forgotten—the Guebres and Nestorians; and must conclude with the following effusion, which is worth reading on more accounts than one:—

The British and Foreign Bible Society, which has reached the highest degree of fame, is now nigh, *very nigh to her decline*, to teach the members who compose that society more humility, and more dependence upon God, than upon human patrons. *Popery will acquire more power in the world, and then utterly sink and fall before ten years are past*; and then a purified church will rise. *I write this down with my own hand, but the spirit of the Lord dictated the words. I beg my friends in England not to imagine that I was warm-headed at the time I wrote it down. I never was cooler than I am at this moment*; but I argue from the whole history of the Bible Society, and from their *mistu fidei et phantasia*; and I am forced at this moment to

write down what I feel—forced, I say, by an inward impulse. It is awful to see by what spirit some missionaries are animated, who have been sent out from Protestant societies; there remains among them a spirit of jealousy—of an unhealthy jealousy.

*A Second Judgment of Babylon the Great.* 2 vols. 12mo.; 1829.—This is a second judgment of the Great Babel, London—the focus of all that is great and bad. We forbear the use of the common antithesis—more from the difficulty of defining good, or rather the impossibility of finding a scale which all can use with the same result, than from any doubt of the existence of what we might be disposed to term good. The author's subject is Men and Things in the British Metropolis, and his point to shew up the perversions of English institutions, and the corruptions of town habits—exposing, in short, what must be allowed on all sides richly to deserve exposure. His general competence for the task, so far as this can be attainable by one person, a slight survey of the book—both this and the former—will satisfactorily prove; but the whole is manifestly beyond the grasp of any one-minded mortal. It is too much for one person to strip off disguises attending, for instance, the courts, common and equity—the hells—the theatres, and the Stock Exchange; yet even these ramiferous topics are lost in the multifarious matters he attempts to clutch. He must trust to reports, and then it is hear-say evidence, and no longer admissible.

The first judgment, which appeared but a few months ago, was limited to a survey of the two houses of Parliament, and their most conspicuous members, and to the state of the periodical press. Among the Parliamentary characters, some of which were very elaborately and successfully drawn—evidently from the life—none struck us equally with that of Brougham—it was quoted in all the daily papers, and must have been noticed by most persons. In a second edition, we observe, the author alludes to this character, as to a part of his book, with which, though others have expressed some satisfaction, he could never satisfy himself. Feeling, as we did, that the sketch was at once correct and forcible, and incomparably the best that ever was made on the subject, and the best *morceau* of the book, we give no credit to this dissatisfaction, and fancy the remark was made merely as a stalking horse for the following anecdote.

The author's attention was drawn to Brougham, more than twenty years ago, by a sort of prophecy, delivered by one who, like Brougham, had no rival when alive, and to whom there is yet no appearance of a successor—John Playfair, of Edinburgh. At this period, Brougham had not begun his public career; he was known to a few friends as a young man of very extraordinary and very versatile powers; but the world

had not heard much of him. The author called on Playfair one morning, and there lay upon the breakfast-table, the Transactions of the Royal Society, which the professor had been reading. Playfair, laying his hand upon the book, said, "there is an extraordinary paper here (as far as is remembered, it was on porisms or on loci), a paper that I did not expect. It is not like the writings of the present day at all. It puts one in mind of D'Alembert, or Euler, or a man of that calibre. It is by a *callan* of the name of Brougham—I remember him—he was very inquisitive—Edinburgh will not be big enough for holding him yet. He must go to London, and turn politician, there is no room for him in any thing else. Whoever lives to see it, that *callan* will make a figure in the world."

Some misapprehension or mis-statement there must be. The paper related, it seems, to an abstract subject, and the professor is made to jump to—what conclusion? That he must go to London and turn *politician*. The logic of this, and of course the sagacity, which is indeed the same thing, is quite unintelligible. The conclusion does not at all bind up with the premises; and the writer, who is a sharp fellow enough, would himself, in any other case, have detected the essential absurdity of the tale. The venerable professor must have perpetrated a pun upon *loci*; and Brougham is probably *now* within sight of a very good one.

This second judgment is of the same style with the first, but employed generally on more important, at least more permanent subjects—more which come home to the experience and annoyance of more individuals. The first volume is occupied with the Chancery Courts—the Common Courts—Banking—the Exchange—Hells—Theatres, on all the more obvious evils of which, and some will be thought apocryphal, he touches with a light but effective pencil. The absurd and the ludicrous is his chief aim, though the mockery is occasionally bitter. Accuracy, of course, must sometimes be sacrificed to effect. The second volume finds abundant materials in the observance of a London Sunday—charities—Jews—the buildings—streets—and lastly the legal iniquities—the production, that is, of bad laws—bad administration—and bad execution, in all which the author shews a learned spirit in the dealings of infamy—too minute almost to be honestly come by. Among the subjects most effectively exposed are Chancery suits, and special pleadings, but the first we have ourselves often anatomised, and for the last, we have at present no space, or we should willingly extract. The hells and the charities, are two capital chapters.

*What is Luxury?—with a Manipulus of Etymological and other Nugæ, by a Lay Observer; 1829.*—For those who can at all bear themselves from the tumult of a

town life—from the seductions of gain—the contentions of ambition, and professional distinction—the emulations of finery and ostentation, and the idle pursuit of splendid acquaintance—who can bear for a moment to be alone, abstracted from all absorbing agitations, in the retreats of privacy—this is a soothing and delightful little book. It is the production of an amiable, and in these respects, we would fain believe, an enlightened person—with a mind cultivated by self-examination rather than by conflicting with others—finding enjoyment, not in topics of transient interest, but of permanent value—the aims and ends of life, and the means of attaining its best felicities—seeking in literature for the results of long and patient thinking, not the mere sparklings of conceit—calculated only to surprise and extort applause, rather than excite admiration or respect. Luxury—the question proposed—is described mainly by negatives; but so far as any thing positive is enforced, a confident dependence in a moral providence is the main spring—a conviction, that is, that evil produces evil, in one shape or other, to those who practise it; and that good produces good. Next to this principle, which at once restrains and impels—the writer insists upon moderate views, retirements, avoidance of display, and whatever the native emotions of the individual do not demand, which excludes at a sweep the artificial. The example of the Quakers is held up as the brightest object of imitation; and we must think—from some little experience of our own—very injudiciously. Surely the writer would himself think the same, if he reflected upon *Mincing-lane*—that is, if he ever heard of such a place; but, generally, Quakers are thorough money-makers, and Solomon long ago told us what sticks between buying and selling. They have good qualities, as a body—they are persevering, quiet, and abstain from gross offences—and these are good points of emulation for those who want such examples; but there is among them abundance of arrogance, under the shows of humility. They have been flattered by silly, but well-meaning people, into a belief of superiority; till they fancy it universal, and put on with the same ease as their dresses. We have observed a sort of amazement flashing across them, at the remotest hint implying a possibility that others of less seeming than themselves, may be equally virtuous and humane. A little attendance on ‘charity’ meetings, where the passion for distinction is remarkably apparent, might usefully dispel something of a very common delusion respecting Quakers.

Among the smaller scraps are some sound remarks upon several subjects, especially relative to the principle on which lives are written, that is, of suppressing or colouring whatever is unfavourable to the hero—upon Gibbon, and his obscurities and detestable affectations—upon vulgar errors, and particularly, that which supposes a man justified

by the acceptance of reward or recompense in assisting another to make an unjust or resist a just claim—directed mainly against the lawyers, which, if they were in any degree corrigible, they would do well, perhaps, to attend to.

The publisher announces, we observe, that he *has* paid, by desire of the author, the whole sum, agreed upon between them as the price of the copy-right of this work, to Messrs. Fry, for the use of the Guardian Society, of which they are *Treasurers!* (Treasurers, indeed! What amount of this and other charities was in their hands at the bankruptcy?) We must characterise this announcement, as it deserves—a humbug. *What* was the sum? We have little confidence, that a book of this kind will pay its own expences—and still less that a publisher would *purchase*.

*The Beauties of St. Francis de Sales, selected from the Writings of John P. Camus, Bishop de Bellay; 1829.*—Of the writings of either Camus, or St. Francis, we ourselves know nothing—those of Camus, a French bishop—Dr. Dibdin has probably seen the title pages—consist it seems, of theology, morals, mysteries, &c. composed, according to the translator, with wonderful facility; but with too much rapidity for elegance, and in a very metaphorical style. One piece entitled “The Monks,” in which he handled the monastic fraternities with some severity—another, or others, to counteract the taste for romances prevalent in his day (1582-1652). In painting scenes of gallantry, “which is expressly forbidden by St. Paul,” he employed colours which excited contempt and disgust, so that the charms of fiction led the reader to the greater charms of truth. But above all, the work which he contemplated with most delight was one in which he professed to “lay open the heart and understanding of his pious and highly-gifted friend St. Francis de Sales.”

The little volume before us is, it appears, a selection from this work; and among numerous puerilities and credulities, contains some remarks of a sharp and shrewd cast, with many prompt and happy replies—enough to excite a desire to learn a little more of the saint. He has evidently—though large rebatements must be made for blind admiration on the part of his friend—a very clever fellow; and, moreover, honest, direct, and above-board, and disposed to treat with contempt very many matters which his co-religionists regarded with reverence. They must have been a little shocked now and then. Camus is a perfect worshipper, and plays to admiration the part which Boswell afterwards played to Johnson.

St. Francis himself was more distinguished for piety, activity, and zeal, than for scribbling; though some of his productions, it seems, particularly “The Introduction to a Life of Piety,” called *Philoshée*, and ano-

ther on the "Love of God," called Theotime, have been admired by "clergy and laity," in all "ranks and ages." He was the founder of a religious institution, called the "Annunciation of the blessed Virgin," and for which, probably, he was mainly indebted for his canonization. This institution was destined to benefit the church, by affording a safe retreat to such as from age, infirmity, widowhood, or poverty, could not gain admittance into other convents. He proposed no hardships, or extraordinary severities, concluding, that the subjection of the will and the passions was of more importance than corporal austerities. Originally, it had been a part of his plan, which eventually he was induced to abandon, to exact very simple vows, and to enjoin on the members, after the year of noviciate, the duty of visiting and consoling rich and poor. In a wealthy lady, the grandmother of Madame de Sévigné, he found a patroness to start his favourite plan in 1610; and such is the passion for imitating matters of this kind, that, by the year 1666, one hundred and thirty of these religious houses were established in different parts of Europe.

St. Francis was the son of a Savoyard nobleman, lord of Sales, and so early distinguished for piety, that, according to a very barren sketch of his life before us, the first words he uttered were, "God and my mother love me." But without detailing any nonsense, we need only remark, that being exceedingly well connected on all sides—with a decided leaning to the ecclesiastical profession—he very early succeeded to excellent appointments. He was bishop and prince of Geneva; and residing at Annecy, diligently engaged in the discharge of his episcopal functions. Employed, moreover, on several occasions by the courts of Savoy and France, he came in contact with the most eminent individuals; and ladies of distinction, in abundance, with a sort of fashion and passion, placed themselves under his spiritual guidance. He died at Avignon, after great exertions, on the day of his death, in the 56th year of his age, in 1622.

We furnish the reader with a specimen or two from Camus's collections.

Recommending gentleness in reproof, he tells Camus—

You know that on a good salad, there should be more oil than vinegar or salt. Be always as mild as you can—a spoonful of honey attracts more flies than a barrel of vinegar. Truth, uttered with courtesy, is heaping coals of fire on the head; or throwing roses in the face. How can we resist a foe whose weapons are pearls and diamonds? Some fruits, like nuts, are by nature bitter, but rendered sweet by being candied with sugar, &c.

Speaking of *professions* of humility, he observed—

They are the very cream, the very essence of pride. Humility is timorous, and starts at her own shadow, and so delicate, that if she hears her name pronounced, it endangers her existence. He who blames himself, takes a by-road to

praise; and like a rower, turns his back to the place whither he desires to go.

*Submission*, he once remarked to his friend—

Submission to a superior is justice rather than humility, for reason requires that we should recognise him as such. Submission to an equal is friendship, civility, or good breeding; but submission to an inferior is genuine humility, for this makes us feel our own nothingness, and places us in our own estimation below the whole world.

This was eminently St. Francis's virtue.

He submitted himself (says Camus, with a wondering admiration) in many things to his valet, as if he had been servant instead of master; and if study or business obliged him to sit up late at night, he used to dismiss him, lest he should be fatigued. He one morning rose unusually early, and called his servant to come and dress him. The man was too fast asleep to hear the call, and St. Francis contrived to dress himself, and quietly set down to write. At his usual hour the servant rose, and finding his master dressed, inquired who had assisted him. "I dressed myself," replied the good-humoured prelate, "did you think I could not do so?" In a surly tone the man asked if he could not have taken the trouble to call him. "I do assure you, my good friend, I did call you, and then concluding you were not in the dressing-room, I went to seek you; but there you were sleeping so pleasantly, that I had not the heart to disturb you." "You are very pleasant indeed," murmured the valet, "to make game of me thus." "I assure you," meekly expostulated St. Francis, "that far from making game, I rejoiced that you were so comfortable; but set your heart at rest; I promise, in future, to call till you are awakened, and I will take care not again to dress without your assistance."

"How must I love God with all my heart?" inquired Camus—

"The best, and the easiest, and the shortest way to love God with all your heart, is—to love him with all your heart;" and when urged to be more explicit, he observed, "we learn to study by studying, to speak by speaking, to run by running, to walk by walking, and so in the same manner we learn to love God and our neighbour by loving, and those who take any other method, deceive themselves."

St. Francis was urging his friend to be more indifferent to the world's censures—

The principal of a college, he told him, by way of illustration, placed the great clock under the care of an idle man, to whom he thought the occupation would be an amusement, but having tried, he declared that he had never found any act of obedience so tiresome or difficult. "Why," said the principal, "you have only to wind it up regularly." "Oh no, not that, but I am tormented on every side." "How so?" demanded the principal. "Why," said the poor man, "when the clock loses a little, those who are labouring in the college complain; and when, to satisfy them, I advance it a little, those who are in the town come and abuse me because the clock gains. If to please them, I retard it again, complaints are renewed on the other side. I am bewildered with their murmurs, for my head is like the bell against

which the clock strikes—I am attacked on all sides." The principal consoled him with this advice, "Keep to true time—give gentle and obliging words, and all parties will be satisfied."

St. Francis's application of his little tale involves an admirable hint for reviewers.

Some ladies of rank, at Paris, came to visit St. Francis, just after he had been preaching. Every one had some difficulty. They all assailed him at once with different interrogatories. "I would willingly reply to all your questions, provided you will answer one I wish to propose—In a society where all talk and none listen, pray what is said?"

Here is a morsel for Dugald Stewart himself—

"Reason," says he, "is not deceitful, but reasoning is." After due attention to the arguments of those who were conversing with him, he would say, "These, I perceive, are your reasons, but do you perceive that all your reasons are not reasonable?" "This," said some one, "is accusing heat of not being hot." "No," says he, "reason and reasoning are things widely different—reasoning is the road that leads to reason." &c.

On some occasion something reminded him of a woman remarkable for her waywardness, and constant opposition to the wishes of her husband—

"She was drowned," said he, "in a river. On hearing of it, her husband desired the river should be dragged, in search of the body—go against the current of the stream," says he, "for we have no reason to suppose that she should have lost her spirit of contradiction."

"Nothing should be done," said St. Francis, "for the paltry love of praise—and no duty left undone from the fear of applause. It is a weak head that is overcome by the perfume of roses."

Some one in the Saint's presence was ridiculing a hump-backed person—"All the works of God are perfect," observed St. Francis. "How perfect?" said the satirist; "the figure I speak of is evidently imperfect." "Well," replied he, assuming a lively tone—"may there not be perfect hump-backed people, as well as people of perfect symmetry?"

"Virtuous habits," he would say, "are not destroyed by one bad action; you cannot call a man intemperate, who, once in his life, is intoxicated."

"I do not know," said St. Francis, "how that poor virtue, prudence, has offended me, but I cannot cordially like it—I care for it by necessity, as being the salt and lamp of life. The beauty of simplicity charms me—I would give a hundred serpents for one dove."

The conversation turned one day on a person who sought the reputation of being a man of deep understanding, by the practice of great silence. "Well then," said he, "he has discovered the secret of purchasing celebrity with very little expense." After a pause, he continued—"Nothing so much resembles a man of sense, as a silent fool."

*Experience*, 4 vols., 12mo.; 1828.—This

comes from Mr. Newman's manufactory—the once memorable Minerva press—a house which supplies inferior libraries with inferior novels—sometimes, perhaps, only because a more fashionable publisher is not come-at-able—to inferior classes of readers, tradesmen's daughters, and milliners' girls, if, poor souls, the latter we mean, they can steal an hour to glance at them. In the height of our dignity we might be expected to survey them with the supercilious scorn of our contemporaries, but not being habitually governed by names and precedents, and blest, or cursed, with some little curiosity—we turned over the pages of *Experience*, and if not very profoundly struck, or very greatly instructed, or very intensely interested, we were at least well pleased to find—what is surely no unimportant improvement—indications of considerable ability, an easy command of good language, vigorous sentences, and even sentiments—no straining and wrenching—a distinct, though a complicated narrative, and more than usual facility in the conduct of conversation-scenes—many of much higher pretensions would shrink from the comparison.

Still we do not feel ourselves warranted in any attempt to elevate it to the first class of novels—to such as are written by men and women familiar with the business of life, and the manners—the habits—the tone—the sentiment—the whatever distinguishes the cultivated from the unreclaimed regions of modern society. For the truth of it is, the story and style of development has little to do with real life; and is, indeed, very obviously the production of a reader, and not of an observer—comparatively, of course we mean—of some accomplished governess, perchance, very capable of comprehending and even estimating refinement, but denied, by position, the attainment of more than a glance, to vivify occasionally her not very useful readings.

The title of *Experience* is expressive of the religious and moral benefits of adversity—the advantages of change of circumstances. The scene is almost wholly confined to one noble family. The earl is very stiff and stately and important, the countess extremely well-behaved, but even with the earl distant, and never more than courteous. They have several children—one son, merely a worthless and insignificant profligate, and not likely to live, and a daughter, a very haughty young lady, with a toady attendant and a vulgar servant for her confidantes, and full of malignity, jealousy, and all uncharitableness. In the family, in a very equivocal position, is a young girl of seventeen, sometimes in the school-room with the governess, sometimes in the working-room under the dominion of the favoured servant, apparently, and, generally, dull and spiritless, but giving, occasionally, indications she is not what she seems. Among the visitors is a nephew, a very brilliant youth, who

detects the young lady in her rags, and concealments—is shocked at the treatment she meets with—falls desperately in love with her, and resolves to effect her rescue, and bring her forward into the scenes which she is so manifestly capable of adorning.

Approaching his uncle and aunt for this purpose, he meets with nothing but discouragement, but the young lady herself, at last, effectively co-operates, and when called upon, stoutly asserts her claims to equality with her protectors, and even a superiority of rank. By degrees it appears she is the daughter of the earl's sister, who had been married to a Spanish Hidalgo—a Catholic of course. The earl, to justify his desire of keeping her in the back-ground, assures his nephew, her birth was illegitimate, the marriage was sanctioned only by Catholic rites. Confiding in the young lady's declarations, he distrusts, and still more, when he learns that large estates are connected with the subject. These estates the earl holds, solely on the ground of her illegitimacy. Though still insisting on the prudence and propriety of his conduct relative to his niece, he is finally forced to introduce her into company, where her very brilliant accomplishments speedily outshine, and even throw into the shade every other—even the earl's eldest daughter, whom he had intended to marry to his nephew. But the Spanish beauty is irresistible, and the nephew, quickly throwing off his uncle's authority, precipitately marries Georgette, and institutes a lawsuit for the recovery of her estates. The difficulty is to substantiate the *legal* marriage. Her father was dead, and her mother had withdrawn to a convent, nobody knew whither, but her confessor. Inquiries are set on foot on all sides, and ruinous expence is incurred in lawyers.

In the meanwhile the young people thoughtlessly dash into display and dissipation, and are soon involved in difficulties; the lawyers too for ever want feeing; and retirement to the continent is indispensable. Disappointed, harassed, annoyed, debts on one side, lawyers on the other, excluded from the brilliant society he had so long figured in, banished, almost disgraced and disowned, he plunges into profligate courses; and she takes to the consolations of religion, and by controlling her own haughty spirit, and conciliating his wayward one, she more than once brings back her offending husband to a sense of her wrongs and her merits. On one of these returning fits of domestic repentance, they set out themselves to discover the retreat of her mother; and first go to Italy, where inflicting more trials upon his excellent wife, he again repents, and then they proceed to Spain. Here she is well received by her father's family—they even offer to restore her to splendour, if she will become Catholic, and renounce her husband. This of course she refuses—the husband resents—and by virtue of Spanish

revenge, gets thrown into the dungeons of the Inquisition, from which he is finally, but with difficulty, rescued, by his wife's forcing her way into court, and actually softening the iron hearts of the inquisitors themselves. Quitting these dungeons, and hastening to escape from so detestable a country, they learn, by the oddest accident in the world, where her mother is. She is herself the abbess of a convent—an interview is accomplished—the important proofs of legitimacy are furnished, and they fly back to London; where they find the magnificent earl brought down and humbled by afflictions—the loss of court favour—the *crim. con.* of his daughter, and the death of his male children. The sobered tempers of his nephew and niece, softened the new blow to him, and reconcile him to himself. To the nephew fall a marquise, and another splendid property—and “no longer impetuous, rash, generous [?] and changeable, the chastened marquis of thirty-two is as superior to the youth of twenty-two, as religion and experience, must tend to make a man of sense and principle.”

*Restalrig, or the Forfeiture, 2 vols. 12mo. ; 1829.*—This must of course be termed an historical novel; but it is historical, only so far as historical characters are occasionally, or rather forcibly, introduced, for they are none of them necessary to the structure and development of the story, and we should therefore undoubtedly have assigned their introduction to poverty of inventive power, had not the author assured us his object was to contribute his mite to the filling up of our knowledge relative to the first years of James's English reign. The author has before written, it seems, the story of the Gowrie conspiracy, from which the present tale is made to grow. The hero of the piece is Walter Logan, the young Laird of Restalrig, who in the previous story had rescued, by his activity, the two remaining sons of the Countess of Gowrie; and after spending six years abroad, returned to Scotland, just in time to learn that his estates had been forfeited by the trial and conviction of his *dead* father, actually brought into court three years after burial, on a charge of being implicated in the Gowrie conspiracy. To efface impressions of this matter unfavourable to James, the charge was got up by the grossest subornation. Some *unseen* person, the agent of Lord Dunvere, who was himself the agent of James, seduced the confidential man of business of old Restalrig, to forge letters in his late employer's name, and confess himself an associate, under the promise of a pardon on the scaffold. To complete the treachery of the business, the miserable tool was betrayed, and the law was suffered to take its course—to make all sure. The unseen person proves to be a Lord Algerton, a wretchedly deformed and diminutive person, whose deformities had bent and crooked his soul into still worse obliquities. He had been sup-



planted by a brother, and robbed of both title and estate; but what interest he had in Restalrig's forfeiture is no where made out. For any thing that appears, the act was perfectly gratuitous on his part;—perhaps the author considered this the best possible illustration of consummate malignity. But the fault of the whole story is want of skillful complication. It no where moves along easy; and the springs of action are continually inadequate, or over adequate.

Left thus destitute by the result of this iniquitous proceeding, Logan has but one friend, Sir Robert Carey, a favourite in James's court, and the friend of his father, and uncle and guardian to a young heiress, to whom he had been betrothed from his childhood, but whom he had scarcely seen, and had no thoughts, particularly after his father's death, of marrying. Now, too, he was a beggar, and too high spirited to be indebted for subsistence to a wife. Sir Robert, a very careful person, knew nothing of this determination of the young man, and would willingly have kept him at a distance; but, as ill luck would have it, the queen, who delighted in opposing the king, and patronizing his enemies, or those he considered such, had insisted upon his being brought up to town, and commissioned this very Sir Robert to take all possible care of him. This was a delicate business altogether, for James, of course, could not wish to hear any thing of Restalrig; and the niece—she must be kept out of sight—who, on her part, being a damsel of spirit, resolved to see the youth, whom she regarded inviolably as her husband. To London the hero comes, and was received with all due courtesy by the old courtier, and mysteriously conducted—for what purpose heaven knows, except to listen to an insignificant dialogue between Sir Walter Raleigh and the young prince Henry—through the prisons of the Tower, and safely lodged for the night. The queen, too, was as mysterious as she was perverse, and would needs see young Restalrig at a masque, to which also Sir Robert's niece was invited, and knowing all about the connection, (as what do kings and queens not know?) she contrived an interview between them, and for lack of a little previous concert, produced a very awkward result. Without knowing her person, however, Restalrig falls desperately in love with his own betrothed.

Before eclaireissement takes place, Carr, the king's near favourite, discovers the secret of Restalrig's presence, and immediately acquaints the queen he is in possession of it. Dreading the king's wrath, she finds it necessary to despatch Restalrig forthwith out of the country. He is accordingly furnished with letters of recommendation from the young prince and his mother, to Sully, the king of France's minister. Within a few miles of Paris, he encounters the king, engaged in an act of gallantry, and exposed to some danger, from which he rescues him, M.M. *New Series.*—VOL. VII. No. 40.

and for which he is eventually presented with a commission in his Guards, and becomes something of a favourite.

In the meanwhile, Sir Robert's niece, being now of age, and in a state almost of despair, resolves to go to Scotland, and sigh upon her own domains—taking with her as her companion, a cousin, whom she considered to be in some peril from the profligate attentions of Lord Algerton. They accordingly set out together, but before the first day's journey was completed, this Lord overtakes them, and claims the cousin as his bride, and she is thus left to finish her journey alone. That very night, by the treachery of some attendant, she is induced to accept of accommodation at a distance from the road side, where she is exposed to the most imminent peril—it being the purpose of those who betrayed her to throw down the building, and bury her and her suite in the ruins. Lord Algerton is at the bottom of this, or rather his deformed and supplanted brother; but, apparently from such change of purpose on the part of hunch-back, who falls in love with the lady, she is rescued from the impending stroke, and carried off to France. Under the ruins, however, she is supposed to be buried, and Lord Algerton, in right of his wife, who was next heir, takes possession of her estate. In France, the dwarf harasses the lady with his addresses; but, presently, without knowing why, or wherefore, we find him at his brother's—openly, at dinner, where a party were assembled, mocking and taunting, till at length, the insulted brother making a lounge at him; he is compelled, apparently, to stick his own dagger into him, and then make his escape. This he attempts—but stepping into a crazy boat, he is overtaken by a storm, and drowned—and disappointed of his full revenge. In the meanwhile, the lady and Restalrig, being both in France, of course, by some odd chance or other, come together; and of course also come to an understanding. Restalrig's forfeiture is reversed, and the lady recovers her estates—and they are of course as happy as the day is long.

The writer's acquaintance with the times, is correct and close;—but really the story is a dull piece of business, and stuffed with improbabilities; and is as heavy and laborious as a piece of grave history.—Defend us from too much of this!

*Letters from the Ægean, by J. Emerson; 2 vols., 1829.*—These letters do not, as any one would have expected, from the title and the author, in the least concern the Greek revolution, but are confined mainly to a description of places and scenery, and travelling incidents, with here and there something of a story made to look as like a novel as possible, interfused—one of them excepted, relative to a victim of the Scio massacre—not at all worth the telling. The letters, which are in fact nothing but the siftings

and sweepings of his warehouse, assume the form of a tour from Sunium to Smyrna—from Smyrna to Laodicia and three other of the "Seven Churches," and back again to Smyrna; thence, down the Ægean, by Scio, Patmos, Cos, to the northward of Rhodes, back again by the south of it, and then onward to Naxos, Delos, &c. till it terminates at Milo. Not that this tour was actually taken by him or any of the contributors—for the book is a sort of pic-nic concern—the information was collected at different times, and on several excursions on the shores and islands of the Ægean, partly by himself, and partly by Messrs. Scoles, Tennent and Thomson, and Co.; but then for every thing, of which he was not himself an eye-witness, he can depend on the accuracy of his friends—his own experience, besides, on numerous occasions, being so completely confirmatory, he safely undertakes to stand sponsor for the rest. A considerable part has already appeared in the *New Monthly*, and might, for any thing we can see, as well have quietly remained there: for really the book, though not on the whole disagreeable, contributes little or nothing to the information which already abounds with respect to the scenes he describes. Still we are far from adverse to the multiplying of books of travels, for it is only by the reports of numbers that any adequate conception can be gained of foreign places and manners. Two men will never see the same thing in the same aspect, and thus the receiver of the reports, by getting two distinct views, will know more than if he had only one—he may see *both* sides of the shield. It may be sometimes a puzzle to know which of them, in any conflictings, gives the most faithful account, but, luckily, the fool leaves his own ineffacable marks, and the intelligent and attentive reader will generally come to the safer conclusion—will perhaps gain a more complete conception than either of the reporters, or even than which his own eyes would have given him.

Mr. Emerson is, the reader will find, a great deal too fine for the occasion—his elaborate phrases and poetical prose only shew he is thinking more of the manner than the matter, and tempt a suspicion that he is as often giving a fancy picture, as drawing from nature. Take a specimen on his setting out from Sunium:—

I had seen nearly all the temples now remaining in Greece, but none, *not even Athens itself*, is calculated to produce such vivid emotions as that of Sunium. The greater number of these are seated in frequented spots, and surrounded by the bustle of the crowd; Sunium stands alone, its crumbling columns look but on the blue hills of Attica, or the azure billows of the Ægean: all is solitude around it, save the whirl of the seabird towards its summit, or the waving of the olive-groves at its base, and the only sound that wakes its silence is the sigh of the summer wind, or the murmur of the waves that roll into the time-worn caves beneath it.

This must surely have been borrowed from Mrs. Radcliffe—the reader will see the confusion between the temple and the promontory, and so would the writer, if he had not been so absorbed in smoothing his phrases. We must quote another morceau, which will, otherwise, perhaps be overlooked, to the serious annoyance of the artist. It is only the sun again:—

The dawn of morning at sea is perhaps the most sublime sight in nature: sunset on land is more reposeful and lovely, but sunrise on the ocean is grandeur itself. At evening, he sinks languishing behind the distant hills, blushing in rosy tints at his declining weakness; (poor old fellow!) at morn, he rises all fresh and glowing (dripping!) from the deep, not in softened beauty but in dazzling splendour. With the weary pace of age, he glides, at eve, from peak to peak, and sinks from hill to hill; at morn, he bursts at once across the threshold (beautiful!) of the ocean with the firm and conscious step of a warrior. His decline conveys the idea of fading brightness, his rise the swelling effulgence of mounting and resistless light. *Risum teneatis?*

Now and then this love of finery precipitates him into a regular blunder. When at Smyrna:—

We went (says he) to see the site of the Temple of Homer, and the Baths of Diana, near the river Meles, which flows to the north-east of the city. *Nothing remains of either save the echo of a distant tradition*, whilst the ruins of her (Diana's) aqueduct, the mouldering and almost illegible inscriptions of her sepulchres, and the vestiges of her paved highway to Ephesus, afford but vague testimony of the extent and importance of *Smyrna*.

Oh, the aqueduct and the sepulchres are *Smyrna's*—we took them for *Diana's*! He proceeds with his account of the city.

In fact, of the ancient city nothing now exists: the modern town is supposed to occupy its site, but the opinions of almost all its annalists are at variance. Frequent earthquakes and conflagrations, and the invasions of time and its enemies, have so often reduced the city to ruins, that eight or nine periods of its being rebuilt are on record; whilst from each successive menace of annihilation, the beauty of its situation, and its importance to commerce, have protected it.

From the effects of such vicissitudes it may naturally be concluded that the appearance of *Smyrna* is as incongruous as her annals. The remnants of all ages are strewn around her: a castle of the middle empire crowns a hill which looks down upon the aqueducts and amphitheatre, relics of more remote and flourishing epochs, while at its base the modern city is a mass of all architectures and all ages, built as the varying taste of every period and of every nation prompted; nothing is harmonious; antiquity and modernism are blended in every quarter, whilst its muddy, narrow streets are traversed by a population as varied as the differences of costume, language, manners, and country can render them.

In another part of the volume he gives the results of his inquiries—his personal or vicarious survey—of the seven churches;

but of these the account does not differ from Arundel's, lately noticed by us, except that it supplies an omission of Mr. Arundel's—the state of the church of Smyrna—which we shall, therefore, quote. The reader must take it mixed up with the author's own verbiage:—

To Smyrna the message of St. John conveys at once a striking instance of the theory I am illustrating, and a powerful lesson to those who would support the shrine of Omnipotence by the arm of impotency, and fancy they can soothe the erring soul by the balm of persecution, and correct its delusions by the persuasions of intolerance. To this church is foretold the approach of tribulation, and poverty, and suffering, and imprisonment: whilst the consequence of their endurance is to add permanency to their faith, and to reward their triumphs with the crown of immortality. Since the first establishment of Christianity at Smyrna, from the murder of Polycarp, down to the massacre of the Grecian Patriarch, and the persecutions of to-day, the history of Smyrna presents but one continued tale of bloodshed and religious barbarity; the sabre of the Ottoman promptly succeeding to the glaive of the Roman, in firm, but bootless attempts, to overthrow the faith of “the Nazarene;” but centuries of oppression have rolled over her in vain, and at this moment, with a Christian population of fourteen thousand inhabitants, Smyrna still exists, not only as the chief hold of Christianity in the East, but the head-quarters from whence the successors of the Apostles, in imitation of *their* exertions, are daily replanting in Asia those seeds of Christianity which they were the first to disseminate, but which have long since perished during the winter of oppression and barbarism.

This fact is the more remarkable, since Smyrna is the only community to which persecution has been foretold, though to others a political existence has been promised. It would seem, however, that in *their* case, ease and tranquillity had produced apathy and decay; whilst, like the humble plant which rises most luxuriantly towards heaven the more closely it is pressed and trodden on, the church of Smyrna, in common with the persecuted tribes of every age and of every clime, has gained strength from each attack of its opposers, and triumphs to-day in its rising splendour, whilst the sun of its oppressors is quickly gliding from twilight to oblivion.

Nothing in these regions is more wanted than a distinct account of the actual state of each of the more celebrated islands. Mr.

Emerson furnishes very little, though visiting several of them—except in the case of Delos, which is now a desert, though that we do not learn from him. His description of the relics in this once-renowned spot is among the most valuable parts of the book. *Gyarus—aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, et carcere dignum—is now a complete waste.*

When at Paros, he endeavoured, he says, to collect some particulars from his companions, *one of them an intelligent priest*, about that quarter of the island in which the celebrated Arundelian marbles professed to have been found (the *professors*, it may be supposed, were the finders), but none of them had ever heard of the *name*. Did the author then inquire for the *Arundelian* marbles? The ignorance, or non-intelligence of this priest seems to warrant Mr. Emerson in adopting the doubts that have been entertained of their authenticity—of which, the general terms he uses, with respect to them, shews manifestly he knows nothing.

The author occasionally ventures upon a bit of criticism, especially to illustrate the scriptures. One particularly struck us—speaking of the cisterns, or reservoirs, or tanks, so common in the neighbourhood of towns in the east, he is reminded of the Samaritan woman and Jacob's well. In the story two words are used, *φρεαρ* and *πηγη*, both translated *well*. The author insists, truly enough, perhaps, that the first is a tank; and the latter a spring; but what is his conclusion?

The import of the passage therefore is, that the woman of Samaria stood by the *cistern* of Jacob, and hesitated to give Jesus to drink of the stagnant water collected within it, whilst he, had she known to ask it, could have given unto her to drink of the fresh *fountain* that springeth up into endless life.

“I may be mistaken in this interpretation”—he modestly adds—“but,” &c.—

Stamboul or Constantinople, it has been often pointed out, is a corruption of “*εις την πολιν*.” In like manner, Izmir, the Turkish name for Smyrna, is a corruption of “*εις την Σμυρναν*”—Negropont, “*εις την Εύριπο*” (which the Greeks pronounce *Evripo*), and Stanco is “*εις την Κοι*.”

## VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

*Real Toadstones.*—The discovery of toads in secondary rocks, is often announced in public journals. A very particular account was published in the newspapers, of one found at Lockport, United States, while they were cutting the Erie canal bed in the geodiferous lime rock. Professor Amos Eaton, of New York, collected all the facts in his power, and examined the rock from which it was taken. The evidence would have been sufficient to establish, he states,

any ordinary fact. But there seemed to be so many ways for illiterate labourers to deceive themselves, that he took no further notice of the report. He has, however, since received an account of a large dark brown toad being found in a rock of mill-stone grit, near Whitesborough, “which I cannot,” he says, “hesitate to believe. While laying the cellar wall of the house of one of the representatives in the legislature of this state (New York) two respectable masons,

entitled to the highest confidence, whom he examined personally, had occasion to split a large stone from the quarry which he calls the millstone grit. It was perfectly close-grained and compact. On opening it they discovered a black or dark brown spherical mass, about three inches in diameter, in a cavity which it filled. On examining it particularly, they found it to be a toad, much larger than the common species, and of a darker colour. It was perfectly stupid. It was laid upon a stone, and soon began to give signs of life. In a few hours it would hop moderately on being disturbed. They saw it in the yard moving about moderately for several days; but it was not watched by them any further, and no one observed its ulterior movements. They laid one half of the stone in the wail, so that the cavity may still be seen. The millstone grit in which this stone was found, is the oldest of the secondary rocks. It must have been formed many centuries before the deluge. Was this toad more than 4,000 years old? or was it from an egg introduced through a minute and undiscovered cleavage into this cavity, a geode made precisely to fit the size and form of a toad? I was particular in my inquiry, and learned from them, that the whole stone was perfectly compact, without any open cleavage which would admit an egg. Beside, it is well known that the millstone grit is neither porous nor geodiferous. If this rock stratum was deposited upon the toad, it must have been in aqueous, not in igneous solution; and the toad must have been full grown at the time. Toads are often found in compact hard gravelly diluvial deposits, in situations which demonstrate that they must have lived from the time of the deluge. I think I am warranted in saying this," adds the Professor, "without citing authorities, as it is a common occurrence. Then why may they not have lived a few centuries longer, if we admit them a life of at least 3,000 years?"

*New Picture, by David.*—Two distinguished French painters, MM. Carle and Horace Vernet, have discovered at a small village called Eza, situated two leagues from Nice, and near the great road to Genoa, a hitherto unknown picture, representing the baptism of our Saviour, by the celebrated David. Unfortunately it is in a most ruinous condition, and lying on the pavement. David and a companion were proceeding to Rome, and were surprised by a tempest at Eza during the time the church was being erected. Being detained three days in the house of the curate of this village, as an acknowledgment of the hospitality he received, the artist promised to execute a painting for the church. The promise was fulfilled, but rendered nugatory by the carelessness of those for whom it was performed.

*Discovery of Coal near Leicester.*—A report was made in September 1827, by Mr. Francis Forster, mineral surveyor, on the probable existence of coal in the vicinity of

Leicester, arising from the supposed extension of the Ashby coal measures, under the new red sand-stone formation, from Ibstock near Ashby, by way of Bagworth, Dorford, Kirby, Muxton, and Glenfield, towards Birstall, thus passing within about two miles of Leicester. The opinions expressed in this report have since been confirmed, in great measure, by the discovery of a seam of coal, by boring near Bagworth.

*Height of the principal Buildings in Europe.*—A discussion having arisen on the Continent respecting the height of the cathedral of Anvers, compared with that of St. Peter's at Rome, the following are the results of the inquiry, expressed in English feet:—

The highest pyramid of Egypt . . . . .	479,27
The Cathedral of Anvers . . . . .	472,66
The Cathedral of Strasburgh . . . . .	466,27
The spire of St. Stephen's church, Vienna . . . . .	452,95
The spire of St. Martin's church, Landshut . . . . .	449,75
The cupola of St. Peter's, Rome . . . . .	433,76
Spire of St. Michaels, Hamburg . . . . .	428,43
Spire of St. Peter's, Rome . . . . .	391,13
Cathedral of St. Paul, London . . . . .	361,02
Cathedral of Ulm . . . . .	359,16
Cathedral of Milan . . . . .	358,09
Towers degli Asinelli at Bologna . . . . .	351,07
Dome of the Invalides, Paris . . . . .	344,66
Cathedral of Magdeburg . . . . .	333,58
Cupola of the Pantheon, Paris . . . . .	259,03
Balustrade of Notre Dame . . . . .	216,67

*Massive Crystals.*—In the vicinity of Paradise River, a few miles from Bridgetown, in Nova Scotia, gigantic crystals of smoky quartz, or the cairngorm stone of Scotland, are found among the masses of sienite, or imbedded in the alluvion which forms the banks of the Annapolis River. Of those most extraordinary for size, was one found several years ago on the estate of Mr. Langley, which, from his description, weighed more than 120 pounds. Another from the same place weighs 30 pounds. It is covered externally by a thin incrustation of common quartz, and presents within the richest gradation of shades, from light topaz, or straw yellow, through clove brown into a dark almost opaque smoky colour. Clove brown is the predominating colour, or characterises the greater part of the crystal. It is rendered doubly interesting by the long and slender prismatic crystals of black schorl which traverse its surface, and even penetrate or shoot into its solid substance, to the depth of three or four inches. This crystal measures in extreme length 19 inches. It is twelve inches in diameter at the base, and its six lateral planes are nine inches in length to the acuminating planes, one of which being unduly extended, nearly obscures the two adjoining ones, and is twelve inches in length.

*Safety Dress for Firemen.*—The Chevalier Aldini has received a gold medal from the government of Milan, for contriving,

and he has formed an establishment for the manufacture of dresses of wire gauze and asbestos, which will allow firemen to traverse with impunity the fiercest conflagration. The ancient armour has served as a model for their dresses, and it is officially stated that the success of them is incontrovertible.

*Chimneys.*—Many researches have been made to ascertain if chimneys were used by the ancients. The houses discovered at Herculaneum and Pompeii have none; so that it is to be presumed, when these two cities were buried, chimneys were unknown in Italy, and that open portable burners were employed at that time. The palaces appear at that epoch to have been warmed by ovens placed underneath the ground floor. The enormous quantity of combustibles which this method of heating required, is not astonishing; it was probably one of the principle elements of luxury. The epoch at which the origin of chimneys is to be placed, is not very well known; the writers of the fourteenth century appear not to know them, or at least speak of them only as a novel invention, and an object of luxury. It may be presumed, that up to this period chimneys were not known, or at least were not generally used. It appears that the fire was ordinarily placed in a hollow effected in the middle of the floor, above which an opening was made in the roof. At the time of Seneca they began to make grooves in the walls to diffuse the heat through the upper stories; it is probable, that from these was derived the idea of channels to carry off the smoke. The year 1347 is the most ancient, as well as the most certain epoch at which there is any mention of chimneys. An inscription found at Venice commemorates an earthquake which overthrew several chimneys. The first chimney-sweepers came from Germany, France, Savoy, Piedmont, and other surrounding districts. For a long time these were the only countries where the business of a chimney-sweeper was carried on, whence it may be conjectured that chimneys were invented in Italy.

*Spring of Sulphuric Acid.*—Sulphuric acid in large quantities is produced in a diluted and in a concentrated state in the town of Byron, Genessee county, 30 miles west of the river of that name, and ten miles south of the Erie Canal, in Nova Scotia. It has been known in that vicinity by the name of the *sour* spring, about 17 years. Here is a hillock 230 feet long, and 100 broad, elevated about 5 feet above the surrounding plain. The hillock resembles the longitudinal section of an egg, with the convex side uppermost. Its greatest extent is north and south. It consists of a kind of ash-coloured alluvion, containing immense quantities of exceedingly minute grains of iron pyrites. It is mostly covered with a coat of charred vegetable matter, four or five inches thick, and black as common charcoal. The same charred coal extends some distance from the

base of the hillock on all sides. It appears as if it had been recently burned over, though it is in a meadow where no fire had ever been, at least for several years. Its charred state is caused wholly by the action of the sulphuric acid. Several holes have been dug in the hill, which now contain turbid dilute sulphuric acid; also the depressions in meadow ground surrounding it. Should curiosity or interest induce the proprietor to dig a trench about it, or to make an artificial pond on one side, which might be occasionally drained and cleaned, a very interesting bath of dilute sulphuric acid might be constructed. The strength of the acid increases in a drought. When rain has fallen, it is proportionally diluted in most places. In some places it is strong, and appears to be perfectly concentrated, and nearly dry in its combination with the charred vegetable coat. In this state it is diffused throughout the whole piece of ground, which presents the charred appearance to the depth of 12 or 15 inches, and in some places three or four feet, but it is every where the strongest at the surface.

*Chronology.*—From the last volume of M. de Hammer's Ottoman History, we learn that posts by carrier pigeons were employed by the Turks in Hungary, in the year 1552. The first coffee-house was established at Constantinople in 1556, although in Egypt and Syria, and possibly in Arabia also, they had been long known. The first mention of them in Christian Europe, is at London, in 1636; but it was not till some forty years afterwards at Amsterdam that these establishments acquired any celebrity, and even a certain influence on political opinions; it may be remarked, that it was about the same time a great number of political and literary papers commenced in Holland.

*Bricks.*—The practice of making bricks is of no great antiquity among the English. By the common process of hand labour, one man has been known to mould eleven thousand in a day; the average quantity, however, is not more than 5000, which shows, that manufacturing bricks by machinery could never be attended with profit. It is a matter, perhaps, not generally known, that vast quantities of bricks are exported from England to different parts of the world. The modern city of Moscow has in a great measure been built with English bricks.

*Coral Islands.*—The subject of the coral insects has occupied the attention of two eminent French naturalists, MM. Quoy and Gaimard, who, contrary to the received opinion, suppose that those animals, which work in solid masses, and form coral reefs and islands, do not in fact operate at a lower depth than from 25 to 30 feet. From various facts, and analogical reasonings, they demonstrate, that these animals commence their operations only on the peaks of submarine mountains, working gradually to the surface; and they deny that these animals

ever can form precipitous submarine mountains rising from the depths of the ocean.

*Sharks.*—The first descriptions of the *Squalus Maximus*, the large basking shark, that modern naturalists have considered a doubtful species, and have accordingly described several large individuals of this genus as new species, the *S. Pelegrin*, *S. Gunnerianus*, *S. Herianus*, *S. Elephas*, and *S. Rhinoceros*, as well as the *S. Peregrinus*, *pinna anali nulla*, all belong to the *S. Maximus*. The most striking peculiarity in the *S. Peregrinus* is the presence of the baleen. Each branchial opening is furnished with a fringe of baleen, four inches in length. This is composed of a great number of distinct flattened fibres, a tenth of an inch wide at their origin, and tapering gradually to minute threads at their extremities. In colour, texture, and flexibility, this resembles very much the baleen of the *Balaena Mysticete*. The laminae are extremely regular in their position; thirty of them are included within the space of an inch, and they extend the whole length of the branchial apertures. All inferences respecting the size of a shark, founded on the magnitude of the fossil teeth alone, must be erroneous, as an individual 28 feet long, had teeth only half an inch in length; by parity of reasoning, fossil sharks' teeth four inches in length, and many such exist, must have belonged to an animal 220 feet long.

*German Extravagance.*—Absurd and ridiculous as are many of the works which issue from the English press, we have not yet seen the equal of one written by a German of the name of Wienbrach, and published last year by Brockhaus, of Leipzig, in which the author endeavours to demonstrate that the earth is hollow—that the entrance to it is in Poland, and that within there is fire, water, air, amphibious animals, fish, insects, birds, quadrupeds, and men. He then details this subterranean life, and ends with a description of the roads which lead there, and by an address to the inhabitants of the surface of the earth.

*Bread from Wheat that has germinated.*—A way has been discovered in Germany, of making good bread with the flour of wheat that has germinated. The two principal precautions to be observed, are to work the corn carefully, particularly if it be also mouldy, and to dry it carefully in a stove or oven, before taking it to the mill. The grinding should be performed as quickly as possible, and the grain should not be ground at all fine. When it is converted into meal, leave it quiet for a few days to

get cool and aired. When the leaven (a yeast) is added, more than the usual quantity must be employed, and to be perfectly mixed up with the dough, which made with warm water, is to be thinner than in common; the whole to be well and quickly kneaded. Leave it to ferment from two to four hours, then knead it up carefully again, and add sufficient meal to make it of a proper consistency. When it is divided, the loaves should not weigh more than from two to four pounds.

*To bronze Metals.*—To give to different objects the appearance which distinguishes the ancient bronzes, mix 62 grains of muriate of ammonia, and 15.5 grains of oxalic acid in a pint of good vinegar; after having well cleaned the metal, rub it over with a brush dipped in this solution, taking only a very small quantity at a time; when it is dried by rubbing, take some more, and continue so doing till the metal has acquired the tint desired. To render the proceeding more expeditious, it may be performed in the sun, or on a heated stove.

*Silk Worms.*—The difficulty is well known of providing silk worms with food. Lettuce leaves have been employed as a substitute, but with these, if the silk do not deteriorate in quality, its quantity is much less than when the insect is fed upon the leaves of the mulberry. Recent experiments, however, on a large scale, have satisfactorily demonstrated that the leaves of the *Scorzonera* afford a sufficient and wholesome nutriment for these extremely tender insects, and the quantity of silk obtained is at least double what they yield when supported by lettuce. The leaves, before they are given to them, should be wiped, in order to remove the humidity and the sort of down with which they are covered; they should then be supplied in small quantities, and frequently during the day.

*To destroy Weevils.*—The following method of destroying these injurious insects, is much too simple and valuable not to find a place here; it has been successfully practised on the Continent, and in consequence made public a few weeks since. The agriculturist by whom it has been practised, states, that he was infested with them to an incredible extent. He moistened with urine, diluted with water, the floor and sides of the granary in which he intended to place his corn; this was frequently done, and the granary carefully swept in the interval between each watering; the success of this process was complete.

## FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

THE Spring Exhibitions, in connection with Art, have commenced in a most auspicious manner, by the production of three groups of sculpture from the chisel of a person whose name even has hitherto been almost unknown to the general public; but who must henceforth take his rank among the very best artists of his day, in a line of art where high merit is rarer than in any other line whatever. These sculptures consist, as we have said, of three separate and distinct groups, each in a style different from the two others, and each reaching to a high degree of excellence. The largest and most important, and that probably which will be looked upon as displaying the greatest power, and producing the strongest effect on the spectator, is on the subject of Vulcan and Venus. The time chosen is when the goddess has just returned from one of her wanderings, and is trying by her blandishments to dissipate the jealous anger of her stern lord. Vulcan has flung himself in a sitting posture, upon the anvil at which he was the moment before working, and his left leg hangs dependent, while his right rests upon the ground in the rear, and one hand is supported on his huge hammer—the latter resting on his left knee. His whole figure is in advance of Venus, who is leaning towards him enticingly, and placing one hand, or rather one finger, on his shoulder. We have no hesitation in pronouncing this a noble work—no less for the mingled force and simplicity of its design, than for the truth of its various details, whether of general and particular expression, or of those which belong purely to the anatomical portion of the subject. The left leg, in particular, of the Vulcan, is extremely fine, and the whole upper portion of the Venus is most lovely. On that side of Vulcan, opposite to the Venus, a Cupid is introduced, with no very good effect, except the technical one of balancing one part of the composition against the other. Next in importance to this principal group (which is larger than the life) is a group of Arethusa and a hound—smaller than the life, but of exquisite truth, elegance, and purity. There is a something about the head of this lovely figure, which is more Greek than any thing we are acquainted with from a modern hand; and the whole group is full of that finest of all attributes, and that rarest of all, as the result of a general design—namely, expression. The nymph is listening intently to a distant sound, which has just reached her ear, and startled her, as she was in the act of dressing for the chase, after having bathed in a neighbouring stream. By her side is a dog, which is also listening, and which she holds with her left hand, while her right is raised in a hushing attitude.

The third group is on the subject of Adonis and the Boar to which he owed his

death. The boar has attacked and wounded him—having been previously wounded to death himself by the spear, the broken remnant of which the youth holds elevated in his right hand, while his left is endeavouring in vain to force down the head of the savage animal that has reared itself against him.

There is great power of expression shewn in the face of the youth; and the whole group displays a fine simplicity in its design and composition; but there are defects in the execution which we do not observe in the other works, and which shew it to have been an early work of the artist—perhaps his first. The chief of these defects is to be found in the right fore-arm of the Adonis. But the Boar is executed with great skill, and is certainly among the very best specimens of animal sculpture that we are acquainted with from a modern chisel. These fine productions were all executed for the Earl of Egremont, at whose seat, at Petworth, they have already been placed, but have just been removed thence for the purpose of public exhibition, with the view of making the artist's merits known and appreciated; and they can scarcely fail to answer this end.

The only other Exhibitions of Art that have opened since our last are, a collection of nine great pictures, representing various points in the Coronation of Charles X. of France; and a set of pictures—for so they must be called—having all the appearance, at a little distance, of live etching; but which, in fact, are cut out of the paper with scissors. Both these exhibitions are to be seen at the Royal Bazaar, in Oxford-street. The first of them is a little *passé* in point of subject; but it will long retain a very marked interest, on account of the numerous portraits it includes of all the distinguished persons who bear offices about the French Court at this time, and many, if not most of whom, have acted conspicuous parts in the affairs of Europe, for the last 20 or 30 years. The second set of objects are by no means of sufficient consequence to justify their being offered as a separate exhibition; but this will perhaps be forgiven, in consideration, not only of the extreme labour and ingenuity which they display, but of the fact that they are the production of an expatriated officer of the Spanish army. This, and their curiosity together, make them well worth a visit by those who are seeking a morning's amusement at this season of the year.

It should be added, that the department of sculpture is singularly meagre this year. The only work calling for notice is a very graceful and pleasing group, of Cupid and Psyche, by C. Smith, (542) which evinces a considerable degree of poetic feeling, without departing from that truth and simplicity, in the absence of which, even subjects of

this essentially and exclusively ideal nature, degenerate into impertinencies.

—  
British Institution.

In the same class of art with "Newton's Dutch Girl"—mentioned in our last—is "Auld Robin Gray," (150) by T. KNIGHT; and it is scarcely inferior to them in truth of expression, though considerably so in its style and tone of colouring, and its general execution. It furnishes the most pathetic illustration we have ever seen of the most pathetic ballad in the world. The faces of the heart-broken maiden and the dying mother, are equal to, though somewhat different from, the conceptions we derive from reading the ballad itself, or hearing Miss Stephens sing it; and the contrast between these, and the old suitor and half-sel-fish, half silly father, are perfectly effective, without being in the least degree forced or extravagant. We would point to this picture as one of rare merit, and, in its way, only second to Newton's "Letter," just described. Among numerous other meritorious works, on subjects growing out of domestic life and manners, our limits will only permit us to particularize the following,—chiefly of the humorous class:—"The Blackbird and its Tutor," (72) and "The Pump," (353) both by A. FRAZER; and finished with a mingled delicacy and spirit which it is not a little rare to find united; "The Cottage Toilet," (133) and "The Deserter," (173) by R. FARRIER—the first very pretty and engaging, and the last full of humorous matter,—but neither of them equal to many of the previous works of this pleasing artist;—"Extraordinary News," (125) by T. S. GOODE; in which the head of the old man who is reading is extremely well conceived and executed;—"The False Parcel," (139) by W. KIDD—which is very rich in colouring, neat without being finical in the finishing, and full of humour in the expressions—in which, however, there is great sameness; and, finally, a little picture by P. C. WONDER, which is very clever in some respects, and is called "Waiting for an answer" (139). The effect of light in this little scene is remarkably well managed, and makes us the more regret the rawness in the colouring, and the seeming want either of care or skill in the rest of the execution. In the landscape department we have several charming works; none of them, however, making pretensions to the highest rank in this class, unless it be two by Danby—a pair—the subjects, Moonlight, and Sunset (56 and 67). There is an ideal air communicated to both these works, which lifts them above the actual scenery with which we are familiar in our own land, but without removing them from our instant recognition and sympathy, as belonging to the domain of Nature. But we are inclined to think it will demand a more than ordinary habit of observation, to admit the exact truth of the features of nature here pre-

sent to us. The one, we imagine, will by many be pronounced rather too dark and indistinct, and the other too bright and gorgeous.—Not so with respect to two excellent productions by CONSTABLE (38 and 348)—the first a landscape, including this artist's favourite feature, of a Lock, and the other a charming cottage scene. Unlike the two scenes just noticed, the truth of these will be recognised at once by every class of observers—from the most careless to the most subtle. The cottage scene in particular is as fresh as Ruysdael, and as true as Hobbima, with a look of English nature that is purely this artist's own. But among the landscapes in this collection, there is not one that pleases us better, (if so well) than "Cottage Children going to bed," (51) by SIR W. BEECHEY. This scene of simple nature (which we perceive, on a close inspection, was painted no less than forty years ago—which accounts in some measure for the rich depth of tone that the colouring has acquired) is, to our thinking, worth any score of the portraits of the "nobility and gentry" that this so long fashionable artist has painted since. In the same delightfully simple class, though altogether different in style, is a coast scene by COLLINS (22). WITHERINGTON has also a most agreeable picture, in which he seems to have adopted (not without great advantage to his style) some of Collins's simplicity of expression, and lively tint of colouring. It is called "The Hop Garden," and represents a party of rustics engaged in hop-gathering. The group in front is less laboured, and consequently more agreeable, than most that we have seen from the pencil of this artist—who, with great merit, is open to much and striking improvements. The little boy in this group, wearing the patched and darned apron, is particularly good. EDWARD LANDSEER does not shine very conspicuously in this Exhibition; for though all that he has contributed is good, there is nothing very strikingly so: and there is great sameness in his subjects. No. 10—"Highlanders returning from Deerstalking," is by far the best; and indeed we do not know that it could easily be improved upon. But we begin to grow tired of his eternal dead deer, especially when we call to mind the infinite variety of the subject matter that is open to this cleverest artist in his own line, that we possess.

In the poetical class of the art we have scarcely any thing worthy of particular mention. The only two that have left traces upon our memory are, 232, by ETTY, and 485, by CORBOULD; the first, including about equal proportion of the good and the bad of the artist's peculiar style; and the second, blending with much of more prettiness and pretence, some delicacy of expression, and some poetical feeling. Finally, in the class of Portraiture, we have one capital production, by PICKERSGILL, "The Hookah-bearer" (78); and several



by other artists, that rise considerably above mediocrity; at the head of which may be named the "portrait of Mr. Soane the architect," by JACKSON, (254); three by BOADEN, designated in the catalogue (which does not recognise *portraits*) as "Head of an Old Lady," (95); "Lavinia," (221); and "Rebecca, from *Ivanhoe*," (379); and one, a little Frenchified in the style of handling, but very individual and forcible, which is called "A Study," (457), by Dubuffe.

The only other works to which we shall

point particular attention, are a pair of capital fruit pieces, by LANCE, (104 and 105); and all the views of foreign architectural scenery, by STANLEY, JONES, and ROBERTS, but especially the excellent productions of the latter artist, "*Town-hall of Louvain*," (30); and an interior view of a church at Caen, (355). In conclusion, we must express regret that our restricted limits have compelled us to pass by unnoticed many meritorious works, and our gratification that the same cause affords us an excuse for withholding much well-merited censure.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### WORKS IN PREPARATION.

John Huss, or the Council of Constance, a Poem. Accompanied with numerous Historical and Descriptive Notes. In small 8vo.

The Rev. H. I. Todd is preparing a Life of Archbishop Cranmer, in one volume. 8vo.

The Rev. P. Allwood will shortly publish a Key to the Revelation of St. John; or an Analysis of the parts of that Prophetic Book relative to the State of the Christian Church in After-Times. In 2 volumes, 8vo.

A volume of Parochial Letters, from a benefited Clergyman to his Curate, treating of the most interesting and important Subjects relating to the Pastoral Care, will shortly appear.

The Rev. Dr. Walker, of the Scottish Episcopal Church, has a Volume of Sermons preparing for publication.

The Rev. Dr. Cresswell will shortly publish a Volume of Sermons on the Domestic Duties. In 12mo.

Miss M. A. Browne, the Author of *Mont Blanc, Ada, &c., &c.*, is about to publish a small Volume of Sacred Poetry. Dedicated to the Rev. H. H. Milman, Professor of Poetry at the University of Oxford.

Traits of Travel; or, Tales of Men and Cities. By the Author of *Highways and Byways*. In 3 vols.

Tales of a Physician. By Mr. Harrison.

The Philosophy of History. In 1 vol. 8vo.

D'Erbine; or, the Cynic, a Novel of the *De Vere* class.

Mr. Sharpe, the proprietor of the *Anniversary*, will start a new periodical at *Midsummer* next. It will combine engravings from the finest works of British art that can be procured; with contributions from the pens of the most distinguished writers of the day.

Mr. Bucke, Author of *The Italians*, a Tragedy, towards which Mr. Kean played rather a conspicuous than creditable part, and also of *The Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature*, has written another Tragedy, entitled *Julio Romano*.

Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society. By Robert Southey. In 2 vols. 8vo., with Engravings.

An Essay on the Effect of the Reformation on Civil Society in Europe. By William Mackray, Minister of the Gospel, Stirling.

A New Edition of Sir Walter Scott's Novels, *M.M. New Series*.—VOL. VII. NO. 40.

with Engravings, and Notes by the Author; to be published in Monthly Volumes, at 5s. each volume. To commence in June.

All for Love, the Pilgrim of Compostella; and other Poems. By Robert Southey.

Clouds and Sunshine, a collection of serious Pieces. By the Author of the *Village Pastor*.

Peace Campaigns of a Cornet. In 3 vols. post 8vo.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

MR. JOHNSTONE.

The history of the early years of the late Mr. John Johnstone, the celebrated theatrical representative of Irish characters, is somewhat obscure. Dublin has generally had the credit of giving him birth; but, according to a source of more probable authenticity, he was born at Kilkenny, on the 1st of August, 1749. One account states, that his father was a quarter-master, riding-master, and paymaster to one of the regiments of horse in Ireland; another, that his mother was a dealer in second-hand wearing apparel, and well known to theatrical people; and that, in consequence, little Jack acquired an early knowledge of the sons of the sock and buskin, became attached to the histrionic profession, and enlisted under the banners of an itinerant company in Ireland. There is little doubt, we believe, that he was employed some years in an attorney's office in Dublin; and, it is an admitted fact, that he was some time in the army, but whether as a private soldier or as

a cadet, is contested. However, in due time he obtained an engagement in Smock Alley theatre, Dublin, where he made his first appearance as Lionel, in the opera of Lionel and Clarissa. His reception was flattering. At that time the favourite songstress of that theatre was a Miss Poitier, a young woman of unblemished reputation. Johnstone married this lady, and gradually rose in estimation as a singer, until he and his wife took the lead in that department. Macklin witnessed his performances in Ireland, and on his return to London, the veteran recommended him to Mr. Harris, of Covent-garden theatre, who engaged him and his wife for three years, at the weekly salary of fourteen, sixteen, and eighteen pounds. It was on the 3d of October, 1783, seven years after he had made his *début* on the Dublin stage, that he made his first bow to a London audience, in his favourite part of Lionel. He and Mrs. Johnstone were both received with considerable éclat. Soon afterwards, however, the scandalous chronicles of the

time made very free with the conjugal character of our hero. He is said to have been seduced by the personal charms and meretricious wiles of Mrs. Wilson, an actress, who was as much detested for her vices as a woman, as she was admired for her professional talent. The laudable emulation of Mrs. Johnstone was thus checked; her health declined, and, within a brief period, she died of a broken heart. Poetical justice speedily overtook the worthless woman, to whose artifices she had fallen a victim; and she, too, died soon afterwards, at Shrewsbury, friendless, in poverty, and in misery. Johnstone, at first, a very general lover, at length, consoled himself in the society of a lady upon whom a handsome annuity had been settled by a member of the Society of Friends. With her he lived for several years. The beautiful Miss Bolton, daughter of a wine merchant in Bond-street, took a strong fancy to the gay and dashing Irishman; and, obeying the impulse of passion, rather than the dictates of prudence, she eloped, accompanied by one of her sisters, and they both resided some time with Mr. Johnstone, in his own lodgings. The affair of course got wind, and only one measure remained open by which to save the lady's reputation. That step Johnstone honourably and generously took; he married her a few weeks after her elopement; and, by the mediation of friends, a general family reconciliation was effected. This was about the year 1791.

After remaining several seasons at Covent Garden Theatre, in the vocal line, he was induced to attempt Irish characters, of which there was, at that time, no adequate representative. In these, his rich, genuine, and characteristic humour, secured for him such eminent success, that he ever afterwards retained their sole and undisputed possession. Indeed, all who remember him, even down to the very close of his career, must allow that his place as yet remains utterly vacant. Johnstone was one of the performers who remonstrated with the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre, in the year 1800, respecting certain new regulations unfavourable to the interests of the dramatic corps. Notwithstanding this, his engagement was renewed. In 1803, he quitted Covent Garden, and joined the Drury Lane Company. It was at Covent Garden, however, that he took his final leave of the stage, in the part of Dennis Brulgruddery, in 1820. The performance was for his benefit, towards which his present Majesty, who, while Prince of Wales, had been much attached to his society, contributed 100*l.* Mr. Johnstone retired upon a handsome competence, accumulated by industry, economy, and judicious appropriation of money.

Johnstone's person was manly and handsome, with the exception of his legs, which were remarkably large and clumsy. In early life he was a *bon vivant*; but we are not aware that he ever forgot his duty upon

the stage. Until within a few months of his decease (which occurred at his residence, Tavistock-row, Covent-Garden, on the 27th of December) his appearance was that of a hale hearty man, not more than sixty years of age. On the 3d of January, his remains were interred in one of the vaults, beneath the church of St. Paul, Covent-garden; the body having been deposited in a hearse, drawn by six horses, and followed by six mourning coaches, in which were Messrs. Kemble, Price, Fawcett, Bannister, Elliston, Matthews, Munden, Pope, Powell, Harley, T. Cooke, Power, Cooper, Keeley, Blanchard, &c. About ten days afterwards, his will was proved in Doctors' Commons, and probate granted under 12,000*l.* personal property. Rumour had given him credit for being worth four or five times as much. He left a gold snuff-box and ring to each of his executors, Mr. George Robins, and Mr. O'Rielly; a ring to his friend, Mr. Joblin, of the Adelphi; and a ring to Mr. Dunn, the treasurer of Drury Lane Theatre; and, as Mr. D. is one of the *angle*, Johnstone also left him all his fishing tackle. To a female servant, who had nursed him during the last eight or ten years of his life, he bequeathed an annuity of 50*l.* The remainder of his property, with the exception of a legacy of 500*l.* to Mrs. Vining, is left to the children of his favourite daughter, Mrs. Wallack, so closely tied up, however, that the interest only can be touched during that lady's life.

#### THE COUNT DE BARRAS.

Paul Francis John Nicholas, Count de Barras, a name of note in the French Revolution, was born in the year 1756 or 1757. He was the descendant of a family of whom it was proverbially said—"as ancient and as noble as the Barras, who are as old as the rocks of Provence."

Barras commenced his career in the army. In 1775 he served in the Isle of France with the regiment of Pondicherry. He had nearly perished on the coast of Coromandel: overtaken by a storm, the ship in which he was sailing struck on a rock; the crew abandoned her in despair; but Barras roused them from their stupor, stimulated them to exertion, constructed a raft, and succeeded in reaching an island inhabited by savages. In about a month afterwards, he and his companions found means to reach Pondicherry.

Barras returned to France with the rank of Captain; but his dissipated habits, his addiction to gaming and to women, ruined his fame and his fortune, and qualified him for any desperate enterprize that might offer. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that he embraced the cause of the revolutionists. He distinguished himself in the National Assembly of 1789. On the 14th of July he assisted in the attack on the Bastille; and, on the 10th of August, 1792, in that against the Tuileries. In September he was returned

to the National Convention a Deputy from the Department of the War. He was one of the members who voted for the death of Louis XVI. In October, 1793, he was sent to the South, in conjunction with Ricord and Freron; and, in the violence of his measures, he fell not short of his colleagues. He was at Toulon when that place was delivered to the English. With difficulty he escaped; and, after fighting his way through the party which attacked his carriage at Pignan, he embarked at St. Tropez, and arrived in the night at Nice. There, in the midst of his army, he arrested General Brunet, who was accused of having been the secret author of the surrender of Toulon. Through the precipitate abandonment of the place by the British troops, (December 9th, 1793) the Republicans again obtained possession of Toulon. The cruelties which were exercised towards those of the inhabitants who had, or were supposed to have participated in delivering the city to the British, will not soon be forgotten. In those cruelties Barras had his full share. In announcing the recovery of the city to the Convention, he thus expressed himself.—“The only *honest* men I found at Toulon were the galley slaves; and,” he added, “every foreigner is a prisoner, every Frenchman is shot.”

Robespierre found Barras a sturdy opponent; thence he attempted to have him arrested, but without effect, for Barras opposed force to force. Robespierre was, at that time, meditating a grand proscription. Barras united with the members of the Committee, who, to avoid the impending storm, made a great effort of counteraction. By these means he became one of the principal actors in the memorable scenes of the 27th of July, 1794. He was then named Commandant of the armed force, which repulsed the troops of Henriot, and seized Robespierre. On the following morning he resigned the command, and, in a few days after, was elected Secretary. On the 23d of September he denounced Moysse Bayle, and Granet, as the authors of the troubles in the South; and he farther accused them of being the enemies of Marat. Barras was inculpated in his turn, by Granet and Escudier, as a dilapidator, but was cleared by a decree of the Convention.

On the 1st of April, 1795, the Convention was besieged by the people of the suburbs, vociferating for bread, and the constitution of 1793. Paris was declared in a state of siege, and the command of the troops was given to Pichegru. Repeatedly in the course of the year Barras was again entrusted with the command of the national troops; and it was upon one of those occasions, that he invited Buonaparte, then a young artillery officer, to his aid, and entrusted him with the charge of keeping the Parisians in order. In his report, Barras ascribed all the honours of his success to Buonaparte, and obtained for him the command of the Army of the Interior. Buona-

parte, it will be remembered, afterwards married Madame Beauharnois, the mistress of Barras.

For his numerous services, Barras was named one of the Five Directors, and thus became one of the chiefs of the government. By his firmness and spirit, he maintained an ascendancy over his colleagues. On the 21st of January, 1727, as President of the Executive Power, he pronounced, in the church of Notre Dame, a discourse on the decapitation of Louis XVI. By the 18th of Fructidor, he became almost absolute master in the Directory; but, in 1799, finding that his power had become precarious, he entered into a negotiation, the object of which was to restore the Bourbon dynasty. Buonaparte at that time suddenly returned from Egypt, and appeared in Paris. In that ambitious military adventure, Barras found not the steady friend he expected. Buonaparte had views of his own; those views were hostile to the interests of Barras; and, by the triumph of Buonaparte, the Director was hurled from the summit of power.

Barras soon afterwards retired to Brussels, where, for many years, he lived in a splendid mansion, and maintained a considerable retinue. In 1805 he obtained permission to remove to the South of France; but, being implicated in a plot, in conjunction with the English government, to reinstate the Bourbons, he was exiled to Rome.

In 1814, he returned to Paris; and soon afterwards he shewed his attachment to the monarchy, by imparting to the Count de Blacas some hints respecting the manœuvres of Buonaparte in the Isle of Elba. He also made a tender of his services to proceed to Naples for the purpose of inducing Murat, over whom he considered himself to possess some influence, to resign the crown. Louis XVIII. deemed it expedient to send a courier previously to the 20th of March, 1818, to Barras, to hasten his arrival in Paris, but Buonaparte made so rapid a progress in his journey, that he intercepted the despatch. Barras, however, reached Paris in the month of May following. Not accepting any office under Buonaparte, he was not rendered obnoxious to the decrees of exile issued on the final restoration of the Bourbons; and, consequently, he continued to reside in the capital until the time of his death, which occurred at the latter end of January last.

Barras' mind was active and ambitious; and he possessed a boldness of character, which, on great occasions, frequently supplies the want of talents, and a natural wit, which as frequently covers the defects of education.

#### MR. SHIELD.

William Shield, one of the most celebrated of English composers, was born at Swalwell, in the county of Durham, in the year 1754. His father, an eminent singing master, removed to South Shields soon after his birth; and such was his musical repute,

that his practice, even in that obscure situation, embraced the tuition of nearly a hundred pupils. William was taught by his father to modulate his voice, and practise the violin, when he was only six years old; and, within a year and a half, he had made so extraordinary a progress as to be able to perform Corelli's fifth work. This was the more remarkable, as much of his time had been occupied by the harpsichord. He could then sing at sight, and read every cliff. In his ninth year, William lost his parent and tutor, who left a widow with four children. He was desirous of making music his profession, but his desire was checked by the ridicule with which the calling of a *fiddler* was constantly treated in a sea-port town. He had the choice given him of becoming a sailor, a boat-builder, or a barber. He decided in favour of boat-building, and was bound apprentice to Edward Davison, then residing in the neighbourhood of South Shields. He was kept rather close to his employment; yet his master occasionally indulged him in the exercise of his favourite pursuit, from which, in the third year of his apprenticeship, he sometimes obtained slight pecuniary advantages. He led the Newcastle subscription concerts, where he repeatedly played the solo parts of *Gemini*'s and *Giardini*'s concerts; and having produced an admired specimen of sacred music, when the new church was to be consecrated at Sunderland, he was requested to compose the anthem, which was performed by the then excellent Durham choir, to an immense congregation. Soon after the expiration of his term, he resolved to relinquish boat-building, and to adopt the profession of music. From the celebrated theorist, *Avison*, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, he received lessons in thorough bass; and, having grounded himself in the principles, as well as practice of his art, he went upon a musical expedition to Scarborough, whither he was invited by his intimate friend, *Cunningham*, the well-known pastoral poet, several of whose songs he had set to music at South Shields. At Scarborough, his talents were much noticed; he acquired the situation of leader of the theatrical band, and of the principal concerts; and he obtained the intimacy and friendship of many respectable individuals. Soon after the death of *Mr. Avison*, the son of that gentleman engaged him as leader at the Durham theatre and at the Newcastle concerts. Returning next season to Scarborough, he was solicited by *Fischer* and *Borghi* to accept a vacant seat in the orchestra of the Italian Opera House. The offer was accepted, and *Giardini* placed him in the rank of the second violins. In the following season, *Cramer* removed him to the principal viola; at which post he remained eighteen years; in the course of which he produced upwards of twenty operas for *Colman's* theatre, and that of *Covent Garden*.

*Mr. Shield*, on account of the ill health of *Mr. Bulkeley*, was, one season, leader of the

band at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket. At that time the *Rev. Mr. Bate* (afterwards the *Rev. Sir Henry Bate Dudley*) wrote the pleasant little afterpiece of the *Fitch of Bacon*, for the music of which he applied to *Mr. Shield*. *Dr. Arnold* being the regular composer for the theatre, *Shield's* delicacy induced him to hesitate; but, as *Mr. Bate* threatened to withdraw the piece unless it were produced with *Shield's* music, he at length complied. His success was great and decisive.

*Mr. Shield's* time was much occupied in assisting at the great concerts; such as *Bach's*, *Abel's*, and *La Motte's*, for which first-rate performers only were qualified; when *Mr. Harris*, manager of *Covent Garden Theatre*, offered to engage him as regulator of the band, and composer to the House. This appointment he accepted, and filled with much success, until a difference between him and *Mr. Harris*, on a pecuniary point, induced him to resign. He was also appointed one of the musicians in ordinary to the King; and he was engaged in the *Ladies' Friday Concerts*, the grand *Sunday Concerts*, and the *Wednesday's Concerts of Ancient Music*. From the last of these he withdrew, as the necessary attendance at the *Monday's* rehearsals, interfered with his theatrical duty. *Lord Sandwich*, however, who was the influential friend of *Mr. Harris* and *Joah Bates*, commanded his return to a task which he always performed with pleasure, and at last relinquished with regret.

About this time, *Mr. Shield* accidentally travelled from London to Taplow, with the celebrated *Haydn*; and he considered himself to have gained more important information by four day's society with that great founder of a style which has given fame to numerous imitators, than ever he acquired by the best directed studies in any four years in any portion of his life.

In the month of August, 1792, after the relinquishment of his engagement at *Covent Garden Theatre*, he resolved to employ his leisure in visiting Italy, the land of the melodious art. He accordingly quitted England in company with the ingenious but eccentric *Mr. Ritson*, to whom the public are indebted for the restoration of many valuable productions of the British lyric music. At Paris, *Mr. Shield* and *Mr. Ritson* were joined by several agreeable foreigners who also were anxious to improve their taste by witnessing the great operatical performances of the Continent. From Paris they proceeded to Lyons, to Chambery, Turin, Milan, Lodi, Piacenza, Parma, Modena, Bologna, Florence, Sienna, and Rome. At Rome *Mr. Shield* met with *Sir William Hamilton* and his lady, whose attention to him did honour to their regard for genius travelling in search of science. *Prince Augustus* also noticed him in a very flattering manner. At Rome, too, he contracted an intimate friendship with *More*, the landscape painter. After receiving lessons every

day for two months, and obtaining much particular as well as general instruction, he returned to England.

On his arrival, he renewed his engagement at Covent Garden Theatre. However, another misunderstanding soon took place between him and the manager, and he again resigned. Not long afterwards, he published his well-known "Introduction to Harmony." At the death of Sir William Parsons, his present Majesty, with whom Shield was always a great favourite, most graciously appointed him, without solicitation, Master of his Musicians in Ordinary.

Mr. Shield, as a composer, was pure, chaste, and original. His prominent characteristic was simplicity. Perhaps no composer ever wove so few notes into melodies so sweet and impressive; while the construction of the bass and harmony is at once graceful, easy, and unaffected. In *Rosina*, *Marian*, &c. his airs breathe all the freshness and purity, and beauty of rural life; though the more ornamented and difficult parts are carried far beyond the common style of bravura. His songs are strictly national. After Purcell, Shield constitutes the finest example of really English composers. It was to his compositions that the late Charles Bannister, Charles Incedon, Irish Johnstone, and Mrs. Billington, were chiefly indebted for their celebrity as English ballad singers. Of his dramatic pieces, the following is, we believe, a complete list:—*The Flich of Bacon*; *Rosina*; *Lord Mayor's Day*; *The Poor Soldier*; *Robin Hood*; *Friar Bacon*; *Fontainebleau*; *Omai*; *The Choleric Father*; *The Magic Cavern*; *The Noble Peasant*; *Sprigs of Laurel*; *Travellers in Switzerland*; *The Midnight Wanderer*; *Netley Abbey*; *the Highland Reel*; *the Farmer*; *Love in a Camp*; *The Crusade*; *The Woodman*; *Marian*; *The Picture of Paris*; *The Enchanted Castle*; *The Czar*; *Oscar and Malvina*; *Hartford Bridge*; *Arrived at Portsmouth*; *Lock and Key*; *Abroad and at Home*, and *the Italian Villagers*.

Mr. Shield has also published an Introduction to Harmony; A Cento; Six Canzonets; Two sets of Trios for a violin, tenor, and violoncello, &c. Amongst his simple pieces, always in great estimation, we find:—Shakspeare's Loadstars; *The Thorn*; *The Bird of the Rose*; *O bring me Wine*; *The Wolf*; *The Heaving of the Lead*; *The Post Captain*; *Old Towler*; *The Streamlet*; *The Ploughboy*; *Let Fame sound her Trumpet*; *The Pretty Little Heart*; *How shall we Mortals*; *Village Maids*; *Ah, well-a-day my Poor Heart*; *the Battle Song*; *I've traversed Judah's Barren Land*; 'Tis no harm to know it, ye know; *Heigho*; *Tom Moody*; *Poor Barbara*; *the Literary Fund Glee*; *Down the Bourne and Through the Mead*; *the Prince and Old England for ever*; *Our Laws, Constitution, and King*, and *Oxfordshire Nancy bewitched*. The last of these is said to have been composed

at the request of Garrick, long after he had retired from the stage.

Mr. Shield was devotedly attached to his wife, and, while she was living, to his mother. It has been said of him, that he never broke his word, or lost a friend. He died at his residence, in Berners-street, on the 25th of January; and his remains were interred in Westminster Abbey, on the 4th of February. The funeral procession comprised nearly all our great musical performers, vocal and instrumental. The King has been pleased to appoint Mr. Kramer, the master of his Majesty's private band, to succeed him as Master of the band of the King's musicians.

#### JOHN CHRISTIAN CURWEN, ESQ., M. P.

The late Mr. Curwen, one of the representatives in Parliament of the county of Cumberland, was brother to Edward Christian, Esq., the well known editor of Blackstone's Commentaries, Chief Justice of the Isle of Ely, &c. He was a member of the the ancient and very respectable family of M'Christen, of the Isle of Man, "who," says Lysons, "for several generations were deemsters, or judges of that island. They appear first to have written their name Christian, about the year 1600. Ewan Christian, Esq., the first of the family who settled at Unerigg, (or Ewanrigg) died in 1719."

Mr. Curwen was born in July 1756. At the age of about twenty he (then Mr. Christian) married Miss Taubman, of the Isle of Man, by whom he had issue, the present John Christian, Esq., now one of the deemsters of that island. On the death of his first wife, he married his cousin, Miss Curwen, only daughter of the late Henry Curwen, Esq., of Workington Hall, and last of the family of that name. In 1790, therefore, Mr. C. added Curwen to his name of Christian, by the King's sign manual. By his second marriage he had three sons, Henry, William, and John, and two daughters, all of whom are living, with the exception of William. Mrs. Curwen died in 1820.

Mr. Curwen was first returned, as a Member of Parliament, for Carlisle, after a warm contest, in which he was supported by the Norfolk interest. He was seven times re-chosen for the same city. He had been constantly opposed by the Lonsdale interest; and it was not until 1796 that he triumphed completely over it. He sat in two, if not three Parliaments for the county of Cumberland. He was, both from connection and principle, a steady opposition member. He took an active part in the debates on the property tax, and on the game and corn laws; and made some attempts to reform the poor laws. As an electioneering orator, he was perhaps unrivalled; he spoke to the passions and feelings, and rarely failed in making all the impression he desired. As a politician, he was shewy, but superficial. His parliamentary speeches, though delivered with fluency, and in a commanding



voice and attitude, were meagre, tautological, and exceedingly ill-arranged. He was, if we forget not, a supporter of the wretched, demoralizing, and now almost exploded system of Malthus. However, he was entitled to the merit of cleverness, consistency, and integrity.

Active and temperate from youth, and strongly attached to rural pursuits, he enjoyed an almost uninterrupted flow of robust health during his long life, till within about the last two years, when his constitution exhibited symptoms of breaking up. He was a practical agriculturist of no small note; he obtained from the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, several gold medals for planting, and other improvements in agriculture; he also completed the most extensive drainage in the kingdom; and he held annually, a

grand sheep-shearing at Harrow, on the borders of the Windermere lake.

In the session of Parliament of 1826-7, Mr. Curwen began to experience the inconvenience of late hours and crowded houses. The freshness of the Cumberland breezes produced a beneficial effect upon him in the summer and autumn of 1827; but, as winter approached, his debility returned, and he found himself unable to encounter his senatorial duties during the succeeding session. The summer of 1828 failed in its restorative effect; and he gradually declined till the period of his decease, on the 11th of December. His Unerigg property goes to his eldest son, John Christian, Esq., of the Isle of Man; and the Workington Hall estate descends to Henry Curwen, Esq., who, for many years past, has lived in comparative retirement at Belle Isle, Windermere.

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### MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

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REPORTS from all parts of the country, whether with respect to the weather, the state of the lands, or the forwardness of the various agricultural operations, continue highly satisfactory and pleasant. We have, indeed, had an ample share of that wonder-worker in the opinion of our three times great grandsires—MARCH DUST. The vast and general advantages, however, derived from the weather, will not be expected to exist, independently of any drawback or alloy. Upon poor soils, and in bleak, exposed situations, vegetation has suffered much from the rigour of this long course of easterly winds, and has exchanged that premature and unseasonable bloom which it possessed at Christmas, for a pale and sickly green, which strongly indicates the want of a change of temperature. Bating some few breadths of wheat which having perished, and the land has been broken up and re-sown with other crops, no material injury has hitherto been sustained; and their season approaching, the advent of genial showers and mild western breezes, may yet have the effect of exciting the full of that fertility, of which our poorest soils are susceptible. In the mean time, we hold ourselves fully compensated for any disadvantages which may have resulted, by the uncommonly fine and friable state to which the fallows have been reduced, enabling us to put in the spring crops with an uninterrupted facility and dispatch which is not an every-year occurrence, and rendering the present one of the earliest of Lenten seasons.

In the forward districts, beans and peas, and a considerable quantity of oats, were put into the ground by the end of last month; the pulse, of course, either drilled or dibbed; though, strange to say, there are too many parts of the country where the old, barbarous, and unprofitable method of broad-casting beans, even yet, prevails. The winter beans, on proper soils, have stood well, and that article is under experiment in several parts northward, where it has hitherto been a stranger. Barley sowing has proceeded expeditiously, and very considerable breadths will have the great advantage of being put into the ground early. The early sown, and the wheats on good lands, have an appearance of high promise; being well stocked and standing thick upon the soil, their roots are so well defended from the rigour of the season, that no apprehension is entertained on their account. The thin wheats, here and there, show considerable ravages from the grub and wire-worm; yet farmers, in their usual tone, are making heavy complaints against the multitude of rooks with which their lands are pestered: to these complaints the old reply, or rather demand, is at hand—if such myriads of insects can co-exist with the rooks, the natural prey of which those insects are, what would be the consequence to the land and to the farmer, were the rooks destroyed or driven away? Tillage is very forward for seeds and roots, and all the spring latter crops.

The cold and dry weather has preserved the turnips, by checking their growth and progress towards seeding. In some parts of the North, the surplus of these roots is so considerable, as to have been offered, gratis, for the consumption of cattle and sheep, in order to clearing the lands. A correspondent in the West remarks, that his English turnips, in the present season, have remained sound, whilst the Swedish (*Rutabaga*) decayed very early; and, compared with the former, were a very unprofitable crop. This is not an unusual occurrence, and the probable cause is the unfitness of the soil for the Swede, which requires stronger land than the common English turnip. The autumn continuing

so mild to the very end, and the soil so grassy, the cattle have made very moderate demands on the straw-yard; the consequence is the largest stock of hay, straw, and roots, that has ever before been accumulated in this country: a sudden and mighty contrast to the spring of last year. The fate of the *Mangold*, or cattle-beet, is amusing; it took us full twenty long years to write and preach it into fashionable use, and behold within these few years—"the stone which the builders rejected, is become the head stone of the corner!" From being deemed unworthy of notice, and useless, *Mangold Wurtzel* has been suddenly elevated into a *crack* article of general utility—wine is made from it; it fattens fowls and even bacon hogs; but it must assuredly be for those who have not much skill in the quality of pork or bacon. The chief merit of the beet resides in its vast quantity of produce, not in its quality, in which it is inferior to all the roots applicable to farming purposes, the common turnip, perhaps, excepted.

The lambing season has been generally fortunate, extending from the middle of last month to the conclusion of the present. Had the weather been of a wet or moist character and equally cold, half the fall of lambs would have been destroyed. The cold and drought have had another beneficial effect, that of checking, or happily putting an end to the progress of the *rot*. Some flock-masters whom we know, have lost a considerable number of their lambs by a flux, known by the name of the *scour*; a never-failing friend to the venders of quack medicines. Now this scour is generally caused by improper and inordinate exposure to cold, and is the probable result of suppressed perspiration, and may be prevented, but can seldom be cured. In well managed flocks and good situations, there are many very forward lambs, which will soon be at market. From the immense quantity of food, which will require no trespass on the early grass, store stock, of all kinds, is still in great request at high prices. The meat markets, of late, have given way, it being supposed that farmers are more inclined to raise money from the sale of cattle than of corn. Pigs are grammatically dear, *by custom*. Good horses, of any kind, still fetch any price that can be demanded for them. Little is said about hops, the demonstration of a sufficient stock; still less about wool, which yet continues an heir-loom in too many quarters.

Wheat seemed, some weeks since, to have reached its lowest point, the usual signal for a rise. This, from the tenor of the corn bill, necessarily produced a sudden and considerable rise on the duty. It remains to be seen whether there be any considerable stock of bread corn in the country, to take advantage of this favourable change. The quantity imported has been very great, producing, it is said, very considerable profits to the importers, and much yet remains in various exporting countries, ready for shipment. The usual declamations against the corn bill continue in full force, but what a crisis might have been induced with our superabundant population, had not every method of supply and of keeping down prices been adopted? The fallacy of our attempts at dependence upon the home supply, not only of bread corn, but of various other articles of necessity, has become fully conspicuous. The potatoe crop has proved most abundant, and of a quality far surpassing expectation: the immense benefit resulting from it, as an economizer of our stock of bread corn, exceeds all powers of description. The old cry from the country, that there is "no money"—and what is to be done when the one pound notes shall become extinct?—is as loudly cuckooed as ever: but country produce *must* be had, with the indispensable *addendum*—it *must* be paid for; hence produce will ever be synonymous with money. Farmers ought to have no need to be told that their forefathers were well contented to accept gold for their produce, and that there is a far greater stock of bullion in proportion in the country at present than in former days, and a greater facility of coinage. We are well aware of the great accommodation of country bank paper, and how it has been applied to the purpose of supporting prices, in order to enable the farmer to exist under the present enormous load of taxation; but instead of perpetually calling out for paper, he had better spend his breath and use whatever influence he may possess, in favour of a more honest system.

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*Smithfield*.—Beef, 3s. 2d. to 4s. 4d.—Mutton, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 10d.—Veal, 5s. 6d. to 6s. 2d.—Pork, 5s. 0d. to 6s. 6d.—Grass Lamb (scarce) 6s. to 6s. 6d.—Raw fat, 2s. 3d.

*Corn Exchange*.—Wheat, 42s. to 80s.—Best Foreign White, 60s. to 85s.—Barley, 24s. to 40s.—Oats, 16s. to 32s.—Bread, the London 4lb. loaf, 11d.—Hay, 36s. to 86s.—Clover, ditto, 50s. to 105s.—Straw, 30s. to 42s.

Coals in the Pool, 26s. to 34s. 6d. per chaldron.

*Middlesex, March 23d.*

## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

**SUGARS.**—There was a dull sale at the sugar market last week; the estimated sales of were only about 2000 hogsheads and tierces: no alteration could be stated in the prices: the good and fine descriptions are getting very scarce, and the prevalence of easterly winds prevent any further arrivals. In the refined market the sales last week were on a very limited scale; there was no alteration whatever in the prices. Some purchasers for the Mediterranean are stated; but the buyers are again offering low prices. Some good lumps sold at 75s. Molasses are little varied.—*Foreign Sugars.* There has been inquiries for yellow Havannah sugars for early shipment, but no parcels offered for sale. At public sales last week 535 chests Bahia sugars.—*East India Sugars.* There has been no sales; the crop in the Mauritius is one-third of last year, and the quality chiefly inferior.

**COFFEE.**—The public sales of coffee after Tuesday last week were limited. 150 casks and 40 bags British plantation. Good ordinary Jamaica 38s.; ordinary middling 55s.; good to fine ordinary Dominica 40s. @ 47s.; fine ordinary 48s. @ 50s.; the Berbice and Demerara sold high; fine ordinary to middling 63s. @ 88s.

**BRANDY, RUM, AND HOLLANDS.**—The government contract for 150,000 gallons. Rum was taken by the trade at 2s. 1 $\frac{7}{8}$ d. per gallon. No Jamaica rum to any extent has been sold. In brandy there is no alteration. Geneva continues neglected.

**HEMP, FLAX, AND TALLOW.**—The fall of the town tallow-market, and a large sale of 3000 casks of St. Petersburg yellow candle last week, occasioned a fall of fully 1s. in all foreign descriptions. In hemp and flax there is little variation.

*Course of Foreign Exchange.*—Amsterdam, 12. 3.—Rotterdam, 12. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Antwerp, 12. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Paris, 25. 50.—Bordeaux, 25. 80.—Berlin, 0.—Frank-fort-on-the-Main, 15. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Petersburgh, 10.—Vienna, 10. 5.—Madrid, 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Cadiz, 36 $\frac{3}{4}$ .—Bilboa, 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Barcelona, 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Seville, 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Gibraltar, 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Leghorn, 47 $\frac{3}{4}$ .—Genoa, 25. 60.—Venice, 47 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Malta, 48 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Naples, 39 $\frac{3}{4}$ .—Palermo, 119.—Lisbon, 45 $\frac{3}{4}$ .—Oporto, 46.—Rio Janeiro, 26.—Bahia, 34.—Dublin 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Cork, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

*Bullion per Oz.*—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 9d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.—Silver in Bars, (standard), £0. 5s. 0d.

*Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, 295*l.*—Coventry, 1,080*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 111*l.*—Grand Junction, 295*l.*—Kennet and Avon, 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ *l.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 460*l.*—Oxford, 700*l.*—Regent's, 25*l.*—Trent and Mersey, ( $\frac{1}{2}$  sh.), 790*l.*—Warwick and Birmingham, 255*l.*—London DOCKS (Stock), 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ *l.*—West India (Stock), 195*l.*—East London WATER WORKS, 115*l.*—Grand Junction, 50*l.*—West Middlesex, 67 $\frac{3}{4}$ *l.*—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ *l.*—Globe, 151 $\frac{1}{2}$ *l.*—Guardian, 23 $\frac{1}{4}$ *l.*—Hope Life, 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ *l.*—Imperial Fire, 105*l.*—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 51*l.*—City, 187 $\frac{1}{2}$ *l.*—British, 17 *dis.*—Leeds, 195*l.*

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from the 22d of February, to the 21st of March, 1829; extracted from the London Gazette.

## BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

J. Smith, Diorama, Regent's Park, printer  
 E. Seymour, Gerrard-street, dial-maker  
 W. Smith, Leeds, corn-dealer  
 Sir Charles Henry Rich, Beenharn, Berks, Bart., dealer and chapman  
 T. Parry, Caerugog, Hope, Flint, droner  
 T. Smith, Manchester, publican  
 W. G. Rowley, Leeds, hatter.

## BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month, 101.]

*Solicitors' Names are in Parenthesis.*

Andrews, W. H. Judd-street, Ironmonger. (Field, King's-road, Bedford-square; Field Hitchin  
 Brown, H. Gravesend, victualler. (Towne, St. Helen's-place  
 Bunn, J. Cellbarns, Herts, coal and corn-dealer. (Hilliard and Co., Gray's-inn

Bowring, J. G. Fen-court, East-India broker. (Thomas, Fen-court, Fenchurch-street  
 Bonus, W. Ware, innkeeper. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row  
 Brown, W. H. Newington, Surrey, draper. (Ashurst, Newgate-street  
 Burton, S. sen., Leadenhall-street, bookseller. (Ewington and Co., Walbrook  
 Bynner, J. Long-Acre, grocer. (Walker, Gloucester-street  
 Bennet, S. jun., Truro, grocer. (Berkeley, Lincoln's-inn

- Bigg, T. R. Westbury-upon-Trym, carpenter. (Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Heaven, Bristol)
- Brancher, J. B. Liverpool, broker. (Chester, Staple-inn; Davenport, Liverpool)
- Bessell, E. C. Cadogan-street, Chelsea, professor of music. (Cannon, Adam-street)
- Bray, E. and W. M. Horsefall, Kirk-eaten, York, fancy cloth manufacturers. (Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Cloughs and Co., Huddersfield)
- Barrett, R. Pavement, Moorfields, laceman. (Keene, Furnival's-inn)
- Buons, P. Liverpool, ivory-table-keeper. (Slade and Co., John-street, Bedford-row; Foster, Liverpool)
- Baker, T. Bath, ink-keeper. (Jones, Crosby-square; Hellings, Bath)
- Butterfield, R. Knaresborough, flax-dresser. (Strangeways and Co., Barnard's-inn; Gill, Knareborough)
- Clarke, W. B. Cheap-side, silversmiths (Bartlett and Co., Nicholas-lane)
- Clarke, F. H. Birch-n-lane, provision-broker. (Blocklow, Frith-street)
- Crowther, B. Bristol, pawnbroker. (Hicks and Co., Bartlett's-buildings; Hinton, Bristol)
- Dermot, G. D. Great Pulteney-street, surgeon. (Ashton, New-inn)
- Day, J. Leeds, iron-merchant. (Strangeways and Co., Barnard's-inn; Robinson, Leeds)
- Davies, T. B. Chester-street, surgeon. (Selby, Serjeant's-inn)
- Draper, B. and H. Lack, Margate, grocers. (Patterson, Mincing-lane)
- Down, W. Church-pass-age, Guildhall, Blackwell-hall-factor. (Borradale and Co., King's-arm's-yard)
- Downing, W. Ripon, money-scriver. (Maxon, Little Friday-street; Up-ton and Son, Leeds)
- Douc, E. Dover-road, Newington, grocer. (Pateron, Mincing-lane)
- Eckensley, D. Billiter-street, merchant. (Venning and Co., Copthall-court)
- Evenett, R. Wardrobe-place, coal-merchant. (Teague, Cannon-street)
- Edwards, C. T. Aldgate, chemist. (Taylor, Fen court)
- Edgar, T. Nottingham-place, Commercial-road, draper. (Chester, Staple-inn)
- Evans, S. J. Wadebridge, Cornwall, tallow-chandler. (Allison and Co., Freeman's-court; Woulcombe and Co., Plymouth; Symons, Wade-bridge)
- Edwards, G. St. Albans, money-scriver. (Lawrence, Doctor's Commons)
- Evennett, J. Harlow, cattle-jobber. (Teague, Cannon-street)
- Fitch, R. Sible Hedingham, miller. (Taylor, John-street; Hustler, Halstead)
- Frankland, A. Nottingham, lace-dealer. (Willett and Co., Essex-street; Fox, Nottingham)
- Gill, T. Winchester Wharf, South-wark, flour-factor. (Brough, Shore-ditch)
- Greaves, H. Manchester, merchant. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Hampson, Manchester)
- Grimman, W. York-street, Bryan-stone-square, builder. (Haslam and Co., Leadenhall-street)
- Gerrard, T. Stoke-upon-Trent, joiner. (Harvey and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Hubbard, Cheadle, Stafford)
- Gilson, R. York, victualler. (Norton and Co., Gray's-inn; Seymour, York)
- Hill, J. Royston, builder. (Bolton, Austin-friars)
- Henderson, J. A. Talbot-court, wine-merchant. (Gates, Lombard-street)
- Hall, T. Macclesfield, silk-manufacturer. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Higginbotham, Macclesfield)
- Heald, T. Kent-road, merchant. (Haslam and Co., Leadenhall-street)
- Hobblower, B. High Holborn, victualer. (Williams, North-place, Gray's-inn-lane)
- Harrison, W. Maidstone, cattle-salesman. (Heming and Co., Gray's-inn; Norwood, Charing)
- Hunt, W. Stockport, cotton-manufacturer. (Tyler, Temple; Hunt or Coppock, Stockport)
- Harrison, E. Lofthouse, York, spirit-merchant. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Taylor, Wakefield)
- Hamilton, G. F. Pl.tt-place, Camden Town, merchant. (Silk, goldsmith-row)
- Jaques, E. F. Gravesend, market-gardener. (Clare and Co., Frederick's-place)
- Jackson, S. Congleton and Manchester, silk-throwster. (Willis and Co., London; Wilson, Manchester)
- Kings, J. A. Utwick, grazier. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Edmonson, Settle)
- Kilby, T. and S. Carroll, Fenchurch-street, brokers. (Gatty and Co., Angel-court)
- Lilwall, H. Threadneedle-street, grocer. (Dicas, Austin Friars)
- Lightfoot, P. T. and C. V. Copthall-court, stock-brokers. (Stephenson and Co., Southampton-buildings)
- Mason, W. St. Albans, linen-draper. (Jones, Size-lane)
- Morris, E. Woolwich, linen draper. (Jones, Size-lane)
- Murey, G. Great Yarmouth, miller. (White and Co., Great St. Helens; Workshop, Yarmouth)
- Manthorp, R. Southwold, timber-merchant. (Bromley, Gray's-inn; Wood and Co., Woodbridge)
- Myall, J. Castle Hedingham, hop-merchant. (Brook-bank and Co., Gray's-inn; Pattison, Witham)
- Michelson, L. Union-place, Kent-road, merchant. (Turner, Basing-lane)
- Miller, J. Fall Mall, bookseller. (Ford, Fall-Mall)
- M'Niell, W. jun., Charles-street, Maryl bone, coach-maker. (Bailey, Berer's-street)
- Murdoch, E. Rayleigh, Essex, scri- vener. (Milne and Co., Temple; Shaw, Billericay)
- Neimes, W. Charlton Kings, timber-merchant. (Blunt and Co., Liver- pool-street; Rubb, Cheltenham)
- Newman, G. Stockwell Park, Brix- ton, cow-keeper. (Saron, Bridge- street, Southwark)
- Ormond, J. Boston, baker. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Hop- kins, Boston)
- Ormsrod, J. St. Helens, Lancashire, linen-draper. (Chester, Staple-inn; Barnes, St. Helens)
- Pierpoint, M. M. Edward-street, mil- liner. (Sheriff, Salisbury-street)
- Payne, H. White Conduit-fields, builder. (Hutchinson and Co., Crown-court, Threadneedle-street)
- Pottinger, J. Brighton, builder. (Faithful, Brighton)
- Pearson, R. Liverpool, flour-dealer. (Adington and Co., Bedford-row; Moss, Liverpool)
- Pointer, T. Golden-Horse-yard, Dor- set-square, job-master. (Stedman and Co., Throgmorton-street)
- Phillips, J. Bristol, builder. (Parker and Co., Bristol)
- Pope, J. C. Fable and Co., malt- factor. (Hall and Co., Salter's Hall, Sewell, Halsted)
- Rhodes, C. New Gosle, York, linen- draper. (Willis and Co., London; Wilson, Manchester)
- Ross, B. Hull, spirit merchant. (Ros- ser and Son, Gray's-inn; England and Co., Hull)
- Riggs, H. Liverpool, merchant. (Rackstock and Co., Temple; Bardswell and Sons, Liverpool)
- Roberts, T. Churchwell, Batley, wool- stapler. (Strangeways and Co., Barnard's-inn; Robinson, Leeds)
- Raven, H. Foli, Norfolk, miller. (Bridger, Finsbury-circus; Withers, Holt)
- Sewell, J. Great Yarmouth, sail- maker. (Ashurst, Newgate-street; Coaks, Norwich)
- Salmon, T. A. Leeds, stuff-manufac- turer. (Batty and Co., Chancery- lane; Lee, Leeds)
- Shepherd, W. Shoe-lane, glass-cutter. (Dashedwood, Three Crown-square, Southwark)
- Sadleir, J. Liverpool, victualler. (Chester, Staple-inn; Hinde, Liver- pool)
- Simmons, T. and J. and W. Winch- combe, road-contractors and build- ers. (Dean, Paisgrave-place; Rob- erts, Oswestry)
- Summerfield, W. P. and W. L. Liver- pool, merc ants. (Chester, Staple- inn; Davenport, Liverpool)
- Slee, E. G. Mark-lane, flour-factor. (Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle)
- Shepley, J. Hayfield, cotton-manufac- turer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Booth, Manchester)
- Thackney, George and John, Leeds, merchants. (Few and Co., Covent Garden; Hamingway and Co., Leeds)
- Tomkinson, T. Leek, tanner. (Ad- lington and Co., Bedford-row; Kil- minster and Co., Leek)
- Vaile, G. Maze Pond, carpenter. (Sheffield and Sons, Great Prescot- street)
- Vickers, J. C. Leeds, printer. (At- kinson and Co., Leeds)
- Wallis, H. Harpur-street, engraver. (Armstrong, St. John's-square)
- Walker, J. Rochdale, miller. (Norris and Co., John-street; Wood, Roch- dale)
- Walker, J. Sheepridge, Huddersfield, fancy-cloth-manufacturer. (Daw- son and Co., New Boswell-court; Pearce, Huddersfield)
- Watkins, H. C. Liverpool, cotton- broker. (Blackstock and Co., Tem- ple; Deane, Liverpool)
- Wood, M. W. Fosdyke-Fen, wool- dealer. (Eell and Co., Bow Church- yard; Marshall, Boston)
- Wright, T. Mountcorrel, miller. (Holm and Co., New-inn; Bond, Leicester)
- Welsby, J. Liverpool, coal-merchant. (Chester, Staple-inn; Mallaby, Liverpool)
- Weller, S. jun. Oxford, victualler. (Evans, Gray's-inn; Parsons, Ox- ford)

### ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. G. W. Sicklemore, to the rectory of Mil- ton, otherwise Middleton Malzar, Northampton.— Rev. M. Simpson, to the Rectory of Mickfield, Suffolk.—Rev. E. C. Kemp, to the Rectory of Whissonsett, Suffolk.—Rev. T. Evans, to the living of Longdon-upon-Tern, Salop.—Rev. R. C.

Griffith, to the Rectory of Fifield, Wilts.—Rev. E. Thackeray, to be Chaplain to the Lord Lieu- tenant of Ireland.—Rev. H. Huscham, to the Per- petual Curacy of St. Sampson's, Cornwall.—Rev. M. Williams, to the Rectory of Stockleigh, Eng- lish, Devon.—Rev. J. Hindle, to the vicarage of

Higham, Kent.—Rev. J. Watheral, jun., to the Rectory of Carlton, Northampton.—Rev. C. Tripp, to the Rectory of Budleigh, Devon.—Rev. J. L'Oste, to the Rectory of Caister St. Edmund with Marketshall, Norfolk.—Rev. F. Howes, to the Rectory of Framlingham Pigott, Norfolk.—Rev. R. Hamond, to the Rectories of Harpley and Great Bitcham respectively, Norfolk.—Rev. J. Driver, to the Perpetual Curacies of Elleh and Shireshead.—Rev. C. R. Jones, to the Vicarage

of Roath, Glamorgan.—Rev. D. Felix, to the Living of Llanilar, Cardigan.—Rev. J. Husband, to the Perpetual Curacy of Allerton Manleverer, York.—Rev. T. Sheriffe, jun., to the Rectory of Eyke, Suffolk.—Rev. G. T. Seymour, to be Chaplain to the Sheriff of Somerset.—Rev. J. Horseman, to the Rectory of Middle, Salop.—Rev. R. A. Musgrave, to the Prebendaryship of St. George's, Windsor.

## CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, ETC.

### CHRONOLOGY.

February 25.—Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 7 prisoners received sentence of death; 78 were transported; 61 ordered to be imprisoned for various periods; 12 whipped and discharged, and 23 discharged by proclamation.

25.—Court of Common Council at Guildhall, decided on petitioning both houses of Parliament in favour of Catholic claims, and voted the freedom of the city to be presented in a gold box, value 100 guineas, to Secretary Peel, for his conduct on Catholic emancipation.

March 3.—Royal assent given by commission to the bill for the suppression of dangerous associations in Ireland.

— A deputation headed by the Lord Mayor waited upon the Duke of Wellington, on the subject of the Thames Tunnel. After being informed that £210,000 would be sufficient to complete it, the Duke desired that an estimate of the expenses, as well as the probable profits, &c., should be made out and transmitted to him, before he could sanction a Parliamentary loan to finish this great national object.

5.—Mr. O'Connell declared, by a committee of the House of Commons, to be duly elected member of Parliament for the county of Clare.

6.—Mr. Peel's motion to take into consideration the laws affecting his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects, was carried in the House of Commons, by a majority of 168—348 voting for it, and 160 against it.

18.—The Recorder made his report to his Majesty of the prisoners condemned in Newgate at the last Old Bailey sessions, when four were ordered for execution on the 24th instant.

20.—The bill for depriving the 40s. freeholders of Ireland of the right of voting, was, in the House of Commons, sent to a committee by a majority of 200 voters.

21.—A duel was fought in Battersea fields, between the Duke of Wellington and the Earl of Winchelsea. The Duke fired first, without effect, and the Earl discharged his pistol in the air.

24.—Four criminals were executed at the Old Bailey; their ages were, one 23, one 22, and two 21!!!

### MARRIAGES.

At St. Asaph's, Lord Willoughby de Broke, to Margaret, third daughter of Sir John Williams, Bart.—At Marylebone, J. F. W. Herschel, esq., of Slough, to Miss Margaret Brodie.—At Marylebone, A. Taylor, esq., to Lydia, widow of Col. W. Cowper.—Rev. H. Traill, son of the Archdeacon

of Connor, to Anne, daughter of Sir Samuel Hayes, Bart.—At St. Pancras, Sir James Williams, to Miss A. Goodman.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Capt. H. Bentinck, son of Major-Gen. J. Charles and Lady Jemima Bentinck, to Cecilia Antoinette, daughter of Sir Admiral H. Whitshed.—Captain Byng, eldest son of Sir John Byng, to Lady Agnes Paget, fifth daughter of the Marquess of Anglesea.—J. Chitty, esq., to Miss Sarah Hardwick.—At Mitcham, W. Seymour, esq., to Sarah Lydia, eldest daughter of the late Sir Henry Oakes, Bart.—At Richmond, Don Manuel de la Torre, to Miss A. J. Harrison.—At Lincoln, Rev. W. J. C. Staunton, to Isabella, only daughter of the Dean of Lincoln.

### DEATHS.

At Blithfield, the Hon. Louisa, eldest daughter of Lord Bagot.—At Brighton, Dowager Countess of Minto.—At Sherborne, Eliza, grand-daughter of Lord Sherborne.—At Bath, D. H. Dallas, esq., only son of Lieut.-Gen. Sir T. Dallas.—In Grosvenor-square, Lady Robert Manners. 92.—Rev. C. Coxwell, 89; he had been rector of Barnsley 60 years; he was the father of the justices of Gloucestershire, the clergy of that diocese, and the University of Oxford.—Colonel Sir Robert Barclay, 71.—In Curzen-street, the Dowager Countess of Stanhope.—Henrietta, Dowager Lady Rodney, 85, relict of the late Admiral Lord Rodney.—At Market Drayton, John Shuter, 104.—In Spring Gardens, Louise Henriette, wife of Sir J. Scarlett, M.P. for Peterborough.—Mary, widow of the late Lord Seaforth.—At Southampton, Mrs. Chamier, 93, sister of the late A. Chamier, esq., M.P.—In Hanover-street, Colonel Sir Robert Barclay.—At Belfast, Dr. Young, Professor of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics to the Belfast Institution; he was much respected, and the concourse of people that attended his funeral was immense; all the shops were shut in the streets through which the long procession passed, and at his grave a very pathetic and impressive address was delivered by Dr. Hanna.—At Leicester, Mr. T. Phillips, 89; he has left 14 children, 87 grand children, 95 great grand children and 11 great great grand children—total 203.—At Camberwell, Lewis de Beaune, esq.—In Sloane-street, T. Hurlstone, esq., 72, author of several dramatic pieces.—At Harnels, the Hon. M. Perceval brother to the late Earl of Egremont.—At the Isle of Wight, G. Warde, esq., father to the member for the city.—Sir Mark Wood, proprietor of the celebrated rotten borough of Gatton, situated in his park near Riegate, Surrey.—At the workhouse, Thirsk, Mary Kilvington, 100; until within a year of her death she walked regularly every

Sunday to and from the Roman Catholic chapel at North Kilvington, four miles distant.—At Cannington Convent, the Rev. Dr. Collenridge, 90, vicar apostolic of the western district.—At Hale's-place, Sir E. Hales, Bart. 72.—In Harley-street, Mrs. B. E. Lloyd.—At Dummer-house, near Basingstoke, T. Terry, esq., 89.

#### DEATHS ABROAD.

At Rome, Mrs. F. Buller, wife of Lieut.-Gen. Buller.—At Chatelaine, Geneva, Mrs. Lloyd,

sister to the late Earl Whitechurch.—At Paris, Miss Haggerston, daughter of the late Sir Carnaby Haggerstone, Bart.—At Florence, Sir Grenville Temple, Bart.—At Port Sal, South America, Colonel W. Perks, he was basely murdered by banditti.—At Antwerp, Rev. R. Heber, of Bossal Hall, York.—At Rome, Giovanni Torlonia, Duke of Bracciano, long known as a celebrated banker there.—At Rome, Viscount Barrington, 68, Prebendary of Durham, and Rector of Sedgefield.—At Rome, Lady Abdy, 78.

### MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

**NORTHUMBERLAND.**—The trustees of the Newcastle Savings' Bank have published their account of last year up to Nov. 20, 1828, by which it appears that they have received since their establishment (and which is invested with the commissioners for the reduction of the national debt) the sum of £260,299, 13s. 6d. The number of depositors are 4,080; besides 120 friendly societies.

A grand ball was given, Feb. 6th, to the workmen and others employed at Gosforth colliery, on account of the coal having been won on the Saturday previous. The ball-room was at the depth of nearly 1,100 feet below the surface of the habitable globe, in the shape of an L, whose width was 15 feet, base 22 feet, and perpendicular 48 feet. Seats were placed round the sides of the room, the floor was flagged, and the whole place was brilliantly illuminated with lamps and candles. The company began to go down about half-past 9 o'clock, a.m.; the Coxlodge band was in attendance, and dancing continued, without intermission, till 3 o'clock p.m. There were present 100 ladies, and not the slightest accident occurred.

At the assizes for this county seven prisoners received sentence of death; one of them, Jane Jamieson, for the murder of her mother, in a fit of intoxication! She was executed March 7.

The combination, or vend of coals, at Newcastle and the neighbourhood, has fallen to pieces, in consequence of the seceding of some of the principal coal-owners. Coals fell immediately 4s. per chaldron.

At Newcastle, on the 10th of March, a meeting was held to petition Parliament in favour of the removal of all civil disabilities from the Roman Catholics. In a meeting of 12,000 persons, the petition was negatived by at least three to one.

Hare, the associate of Burke, has been apprehended at Newcastle, on suspicion of murdering a young man named Margetts, whose disappearance some time since occasioned considerable emotion in that town.

**DURHAM.**—At the Lent assizes, Mr. Justice Bayley regretted, in his address to the grand jury, that the calendar contained a very great number of charges. Seven prisoners were recorded for death, and several transported.

At the last Durham sessions, an inquisition was taken before the magistrates, to determine what amount should be paid by the Stockton and Darlington Railway Company to the Bishop of Durham for 6 acres, 1 rood, and 26 poles of land, required by the company for their railway; the

inquiry lasted from 10 o'clock in the morning till 8 at night, when £2,000 were awarded to the Bishop!!!

A penny post has been established to run between Hartlepool and Stockton.

A main of cocks was fought in Durham, the last week of February. The owner of one of the birds gave it the name of Lord Eldon; and this bird vanquished all its opponents, including one belonging to a man named *Peel*, and finally won the main!

A meeting of the Committees of the Insurance Associations of the port of Sunderland was held on the 11th of March, at which it was resolved not to accept lower rates of freight than were agreed to at the meeting of the 20th of January.

A gentleman who holds office under the Duke of Wellington, lately wrote to his brother, a clergyman in this county, to this effect—"His Grace—I heard it from his own lips—purposes, when the Catholic Relief Bill has become the law of the land, to make some important and unexpected alterations in the ecclesiastical departments."

**YORKSHIRE.**—A meeting of the proprietors of lands interested in the drainage of the Level of Hatfield Chase, was held recently at Doncaster, to consider a plan of warping and drainage for the general benefit of the Level.—The plan, of which prospectuses have been very extensively issued, comprehends the drainage of upwards of one hundred thousand acres, and the warping of fifteen thousand acres. The immediate object of the meeting was to ascertain whether the general consent of the proprietors to the proposed terms would be given. It appears, from the prospectuses, that the estimated expense of the works is £110,000. It was resolved that the plan should be adopted; and a committee appointed, to take the proper steps for carrying it into execution.

On account of the great increase of police business at Leeds, there is some talk of a stipendiary magistrate being appointed.

A great number of the inhabitants of Sheffield having agreed to a petition against concessions to the Roman Catholics, some of the Pro-Catholics called a meeting, at which an opposition petition was got up. The former was signed by 30,000, the latter by 8,000 persons.

On the 2d of March, an Anti-Catholic meeting was held. Ten thousand persons were present. There was no opposition; and petitions to the King, and to both Houses of Parliament, were adopted unanimously. The same day, at a meet-

ing at Barnsley, the Pro-Catholics were beaten by a majority of 3 to 1. At Doncaster, on the 26th of February, a Protestant meeting was held, and petitions adopted by a large majority. On the 2d of March, a Pro-Catholic meeting was held, which was attended by the Anti-Catholics in such numbers, that the chairman (Sir W. Cooke) did not dare to put the petition to the vote.

At Beverley, on the 5th of March, a meeting was held, at which were both Anti-Catholics and Pro-Catholics, the former in great numbers. It was assembled in the East Riding Session's House: and as the Anti-Catholics could not all get in, an adjournment was moved. The Mayor and the Anti-Catholics accordingly went to the market-place, where Protestant petitions were agreed to. The Liberals remained in the Session's House, and passed resolutions of a different tendency. At Rotherham petitions on both sides the question have been adopted.

The New Junction Dock Bridge, at Hull, was opened on the 7th of March; on which occasion the mail-coach passed over; a band playing God Save the King, and Rule Britannia.

A meeting was held at Doncaster on the 10th of March, at which it was resolved to open an institution in that town for the benefit of the deaf and dumb children of the poor of the county. The amount of annual subscriptions, at present, is about £100.

A very numerous meeting was held at the Festival Concert Room, York, on the 5th of March, of noblemen and gentlemen connected with the county, at which Mr. Smirke's report as to the damage done to York Minster by the late fire, and his estimate of the sum required for its repair, were read. The former differs nothing from the details previously laid before the public in the papers: the latter was estimated at £60,000. It was resolved, that the choir should be restored as nearly as possible to its former state; and the expense to be defrayed by public subscription.

A new church is about to be built at Hull; Mr. Hanson, of York, is the architect. The expense is estimated at £6,000.

Almost every village in Yorkshire have adopted petitions against the Roman Catholic claims.

**LINCOLNSHIRE.**—By the abstract of the accounts of the treasurer of the hundred of Elloe, it appears that the sum of £5,008, 8s. 2d. was raised for the expenses of that hundred, from Epiphany Sessions 1829, to those of 1829 inclusive.

The monthly report of the *casual* poor who have received relief in Boston during the month of January, has been published by order of the select vestry. No less than 231 names are inserted, and the sum distributed is little short of £100! This item is entirely *exclusive* of the regular paupers, who are wholly supported by the parish!!!

At Lincoln assizes, 20 prisoners were recorded for death; and a few transported, and imprisoned.

**STAFFORDSHIRE.**—The trustees of the Savings' Bank, established at the little town of Shenstone, have published an account of their receipts up to Nov. 29, 1829, by which it appears that the sum of £17,924, 14s. 8½d. has been received since its establishment.

**WARWICKSHIRE.**—At a public meeting held at Warwick, March 20, it was resolved to establish a Mechanics' Institution in that town, and

the names of 200 individuals were forthwith entered as members.

**WORCESTERSHIRE.**—At Worcester assizes, 28 prisoners were recorded for death; 4 transported, and 13 imprisoned.

**BEDFORDSHIRE.**—At Bedford assizes, 17 prisoners were recorded for death, 15 were transported, and 15 imprisoned for various periods.

**NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.**—At Northampton assizes, 6 prisoners were recorded for death, and 13 transported.

**SOMERSETSHIRE.**—At a meeting of the inhabitants of Taunton, convened by the bailiffs, March 10, it appeared by the report of the committee appointed for the relief of the distressed silk-weavers, that their distress has increased since the last public meeting for their relief in the proportion of five times its amount, they therefore resolved to call the attention of the affluent inhabitants, and particularly the ladies, to their melancholy situation, and to solicit personally from house to house, in aid of the fund.

By the annual report of the Taunton Eye Infirmary, it appears that last year 502 patients were received there, and 43 of the preceding year remained on the books; of whom 473 were cured, 32 benefited, 13 incurable, and 27 remains on the books.

**GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**—At the recent meeting of the managers, &c. of the Bristol Savings' Bank, it appeared by the statement made up to Nov. 20, last, that the whole receipts amounted to £307,278. 7s. 8d., and that the number of depositors had been 6,642.

At a very respectable meeting of principal land-owners and agriculturalists lately held at Cirencester, it was resolved unanimously, that a society should be forthwith formed, to be called "The Cirencester and Gloucestershire Agricultural Association," when Lord Sherborne was appointed president.

The city of Bristol has voted its freedom to the Earl of Eldon, as a token of respect for his opposition to the ministers in their encroachment of the constitution of settlement of 1688.

The concert and ball for the Spitalfield's weavers, at Bristol, under the auspices of the Mayor, &c., produced the sum of £318. 10s., after deducting all expenses.

**WILTSHIRE.**—At the assizes held at Salisbury, 12 prisoners were recorded for death, 17 were transported, and several imprisoned for various periods.

The first anniversary of the committee of the Trowbridge Tradesmen's Nightly Watch, was held, March 3, when it was announced with gratification, that for the last 12 months *not a single depredation had been committed within the watchman's beat, in watch hours*—that the whole expense attending it (including watch coats, rattles, lanthorns, printing, &c., together with the use of a room for the members to assemble in, on having gone their hourly rounds), had not amounted to £40, a great part of which would not occur again; whereas to employ and pay regular watchmen would cost upwards of £200.—That the society is still in active operation, de-

terminated to persevere in their system, and express a wish that other towns and populous villages will follow their example. The advantages ensuing from it are preservation of property, *prevention* of crime, saving expense of prosecution, attendance of witnesses at sessions or assizes, and of course a very considerable diminution of the county rates.

**DORSETSHIRE.**—At the assizes held at Dorchester, Mr. Justice Gaselee said "he was sorry to find that the calendar was of unusual magnitude." Ten prisoners were recorded for death, and several were transported.

The new road over Crackmoor Hill, between Sherborne and Milborne Port, is now opened. The mail passed over it, March 3, upon which occasion the workmen were regaled, and Milborne bells rang a merry peal. This road has been accomplished by filling the valley for a considerable extent and great depth; and also by cutting through the rock, from 40 to 50 feet perpendicular depth; the last 20 feet through a dense blue rock, which resisted all ordinary means of lifting, and yielded only to the explosive force of gunpowder. The great object has been obtained, of rendering the hill perfectly easy trotting ground, whilst the distance is actually lessened; this, and the other improvements upon the line of road from Salisbury, through Shaftesbury, Sherborne, Yeovil, Crewkerne, and Chard, to Exeter, cannot fail to confirm the public in their choice of this line as being the nearest and best, as it is also the most populous and beautiful in scenery.—*Western Flying Post.*

**HANTS.**—At the assizes held at Winchester, 18 prisoners were recorded for death; 13 transported, and several imprisoned.

**DEVONSHIRE.**—The trustees of the Devon and Exeter Savings' Bank have published an account of their funds up to November 20, 1828, by which it appears that they have invested in government securities the sum of £699,947. 1s. 3d., and that with £696. 13s. 6d. in the hands of their treasurer, the whole sum amounts to £700,643. 14s. 9d. Of this sum there belongs to 20,794 individuals £633,556. 8s. 8d.—to charitable institutions £15,031. 15s. 6d.—to friendly societies £51,886. 8d.—This excellent establishment was begun Dec. 4, 1815; and we believe it to be the most extensive of the kind in the United Kingdom.

**WALES.**—A special meeting of the trustees of the Radnorshire district of roads, was recently held at Presteign, when it was resolved to make a new line of road from the village of Llanvihangel Nantmellan, to the summit of Gorelis Pitch, on the road from New Radnor towards Rhayader and Aberystwith, and also a road from such new line to Llanelin Pool, in the direction of Builth; as thereby important improvements would be effected, and travelling through the district greatly facilitated.

**SCOTLAND.**—The exhibitions both of the Royal Institution and the Scottish Academy are now open, and we consider it a proud era in the history of Scotland, that Edinburgh possesses two such associations for the encouragement of the fine arts. The zeal and assiduity of the members of the Scottish Academy deserve every encourage-

ment, and their present collection is highly creditable to their taste and industry. The Royal Institution exhibition is upon the whole fully a better collection, though not a more prominent or striking one, than any we have yet seen at the rooms of the Royal Institution. In one or two particular departments, such as those of portrait and historical painting, it is superior to the exhibition of the Scottish Academy, but in general excellence and power, we are compelled to give the palm to the latter. In landscapes the institution is very deficient, and in domestic scenes it is altogether bare. The number and variety of portraits are the most prominent features of this year's exhibition.—*Edinburgh Evening Post.*

**IRELAND.**—His Grace and the Duchess of Northumberland, reached Kingston from Holyhead about three o'clock, March 6, on board the *Escape* packet; but their arrival not being expected at so early an hour, none of the government vessels in the harbour had gone out to meet them. At 7 o'clock the Viceregal party went on board the yacht, where an elegant breakfast was provided. At 9 o'clock the *Shamrock Hound*, and other vessels in the harbour, fired a salute in honour of his Grace's arrival, and shortly afterwards all the shipping in the bay hoisted their colours as a token of welcome. At 12 o'clock the Viceregal party left the yacht in a twelve-oared barge, manned from that vessel, and were landed on the spot from whence his Majesty embarked on leaving Ireland.—At this period there could not be less than 20,000 persons, of all sexes, ages, classes, and grades, on the pier, the rocks, and the shore. Their Graces were greeted with an universal burst of enthusiastic cheering on their landing, and several minutes elapsed before the effervescence of popular feeling had time to subside. Their Graces were received by the Harbour Commissioners and several persons of the highest distinction, including the Archbishop of Dublin and the Chief Justice of the King's Bench. Having been introduced, his Grace was pleased to invite them to take seats in his own carriage, and they rode with their Graces to the castle. The procession left Kingstown at a quarter past 12 o'clock, attended by such an immense crowd of persons that at one period it was impossible to advance.—The military presented arms as the procession moved along, and the bands, at equal distances, struck up the national anthem of "God save the King;" while the waving of hats and handkerchiefs from the windows and horse-tops, and cheers of the throng beneath, indicated the sincerest welcome of the people. The three state equipages presented a singularly elegant appearance. Each carriage was drawn by six richly-caparisoned horses, all decked with bows of light blue ribbon. The bodies were of a bright yellow colour, the liveries blue and silver, with yellow facings, and two large silver epaulets. The upper panels of his Grace's own carriage being glass, their Graces were enabled to see and be seen by the populace as they passed. The crowd made several desperate but ineffectual attempts to get nearer the carriage. Her Grace appeared highly delighted, and smiled repeatedly at the vigorous efforts made to obtain a more convenient proximity to the Vice-Regal equipage. She wore a velvet bonnet and feathers, and a purple silk dress, with ermine muff and tippet.



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[No. 41.

POPERY, AS IT WAS, AND WILL BE.—THE MASSACRE OF SAINT  
BARTHOLOMEW.

THE popish question is now a question no more. The question now is of the laws and liberties of Englishmen; how much we virtually have remaining this day of what we had this day month? at what measure the complacency of a legislature will stop, which has abandoned at a word the principles of the British government during a hundred years of unexampled success, freedom, and glory? and into what hands will henceforth devolve the care of that fragment of the constitution of 1688, which in the mercy of our lords and masters has been for a while conceded to the nation.

We will not *despair*. The word, however fitted for the times, is unworthy of the school in which we have learned the language of freemen. We may see a furious and reckless ambition lording it over the state; a ready profligacy in its accomplices, a feeble and broken resistance in its adversaries; corruption the code of the aristocracy; time-serving, place-hunting, and selfishness, the principles of the gentry; the multitude equally engrossed by a systematic and pampered scorn of their superiors, and a fierce appetite for rude indulgence of all kinds, and at all hazards;—we may see contempt of the people on the lips of their governors, and contempt of their governors retorted from the lips of the people; solemn lawyers ridiculing the principles of human right; proud soldiers scoffing at human honour; lofty statesmen vilifying the very existence of truth; and learned divines pronouncing before their astonished country that the guilty church of Rome is not idolatrous,—yet desperate as the whole aspect of public life is, we will not despair. And this we will not do, because we believe that there is a being superior to the vileness of man, who is not to be deluded by base hypocrisy, nor thwarted by miserable ambition; who will send out his judgments on the guilty whether they are wrapped in rags or in purple, and who in the face of the unbeliever will vindicate the sanctity of an oath, and the dignity of religion. Much as the doctrine may be openly reviled by the Jacobin, or practically denied by the sleek hunter after the good things of this world, we firmly believe that there is a God, and it is in this strong consciousness that we bid the virtuous, manly, and Christian portion of England, determine never to despair.

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We may see terrible days yet, miserable shame, and vast and various suffering ; and many wise, honourable, and pure, may be sufferers in the common calamity. But we shall see a majestic clearing up of the storm, the retributive thunders themselves sweeping away the national impurity ; and after the land has been relieved of its burthen, after the whole atrocious scene of crime, and corruption, wily perfidy, and headlong violence, has passed away with the rapidity and strangeness of a feverish dream, we shall see a new dawn summoning us to enjoy an atmosphere untainted by the night, and rejoice in a freshened and glorious face of society and nature.

We speak this in the strongest and calmest impression of our minds. We have nothing to bias us. We are no man's partizans, for party is actually extinguished, as much as a puppet show is extinguished when the showman throws his actors into his trunk, and having gained all that he could by their mock loves and quarrels, walks off with them at his back. We are no worshippers of political personages and their systems ; for experience has made us sick of the name ; and when we hear the word Statesman pronounced, we instinctively pronounce the word, Scoundrel. We are no religious traffickers in pretended sanctity, for the word Saint, has in our feelings assumed just the same synonym with Statesman, and while we have the power of pronouncing between right and wrong, between Christian truth and the vilest love of lucre, we shall not hesitate to think that the saint who makes his way to office by his supreme piety of face ; who hunts for money through the dingy passages of the Treasury one day, and of the tabernacle the other ; and who, in his zeal for negro happiness, sends his assorted cargoes, layer on layer, of methodist tracts between new rum and Birmingham muskets, is a pest to society and a disgrace to religion. We are now neither Whig nor Tory, for now the names convey no meaning beyond that of the slave already purchased, and the slave waiting to be purchased. But we are lovers of our country, let her fates be what they will ; haters of her enemies, whatever masque they may wear ; and lookers forward to that high and illustrious day of restoration, when the land shall be roused from its depths by a voice which none can disobey—when the guilty and the great shall call even for the rocks and mountains to fall upon them, if they could but hide them from the presence of that hour of reckoning ; and when the long tried and forgotten sons of integrity shall be summoned from their obscure and humble rank among the corrupted race of mankind, to be thenceforth the guides and the lights of the globe. We are the more strongly convinced of the coming of some great consummation, from the more complete guilt of the public abandonment of protestantism. In all those other periods of British history which exhibited protestantism in a state of depression, popery had been in some degree a necessary result of public circumstances. There had been a popish king urging his religion on the legislature, or popish councillors urging their religion on a protestant king ; or, as in the earlier reigns, popery had been so deeply wrought into the state and nation, that to relieve the constitution from its influence at the moment was found impossible.

But, in our instance, all has been the direct reverse. We have had neither the popish king nor the popish minister, nor the popish parliament, nor the popish nation. We have had a country and a state cleared of all popish influence for a hundred years. We have had the most singular prosperity of any nation on record, from the time when we pub-

licly, and as our fathers rashly deemed, for ever, excluded popery from all influence in England. We bore all the characteristics of the favoured people of Providence, from the moment when we finally and unequivocally pledged ourselves, and bound our sovereign never to stain the nation with the admission of Romish slaves into our free state, and the conjunction of Romish idolatry with our pure religion.

But now in scorn of experience, in the total absence of any necessity—fot the minister's alarms were denied by himself, and scoffed at by every one else—in the face of the oaths which our legislators, one and all, have taken, that Popery is a superstition, and thereby a guilty and groundless absurdity, and that it is an idolatry, and thereby a direct enemy to the religion of God; we have welcomed this superstition and idolatry; we have volunteered the connexion, we have actually solicited the complete and final junction with this worship which *all our men in authority have been pronouncing criminal for the last three hundred years*. If the adoption of popery into union with protestantism be an act of guilt, never has the perpetration been more public, gratuitous and conclusive. We have even, for the obvious purpose of discountenancing at once all doubt on the completeness of the junction, and of casting off all appearance of reserve, ostentatiously abandoned every thing in the shape of securities. It is true that the king had declared that the most cautious and satisfactory securities should be given. But his Grace, the minister, subsequently found "that he had never said one word about securities," and that the true securities were to consist in there being no securities at all. Mr. Peel had the same song on his lips, and found that "formal securities" were apt to give offence, and that "the true security was in the thousands of petitions," every one of which, as it happened, was a direct assault upon the miserable duplicity of that right honourable personage. Beyond this "infringement of the constitution of 1688," nothing further can be required in point of principle. We shall see the principle exemplified: in what shape a few years, probably a few months will tell; and we may well look with terror on the common fates that have long marked every popish kingdom of Europe. We have a large field of view before us; Poland, with her furious civil wars, and her final dismemberment—Italy, with her contemptible tyrannies, her private profligacy, her priest-ridden people, and her foreign masters—Spain, with her perpetual civil tumults, her dismembered colonies, her ruinous invasion, and her hopeless slavery—Portugal, with her civil war, her separated transatlantic empire, her guilty clergy, and her bitter and suspicious usurper—France, with the memory of her hideous revolution still fevering her blood, the perpetual scaffold, the confiscation of hereditary property, the universal foreign war, the Vendée, that cut off half a million of men, the military despotism, and finally, that fierce concussion and trampling of armies, that was necessary to smoothe the soil for the return of even that feeble and dubious charter that she was willing, after all her miseries, to accept as a substitute for a free constitution.

Those examples are irresistible evidence of the operation of popery on the freedom and civil happiness of states at this hour. But are we to hear that its perfidy and persecution are to be dreaded no longer. We must demand what part of the Romish code of treachery and cruelty has been abrogated within the last three hundred years? Where has Rome abandoned, by any authentic declaration from the only authority

on those things, the pope, or the pope at the head of a council, the right to excommunicate kings, to extinguish the scriptures, and to burn those who refuse slavish obedience to its worship? Not a syllable of those assumed rights of tyranny and blood has been erased from the code of the vatican.

Are we to hear that persecution can never return, and has been virtually abandoned? We must demand how many *native* protestant congregations are there at this hour in Italy, Spain, or Portugal? We answer, not one. Where there are no victims there can be no fires. The foreign protestants in those countries are merely suffered; are besides under the protection of their respective governments; and what is the chief source of safety after all, they are the means of bringing a large addition to the court revenue. In France alone, the native protestants enjoy considerable privileges; but those privileges were not the grant of popery. They were in the first instance wrung from popery by arms in the wars of the league. The subsequent power of popery in the seventeenth century was shown in the sudden disruption of all treaties, and the furious persecution that, after slaying tens of thousands of protestants, drove half a million into exile, with the utter confiscation of their property. This act of perfidy and horror, which threw the whole of popish Europe into paroxysms of joy, was revenged in 1789 by the Revolution, which overturned the superstitious priesthood, the corrupt nobility, and the infidel court of France. But this fearful judgment, by a signal providence gave civil liberty to French protestantism; a liberty which it still enjoys, though seriously thwarted by the jealousy of the court, and tormented by the restless irritation of the priesthood; a liberty which trembles, like that of every protestant congregation of the whole continent, on the fates of English protestantism. Let popery but once see popish influence active in the British legislature; cardinals confronting protestant bishops, and the delegates of the Irish priests laying down the law for the British people; a steady majority of a hundred furious devotees making the minister irresistible when he is for them, and impotent when he is against them: we shall then soon see how temporary has been the slumber of popery. We shall then have clearer demonstration than from books, that Rome is the same every hour since the triumphant days of the inquisition. We shall then hear the voice from the east, and from the west, from the north, and the south, lamentation and mourning and woe; and then shall we learn that the power of the prince of this world is come.

It has been publicly declared that the opposers of popery are contemptuous of the authority of the past, and that history should teach them confidence in the new allies who have been brought to the honour and glory of the popedom in the British empire. One orator—may it be written on his grave—has told us, that in protestant hands history is only an old almanack: and a hundred orators equally honest, and equally to be relied on, have told us, that the horrid outrages which cover the popish history with blood, have had nothing to do with its spirit, have had nothing to do with its rulers, and have nothing to do with our natural feelings on giving the professors of those revolting doctrines the ultimate power over ourselves. Our answer to all this eloquence is a single and straightforward appeal to the fact. Without wandering over the wilderness of history, we fix upon a distinct and unquestionable crisis; one, of which the horrors are unexampled, the treacheries pal-

pable, and the connexion with the popedom is established by every evidence that can bring conviction to the mind of man; the massacre of the protestant princes and gentlemen in Paris, in the memorable year 1572.

The design of this comprehensive butchery seems to have directly originated with the court of Rome. Only three years before the massacre, Pius the Vth, despairing of the extinction of the protestants by open arms, darkly suggested a way more secret and more sure.

“Our zeal,” said his letter to the Cardinal of Lorraine, “gives us the right of earnestly exhorting and exciting you to use all your influence for procuring a definitive and serious adoption of *the measure* most proper for bringing about the *destruction* of the implacable enemies of God and the king.” A letter to Charles the IXth, written soon after,\* is not less explicit. “We pray God to grant your majesty the victory over our common enemies. When God, as we trust, shall have given us the victory, it will then be for you to *punish* with the *utmost rigour* the *heretics* and their leaders, because they are the *enemies of God*; you must avenge upon them not only your own injuries, but also those of Almighty God.”†

The battle of Jarnac was fought, and the Protestants suffered a defeat. The Pope could not restrain his exultation at this prospect of ruin to the “heretics,” and he laboured to stimulate the fierce spirit of the French court to immediate and remorseless massacre.

“The more,” said this atrocious manifesto, “the Lord has treated you and me with kindness, the more you ought to take advantage of the opportunity which this victory offers to you, for pursuing and destroying all the enemies that still remain; for *tearing up entirely all the roots*, and even the smallest fibres of the roots, of so terrible and confirmed an evil. For unless they are *radically extirpated*, they will be found to shoot out again; and as it has already happened several times, the mischief will reappear, when your majesty least expects it. You will bring this about, if no *consideration for persons*, or worldly things, *induces you to spare* the enemies of God, who have never spared God; who have never spared yourself. For you will not succeed in turning away the wrath of God, except by *avenging him rigorously* on the wretches who have offended him; by inflicting on them the punishment they deserve.”

The Pope did not neglect a person of so much influence as the queen mother; but, as if he knew her wolfish spirit, he writes to her in the still plainer terms, of promising the assistance of Heaven, if she pursue the enemies of the Catholic religion, “till they are all *massacred*; for it is only by the *entire extermination* of the *heretics*, that the Catholic worship can be restored.” In another letter he tells her, that having heard it stated, “that some persons were exerting themselves to save a small number of the prisoners, he warned her to be careful that no such thing should be done; and adjured her to *neglect no means* that these abominable men should suffer the punishment they deserved.”

Those letters are undenied; they are public documents of French history; and what can be more hideously sanguinary than their spirit! We are to remember, too, that they are the commands of one who holds the supreme rank in spiritual things over the minds of papists, that he is to them infallible, “the vicar of God, a God on earth.” We cannot

\* 13th of January 1569.

† 6th of March 1569.

wonder at the horrid iniquities, the complication of perfidy and blood-thirstiness, that so immediately after deluged France with murder.

The mind of the court being thus prepared by the exhortations of Pius the Vth to every individual of influence round the person of the young king, Catherine and her councillors waited only for an opportunity of striking the decisive blow. At the conferences of Bayonne in 1567, the Pope, Philip of Spain, and Catherine, had formed the design of extinguishing the Protestants; but it is not clear that they looked further than to the assassination of the leading princes and nobles, presuming, that with the loss of the leaders the party would perish. But the crime became familiar by contemplation. The death of the prince of Condé at Jarnac, seemed to produce so slight an impression on the fortunes of the Protestants, and so many bold and able men were seen ready to supply the place of those who fell in the field, that a more sweeping measure of ruin was resolved on in a cabinet, which seemed less of human council than of the fierce malignity and furious rebellion of fiends.

In 1570 the treaty of St. Jermain en l'Aye was made, and thenceforth the whole policy of the queen was directed to lulling the suspicions of the Protestants, and drawing them to Paris. For this purpose a marriage was proposed between Henry, the son of the queen of Navarre, and the princess Margaret, sister of Charles the IXth. A long course of the most dextrous dissimulation overcame Coligny, the Protestant leader's, prudence, and he attended the court. The queen followed his example. She arrived in Paris in May, and was poisoned within a month. But this period of popish supremacy was the period of poisoning. Coligny's brother had died by poison. Coligny himself was attempted by poison, and Philip the II<sup>nd</sup> of Spain had poisoned his wife, the king of France's sister. A powerful and sagacious enemy was thus removed, but her death served as a protection to many of the Protestants, for it startled them so much, that they retired from Paris, and the general fears of the reformed were suddenly awakened. A saying of the Baron de Rosny, the father of the celebrated Duke of Sully, is reported, "If the prince of Bearn's marriage is to be in Paris, the wedding favours will be crimson."

On the 18th of August, 1572, this ill-omened marriage took place. Four days were spent in public rejoicing. On the fourth day, Coligny returning from the Louvre, was fired at from the house of Villemur, the Duke of Guise's tutor, in the Rue des Fosses, St. Germain. He was wounded in both arms. Paris was instantly in confusion, and the princes of Navarre and Condé demanded an audience of the king for vengeance on the assassin Maurevel and his employers. To lull suspicion to the last, the court visited Coligny in his bed. Councils were now held in rapid succession, to decide upon the means of striking the final blow. One of the points discussed was the death of the young king of Navarre, and the prince of Condé. The arrangements were at length made. The Duke of Guise was to murder Coligny on hearing the palace bell ring. Tavannes, a celebrated officer, was to muster the armed citizens at midnight, at the Hotel de Ville; when on the signal of the bell, they were to barricade the streets, and get ready for the massacre. To keep up the delusion, the king rode out with the chevalier d'Angouleme, his natural brother, in the afternoon, through the streets; and the queen had her court circle as usual. Secrecy was to be rigorously observed, and yet secrecy must have exposed some who were not intended for the common

slaughter. The Duchess of Lorraine, who was in the secret, wished her sister, the young queen of Navarre, not to go to bed. But Catherine prevented her importunity from betraying the massacre, by saying, that if she were not suffered to go, it might produce suspicion. The king wished to save the Count de Rochefoucault, and bade him remain that night in the Louvre; but the Count would sleep at home. Charles let him go, saying, that "it was clear that God intended him to perish." But Ambrose Parè, the king's surgeon, was not to be hazarded on any account, and Charles commanded his stay in the Louvre.

As midnight approached, the armed companies were collecting before the Hotel de Ville. They required some strong excitement to bring them to a proper mind; and in order to animate and exasperate them, they were told that a horrible conspiracy was discovered which the Huguenots had made against the king, the queen mother, and the princes, without excepting the king of Navarre, for the destruction of the monarchy and religion; that the king wishing to anticipate so execrable an attempt, commanded them to fall at once upon all those cursed heretics, (rebels against God and the king) without sparing one; and that afterwards their property should be given up to plunder. This was sufficient inducement for a populace who naturally detested the Huguenots. Every thing being thus arranged, they impatiently waited the dawn, and the signal which it was to bring with it.

The wretched king of France had gone so far, that a retreat was impossible; but there is every reason to believe, that even at the last moment he would gladly have obeyed the dictates of nature, and have desisted from the cruel purpose. Among the inferior classes of murderers, whose condition is unable to protect them from the laws, we frequently find, that unless their lives have been of an abandoned description, they have generally hesitated at the moment of committing the crime, and have required some excitement to urge them to the work. The hesitation, therefore, which Charles displayed, was natural; although depraved in his mind, and vindictive in his disposition, his rank had preserved him from conduct which would sear his feelings; and we find that too late he sent orders to prevent the massacre from taking place. But the queen had perceived the inquietude which tormented him; she saw that if the signal depended upon him, he would not have resolution to give it; she considered that the hour should be hastened to prevent any rising remorse from destroying her work; she therefore made another effort to inflame her son, by telling him that the Protestants had discovered the plot; and then sent some one to ring the bell of St. Germain L'Auxerrois, an hour earlier than had been agreed upon.\* A few moments after was heard the report of a pistol, which had such an effect on the king, that he sent orders to prevent the massacre, but it was then too late. †

Guise, who had waited with impatience for the signal, went at once to Coligny's house, accompanied by his brother Aumale, Angouleme, and a number of gentlemen. Cossicius, who commanded the guards posted there, broke open the doors in the king's name, and murdered some Swiss who were placed at the bottom of the stairs. Besme, a Lorrain,

\* De Thou, liv. 52. vol. 6. p. 397.—The church bell was rung at two o'clock in the morning of Sunday the 24th of April.

† Villeroy, vol. 2, p. 88.

and Pestrucchi, an Italian, both in Guise's pay, then went up stairs to the Admiral, followed by some soldiers. He awoke by the noise, and asked one of his attendants what it was; he replied, "My lord, God calls us to himself." Coligny then said to his attendants, "Save yourselves, my friends; all is over with me. I have been long prepared for death." They all quitted him but one, and he betook himself to prayer, awaiting his murderers. Every door was soon broke open, and Besme presented himself. "Art thou Coligny?" said he. "I am he indeed," said the Admiral; "young man you ought to respect my grey hairs; but do what you will, you can shorten my life only by a few days." Besme replied only by plunging his sword into Coligny's body; his companions then gave him numerous stabs with their daggers. Besme then called out of the window to Guise, that it was done. "Very well," replied he, "but M. d'Angouleme will not believe it, unless he sees him at his feet." The corpse was then thrown out into the court from the window; and the blood spirted out on the faces and clothes of the princes. Guise wiped the murdered man's face in order to recognize him, and then gave orders to cut off his head.\*

The ringing of the bell of St. Germain L'Auxerrois was answered by the bells of all the churches, and the discharge of fire-arms in different parts. Paris resounded with cries and howlings, which brought the defenceless people out of their dwellings, not only unarmed, but half naked. Some tried Coligny's house in the hope of obtaining protection, but the companies of guards quickly dispatched them; the Louvre seemed to hold out a refuge, but they were driven away by men armed with spears and musquetry. Escape was almost impossible; the numerous lights placed in the windows deprived them of the shelter which the darkness would have afforded them; and patrols traversed the streets in all directions, killing every one they met. From the streets they proceeded to the houses; they broke open the doors, and spared neither age, sex, nor condition. A white cross had been put in their hats to distinguish the catholics, and some priests holding a crucifix in one hand, and a sword in the other, preceded the murderers, and encouraged them in God's name to spare neither relatives or friends. When the daylight appeared, Paris exhibited a most appalling spectacle of slaughter: the headless bodies were falling from the windows, the gateways were blocked up with dead and dying, and the streets were filled with carcases, which were drawn on the pavement to the river.†

Even the Louvre became the scene of great carnage; the guards were drawn up in a double line, and the unfortunate Huguenots who were in that place were called one after another, and were killed with the soldiers' halberds, most of them without complaining or even speaking; others appealed to the public faith and the sacred promise of the king. "Great God," said they, "be the defence of the oppressed. Just Judge, avenge this perfidy." Some of the king's servants, who lived in the palace, were killed in bed.

Tavannes, Guise, Montpensier, and Angouleme, rode through the streets, encouraging the murderers. Guise told them it was the king's wish; that it was necessary to kill the very last of the heretics, and

\* De Thou, liv. 52.

† D'Aubigné Davila, Maimbourg, De Thou, Mathieu, &c. &c. Mem. de Tavannes, p. 418. Davila, liv. v. p. 620.



crush the race of vipers. Tavannes ferociously exclaimed, "Bleed! bleed! the doctors tell us that bleeding is as beneficial in August as in May."

These exhortations were not lost upon an enraged multitude, and the different companies emulated each other in atrocity. One Cruce, a goldsmith, boasted of having killed four hundred persons with his own hand.

The massacre lasted during the whole week, but after the first day its fury considerably abated; indeed, on the Tuesday a proclamation was issued for putting an end to it, but no measures were taken for enforcing the order; the people, however, were no longer urged on to the slaughter. What horrors were endured during that time, can be best described by those who were present or contemporaries. Sully gives the following account of his suffering: "I went to bed overnight very early; I was awoke about three hours after midnight by the noise of all the bells, and by the confused cries of the populace. St. Julien, my governor, went out hastily with my valet-de-chambre to learn the cause, and I have never since heard anything of those two men, who were without doubt sacrificed amongst the first to public fury. I remained alone dressing myself in my chamber, where a few minutes after I observed my host enter, pale, and in consternation. He was of the religion, and having heard what was the matter, he had decided on going to mass to save his life, and preserve his house from plunder. He came to persuade me to do the same, and to take me with him. I did not think fit to follow him. I resolved on attempting to get to the college of Burgundy, where I studied, notwithstanding the distance of the house where I lived from that college, which made my attempt very dangerous. I put on my scholars' gown, and taking a pair of large prayer-books under my arm, I went down stairs. I was seized with horror as I went into the street at seeing the furious men in every direction, breaking open the houses, and calling out—"Kill, massacre the Huguenots!" and the blood which I saw shed before my eyes redoubled my fright. I fell in with a body of soldiers, who stopped me; I was questioned—they began to ill-treat me, when the books which I carried were discovered, happily for me, and served me for a passport. Twice afterwards I fell into the same danger, from which I was delivered with the same good fortune. At length I arrived at the college of Burgundy; a still greater danger awaited me there. The porter having twice refused me admittance, I remained in the middle of the street at the mercy of the ruffians, whose numbers kept increasing, and who eagerly sought for their prey, when I thought of asking for the principal of the college, named Lafaye, a worthy man, and who tenderly loved me. The porter, gained by some small pieces of money which I put into his hand, did not refuse to fetch him. The good man took me to his chamber, where two inhuman priests, whom I heard talk of the Sicilian Vespers, tried to snatch me from his hands, to tear me to pieces, saying, that the order was to kill even the infants at the breast. All that he could do was to conduct me to a remote closet, where he locked me in. I remained there three whole days, uncertain of my fate, and receiving no assistance but from a servant of this charitable man, who came from time to time, and brought me something to live upon."

The Queen of Navarre has also given an account of the dreadful night which preceded, or rather ushered in the massacre. She relates,

that in retiring to rest her husband's bed was surrounded by thirty or forty Huguenots, who were talking all night of the accident which had befallen the admiral, and resolved the next morning to insist upon the king's doing justice for them on the Guises. No sleep was to be had under such circumstances, and before day the King of Navarre rose with the intention of playing at tennis till the king (Charles) was up. When the King of Navarre and his gentleman had retired, the queen soon fell asleep. In less than an hour she was woke up by a man striking with his hands and feet against the door of her chamber, and calling out 'Navarre! Navarre!' Margaret's chambermaid opened the door, and immediately a man covered with blood, and pursued by four soldiers, ran in for refuge. "He, wishing for protection," says Margaret, "threw himself on my bed. I, feeling a man lay hold of me, threw myself out at the bed-side, and him after me, still holding me round the body. I did not know the man, nor did I know if he came there to injure me, or whether the soldiers were after him or me; we both of us cried out, and were both equally frightened." It was with difficulty the queen could obtain this person's pardon; the captain of the guards conducted her to the chamber of her sister, the Duchess of Lorraine; and at the moment of entering that apartment, a gentleman was killed close to her. She almost fainted away, and could only be brought to by her sister's care.

On coming to herself, the Queen of Navarre inquired for her husband, who on quitting his room had been conducted to the king's presence, along with the Prince of Condé. They were not allowed to take their swords, and on the way they saw several of their friends murdered before them, particularly the brave Piles, who so valiantly defended St. Jean d'Angely. In order to frighten them into compliance with the king's wishes, they were made to feel the full extent of their danger; they passed through long lines of soldiers, who were prepared to massacre them. Charles received them in great anger, and commanded them with his usual oaths and blasphemies to renounce the religion which they had only taken as a pretext for their rebellion. As the princes, however, expressed the difficulty they felt in changing their creed, his rage became excessive, and he told them that he would no longer be thwarted in his wishes by his subjects; that they ought to teach others by their example to revere him as the image of God, and be no longer the enemies of his mother's images. The Prince of Condé boldly told him, that he was accountable to God alone for his religion; that his possessions and his life were in his majesty's power, and he might dispose of them as he pleased; but that no menaces, nor even death should make him renounce the truth. They were then remanded for three days, with the information, that if they did not become catholics they would be treated as guilty of high treason, both human and divine. The King of Navarre was in addition to send an order to his states, forbidding the exercise of every religion but the Romish.

The Marshal de la Force was a child at the time of the massacre; he has left some memoirs of his life, and has given the following narrative of what occurred to him. "A horse-dealer, who had seen the Duke of Guise and his satellites go into the Admiral Coligny's house, and who, gliding through the crowd, had witnessed the murder of that nobleman, ran immediately to give information to M. Cammont de La Force, to whom he had sold ten horses a week before."

La Force and his two sons lodged in the Faubourg St. Germain, as well as many Calvinists. There was not then any bridge which joined this Faubourg to the city. All the boats had been seized by order of the court to carry over the assassins. The horse-dealer plunged in, swam across, and informed M. de la Force of his danger. La Force was out of his house, and had time enough to save himself; but seeing his children did not follow him, he returned to fetch them. He had scarcely entered again when the assassins arrived. One Martin at their head entered his room, disarmed him and his two children, and told him, with dreadful oaths, that he must die. La Force offered him a ransom of two thousand crowns. The captain accepted it. La Force swore to pay it to him in two days, and immediately the assassins, after having stripped the house, told La Force and his children to put their handkerchiefs to their hats in the form of a cross, and made them tuck up their right sleeves on their shoulder: that was the token for the murderers. In this state they made them pass the river, and conducted them into the city. The Marshal de la Force declares that he saw the river covered with dead bodies. His father, his brother, and he, landed before the Louvre. There they saw several of their friends murdered; and among others the brave De Piles, father of him who killed in a duel the son of Malherbe. From thence Captain Martin took his prisoners to his house, Rue des Petits Champs, made La Force and his sons swear that they would not go out thence before they had paid the two thousand crowns, and went in search of other Calvinists to massacre in the city.

One of the Swiss, touched with compassion, offered the prisoners to let them escape. La Force would do nothing of the kind. He answered, that he had pledged his word, and that he would rather die than forfeit it. An aunt of his had procured him the two thousand crowns, and they were going to be delivered to Captain Martin, when the Count de Coconas (the same who was afterwards beheaded) came to tell La Force that the Duke of Anjou wished to speak to him. Immediately he made the father and the children go down stairs, bareheaded and without their cloaks. La Force plainly saw that they were leading him to death; he followed Coconas, praying him to spare his two innocent children. The younger (aged thirteen years, the writer of this, and who was called James Nonpar) raised his voice, and reproached the murderers with their crimes, telling them they would be punished for them by God. In the meantime the two children were led with their father to the end of the Rue des Petits Champs. They first gave the elder several stabs. He cried out, "Ah! my father! Oh! my God, I am dead." At the same instant the father fell upon his son's body covered with wounds. The younger, covered with their blood, but who, by an astonishing miracle, had received no stab, had the prudence to cry out also, "I am dead." He then threw himself down between his father and his brother, and received their last sighs. The murderers, believing them all dead, went away, saying, "There they are all three." Some wretches afterwards came to strip the bodies. The young La Force had one stocking left. A marker of Verdelet's tennis-court wished to have it: in taking it off, he mused on the body of the young child. "Alas!" said he, "what a pity! This is but a child: what can he have done?" These words of compassion obliged the little La Force to raise his head gently, and say in a low voice, "I am not yet dead." The poor man answered, "Do not stir, child, have patience." In the evening, he came to fetch him. "Get

up," said he, "they are no longer here," and put a shabby cloak upon his shoulders. As he conducted him, some of the executioners asked him, "Who is that boy?" "It is my nephew," said he, "who has got drunk; you see what a state he is in: I am going to give him a good whipping." At last the poor marker took him to his house, and asked thirty crowns for his reward. From thence the young La Force was taken, in the disguise of a beggar, to the arsenal, to his relative, Marshal Biron, grand master of the artillery. He was concealed some time in the girls' chambers. At length, hearing that the court were hunting after him to destroy him, he made his escape in the dress of a page, under the name of Beaupug.

Although bigotry and fanaticism were the chief motives with the murderers, part of the crimes committed on the occasion were the effect of other bad passions, and many true Catholics were involved in the massacre. Those who were rich were sacrificed by their heirs, and many fell victims to private resentments. The Marshals Biron and Cossé were both devoted to destruction through the effect of personal dislike; but Cossé found a powerful intercessor in the Duke of Anjou's mistress; and Biron, who was commander of the Bastile, defended himself by pointing cannon against the infuriated mob. This attempt against him ensured his assistance for those Huguenots who sought his help.

In the meantime, Coligny's body was the object of every kind of insult. His head was cut off and sent to Catherine. What became of it afterwards is unknown. Some say it was sent to the Pope; others, to the King of Spain. His body was mangled, and drawn through the streets during two or three days. The populace threw it into the river, but afterwards drew it out again, and hung it up by the heels at the gibbet of Montfaucon: a fire was placed underneath and disfigured it horribly.

It was in this state when Charles went with his court to indulge in the sight of his murdered enemy, the same whom a few days before he had called his father, assuring him that he should always consider him a faithful subject and a brave general. Some of the courtiers stopping their noses on account of the smell, the king remarked, "I do not as you do, for the smell of a dead enemy is always good."

Marshal Montmorency employed some persons to take down the miserable remains at night, and placed them in a secret place, being afraid to trust them in the chapel at Chantilly lest they should be taken away. They were afterwards interred at Montauban; and, subsequently, when the decrees against Coligny's memory were reversed, they were removed to the tomb of his ancestors at Chatillon sur Loire.

The savage passion for blood was mingled with the horrid mirth of savages. The king and his companions enjoyed the popular sport, and even the ladies of the court made a promenade through the squares of the Louvre to amuse their curiosity by walking among the bleeding bodies of the Protestant gentlemen who had been at their parties but a few hours before. All that fell on this dreadful occasion were not butchered at once. Among them were nearly eight hundred who had taken refuge in the prisons, expecting, of course, that this proof of reliance on the government would have saved them from its rage. The soldiery, however, were sent after them; they were brought out one by one, murdered, and then thrown into the Seine.

The orders had rapidly spread to the provinces, and not only the

great cities, but the villages, and even the châteaux, were deluged with slaughter. Sully computes the number of the slain at 70,000; De Thou at 30,000. But Sully, from his rank, his personal connexion with the leading individuals of the French court in the reign of Henry IV., and his unimpeached honour, may be presumed the true authority.

The first object of the French king, after glutting his thirst of slaughter, was to disguise his share in the conspiracy. But his words on the day itself, that, "now every one must turn Catholic!" were too well remembered; and it was undeniable that he was seen firing from the Louvre windows on the fugitives, and exclaiming, "Kill! kill them!"

A more specious contrivance was equally ineffectual. On the 26th, he went to mass with his court to thank Heaven for having saved him from the Protestants; and on his return to the palace he held a "*lit de justice*," in which, changing the former ground, of the massacre having been an accidental tumult, he observed, that it was committed by his orders, but that it had become necessary to prevent an attack on the royal person by the Protestants. In two days after, the king, by proclamation, declared himself the author of the massacre, and, at the same time prohibited the exercise of protestanism "till provision were made for the public tranquillity." This was followed by a parliamentary decree, declaring the memory of Coligny infamous; and the French ambassadors were everywhere directed to put this colouring on the conduct of Charles. But they were everywhere received with either open horror or open incredulity. Elizabeth's reception of the ambassador Fenelon was characteristic. She and her whole court were in deep mourning. Nothing could be at once more dignified and more expressive. Two sovereigns, and but two, welcomed the tidings: those two were the King of Spain, and the Pope. The King of Spain, however, had one regret; it was, that the work was not completed by the death of the young King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé.

But at Rome the triumph was open and boundless. The messenger who brought the dispatch to the Cardinal of Lorraine, was rewarded like one who had brought the news of a great victory. The Cardinal Alexander exclaimed, exultingly, "*The King of France has kept his word!*" And the Pope, Gregory XIII., ordered a grand procession, went to high mass, had "*Te Deum*" sung, the cannon of St. Angelo fired, and a medal struck, in commemoration of this holy slaughter, bearing on one side his own head, and on the other the destroying angel smiting the Protestants; the motto, to make all clear, being, "*Huguenotorum Strages. 1572.*"

The natural reflection upon events like this—and the massacre is but one of many in the history of this tremendous power—is, whether there is discoverable in the laws of popery any rational ground for conceiving that with the new extent of its influence that must follow from its admission into the Legislature, the old and undying antipathy of Rome to every shape of truth, whether civil or religious, may not be expected to start up again? The Government of Charles I. among ourselves, by encouraging the papists in Ireland was the direct and immediate origin of the Irish massacre of 1641, which was computed to have destroyed upwards of a hundred thousand Protestants, almost at the instant. The tampering of the Government in our own time with the Irish papists produced the rebellion of 1798, in which a great number

of Protestant gentlemen and their families were murdered in cold blood, on the mere assumption of their being "heretics." There is now no doubt on the mind of any reasonable man, that the tampering of Charles II. with the papists in England and abroad, was on the very verge of producing a general popish insurrection, aided by a foreign army, and that the original depositions of Titus Oates were true, though he subsequently disgraced their truth by the perjuries with which he strove to sustain himself as an object of public interest.

We deprecate all those fearful consequences; but it is the knowledge that those consequences have *always* followed hitherto, that makes us so deeply deprecate the measure that has been forced upon the country. God grant that they may not follow; that the national voice so strongly raised against the measure, may have reached a higher tribunal than the throne of man, and have averted the punishment of tergiversation and apostacy at least from the people. None will be more rejoiced at the unbroken tranquillity of the empire than ourselves; but we must long tremble.

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THE WARRIORS.

Long life to the men of the pistols and swords!  
 Long life to the men that can eat their own words!  
 Long life to the flyers! long life to the fighters!  
 Long life to the holy Lord Curtis's writers!  
 Tol de rol.

Long life to the warrior, so gay and gallant,  
 That neither the duke nor the devil could daunt,  
 Who swore by his whiskers he'd die on the spot,  
 Or he'd make certain ministers know what was what!  
 Tol de rol.

Long life to the swearer! long life to the throng,  
 That shouted from shore as his yacht flew along!  
 Long life to the tear that he dropt for his cows,  
 For his daughters, and Wellesley's sweet *ci-devant* spouse!  
 Tol de rol.

And long life to the wisdom that tempered his vigour,  
 And bade him put up in its case his hair trigger;  
 And whispered him, "Asses have no brains to spare;  
 So go and beg pardon—Ground arms!—As you were!"  
 Tol de rol.

"And knowing henceforth that your head and your buff  
 Are gifted by nature with lead quite enough,  
 Go, make up your mind that your buff and your head  
 Shall be safe from all lining, except their own lead."  
 Tol de rol.

Now long life to all heroes, on horse or on foot!  
 Long life to the talkers! long life to the mute!  
 Long life to the trickers! long life to the tricked!  
 Long life to the kickers! long life to the kicked!  
 Tol de rol.

Long life to the man that can swallow his spittle!  
 Long life to the great, and long life to the little!  
 Long life to the slave that can simper and sprawl!  
 And long life to the Marquis, the Marshal, and all!  
 Tol de rol.

## THREE YEARS AT CAMBRIDGE.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1819, I left R——g school for Cambridge. There is a wild, buoyant feeling of independence, a strange mixture of sadness and enthusiasm, that alternately sways the mind at the idea of thus throwing off for ever the trammels of scholastic bigotry, and putting on instead the *toga virilis* of manhood. While we are at school—it is useless to mince the matter—we are, in every sense of the word, children, with whom ladies may venture to be familiar before company; superannuated nurses to visit and salute by some old nursery abridgement, that adds any thing but grace or dignity to our patronymic; and indescribable grandmothers—those venerable and grotesque abominations—to treat half-price, to the pantomime of some minor theatre. But when once we have bidden adieu to the school-room, the scene becomes altogether changed. In an instant we take our proper station in society. We rise to the moral altitude of manhood by virtue of our incipient whiskers and instinctive impudence; are no longer cyphers, but have a stake in the great affairs of life, and may even go the extreme length of sporting a political opinion.

Some such blissful ideas flashed across my mind as, on a fine cool morning in October, I bade adieu to my school companions, and most condescendingly shook hands with one poor class-fellow in particular, who had been well flogged only ten minutes before—a circumstance that materially improved the pathos of our mutual farewells. As the coach passed the old Abbey, behind whose ruins I had so often skulked; as it wound along the side of the river, in whose waters I had so often, with scientific discrimination, hooked a bullrush for a barbel, and where I was once nearly, if not quite, drowned; the most riotous fancies came over me. I felt that I was now independent—oh, in this one word Independence, what a volume of pleasurable emotions is comprised!—that I was going to exchange the sky-blue and swipes of school for the more dignified computations of college; ring-taw and rounders for hunting and tandem-driving; and my ribbed corduroys blurred with ink, and bleached with perpetual ablutions, for clothes such as Petersham might be proud to wear, and Stultz to manufacture. Under the influence of these feelings I reached Cambridge—that hallowed, mysterious spot, which, with whatever *sang froid* we may approach it in after-life, can most assuredly never be visited for the first time in embryo manhood, without sentiments of the most elevated character.

My first night was passed at that excellent inn, the *Eagle and Child*; but, early on the following morning, I made my way to Mr. T——n, tutor of the college at which I had previously entered my name. By this gentleman I was received with the customary stateliness, and recommended, till rooms could be procured for me in the college, to lodgings at a bookbinder's in the Pease Market. "Of T——n," to adopt the language of Dr. Johnson, "thus presented to my mind, let me here indulge the remembrance." He was—I should say, *is*, for he yet lives—a finished specimen of those dry adust book-worms—a race, thank God! now nearly extinct—whose brains are filled with learned lumber, to the diligent exclusion of all that is really valuable in learning. In person he was long—thin—transparent; of a grave and formal demeanor, holding a joke in the most respectful abhorrence, and so strait-laced in

morals, that he possessed the singular and enviable recommendation of being the only virgin in Cambridge. His dress, like his intellect, was quaint and antique; his coat dated from the Pyramids, his breeches from the Christian æra, his stockings were infants during the dynasty of the Plantagenets, and, as for his hat, it was one of those obscure historical matters whose origin is lost in the remoteness of antiquity. To enhance the graces of his countenance, he wore huge black horn spectacles, which, whenever he wished to see remarkably well, he never failed to take off, and has even been known to hunt for them a full half-hour, when all the time they were quietly seated astride his nose. It is but justice to this eminent individual to add, that he was seldom seen abroad without a face thickly coated with dust, which gave his countenance a sort of mahogany tinge, and made it look so crisp and dry, that, when slapped, an experimentalist would be apt to fancy it would crackle like a piece of parchment. Report gave T——n the credit of washing once a week: this, however, I feel bound in honour to declare is base, false, and calumnious.

On returning to my lodgings, after my first interview with this gent., in the course of which I was supplied with every possible variety of useless exhortation, I found my table thick spread with tradesmen's circulars, stating in business-like terms their anxiety for the honour of my custom. Here was temptation with a vengeance! Luckily I had the good sense to resist, and to content myself with a few absolute necessaries, for which I proffered immediate payment—a silly habit, and one, as I afterwards had reason to find, peculiarly unfashionable at Cambridge.

On the third day of my arrival I made my first appearance at the College Lecture Rooms. The subjects of the lecture were the five first propositions of Euclid, and a few pages of Wood's Algebra. This was bad enough; but, unfortunately, T——n's mode of tuition rendered the business worse. Instead of simplicity, his explanations possessed the most perplexing abstruseness. He made, besides, no allowance for disrelish or inexperience, but, judging of others by his own practised habits, imagined that every student must necessarily burst forth at once, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, a full-grown, full-fledged mathematician. The consequence of this was obvious. I began speedily to entertain a dislike to science—to fancy that I was one of those born with what Horace calls a "crassa Minerva," and that all the prognostics which my friends had been pleased to entertain respecting my success at Cambridge, would, from the single circumstance of the University honours being restricted, if not exclusively, at least in most cases, to mathematics, be at once and for ever blighted. This for a time threw an intolerable damp on my spirits. I could not but feel that, as a mathematician, I was the most promising blockhead in my college; that I was eyed with pity by some, and with contempt by others. Strongly acted on by these possibly over-sensitive opinions, I began gradually to withdraw more and more into myself, and, in my intervals of study, to confine myself exclusively to the classics. In this state of mind I was found by an old schoolfellow, named P——t, a friend, whose intimacy had been for years my chief delight at Reading.—A word here upon those very agreeable delusions, school friendships. Though apparently bottomed on durable foundations, they are the mere creatures of impulse, hollow and illusory, short-lived and fantastic, glow-worm



splendours, that fade and become extinct as reason dawns on the mind. Formed in a moment of confidence, they expire with the cause that originated them—the unreflecting sensibility of the young heart. Self militates against them. Engaged in after years too much with Number One, to bestow a thought on Number Two, our attention is solely occupied in bustling through the crowd that every where retards our progress. Though we see him whom we once loved, jammed—pressed—and finally trodden beneath our feet, we gaze with indifference at the sight. Perhaps, at that moment, a thought of past times darkens our brow. We cast a cautious glance about us—the crowd thickens—the hazard increases—we sigh out, “Poor fellow!” and then pass on, leaving the object of our early love to perish or escape, as may happen. Thus is it with human nature. The affections of the heart, like streams flowing on towards the sea, roll awhile in different channels, but are all at last engulfed in the one wide grasping ocean of self.

At this particular juncture, however, I had yet to feel the full truth of the foregoing remarks. P——t was still the same frank, though somewhat fanciful fellow, I had known at Reading; I was equally disposed to admire him; and, to cement our union, each had sufficient funds to enable him to be independent of the other. If you wish to preserve your friend, whether at school, college, or in the world, avoid borrowing money of him. Friendship, that can stand the test of almost every thing, that can bear with advice and be patient under vituperation, shrinks from that superhuman ordeal—the loan of money. Depend on it, Pylades never owed Orestes a single farthing; had he done so, he would most probably have died in some Grecian Newgate, and the world have lost as pretty a bit of sentiment as school-boy or school-girl could desire.

It was on my road home from the Lecture-Rooms that I first lighted on P——t. After the usual greetings, he proposed that I should accompany him to Sapsford’s (the Merman of the Cam), and take an hour’s boating on the river. No sooner said than done: our caps and gowns, those “outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual” intellect, were instantly thrown off, the boat unmoored, the sails unfurled, and away we went, with a fair wind, at the uncommonly mercurial pace of two miles and a half an hour. In a short time we reached Chesterton, where we landed, went into the billiard-room, and amused ourselves with watching the bad play of two consequential fellow-commoners—that amphibious compromise between the glittering rank of the nobleman and the staid gentility of the pensioner. Of all the sports to which our British youth are addicted, I know of none so utterly without apology as billiards. Sailing I can fancy, and even exult in, for there is something ennobling to the mind in being able to render a new element subservient to one’s purpose, in enslaving the free winds, and moulding its very caprices to one’s wants; in driving, a sense of power is felt, and dexterity called into action; in skating, the elegance of the human form is put forth in all its attractions; the pulse beats high, a generous ferment warms the blood, and the whole man becomes elastic—mercurial—*spiritualized* (if I may venture to use an expression which skaters alone will comprehend)—but in billiards, the whole gist of which consists in knocking two bone balls, like two thick heads, against each other, and shoving them into a yellow worsted bag, at the same time stretching out the legs and arms to an extent provocative of dislocation—in this amusement, I am yet to learn where lies the extraor-

dinary fascination. The two fellow-commoners seemed pretty much of my way of thinking, for shortly after our entrance they both left off their game, and after a few indifferent remarks, proposed that we should all adjourn to a neighbouring fish-pond at (I forget the man's name), and there troll for a few pike. Having nothing better to do, we unhesitatingly closed with this proposition, and set off for one of those well-known reservoirs of mud in which the starvling pike of Cam are preserved. And here it may not be amiss to sketch, for the benefit of the uninitiated, the delights of Cambridge trolling. In the first place, you get as close as possible to the muddy margin of an oozy oblong pond, agreeably chequered with bullrushes and chickweed (both usually in high condition); secondly, you flourish over-head an uncouth rod, with a wheel as large as Ixion's, and equally impracticable; thirdly, having finished such aerial evolution, you let your bait drop into the water, and there keep it till you find your wrist nearly jerked off your arm; fourthly, being convinced, from this satisfactory symptom, that you have hooked a fish, you proceed to pull him out, or rather he proceeds to pull you in; and, fifthly, the sport is wound up by your throwing a summersault, head-foremost, into the water, in an abortive attempt to bend gracefully forward for the purpose of securing your prey. After a half-hour's amusement of this sort, in the course of which I had caught nothing but the calf of P——t's left leg, I bade adieu to Chesterton, and took the shortest road back to Cambridge. By this time the second bell had rung for dinner; so, without a moment's delay, I proceeded to Hall, where I was just in time to secure the last cut of a cold leg of mutton, near the knuckle. This being with difficulty discussed, and washed down with a proportionate modicum of brisk swipes, I hurried back to my rooms, where I soon forgot all my dietetic mortifications in a glass of Mr. Triston's best wine, and a volume of the Scotch novels. In the evening, I attended chapel—for I had not yet learned to set college laws at defiance—where I received a strong stimulus to my devotion by hearing the long mellow snore of the Master keep time to the deeper and more practised tones of the Bursar's nose. This brought me to the social hour of tea, which being also concluded, I strolled for an hour into Deighton's, to read the last number of the *Monthly Magazine*, and finished the night with P——t, and one or two other friends, over a bowl of that immaculate milk-punch, which, whatever be the envy of his contemporaries, will assuredly hand down the name of Newby to posterity.

Thus with a few slight variations, such as fits of hard study and occasional breakings forth into strenuous dissipation, passed my first year at Cambridge. My second brought an addition to my income by the death of my father—I was his only child, and my mother had been long since dead—which event took place for the sole purpose, as it should seem, of luring me on to destruction. I now began to enlarge the sphere of my amusements: among other follies, I became ambitious of the honor of being a whip, procured a tandem from Jordan, cultivated the acquaintance of that immortal coachman, Hell-fire Dick, and was often seen bending beneath the weight of a box coat with countless capes. My particular crony at this period was the above mentioned driver of the Telegraph. True, he was not exactly a gentleman, but he was better; he was a genius of the first water. His eloquence was bold, vigorous, and discursive; his habits social and bibulous; his opinions quaint and anti-matrimonial. He was attached to church and state, hated the French,

eschewed the Catholics, and had a good opinion of George III. His person was as peculiar as his mind, and would have been eminently handsome had it not been for a red pimpled nose, on whose volcanic surface every succeeding week's tipping threw up a fresh eruption; a mouth from ear to ear; a slight squint, and two legs formed on the principle of mill-posts, with the exception that the thickest part was downwards. Such was Richard Vaughan, who, after a life spent in the service of the University, broke his neck at Puckeridge, by a fall from a one-horse chaise. He died, as he had lived, drunk: and it is gratifying to reflect that his last moments were those of an orthodox Christian, being spent in the discussion of a glass of brandy and water, cold and without sugar. The day of his decease was rendered memorable by my first excursion to Newmarket. It was a fine cool morning in October, and as my horses' hoofs went clattering along the hard flinty road, at the rate at least of twelve miles an hour, I thought I had never till then experienced true enjoyment. By the time that I reached the heath the racers had just started for the Riddlesworth. Gay cavalcades of carriages filled with elegantly attired females—groups of Cantabs galloping in every direction across the heath in all the pride of youth and health—hundreds of pedestrians cheering on their favourite horses—black legs assembled round the betting-post, hushed as death in the stillness of intense excitement—and, to crown all, a cloudless meridian sun shedding down its mellow October radiance on horseman and pedestrian, tandem, chariot, and racer—all these combined enchantments lent a grace—a novelty—a freshness to the scene, which I, for one, shall never forget. But when the horses reached the brow of the hill the interest became inexpressibly heightened. A roar like the sound of many waters, or the descent of an Alpine avalanche, came up from the assembled multitude; oaths, shouts, screams of fear, and peals of laughter, rang aloud in all directions, while the high mettled racers, as if inspired by the sound, strained their every nerve to gain the goal. By this time they had advanced to within a yard of where the umpires had taken their stand. On—on they came, bounding forward like a wave, and for a moment all was hushed, as Fanny, the favourite of the day, made her last triumphant spring. With foaming mouth, glaring eye balls, and muscles stretched to the extreme point of tension, the generous creature sprung to some distance beyond the goal, staggered for an instant, made one strong convulsive movement, and then dropped dead on the course.

It is surprising how soon, when the chief heats are over, the heath becomes deserted. The Newmarket races, unlike those of Epsom or Ascot, are matters rather of business than fashion, and when once the great sweepstakes are decided, off start the company, some to Cambridge and some to Bury, but the majority back into the town, where they arrange their bets, drink success to the turf, and not unfrequently contrive to acquaint themselves before morning with the sub-tabular proportions of the dining room. I was one of those who, immediately the Riddlesworth was over, hurried back to the University in order to make due preparations for the first grand ovation I had yet ventured to give.

A Cambridge dinner party! Who that has once witnessed it, can forget that Euthanasia of tippie, that Apotheosis of hiccup and huzza? Before dinner, the company—more especially the juniors—are much addicted to stiffness and dignity, and, unless properly introduced, will sit beside each other a whole hour without speaking. Moreover they invariably come full-dressed, and, after the cloth is removed; afford, (the

majority at least) with their red faces and white waistcoats, the most picturesque and edifying contrasts. But to return more immediately to my subject. After the bottle had made a few rapid circuits round the table, the *mauvaise honte* of my guests disappeared, toasts were given—one of which, however acceptable to Sir J. Scarlett, would have given sore offence to the Rev. Mr. Cunningham—songs were sung; stories prosed over; and olives voted *nem. con.* an invention worthy of divinity. But literature was on all hands proscribed. One deprecated the introduction of such a topic, on the plea that it gave him the headache; another, fresh from school, yet felt the tingling of the birch on that particular part of his outer man to which schoolmasters never fail to apply for information on all doubtful points, and was therefore sore upon the subject; while a third left all such stupid matters to the Sizers. Conversation meantime flowed on, when, suddenly, a pause ensued owing to the defection of one of the party. Here was a flagrant act of mutiny! Luckily for the ends of justice the deserter was detected, brought back with all the honors of war, and condemned to drink a bumper of salt and water, which had such an immediate effect, that from sheer charity we were obliged to trundle him home in a wheel-barrow.

The talk, which had hitherto rolled on quietly enough, now burst forth with a roar like that of Niagara: the hon. Gent. who was above the table begged leave to toast the hon. Gent. who was below it; till, at last, when nothing more remained to drink, the whole party, with the exception of those who clung to the legs of the table, sallied forth in the direction of the Pease market. Here, as ill luck would have it, we encountered a half-dozen brace of snobs. To meet with such a gang and drub them is, at Cambridge, one and the same thing, and, accordingly we set to with a heartiness that soon brought six of our party in abrupt collision with the earth. But the cry of "gown, gown," procured us a speedy reinforcement; detachments of two, three, and four, all belligerent, and one or two rather sober than otherwise, rushed forward to the scene of action; the counter cry of "town, town," gave the snobs a nearly equal accession of strength, and both parties kept up the engagement with Homeric spirit and dexterity. Just at this crisis, however, we were surprised by the appearance of the night proctor and his bull-dogs. Away scampered "town" and "gown," each in an opposite direction; some tumbled headlong into the sheep-pens; others, after fathoming the exact depth of every gutter in their road, finished the night on one of those mud-heaps in which the purlieus of "Jesus" abound; and the majority were captured by the constables, but not till every alarm bell had been set in action, every bed-room window garnished with a night-cap, and the town seized with a universal paralysis from Parker's Piece to Castle end.

The next day I rose with an intense head-ache. My hand shook, my limbs quivered, my pulse fluttered, I was altogether a disjointed jumble of penitence, hypochondriasm, and sophistication. To make matters worse, a chivalrous testimonial of my prowess on the preceding night, began to make its appearance on either optic in the shape of a black eye. Pray, have any of my readers ever been fortunate enough to experience such an ornamental appendage to their outer man? If so, they will not fail to appreciate the full force of the satisfaction with which, on rising from my bed, and applying for information to my glass, I detected a wide discoloured circle, made up in equal portions of black and yellow, deepening gradually round each eye. As if this rain-

bow were not in itself sufficient, I had the additional consolation of discovering that my eye-tooth on the left hand side was missing. In the hurry of business during the preceding night, it had been loosened, dislodged, and bolted!

In this state of mind and body I was found by Mr. G——, the horse-dealer, who abruptly entered my room with a bill of ominous longitude in his hand. His face was awfully ugly; the features grim and satanic—the expression—but what beauty can you expect from a creditor? Venus herself would look a fright if she came to ask for money! Scarcely had I got rid of this unreasonable being, which I did with the greatest difficulty, when P——t burst in upon my solitude. His demeanour, like his predecessor's, was thoughtful, for not a bone in his skin—and he abounded in that article—had been left unvisited by the mobility. His memory, too, was unusually vivid; and as few, if any, of my numerous scrapes during the last year and a half had escaped him, he now indulged me with a copious catalogue of them, concluding his “reminiscences” with a florid description of my black eye, the justice of which was a strong provocative to suicide. So passed the first truly miserable day I had yet spent at Cambridge.

It was about a month after this adventure, that I was invited to form one of a party who were on the eve of setting out on a journey to Whittelsea Mere. There is something so peculiar about the scenery of the Isle of Ely fens—so desolate, so uniform, so truly oppressing to the imagination, that I may probably be excused if I here attempt a description of them. We left Cambridge about four o'clock in the evening, and after a toilsome, I may even add perilous, circumbendibus through cross-roads, rarely visited except by the enterprising sportsman, arrived at a late hour at Ramsay. Here we halted for the night at a small public house, the best that the place afforded, and early on the following morning, after a breakfast that would have done honour to a beef-eater, prepared to continue our journey. What was our astonishment, on reaching the inn door, to find the streets nearly knee deep in water, and crowds of people paddling their way through it, some in boats, some in coracles, and one or two on foot! On inquiring into the cause of this phenomenon, we were informed that, owing to the late rains, the neighbouring fenny lands had overflowed; and, with a punctuality rather to be admired than imitated, had paid their usual periodical visit to Ramsay. Under these circumstances we were obliged to hire a two-oared boat, in which we were rowed down to a barge which, according to previous orders, lay in waiting for us at the canal bridge. Our Palinurus was a dull amphibious sort of biped, half bargeman, half coachman—who placed himself at the helm, and, by a peculiar movement of the cable, directed the motion of the horse who towed us slowly along. This mode of journeying, however efficient in countries like the Netherlands, where every convenience is provided for the traveller's accommodation, is any thing but satisfactory in England, where it is wholly out of character. For miles and miles the Cambridge and Lincolnshire fens possess not the slightest variety. There are no villages scattered along the borders of the canals—no sylvan snatches of scenery—no detached cottages, where the busy spinning wheel may be seen to ply—no luxuriant meadows, where at the fitting season the hum of human industry may be heard, and the chirp of the grasshopper, and the quick shrill carol of the blackbird may give life and interest to the landscape—the whole is one deceitful desert flat, stretching on to an apparently interminable distance on all sides.

As we threaded in succession Soham, Ramsay, Ugg, and Meres, a strange feeling of desertion came over us. Imperceptibly the blighting spirit of the scenery passed into our minds: we even forgot the object of our excursion, and became reserved and silent. Sir W. Scott, in one of his immortal fictions, has remarked upon this strange susceptibility of the human mind to the external influences of nature. He has described the impression made upon one of his heroes; first, by the appearance of a black deeply-wooded stream; secondly, by a sparkling salient summer brooklet. He has portrayed his young enthusiast as sauntering beside the first with a step of congenial gloom, but bounding along the daisied margin of the other with a sunniness of mind and aspect exactly in accordance with its character. Precisely of this nature were our feelings as we passed lazily down the canal; nor did we resume our usual tone of mind, till our steersman, pointing to something that glittered in distance, told us we were fast approaching the long-desired lake. In a few minutes after this announcement, our horse was disengaged, fastened to a small shed or stable built for that purpose on the bank, the mast hoisted, and the sail set. In its approach to Whittelsea Mere the Ramsay canal widens considerably. So gradual, however, is this increase that the stranger is not at first aware of it until the fact is forced upon his attention by the augmented velocity of the current and the undulating motion of the vessel. As we approached the lake, our barge, which had been hitherto apparently immovable, began to reel like a drunken man, under the influence of a stiff breeze: at the same moment a sudden lurch dislodged us all from our seats; nor were we able to regain them until our heavy lumbering barge was fairly launched on the expansive bosom of the Fen.

And here a landscape impressed itself on our minds such as is seldom seen in England. An immense sheet of water, a sort of inland sea, heaving and agitating under the influence of a fresh wind, surrounded us in every direction, fringed on one side by acres of bull-rushes, the growth no doubt of ages, and which gave out a long melancholy sigh as the uninterrupted breeze swept over them; and on the other by the distant spires of Peterborough Cathedral, to the right and left of which stretched out a vast extent of morass, dark, dull, and so cursed with sterility that no living thing could pick even a blade of grass from its surface. But what rendered the scene more peculiarly impressive was the awful character of its desolation. As far as eye could discern, not a symptom of life was visible; the spirit of an eternal solitude seemed to hover in cloudy grandeur over the landscape, whose silence was never invaded, except now and then when the sounding bittern soared upward from her sedgy nest, or some huge fish leaped up from the water to catch at the shadow thrown by the passing plover or wild duck. After a full half hour spent in the contemplation of this striking scene, we prepared our fishing-tackle, a large artificial fly made of the gaudiest colours, and used in the same way as the old fishermen use them in South Wales. For some time we met with not the slightest success, and were just about to give up the pursuit, when suddenly from amidst a group of floating rushes, forth sprang a mighty fish, which seized the bait, and made off with it to his retreat, with a splash that set the water in a foam around him. For ten minutes the monster remained immovable, during which interval we waited in a state of the most anxious suspense; when once again he darted forward, mad with pain and dragging many yards

of line behind him. Now and then we caught a glimpse of his broad black back as he rose to the surface to get breath, and the sight served wonderously to whet our expectations. At last, after a full hour's exertion, we contrived to draw him into the boat, and were literally thunderstruck by his size. He was the largest pike, said our Palinurus, as he stuck him coolly through the skull, that had ever been caught in the Lincoln Fens; and may, to this hour, be seen stuffed in the front parlour of the George Inn, Ramsay, to whose quaint but social landlord we presented him on our return. By this time the sun had declined considerably from his meridian; and as night on the Fens, more especially when the waves run high, is anything but satisfactory, we prepared for our return to Ramsay. As we reached the mouth of the canal, we paused an instant to catch a parting glimpse of the scene we were quitting. It was more than ever impressive, for the gathering shadows of evening had heightened its fearful gloom. No sun dyed in blood, set in deep purple splendour on the vast waters of the lake; the twilight was worthy of the landscape, and crept on, accompanied by a mass of leaden clouds that momentarily sank down upon the Fen, whose livid surface, as we quitted it, lay stretched out in indistinct and frightful blackness behind us.

I have now brought down my narrative to the third (*i. e.* the last) year of my residence at the University. This is usually a very awkward and embarrassing epoch. For his two first years, the dashing Cantab is every where abroad—he is seen dancing at the Huntingdon Assemblies—boating at Chesterton—betting at Newmarket—fishing on the fens—sporting on the Gogs—but the last year he gradually retires from notice; his instinctive bashfulness gets the better of him; he shrinks into himself, and becomes invisible, first to his friends, and finally to his creditors. This, therefore, I call the year of retribution and invisibility. With me it passed slowly, and in extreme wretchedness. I was dunned all day, and had the nightmare all night. Wherever I went, there was I sure to meet a creditor. In fact, so numerous were these last, that, had I been patriotically addicted, I am convinced I could have raised a regiment from them, out of which a capital Light Company—or, rather, a Forlorn Hope—might have been formed from my tailors only.

As if this of itself were not sufficiently vexatious, I had farther the felicity of finding myself confined to Gates, Hall, and Chapel, for a week, in consequence of having presumed, through the medium of an epigram, to do justice to the personal and mental attractions of my before-mentioned tutor. Of course, such rigour on his part was not to be passed over with impunity; and, accordingly, I meditated a plan of revenge, which I put into execution as follows. Attached to our college was a smart, lively young girl, the niece of one of our bed-makers, of whose charms T——n—at least so said report—was far from entertaining a bad opinion. Acting on the probability of this rumour, and having heard it luckily confirmed by some sly compliments which my chaste instructor paid one evening to the fair Dulcinea as she passed the Combination-room, in which he happened to be seated alone at his wine, I wrote him a letter *in her name*, requesting that he would meet me the ensuing evening at Parker's Piece, disguised in a dark cloak, as I wished much to consult him on matters of moment. I added, that, in order to prevent mistakes, I should be plainly dressed in a full black hood, with a hat on. I then addressed another epistle to T——n's chief enemy, the Bursar of the college—whose *penchant* for the same nymph

was notorious—containing a similar request, and appointing eight o'clock as the hour of assignation for both. This done, I summoned P——t and a few others to my presence, to whom I imparted my scheme, and who delighted of course at the idea, promised to aid me in its development. With this view, at the appointed hour, we all took our station behind a hedge, close to which was the scene of assignation, and there awaited in anxious suspense the arrival of the enamoured couple. It was a cloudy night; the moon was at the end of her first quarter, and there was just sufficient glimmer to enable us to see, without very accurately distinguishing objects. The Bursar—a thin, spare, irritable little being, was the first who arrived. He was succeeded almost instantly by T——n, when both Gentleman advanced stealthily and cautiously towards each other. At the distance of a few yards T—— halted, and after taking off his spectacles to scrutinize the dark stranger who stood near him, and finding that he still remained looking towards him, as if in expectation of his approach, felt convinced that this must be his *Dulcinea*, and, in a paroxysm of emotion, walked briskly up, casting at the same time a second furtive glance around him, clasped the figure in his arms, and imprinted a deep, fervent, sonorous kiss upon its cheek. In an instant he recoiled with horror; the supposed damsel's face was as coarse as a gravel pit, and to complete his confusion, the moon suddenly peeping out from behind a dense mass of vapour, enabled him satisfactorily to ascertain that he had been kissing his greatest enemy. Paralyzed by such a blunder, he stood staring wildly at the Bursar, who, in turn, wiped his lips with a look of equal astonishment, not unmixed with indignation. After a moment's pause—

“A very awkward mistake!” faltered forth T——n, in a voice meant to be facetious—“very awkward, indeed! He! he! he!”

“Sir,” replied the Bursar, “I must say, this is the most unexpected—the most insulting—the most unprecedented——”

Before he could finish the sentence, the real damsel herself, to whom P——t had imparted the joke, with a request, strengthened by a bribe, that she would assist at the *dénouement*, made her appearance. At sight of this unwelcome apparition, the two Gents. were literally stupified, and stood bowing and scraping to each other, at the same time edging off the scene of action, with a grave solemnity of visage that would have split the sides of *Heraclitus* himself, had it been his good luck to have fallen on such days of wickedness. This was the moment that P——t had selected for the exposure. In an instant we had all leaped the hedge, and planted ourselves, while the tears of laughter ran down our cheeks, full in front of the two unfortunates, who, struck no doubt with an awful consciousness of their meditated iniquity, stood upon no further punctilios, but scampered off the field, neck and neck, at a rate that would have done credit to a Newmarket race-horse. Unfortunately, on reaching the borders of Parker's Piece, they overlooked the slight obstacle thrown in their way by a ditch of singularly superb dimensions, into which they both plunged headlong, with a precipitancy proportioned to the weight and thickness of their respective skulls. Just at this crisis we came up, and finding four legs sticking up, like tall bullrushes, above the water, concluded of course that the owners of such enviable property must be somewhere in the neighbourhood; so proceeded at once to search for them, and, in less than a second, had the satisfaction of bringing up two heads, which, weighed down by the laws of specific gravity, had anchored alongside each other in the mud. To have attempted to distinguish the



features of these heads would have been presumptuous; we, therefore contented ourselves with ascertaining that they were indeed portions, however singular, of humanity; and this achieved, we set out for P——t's rooms at Trinity, where we supped, after which, at an hour infinitely later than usual, our whole party broke up, P——t proceeding on his road alone, in the direction of Barnwell, beneath a cold wintry sky; and the remainder of us, each taking our departure for our respective abodes.

Early the next morning, while I was yet living over in dreams the occurrences of the preceding day, I was roused from sleep by the abrupt appearance of my servant. "Oh, Sir," he said, breathless with agitation, "have you heard the news? all Cambridge rings with it!" Scarcely had I time to reply, when three or four of my last night's companions rushed into the room. "Get up, for God's sake get up," they one and all exclaimed, "Poor P——t!"

"What of him?" I cried, springing from my bed in terror.

"He is dead."

"Dead! dead!" the word pierced me like a shot. In an instant I was up, and dressed, and flying as fast as grief and surprise could bear me towards my poor friend's rooms at Neville's Court. Alas! the news was too true. P——t, the social and merry-hearted P——t, he from whom I had parted but a few hours before, and the echoes of whose last words were still ringing in my ear, was indeed a corpse! On his road to Barnwell, the night air operating on a frame heated with wine, and rendered sensitive by the warmth of a crowded supper-room, had brought on a resistless lethargy, under the influence of which, my ill-fated friend had laid himself down and tranquilly slept to death. His body was found at day-break by some labourers who were going to their work, stretched full length in a ditch scarce six inches deep in water, half naked, with his clothes and watch carefully placed beside him on the bank. He had actually imagined himself going to bed!

Such were the tidings I heard as I stood absorbed in thought beside the corpse of my late social, frank, and thoughtless crony. A few short hours ago, and who so full of life; now, who so dull, cold, and passionless. How hushed was his sleep! how profound, how eternal! No fire shot from his eye—no mirth played round his lip—the fixed, ghastly spirit of death, hung out its dreary banner on his countenance, beneath whose dread symbol of power my heart sickened and died away. That night, my few remaining debts discharged, I bade adieu to the University. The porters had just closed the college gates, and the last chimes from Saint Mary were pealing out their solemn tones, as the Leeds coach arrived at the Eagle and Child. How different were the feelings with which I had last entered into that same inn yard! Then I was just starting into life, full of hope and buoyancy; now, my health was impaired; my prospects blighted; and I myself was flying by some resistless impulse, from the grave of my best and earliest friend! These reflections rushed with inconceivable bitterness across my soul, as I turned, while the coach proceeded swiftly down Trumpington-street, to take one farewell glance of the scene I was quitting for ever. The majestic spires of King's College, shooting proudly up into the sky, were still visible in the gathering gloom of the hour; an instant, and they were concealed from view; and, as the last glimpse of Cambridge faded on the horizon, my heart sunk within me, for I was a wanderer on the face of the earth!

THE GOVERNMENT OF WELLINGTONIA, A NEWLY-DISCOVERED  
EMPIRE AT THE ANTIPODES.

OUR readers are already acquainted with the enterprising attempts of some active and daring individuals, to found establishments in the newly discovered islands of the great Southern Pacific. But the arrival of the Wellesley Whaler in the river, on the 16th instant, puts us in possession of intelligence of the most curious nature, relative to a new power which has started up in those seas, and which threatens soon to produce very formidable consequences to the neighbouring empires of China, New Holland, and Owhyhee.

We shall probably in our next number be enabled to give some details of the progress of this extraordinary government, which is altogether formed on the military principle. For the present we must restrict ourselves to giving the code, which, as well as the settlement, is named from our favorite field-marshal.

*General Orders.*

The following rules and regulations having been enacted by his highness the sovereign in his highness's supreme council of general officers, are hereby declared to be law.—From the Grand Parade, April 1828.

The great question which hath hitherto divided this realm, creating divers opinions on matters of exceeding weight, and thereby disturbing the government thereof, having been happily settled by the wisdom and decision of his highness; it is commanded, that henceforth there shall be no divisions of opinion whatever. The offenders to be shot.

The tranquillity of the state having been insured by this salutary regulation; it is further ordered, that there shall be no Public Questions for the time to come. The offenders to be shot.

It being well known to us that, by long speeches and specious arguments in the legislature, much time is wasted, and the business of government thereby much delayed; it is ordered, that in future no speech shall exceed five minutes in duration, and that no argument whatever shall be used. The offender to be shot.

The term Loyalist having been long assumed as the designation of the friends of the former system, now happily abolished; it is ordered, that there shall in future be no loyalists. The offenders to be shot.

The term Liberal having been for some time understood to mean an enemy to the system for the time being, whatever that might be; it is ordered, that there shall be no more liberals. The offenders to be shot.

The factious opposers of government being obviously criminals against the state; it is ordered, that all opposition shall henceforth be considered factious. The offenders to be shot.

Riots and other movements tending to the injury of the public peace, being much promoted by late hours; it is hereby ordered, that no individual, out of uniform, shall appear in any street of the metropolis after the hours of seven in winter, and nine in summer. The offenders to be shot.

Theatres and other places of public resort, being capable of affording to turbulent and disaffected individuals the means of venting opinions offensive to the government, it is ordered, that the audience shall preserve strict silence during the representation. That no passage in the performance shall be noticed with either applause or censure, and that God save the King shall not be called for on any pretext, it being a notorious rallying cry and signal of disaffection to government. The offenders to be shot.

Dramatic writers, and other persons employed in fabricating performances for the stage, are on no pretence whatever to introduce political allusions, or observations tending to bring ridicule upon the great officers of government, or any other public persons. The offenders to be shot.

Newspapers being, in all countries, the instruments of disaffection and misrepresentation, it is ordered that, from and after the date hereof, all newspapers shall be abolished; and, in their place, a Gazette shall be issued weekly from the grand parade, giving notice of all matters essential to the community, namely, promotions in the army, the changes of the ministerial staff, the cabinet dinners, and his highness's levees. The offenders to be shot.

The distribution of justice being retarded by the old forms of Europe, its acceleration, impartiality, and easiness of access, will be provided for by permanent courts-martial held in the metropolis; and by moveable columns of judge advocates, and fusileers making the circuit of the provinces. The members to be sworn on the army list. With which regulations all men are hereby commanded to comply. Offenders to be shot.

The new subordination of society being of the highest importance, and dress being one of the most valuable means of sustaining that subordination, it is ordered, that every individual shall dress after a pattern provided at the office of the grand parade. And the military costume being, in all instances, the most convenient, natural, and simple, it is further ordered, that all professions shall model their clothing thereon. That judges shall be distinguished by scarlet coats, with six stripes of gold lace, on the model of the heavy dragoons. That the clergy shall wear hussar jackets with fur, and foraging caps on the model of the commissariat. Physicians to wear the death's-head shako. Lawyers the rifle uniform; and county members of the legislature, the uniform of the waggon train. The nation in general to wear liveries, turned up with blue and yellow, according to the taste of the district general officers, with worsted lace epaulets and edging: in the colour of which the nation are graciously permitted to choose for themselves. Offenders to be shot.

The accumulation of plate and other articles of value, in individual hands, being a source of discontent to those who do not possess such property, and of danger to those who do; it is ordered, that no person, of whatever condition, shall possess more than one dozen of silver spoons; silver forks, and other table furniture, and ornaments of the precious metals, are prohibited. Offenders to be shot.

But the exigencies of the state being, in every instance, essential to be provided for, it is ordered, that the money arising from the foregoing disuse of an idle and invidious luxury, shall be paid into the public treasury. Offenders to be shot.

The defence of the state being of the very first importance, and the old system of levies being slow, expensive, and inefficient for hostilities on a grand scale; it is ordered, that every male individual, from sixteen to sixty, without exception of rank or age, shall be at the disposal of the state; and that daily drills of the whole population shall be held in every district; and general reviews once a month, when those fit for foreign service, or to be drafted into the colonial regiments, shall be reported to his highness. Offenders to be shot.

It being necessary that the high functionaries of the state shall sustain their offices with becoming dignity; it is ordered that, by and with the

consent of his highness, they may augment, from time to time, their salaries and other appointments, as they may deem necessary, and that no inquiry be made into either the augmentation or the necessity. Offenders to be shot.

Rewards for merit being suitable to the wisdom of the state and the encouragement of individual exertion, it is ordered that a pension list be constructed of unlimited dimensions. The allotment thereof being solely in the hands of his highness, and no inquiry to be made on the subject: the merits of individuals, whether public or private, being of too delicate a nature to be judged of and ascertained by the hasty opinions of the people. Ladies to have a separate list, under the head of "Home department." Each high functionary being empowered to charge allowances thereon for all the younger branches of his family and connections to the tenth degree removed: all public inquiry is strictly prohibited on the subject. Offenders to be shot.

The secret service money being issued for objects of the first necessity, it is ordered that no inquiry shall be set on foot as to the existence of the necessity, the extent of the issue, or the hands through which it passes. Offenders to be shot.

The building of palaces for the high functionaries being one of the most appropriate employments of the national money, it is ordered, that such palaces shall be built, when and wherever it may suit the convenience of the high functionaries. The buildings being called public offices, and all investigation on the subject being deemed vexatious and insubordinate. Offenders to be shot.

Great offence having been given from time to time to eminent individuals, of tender consciences, by the application of names and other designations, taken from the worst and most odious characters of history, or the vilest vermin, or the habits of the basest men, it is hereby most strictly ordered, that no public servant of his highness shall be stigmatized with the name of Judas, or Iscariot, or both together; nor by the name of Jefferies; nor be called lily livered slave, nor sneaking apostate. The word "Rat" to be abolished from the language. Offenders to be shot.

Improper use having been made by factious individuals of the occasional distresses of merchants, manufacturers, and others, it is ordered, that such topics shall not be adverted to in future; that commerce and manufactures shall be always understood to be in the most flourishing state, the finances thriving, and every thing in the best possible condition. Offenders to be shot.

Oratorical exaggerations, and other arts of public declaimers, being attended with manifest injury to the public peace, it is hereby ordered that all speeches shall be fairly written out and laid before his highness, for the space of at least one fortnight before they shall be spoken in the legislature. That all references to public pledges be strictly suppressed, and that the words "Reform, Economy, Public Principle, and National Rights," be deemed rebellious and revolutionary. Offenders to be shot.

This code being the wisest, freest, and happiest that ever was offered to a nation, it is ordered that all men shall pay thereto "cheerful obedience." Offenders to be shot.

Given under our hand and sword, this Sixteenth day of April, and First of our Reign.

X. Y. Z.

{ B. P.  
Y. D.  
V. F.

A true copy.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A NIGHT OF FEVER.

It was the eleventh day of my fever. The medical attendants had again collected round my bed for a last struggle with the disease, that was drying up my blood, and searing the very marrow of my bones. Unfortunately, in every sense of the word, for my present comfort, as for the chance of recovery, I had little faith in them, though, to judge from the result, my opinion had less of reason than of prejudice. But I could not help myself; I was far away from those in whom I should have put trust, in the Isle of Jersey, which, for any useful purpose, as regarded distance, might as well been the Isle of Madeira.

My physicians had deemed it proper to bring with them a third—an addition to their number that I felt at the time was ominous of nothing good. Still I had an instinctive dread of asking the one plain question, “Do you give me over?” This would have ended all suspense, but then it might have also ended all hope; and who would willingly put hope from him? I endeavoured to gather from their looks the opinion, which I feared to ask for; but men of this description have either no feelings to conceal—long acquaintance with misery having rendered them perfectly callous—or, as in the better and rarer case, the strong sense of duty has taught them to subdue every appearance of emotion. How eagerly did I watch their passing glances as they stood about me! and how yet more anxiously did I listen to their half-whispered consultation on their retiring to the next room, to decide upon the awful question of life or death; for to that I knew too well my case had come. I felt as the criminal must feel when the jury have left the box, carrying with them the power to save or destroy, and much more likely, from what has passed, to use that power fatally. Death, when it shall come, will never have half the bitterness of those few minutes of horrible suspense, when life, the dearest stake we can play for, is on the die, and hope is struggling, single-handed, against doubt, and fear, and reason. I listened till I heard, or seemed to hear, the throbbings of my own heart; but I could catch nothing beyond a few broken sentences, though the folding-doors that divided the two rooms were left ajar; and the words heard thus imperfectly, only added to my apprehensions.—“I think not,” said the new-comer. What was it he did not think?—that I should live, or that I should die?—“To-morrow,” said the same voice.—“Ay, to-morrow!” thought I, “to-morrow I shall be cold and senseless; she who now drops the tears of burning agony over my death-bed—who would give her own life, were that possible, to prolong mine but a few hours—even she will shrink in horror from me.” I could almost fancy it was written on yonder wall that it shall be thus. Fancy?—why, it *is* there, written by the same hand that wrote the awful “Mene, mene tekel upharsin,” on the walls of the banquet-room of Belshazzar.

Will it be believed? I was yet in the full possession of my senses when this wild notion seized me; or at least I had a perfect consciousness of my own identity. The setting sun shone broadly and strongly through the red curtains that had been drawn to exclude the light, and fell upon the walls opposite to me in crimson lines, that irresistibly recalled to my overheated brain the letters of fire that brought dismay and death to the heart of the Babylonian king. But, I repeat it, I was still in my perfect senses; I knew that I was at St. Heliers, in the Isle of Jersey; I could distinguish all around me; I could count the rapid

beatings of my pulse ; I knew, too, that the rushing sound below my window was the bursting of the waves upon the beach ; and could even argue with myself on all I saw and felt. If that were not real, which my eyes presented as such, what was real ? The moon, the sun itself, existed to me but as I saw them ; and if sight be the evidence of reality in one case, why not in another ? This, therefore, was no more than the prologue to delirium ; the thing itself was yet to come.

The physicians had long since gone. The evening declined rapidly, and in those few hours, which may be said to linger between light and darkness, I was in a state of comparative quiet. But when night came on—eyeless, voiceless, heavy night!—oh, how inexpressibly wretched then is the chamber of sickness ! Darkness made visible by the dim, dull taper, that only serves to light our terrors ;—silence so deep, that the low ticking of the clock falls on the ear like rain-drops on stone, fretting and consuming ;—the array of phials, full and empty ;—the clothes long since disused, and now hanging on the frame, from which it is probable the same hand will never again remove them ;—the old, hard-featured nurse, whose presence cannot for a moment be separated from the idea of disease and suffering ;—the light, ominous click of the death-watch, a fable which health with reason laughs at, but which sickness believes, and trembles while it believes :—all these work upon the mind, and the mind again upon the body, till the brain is excited to delirium. And to that state I was fast tending ; I felt it myself, and even tried by reasoning to keep down my rising fancies. But it was all to no purpose ; strange shapes began to float about me, while my hands and feet burnt like iron thrice heated in the furnace, and my own touch scorched my own flesh. Those fantastic shadows, too, flung from the various pieces of furniture upon the wall!—how they mocked me by their fitting forms, as the rushlight flickered to and fro under the air !

“ Will it never again be morning ? Oh, if this long, dreary night would only pass ! If I could but again see the light of day !—Hark ! the clock strikes ; another hour is gone !”

I had spoken this aloud ; and the nurse, with that gratuitous spirit of information, which infects the old and heartless when the thing to be communicated may give pain, lost no time in setting me right : it was the passing bell I had heard. And what was that to me more than to any one beside ? I was not the nearer death because another had just deceased. Had I been capable of reason, there was nothing in this for terror ; but, in such cases, we do not reason—we feel.

“ Only the passing bell !” I said, repeating her words—“ only—the bell that calls the worm into a new feast ! Oh, for morning—morning !—when will it be morning ?—I say, what is the hour ?”

“ Ten, Sir ; it has just struck. But you had better try to sleep.”

“ No more than ten ! I thought it had been three at least.—Sleep, you say ? Ay, but how can I, when that fellow grins at me so horribly, and the room goes round, and the lights flicker ? But you are right ; I will go to sleep—to sleep—to sleep !”

I buried my head in the clothes, to shut out the images that harassed me, and for a time slept, or seemed to sleep. It was, however, only for a short time—perhaps an hour—perhaps a few minutes—I know not ; but time grows longer as we approach the grave, as the shadows increase in the decline of day.

The sound of trumpets startled me from my broken slumber. I was

in Rome, a Roman amongst Romans, with no other consciousness of individual being than what belonged to that moment; yet memory and fancy had strangely wrought together, confounding men and things, times and places. War had fixed his throne in the capital, and bound his brow with the crown of victory. Men neither thought nor spoke of any thing but battle and triumph; they were the only measure of glory—the sole object for which we lived. The wealth of nations was constantly pouring through the streets, either as tribute or as plunder, to satisfy a spirit that was insatiable, and to swell a pride that was already towering to the clouds. What were kings, rich with barbaric gold and pearl, to the meanest of us, though our rags were an offence to earth and heaven?—to us, the citizens of eternal Rome? *Our* eagles waved over them, to defend or to devour; *our* senate gave them laws, either as slaves or allies. And who lent wings to those eagles, or gave voice to that senate, but ourselves—the children of eternal Rome? It was told us by our tribunes; it was repeated by our consuls; it was engraved upon our banners, that spoke neither of tribunes nor of consuls, but of the senate and the Roman people; while the tremendous *Cabulæ*, the *S. P. Q. R.*, spread terror amongst the remotest nations of the world. We might want for bread, but we never wanted for that food which pampers the spirit, and elevates poor mortality above the level of earth. Slaves in gold and purple might flatter kings, but our flatterers were the conquerors of kings; they were heroes and demigods, the bravest, and the wisest, and the noblest of the earth, and yet were fain to put on the garments of humility, shewing their scars and counting their deserts to win our favour. Wherever our eyes turned, they were saluted with the monuments of our glory—the records of a conquered world. There was no pause, no stagnation of existence with us; our tide of life rolled onward like a torrent, foaming, boiling, and sparkling, amidst the shouts of victory, the glitter of triumph, the pageantry of festivals, the eloquence of the senate, the tumult of the forum, the crowning of one hero, the immolation of another;—amidst crimes that, from their greatness and their motives, shone out like virtues—and virtues which wore the bloody hue of crimes—but both crimes and virtues such as none but a Roman could have had the head to imagine, or the heart to execute. Such was our every-day life; but the present day was one of even more than usual interest. The formidable eagles were passing out at one gate with their mailed legions to distant battle; while, at another, Pompey, and Scipio, and Camillus, and Cæsar, and the conqueror of Corioli, were returning victorious in the midst of rejoicing multitudes. The kings and warriors of many nations, from India to Britain, followed their triumphant wheels; and in the faces of those kings and warriors might be read defeat, and shame, and wrath, and captivity. The masses of human life grew yet denser; the clamour of triumph swelled louder and louder, peal after peal, incessant, like the bursting of a stormy sea upon the shore. I saw a king—he who a few days before had ruled a world, who had been the joy or the terror of more millions than Rome could count thousands—I saw him, this mighty one, dash out his brains, in the impatience of despair, with his fetters; and the many around shouted applauses on the noble deed, as if it had been a mimic death on the public stage; but, in the next moment, the glorious suicide was forgotten, the pageant passed on, and the marching legions trampled with indifference on the corse, till it became a portion of the highway.

In the midst of this swelling pageant, and while the temples were yet reeking with incense, I was sensible, though I knew not why, that I had become the object of general awe and hatred. Men scowled as they passed by me, and drew their garments more closely to them, to avoid the contamination of my nearness, as if I had carried plague and pestilence in my touch; or else turned pale with terror, and hurried on, as they would have fled from the path of the aspic. Still I kept on my way without stop or question, the startling crowd dividing before me like water before the prow of a vessel when the gale is at the highest, till I found myself in the senate-house. A general murmur arose at my appearance, and all simultaneously started up from the bench on which I had seated myself, and passed over to the opposite side, where Cato sat lowering hatred and defiance, and Cicero was watching me with his keen, eagle eyes, while his whole frame trembled with visible emotion. I knew that I was Catiline, with the will to be lord of the city, or to lay it in ruins—I recked not which—and the dread and loathing I inspired were sweeter to me than flattery. Rome, that feared nothing else, feared me. I rejoiced that it was so; I could have laughed, but for prudence, at the majestic horrors of Cato—the doubtful brow of Cæsar, who loved the treason, though he shrank from its danger—and the spare face of the consul, bleached with his midnight terrors, and not yet seeming quite assured of his safety, even when bucklered round by his friends. But even then, while my heart was swelling with present and expected triumph, the orator arose and thundered in my ears the terrible “*Quousque tandem, Catilina;*” and a thousand voices re-echoed with deafening roar, “*Quousque tandem,—quousque tandem!*” It was like the unholy spell of some wizzard. The images of the gods, the marbles of the illustrious dead, in temple and in porch, in the forum and in the senate, all at that sound became instinct with life, and cried out with the pale orator, “*Quousque—quousque!*” I endeavoured to reply, to defend myself, to hurl back defiance on the wretched peasant of Arpinum, who had dared to brand a Roman and a noble; but my voice was no more, amidst the tumult, than the voice of a child would be to the cataract or the ravings of the tempest. I was stunned, beaten to the earth, by the mighty congregation of sounds; my eyes dazzled; my brain shook; and down I toppled—down—down—a precipice as deep as from heaven to earth, catching at every thing in the long descent to break my fall. But all was in vain: the stoutest oaks snapped under my grasp like the dried reeds of autumn; the ponderous masses of jutting rock sank from my tread like hills of sand. The weight of some strange crime was upon me; and, loaded as I was, nothing was so stout it could give my foot a resting-place.

Unconsciousness, or sleep, its counterfeit, dropt a curtain between me and this stage of suffering, and again the shadows of my delirium took another form. I was in a spacious theatre, where the earlier events of the French revolution were being represented, till, by degrees, that which at first had been no more than a show, became reality; and I, who had only been a spectator, was converted into an actor, and called upon to do and suffer. Sometimes I paraded the streets with the infuriated mob, shouting “*Ca ira*” and the *Marseillois Hymn*; while, at others, I was the doomed object of popular hatred, and had a thousand hair-breadth escapes from the guillotine, which was going on incessantly by night and day, till the kennels ran with gore, and Paris had the look and



smell of one huge slaughter-house. Still the cry was for blood—"more blood!" The sun itself refused to shine any longer on the polluted city. It was the third morning, and still no other light appeared in the sky but a broad, crimson moon, in which Paris, with its deeds of death, was reflected as in a mirror suspended above our heads. This sign, however, prodigious as it was, had no effect except on a few weaker spirits; in general, the yells of blasphemy only became so much the louder and the fiercer; for the people were drunk with sin and blood as with new wine, and reeled along the streets like Atys and the frantic crew of Cybele in olden times, when their limbs were wet with recent gore, the foul offerings to the unknown goddess. A pale priest, venerable from his grey locks and placid features—placid even in the midst of all this fearful tumult—pointed with his aged hands to the red sign above, and bade us remember the fate of Nineveh. He was instantly seized by the mob, and dragged towards the scaffold, where the executioner incessantly plied his office, and as each head fell, shrieked, rather than called, to the populace, "Encore un! encore un!" He was the rabid ogre of the fairy tale, who scarcely devours one victim ere he clamours for another. Imagination cannot picture a more loathsome or terrific monster. His face, though still human, bore the same revolting resemblance to the wolf that man, in his worst form, is sometimes found to bear to the monkey; his teeth, or rather fangs, for they were of enormous size, protruded from the bloated, purple lips, that were constantly drawn back and distorted with one eternal grin; his cheeks had the fixedness of marble, with that frightful ashy hue which is only to be found on the face of the dead, and can be compared to nothing living; the colour of his eyes, small, fierce, and burning, could not be distinguished; but they were deeply sunk under huge brows, which, like his head, were utterly bald of hair. In place of all other dress, he wore a winding-sheet, without belt or buckle, that at every movement spread and again closed upon his body, as if it had been a part of himself, and more like the wings of a bat in its action, than the mere waving of a shroud.

The populace thrust forward the poor old priest with clubs and staves towards this monster, much as the keeper of some wild beast thrusts into its den the living victim that is destined to gorge its appetite. In the twinkling of an eye, his head fell; when the man of blood shook his shroud till its swelling folds left his body naked; and holding out to me his long arms, reiterated his incessant cry, "Encore un!" Before the rabble, who were well enough inclined to gratify his wishes, could seize me, I had burst my way through them, and leaving the noise far behind me, had found a refuge in my hotel.

Here I fancied myself safe. I could still hear the shouting of the people, but it was at a distance; and the very sound of danger, thus remote, added to the feeling of security. It was like the idle roaring of the sea, from which we have just escaped, to listen on the safe summit of a rock to its impotent growlings for the prey that has been snatched from it. But what was my dismay, when, on turning to the window, I again saw the shrouded monster's face close to the glass, and heard again his terrific cry, "Encore un!" With a speed such as only horror can give, I darted out of the room, and fled to the topmost chamber of the building, where, if at all, I might reasonably hope to be beyond the reach of his fearful pursuit. But the lock!—the cursed lock that should have shut out mine enemy!—the key was fixed in its rusty wards beyond

my power to move it, and, strive all I would, I could not shoot the bolt.

In the midst of my desperate efforts, the key broke—shivered into a thousand pieces, as if it had been glass; and there I stood, hopeless, helpless, without the possibility of further flight. I had reached my utmost limit.

But how could I be blind to those ponderous bolts and bars, that made any lock unnecessary, and were almost too weighty to be lifted? Nothing short of the hand and hammer of a blacksmith, and those too plied for hours, could break down a door with such defences. To draw and fasten them was no more than the work of a single instant; and no sooner was this effected than I felt myself as safe as in a castle of triple brass. In the triumph and excess of my confidence, I flung open the window to look for my baffled enemy, and tauntingly shouted his own cry, "Encore un!" A voice, close at my ear, returned the cry, "Encore un!" At that hateful and hated sound, I reeled round as if staggering from a pistol-shot, when—horror!—there was the monster, neither all man nor all wolf, but an inexplicable compound of both—a thing not to be defined by words; there he was, hanging over me, closing me about with his shroud like a serpent with his folds, his face close to mine. I gave not a moment's thought or look to the depth below, but flung myself from the window, and, without knowing how or why, found myself a prisoner in the Temple, amongst many others, destined like myself to the guillotine.

Never were mirth and misery so intimately blended as amongst us, who could have no other expectation than that of death; whether to-day or to-morrow, was uncertain; but still death by the edge of the axe, and before the week was over. Some wept, and some laughed—some prayed, and some danced; and, every time the sun set, its beams fell upon diminished numbers, till myself and four others were all that remained of the hundreds that filled the prison on my entrance.

It was the seventh day. Of our little band it was doubtful who, if any, would see the next morning; and this very circumstance, this community of near danger, had linked our hearts more closely than years of friendship could have done, though cemented by rank and fortune. But this tie, close as it might be, was destined in a few hours only to be snapped asunder by the hand that, sooner or later, breaks all ties. The last rays of the sun were dimly melting into shadow, when my companions were summoned to attend their judges—a summons that was in itself equivalent to a sentence of death; for with such judges, to try was to condemn. We all felt it to be so. Our farewells were accordingly warm and earnest, like those of men who were parting never to meet; and in a few minutes I was left to the solitude of my dungeon.

Night came on. I knew that I had not another day to live, and could count the hours between the present moment and the time when I should cease to be; a knowledge which, whether it be a curse or a blessing, is granted to none save the criminal doomed to expiate on earth his offences against the children of earth. My fancy laboured with a thousand schemes of escape, none perhaps absolutely impracticable, but all improbable, and such only as a prisoner would conceive with the immediate fear of death before his eyes.

In the midst of these imaginings, I was struck by a light, shining through a crevice, as it seemed, of the prison-door. Life and liberty

were in the pale glimmer. I started up to examine it, and found that the jailer, in his hurry, or in his intoxication—a state that always prevailed with him, more or less, towards the evening—had turned the key in the lock without first fairly closing the door, so that the bolt had been shot beside the staple. Here, then, was a chance of escape when I least expected it, if the occasion were only boldly, wisely, and seasonably employed. Boldly and in good time I resolved to use it; whether wisely or not, the result would shew. Leaving my dungeon, I entered a long winding corridor, and after passing through an empty room of somewhat less dimensions than the one which I had just quitted, at length found it terminate in a sort of porch or hall, closed by the great gate of the prison, the only obstacle that now remained between me and freedom. It was, however, guarded, and trebly guarded by locks, bolts, and bars, all of the most formidable calibre; but the jailer, with the keys at his girdle, and his hat slouched over his face so as to conceal his features, sate in an arm-chair before a blazing wood fire, which roared up the chimney, and danced in broad light upon the walls. The cigar that he had been smoking hung loosely in his hand, half-burnt out; and by his side was a rough deal table on three legs, scored and stained with the marks of former debauchery, and now set out with a horn jug and a flagon, that, by the smell, had contained brandy—thus proving the fixedness of his habits, while all round him was changing, not only from day to day, but from hour to hour, and, it might almost be said, from minute to minute.

I listened, and was convinced that the man slept; but, besides that his slumber was far from sound, as was evident from his disturbed breathing and the occasional lifting of his arms, I could hardly hope, under any circumstances, to detach the keys from his belt, and undo the ponderous bolts and bars, without awaking him. There was but little time for choice or reflection. Such an opportunity was not likely to last long, and still less to occur a second time, so that what I did I must do quickly. To murder him was all that was left to me, and, seeing no cause to hesitate when the alternative was his life or mine, I drew from my bosom a knife, that, by some negligence on the part of the searchers, I had been fortunate enough to retain. In another instant he had been with the dead. I raised my arm to strike; but just then he seemed to be awaking. I paused: there was a smothered laugh beneath the hat, and, strange to say, it thrilled through me. I trembled from head to foot; but there was no time to be lost, and the weapon glittered in its descent—when the appalling cry, “*Encore un!*” again burst upon my ear, striking me almost senseless. The cloak and hat dropped from the supposed sleeper; and there again was the untiring monster, in all his hideousness! For an instant we gazed on each other, without words and without motion. I had no power either to stir or speak—to deprecate his approach, or to fly from it.

The spell slowly dissolved. I crept, or rather glided from him, my eyes still fixed upon his visage, till the wall prevented further flight. I was now like a stag at bay. He began to move in his turn. With a long, measured stride, he put forth one foot, and it came again to the floor with the sound of an enormous hammer on the anvil. There, for the space of a minute, he paused, fixing me with his fierce red eyes, that seemed to burn with some unholy fire. He took a second step, slow and changing as the first—a third—a fourth!—and the fifth brought him

close to me—ay, so close, that I could look into those terrible eyes and see myself imaged there. And I did so : I could not help it, in spite of the horror with which they inspired me.

His shroud now folded round me—tighter—tighter—till the hair stood erect upon my head, and my breast laboured to bursting. I struggled and struggled, under the horrible sense of suffocation, while he folded me yet more closely, his voice sounding all the time, “*Encore un !*”

The catastrophe of this fearful struggle was lost to me in a rapid succession of visions, that came more or less distinct, and again melted away, like those fantastic forms which the clouds build up in a summer's evening, when the winds are high, and the sun is sinking amidst a world of vapours. I skimmed the air with the birds ; I dived into the waters with the sea-mew ; or floated on its surface with a fleet of gallant barks, that were sailing to some unknown land, which no one could name, but which all knew to be the land of the sun, where the spice grew like acorns, and the stones of the highway were emeralds and diamonds. As we neared it, the air grew softer, the skies brighter, the waters clearer : it was a world unlike the world we had left, not in degree, but in kind ; and the feelings it excited required a new language for their expression. But even then the scene faded. I was burning at the stake by the side of the Huguenots, surrounded by thousands, who in general did not, or dared not, pity us, though the faces of many were convulsed with eager horror ; and here and there the features of some young female, in despite of beads and rosary, expressed a sympathy with our fate. The flames from the new-lit fagots hissed like serpents. Anon, before the fires, that wrapt us as with a garment, were burnt out, I was tossing on the waters of the Polar Sea, amidst mountains of blue ice, whose tops were in the clouds. The surge dashed and broke upon these colossal masses as upon so many rocks of granite. On a sudden, a crash like thunder stilled the mutinous billows. The huge icebergs were rent and shivered, and their summits dissolved into floods, that came roaring and tumbling down their rugged sides, till all around us was a world of cataracts, and in the pool below our little bark tossed and eddied like a dry leaf in the whirlwind.

Again the scene changed. I was an Indian prince, hunting the tiger with my attendant rajahs, richer and prouder than the Persian satraps of old, when Xerxes led forth his millions to perish on the Grecian soil, and build up an everlasting record to the glory of the Athenian. The sun set,—and rose,—and again it set,—and still we were following our spotted prey over stock and stone, dashing through rivers and down precipices so steep, the chamois must have broken his neck in the attempt to descend them, till I had at last far—far outstripped my companions of the chase. The tiger was now within a few yards of me. I fired, and wounded him in the flank, as was evident from the gush of blood that followed. The animal turned suddenly round upon me, rearing himself on his hind-legs with a hideous growl that sounded like a human laugh, and,—horror !—there again was the man of blood, with his cry of “*Encore un !*” Tongue cannot tell, nor brain imagine, the despair, the loathing, the shrinking of soul and body, that I experienced at again coming in contact with this eternal apparition ! I called on the sands of the desert, to rise in clouds and bury me—on the mountains, to fall and crush me—on the distant ocean, to ascend in a second deluge and swallow me. And my wish seemed likely to be accomplished ; for, while I was

yet in the horrors of his presence, by some inexplicable shifting of the scene I was in Africa, and the past was as if it had never been. On every side, as far as the eye could reach, was sand—nothing but sand—hot and burning sand—which scorched the weary soles of the feet, as though I had been walking on molten lava. Suddenly the wind began to howl, and at its voice the fiery mass rolled, and swelled, and surged, and was lifted up as the storm lifts up the sea; but its waves were more like mountains. Then again the unstable mass formed itself into moving columns, and these giants of the desert traversed, or rather swept, the waste with a speed that made flight hopeless. But I was not fated to perish by them. They rolled around me harmless, and, in less than what seemed an hour, all was again calm, and the sun sunk down upon silence—a silence that was lifeless!

A raging thirst tormented me. But no stream was near in the moonlight expanse, and the night of the desert had no dews to moisten my parched lips. Had any benevolent genius stood before me, with an offered diadem in one hand, and a glass of fair water in the other, I had rejected empire, and snatched at the more humble boon with rapture. The pains of fire or of steel—and I had felt both within the last few hours—were nothing to the torments of this terrible thirst: it drank my very life-blood.

In the midst of this unutterable agony, I heard, or thought I heard, the rushing of water. Strange that I had not seen it before! Within a hundred yards of me was an oasis, or island of the desert, covered with a grove of palms, and a remarkable sort of tree, for which I knew no name; but it breathed a fragrance sweeter than all the spicy gales of Araby the Blessed: yet still sweeter to my fancy was the little crystal spring that bubbled from the turf beneath, sparkling, and leaping along over stone and pebble, as if rejoicing in the soft moonlight. If ever there was bliss on earth, it was mine for that brief moment when my eyes first fell upon the stream. But, like every joy beneath the sun, it proved a shadow, an insubstantial vapour, fading the very instant it was grappled with. When I would have drunk, all was mist and confusion; and then, for awhile, my troubled fancy slept.

There was a blank in my existence—for aught I know for hours. Had I been dead, the mind and body could not have been wrapt in a repose more deep or senseless.

After a time, it seemed to me as if I awoke from a long, long slumber, all that had passed shewing to my memory rather as the dream of sleep than of delirium. On this awaking, I had a distinct perception that I was in my bed-room, dangerously ill, if not dying. But a great change had taken place since ten o'clock. In the middle of the chamber was an unfinished coffin, supported by tressels, on which several funereal figures were busily at work, driving in the nails, that were yet deficient, with huge sledge-hammers. Their blows fell fast as hailstones, striking forth a continued stream of fire, the only light they had to work by; and it lent a horrid hue to their faces, such as belongs to the dead rather than to the living.

It was a ghastly sight for a sick man to see these creatures employed upon his own coffin; for that it was intended for me, I knew too well—how, or whence, I cannot say—but the conviction was as strong upon me as if I had read my own name upon the lid. The hag of a nurse, too!—she who was paid to watch over my sickness—to guard me from

every danger—she, too, was busy amongst them, urging on the work, and giving her directions to those who were prompt enough of themselves without her assistance. It was evidently a labour of love to all concerned in it.

At length their task was finished; not a nail, not a screw, was wanting; every thing was ready but the corse to put in it.

At the striking of the last blow, the owl whooped thrice; and there was a flapping of wings, and the beating of some hard, horny substance against the window.

“He is here!” said one of the men, drawing back the curtain.

And there, indeed, was a monstrous owl, staring at me with his red eyes, and beating the glass impatiently with his wings. The cricket answered from the hearth with a shriller cry; and the death-watch by the side of my bed was louder and faster in his ominous clicking.

A deep silence followed. Nothing, for a few minutes, was heard in the chamber but my own breathing, which fear had rendered hard and hurried. The funeral figures stood with uplifted hammers, like men in anxious and momentary expectation; and even the old hag, though her coarse features were distorted with the workings of impatience, yet remained silent.

Again the owl whooped, striking the window so furiously that it rattled in the frame; and again the cricket cried, and the death-watch answered as before. At these signs of increasing impatience, he who had drawn the curtain spoke again:—

“Master! shall I toll the bell? The owl HAS whooped,—the cricket cried,—and the death-watch called.”

“Not yet,” was the answer. “It is not quite twelve; the clock must strike first.—Be still, Sir Urian,” he added, turning to the bird of night, who flapped his pinions yet more vehemently at the delay;—“your time is not yet come.”

At this rebuke, the owl folded his wings upon his breast, and the cricket and the death-watch hushed their cry.

But even this respite, short as it was, seemed too long for the hag. She could not wait for the fated hour, when, as it seemed, death would of himself visit me, but must needs anticipate his coming, though the hand of the time-piece on the table pointed to the last quarter before twelve. Filling a cup from one of the many phials, she came to my bedside, and croaked out, “It is time; drink, and die!” But I stoutly refused the draught so ominously presented. The hag persisted, uttering dreadful, half-intelligible menaces; and, in the very desperation of terror, I struggled as for life, and endeavoured to dash down the chalice. But I was a mere child in her hands. She forced me back upon my pillow with a strength that to my feebleness seemed gigantic, and poured the poison down my throat in spite of my utmost resistance.

No sooner was it swallowed than it crept like ice through my veins, freezing up life as it stole on, drop by drop, and inch by inch, the numbness beginning at my feet, and mounting upward till it curdled at my heart. It must not, however, be supposed that I was silent during this deadly march of the poison; on the contrary, my rage was, at least, equal to my terror; and their united influence was powerful enough to loosen the bonds that had hitherto kept my tongue tied, when to have spoken would have been some relief to the overwhelming sense of agony. I poured forth the bitterness of my heart in curses that staggered the

old hag, and sounded tremendous even to my own hearing. At first she only stared, like one struck by sudden wonder; then, as surprise gave way to fear, she covered her face with her hands, as if to shut out the sounds that were too horrible for bearing; and, finally, fled with the long-protracted howl of the wolf when driven from its prey.

I was dead, and knew that I was dead. I had consciousness without life—sense only for suffering—and lay a fettered prisoner in my narrow prison-house. Still SELF, that centre-point to which in life all pain and all pleasure are referred—that individual but invisible existence, which remains entire even when the limbs are lopped away from the trunk—which, mutilate the body as you will, retains in its wholeness the same capacity of suffering and enjoyment—this SELF still was. I lived, though my body had perished; and the stings and bruising of the insensible flesh were, by some mysterious agency, reflected on the spirit.

But I was soon to be called to another sphere, and to loftier modes of suffering. While I was yet mouldering, a voice reached me, and it sounded like a tempest—"Let the dead arise!" Death, which had closed my ears to all other sounds, could not make me deaf to this awful summons. I arose from the grave as from a bed, shaking off the mouldering garment of the flesh, and was in eternity, myself a portion of it, however indefinite. There was neither sun, nor moon, nor star, nor earth, nor space, nor time: all was eternity—immeasurable, incomprehensible eternity! And there I was alone with my own conscience, that, with a thousand tongues spoke out the sentence of anguish, and drove me onward through the *boundless* without rest, for in it was no resting-place. I called on Death; but Death himself had passed away with the world. Not even an echo answered to my cry. I called on those who, like me, were to know anguish; but either they were not, or else were lost in the void.

On a sudden a whirlwind arose. I heard the mighty flapping of its wings as it rushed on towards me through the boundless, and again felt that there was hope. The darkness rolled away before it; the sound of many instruments came up from the deep; and I was hurried onward, till at last, by a transition as rapid as the passing of a sunbeam over the water, I found myself in a state, blissful indeed, but such as almost sets description at defiance. I heard the voice of those I loved so dearly; I saw their little fairy forms gliding dimly about me, as if in mist; but I could neither move, nor speak, nor in any way, as it seemed, make them sensible of my nearness. They were talking of me. I heard one say to the other, "To-morrow is his birth-day!" And then they began to sing in low, plaintive tones, one of the wild strains of a wild drama that I had written many years before, and which was even too apt to my situation. Strange to say, though till that moment I could as soon have repeated the whole of the Iliad as my own lines, yet, ever since, the address of the poor Adine to Faustus has remained indelibly written upon my memory. It ran thus:—

Oh, Saul! oh, king!  
Wake from thy fearful dream!  
The chains, that bind  
Thy horror-haunted mind,  
Drop from thee, as the stream  
Of music gushes from the trembling string.

Softly, softly breathe, my lyre,  
 Stilling every wild desire!  
 Let thy music fall as sweet  
 On the anxious, listening ear,  
 As the odours to the sense  
 When the summer's close is near.  
 More soft! more slow!  
 The measure flow!  
 Softer, slower yet!  
 Till the sweet sound beget  
 A joy that melts like woe.

I listened, and wept! Oh, the unutterable luxury of those tears! They worked upon my burning brain as the long-withheld dews fall upon the dry and rifted earth. The fever of my blood was stilled, and the air seemed to blow so coolly upon my parched cheeks! A sense of enjoyment stole over me, calm as the breath of a summer's evening, but vivid beyond the power of words to paint it.

The sounds of that wild strain came fainter and fainter; the fairy forms waxed dim; my eyes grew heavier; I slept.

The morning awakened me; it was not till the sun had been up for many hours; but when it did break my long slumber, it found me far other than it had left me on the preceding day. Then I was dying; now the dangerous crisis was past. Then I had neither eyes, nor ears, nor indeed any other sense, for pleasure; now the sight of the blue sky alone, seen through the window as I lay in bed, was a source of infinite delight. Even the poor old nurse, who, in the hours of the night, had been so hateful to me, was, in my altered mood, a kind, officious creature, whose happy face had in it as little as could be well conceived of the night-hag. By-the-by, the good old creature, half-laughing, half-crying, reproached me with having beaten her in my delirium. This, if true—and I much fear it was—must have been when she brought me the medicine, and my overwrought fancy represented her as conspiring with the shadowy men of the hammer to poison me. Nor have I the least doubt, if it were worth while, that all my visions might in the same way be traced to some existing or foregone reality.

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#### THE SAINT.

"Mihī sit propositum in taberna mori,  
 "Deus sit propitius huic potatori."

SAINT Dan was a saint, with as saintly a face  
 As e'er played the sinner, or poached for a place;  
 'Twas delicious to hear him "improve" upon hell!  
 And at love-feasts, and so forth, he bore off the bell;  
 The ladies all vowed him an exquisite man:  
 In short, of all saints, the prime saint was Saint Dan.

Six days in the week he at banquets harangued,  
 Six times on the "Sabbath" old Satan was banged;  
 His tricks were out-tricked, his skin done to a toast,  
 Till all the world knew that Saint Dan ruled the roast,  
 And pronounced that Old Nick must soon alter his plan:  
 In short never saint snubbed the devil like Saint Dan.



Now, Saint Dan thought it hard that the children of Ammon  
Should have to themselves all the good things of Mammon,  
So he sobbed and he sighed—for your sobs and your sighs  
Are the true way in chapels to raise the supplies;  
Never glance was so holy, or visage so wan:  
In short, old Saint Dunstan must yield to Saint Dan.

Dan went on his travels. Six angels to Dover  
From Paradise posted to ferry him over;  
One kept on the road a sharp eye to the ditches,  
One knotted his neckcloth, one buttoned his breeches;  
In his rear one bivouacked, one kept wing in his van:  
In short, never saint was 'so watched as Saint Dan.

On travelled Saint Dan, by miracle saved,  
By miracle lathered, by miracle shaved,  
By miracle helped his faint stomach to fill,  
By miracle helped to find ease in a pill,  
By miracle 'scaping from freckle and tan:  
In short, never saint washed his face like Saint Dan.

He was thankful in turn, for he never took snuff,  
But he wrote down a prayer (none must call it a puff);  
He thanked Heaven that his toothpick was never mislaid,  
That his nose was his own, and his bed ready made;  
With a hymn he decanted the Swiss chambertin:  
In short, never saint prayed so thick as Saint Dan.

Aspiring at length with old Satan to grapple  
In something less low than his mob-smelling chapel,  
He summoned his angels, and, borne on their backs,  
(Loretto was never more lucky in hacks)—  
"The first step to the bench;" Heaven speed the good man!—  
In a church shone at last the pure face of Saint Dan.

Saint Dan, as he dropped down his glance from the sky,  
Heard a voice in his ear, "Dan, bid canting good by;  
"There's no reason on earth why a man with a *call*  
"Should not feather his nest with whatever may fall;  
"You see that the maxim is, 'Catch all you can!'"  
So whispered the vision; so listened Saint Dan.

Then rose by his elbow a sallow-faced slave,  
A soft-spoken scoundrel as e'er played the knave;  
"Saint Dan," said the miscreant, "a Saint you may die,  
"A second-rate Wilberforce, tenth Sister Fry;  
"Come, Dan, turn your doublet—I'll make you a man;  
"A stall's not a bad thing."—"Go on!" said Saint Dan.

Says the fiend, "There are holy, and wealthy, and wise,  
"Who deserve to be hanged every day that they rise;  
"There are Statesmen and Lawyers all turning like wheels,  
"There are Doctors and Deans, tumbling head over heels,  
" (Whom Satan selects for his special divan.)"  
"Well, if ratting will do it, I'll rat!" says Saint Dan.

Then up sprang the fiend with a laugh and a howl,  
And grasped \* \* \* \*

CÆTERA DESUNT.

## OUR COLONIES.

THERE is an old German proverb which says, "The very best shoe-ties in the world are those which you cut out of another man's leather;" and the English Government, in the conduct which it has of late thought fit to adopt towards the colonies, seems to have taken this venerable axiom as the ground-work of their policy. Nay, they are not only bent upon indulging their own caprices at the expense of those countries, but they permit every body else who wants shoe-ties to cut them out of the colonies' leather—and, what is worse, to cut them of any fashion they like. Now, if the wealth, or the power, or the prosperity of this country were in no degree involved in the welfare of those distant possessions of the crown, the matter would be perhaps of little importance in a political point of view. The violating a series of pledges, some tacit, but confirmed by the unvarying practice of many years; some ratified by all the solemnity of legal enactments, and all of them binding in conscience, and in honour—the interfering with private property—the reducing an orderly, and well-conducted, and virtuous community to beggary and degradation, would be reprehensible and disgusting to the very last degree; but as these are matters wholly beneath the contemplation of the professors of liberal notions—the new-light governors of England—they might pass: the victims would have to endure their undeserved sorrows and agonies, pitied by some, and neglected by the great majority of their countrymen; but the liberal system would flourish, the theorists would triumph—and if the nation were not content with such glories, it must be hard indeed to please. The case, however, is not quite as we have supposed it—the colonies are a source of great pecuniary advantage to this country. It would seem hardly necessary to state a fact which ought to be so well known, so universally felt, but that the recent treatment they have experienced would induce the belief that it has been forgotten. They yield a royal revenue, they furnish annual employment for thousands of tons of British shipping, they spread the strength and power of this country to the most remote quarters of the globe. These are the advantages which concern immediately the nation; and the nation may, if it will, dispense with them. There is, besides, a sum amounting to many millions of British capital, invested in those countries: this the nation must reimburse, if it can, to the owners; but until it does so, it ought to keep its hands from their property, and to forbear to deprive them of the fruits of their industry and enterprize.

It is because these facts, and the principles of common honesty—to say nothing of political sagacity—have been lost sight of, that a state of things pregnant with danger has been brought about. The position in which this country stands towards her colonies, is at this moment a matter of very deep and painful interest. The seeds of discontent—we hope not of disaffection—are sown in all of them; in some the growth is more forward than in others; but in all, unless measures, in every respect different from those which have lately been pursued, shall be speedily resorted to, a bitter harvest of cost, and disappointment, and humiliation, must be reaped. Canada breathes discontent, and one feather more thrown into the scale of her wrongs will raise the expression to an indignant remonstrance—while the elements within her lie ready to assist that apt disposition she cannot but have to relieve herself. The fiscal regulations of Grenada, of Trinidad, and of Honduras, have

exasperated the minds of their several inhabitants to the last point of endurance;—and at the same time, the enterprising and ambitious United States of America stand well inclined—as who can doubt—and well able—as they have proved—to assist in curtailing and reducing England's power and resources; and this, too, even if they had not, as in this instance they have, the powerful inducement afforded by the expectation that *they* may gain some of those advantages which, in the event of a quarrel with our colonies, *we* must lose.

Of all the colonies which have reason to complain of the misguided policy of this country's government, Jamaica has suffered most. At once the most valuable, and the best-disposed towards the mother-country, her importance has been derided, her intentions doubted; her attempts even to comply with the requisitions of this country, unreasonable and harsh as they have sometimes been, have been thwarted, baffled, and mocked; and not only the future destruction of the colony has been threatened, but steps have been taken—nay, may be, even now, in more rapid progress than at any former period, for her present ruin. Although each of the colonies we have alluded to would furnish ample topics for observation, the task shall at present be confined to Jamaica, whose case is the most striking, and to which the public attention at this moment ought most especially to be directed.

The cause of quarrel—for to deny that deep and serious quarrel exists would be absurd—between the government of this country and the legislature of Jamaica, is bottomed upon the existence of slavery there. The English government has resolved to adopt measures for the present amelioration with a view to the future emancipation of the slaves. The proprietors of the Island of Jamaica concur in the spirit of those resolutions: they differ, in some respects, from the government of England, as to the means by which they should be carried into effect; and for this offence, and for this alone, it is that they are threatened with destruction, and their enemies of all kinds and descriptions, high and low, “the little dogs and all,” are caressed and urged on to attack them; and open and violent denunciation, and the small lie and back-wounding calumny, are echoed and encouraged with joyous and eager applause. It is not enough that the Colonists feel and evince an anxious desire to ameliorate the condition of their slaves—that their interest, as well as their duty and feelings, prompt them to that course—that their personal characters, their moral conduct, their intelligence and respectability, place them as high in the estimation of every man who thinks for himself, as that which is held by any of their accusers:—facts and evidence are alike disregarded:—it is enough they are found guilty of having relied upon the protection of this country's laws, of having increased this country's wealth; for these crimes their property is to be confiscated—their reputation crucified—their very names delivered over to reproach and obloquy.

The mere fact of the existence of slavery is so repugnant to the feelings of the British people, so odious to their very nature, that the contemplation of it, in whatever shape it is presented, excites disgust and reprobation; and their minds are already prepared to censure its existence, and to vote for its abolition. Of this predisposition the enemies of the colonists have adroitly availed themselves, and have directed it as served their several purposes or favoured their interests. It has, however, been left to these days of liberality to act in matters of national

policy upon mere prejudices, and no candid or honest mind but must shrink at the notion of having its better feelings wrought upon, for the purpose of working an injustice, by means of an honest impulse misled, or under colour of some sacred but prostituted name. And yet, with respect to Jamaica, the government and the people of this country have been induced to condemn and to sentence, unheard and untried, the conduct of persons who participate with them—nay, who go beyond them, if that be possible, in their abhorrence of slavery, if by slavery is meant privation, and suffering, and injustice; the denial of the rights of humanity, and the violation of all social privileges. If the people of Jamaica have been guilty of the crimes which have been laid to their charge, there can be but one feeling excited respecting them. If the system of slavery prevailing in that island be such as their enemies have described it to be, there can be no doubt, not only that it should be abolished, at whatever cost of pecuniary interest, at whatever sacrifice of political power; and though the fate of the colonists should be beggary, the scorn of all good men, even annihilation itself,—the punishment will have been deserved by their offences, and they will be seen to endure it without exciting or deserving one particle of commiseration.

All that they ask, and if they did not ask it, common justice and the interests of the country would demand it, is—that the foundation of their supposed crimes should be inquired into, and that their guilt should be ascertained before their punishment is visited upon them.

With respect to slavery itself it must be remembered, that the institution is neither of this day nor by those people who are now interested in its continuance; whatever may be its evils, no man is now called upon to justify or to excuse them; it was begun under the direct sanction of the British Government; it has grown under the protection of British laws, and is as much a part of the legislative enactment of this country, as the poor laws, or any other provision which the interests or the exigencies of the state may have required. The colonial system, of which it has been, of which it is, an inseparable part, has been nurtured by British capital, and British industry; its fruits have been commercial prosperity—an influx of national wealth—an ample market for the sale and consumption of British manufactures, and the extension of that political power which has made this country prosperous at home and formidable abroad—rich in peace, and terrible in war—the source of opulence and security to its people, and an irresistible weapon of offence against its foes. Still, though these benefits were infinitely increased, we are not prepared to deny that they ought all to be surrendered unhesitatingly, if they can be held by no other than unjust and unchristian means. A cursory examination—and though it be cursory, it will yet be more profound, as well as more candid than that which the enemies of the colonies have chosen to make into the subject—will prove that no such principle applies to the case of the colonies. Without adverting to the fact that the evidence of all history, sacred as well as profane, establishes the existence of slavery—without reminding the Englishmen of the nineteenth century, that the Villeins of the thirteenth were in name and in fact, slaves under a more galling yoke than those Africans who till the soil in Jamaica,—let us examine into the actual condition of the latter slaves, and see in what respects they differ, excepting in the name, from that large class of human beings whose fate it is by the laws of nature, and the regulations of society, to earn the food they eat by the cultivation of the earth which produces that food.

In the first place let it be remembered, that, owing to the peculiarities of climate in the torrid zone, scarcely any but the natives of Africa can be found who are capable of enduring such heat as attends upon their toils; and that, therefore, the Europeans who, invited by the government of this country, and protected by its laws, have ventured their capital in cultivating the burning, but fertile soil, of Jamaica, are compelled to resort to these people, and to these alone, for the assistance which is necessary to the completion of their enterprise. That they are slaves is not the fault of the planters; that being slaves, they are the property of those planters, is the fault—if fault in it there be—of this country's government and laws. The conditions, upon which those laws, no less than the precepts of common humanity, permit the colonists to avail themselves of the labour of the slaves, are, that they should provide for them in sickness as well as in health; that they should furnish them with food and raiment and dwellings, and that they should extend to them that protection which masters in all communities afford to their servants. The mere pecuniary interest which the West-India proprietors have in the persons of their slaves, requires that they should do something more—and as the value of the slaves obviously depends in a great degree upon their being able to perform that work from which the gains of the planters are produced, the preservation of the health, the comfort, and the content of the negroes, each of which must influence to a very important extent their capabilities and disposition to labour, become matters of solicitude and anxiety to their masters, and thus the powerful stimulus of interest is added to every other inducement which the feelings of humanity and the principles of religion exercise over the minds of the West-India planters, in favour of their slaves. If this were mere reasoning upon principles which are universally recognised to act upon the minds of men, in all conditions of society, it would be hard to refute it; but the case of the West-India planters does not rest only on such grounds: the indisputable evidence of authenticated facts proves that the slaves of Jamaica are in the actual enjoyment of all the comforts and advantages which are the fair rewards of their labour. The hours during which they work are not more—we believe not so many—as those which are devoted to the same purpose by the agricultural labourers of Great Britain. The negroes toil under the burning sun of the torrid zone; but it is the climate to which they are born; nor are its effects more painful nor more injurious upon their constitutions, than the stormy and inclement weather which belongs to our “cold and cloudy clime.” They enjoy an ample sufficiency of nutritious food; and, unless all that has been heard of agricultural distress in England be a wanton fiction, a malicious invention of the enemy, can the same thing be said of the suffering peasants of England? of the potatoe-fed population of Ireland? of the healthless myriads who swarm in our manufacturing towns? or of the famishing silk-weavers of Spital-fields, whose cries of hunger still ring in our ears? But it may be objected that these advantages, even though they preponderated more than they do in favour of the negro slaves, would not weigh as a feather in the balance, with the inestimable advantages of liberty. The Englishman who should deny it would be a shame to his country, a reproach to the mother who bore him. But the answer to this objection, and it is a sufficient one, is that which has been furnished by one of the ablest, the most eloquent, and the most candid, of the enemies of the colonies—and would to God that he were still alive, and that

they had all such enemies to deal with. Mr. Canning said the system of slavery "is an evil which is the growth of centuries and of tens of centuries, which is almost coeval with the deluge, which has existed, under different modifications, since man was man." Let us, however, pursue the comparison a few steps further—the labour of the negroes is compelled by the stern enforcement of their masters. To effect this the use of the whip has formerly been found necessary. That it was ever so, excites on all occasions deep regret,—in many, censure not less profound. That baneful practice has, however, been almost if not wholly discontinued in Jamaica. But is there no enforcement to the toils of agricultural labourers in this country? Are not the stings of hunger, "the bare point of sharp necessity," the horrid alternative of starvation, or of crime and its attendant penalties, compulsion as strong upon the minds of English peasants as the whip of the taskmaster upon the less exalted understandings of the negro slaves? Save as the punishment of crime, the use of the whip in the West Indies is discontinued; and for the same purpose is it not in operation here? Are the vagrant laws—the laws against poaching—the penal parts of the poor laws—more mild in their effect, or more leniently administered, than the measures which the policy of the colony, the interests of the proprietors, the very existence of the slaves themselves, have rendered necessary in Jamaica? In sickness they are carefully tended; and when old age deprives them of the capability of further exertion, the humane laws of the colony provide for them an asylum for the enjoyment of the repose which their declining years demand—not in the prison-like walls of a parish workhouse—not upon the condition that the miserable object of the reluctant and enforced benevolence of a thrifty overseer shall renounce the society of his family—the comforts, scanty and few as they must needs be, yet not on that account the less prized, of his humble home; but in the same hut, upon the same land that witnessed his birth, and has been the scene of all his simple joys, in the bosom of his family, and surrounded by his companions and connexions. The contrast is painful, but justice requires it to be continued. What man's knowledge or memory can furnish him with an instance of an English day-labourer, whose exertions were so rewarded, or whose industry was so repaid, that he was enabled to accumulate money and stock sufficient not only to dispense with the necessity of further exertions in his old age, but to transmit the property to his children? In the West-Indies, these occurrences are frequent enough to justify the pressing of this point much farther than it is here carried, and slaves could be specified, who have purchased their freedom, who have become the masters of slaves and the owners of property, and in sufficient numbers to lead to the conclusion that industry and sobriety, and those habits of order, that increased intelligence, which is the result of the measures willingly and even eagerly adopted by the West-India proprietors for the amelioration of their slaves, secure there the reward they are entitled to every where.\*

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\* We know the name of a gentleman, at present the proprietor of an estate in the parish of Westmoreland. He had been for many years overseer on an estate, and whilst in that situation, he was about to purchase a small gang of negroes. The slaves on the property who were under his charge, felt towards him so much attachment, that one of them was deputed by several others to offer him a sum of money, exceeding £1,500, which they had saved from their earnings, if he required assistance in the purchase. He declined accepting their offer: he had sufficient gratification in the proof which was afforded him of their attachment, which he had by his conduct towards them acquired, and of the prosperity and comfort which they had enjoyed, to enable them to make that offer. Will any body tell us of a similar instance in any of the colonies in which the members of the African Society are concerned?

These are facts so carefully kept out of sight by the declamatory enemies of the West-India proprietors, that they are probably seen for the first time by some of those persons who have, nevertheless, formed an opinion on the subject of slavery and the expediency of its abolition; and yet every one of these facts is not only so true, but so capable of instant and indisputable proof, that the colonists would be content to stake their interests upon their being able to establish every one of them. If some of those good-natured, dreaming people, who take for granted all that they have been told on the other side, ask why we have left out of the picture, the tortures to which slaves are put at the mere caprice of their masters, the dismemberments, the chainings, the wanton floggings, the separate selling of slaves who are united in families, the cruel severing of nature's sweetest and holiest ties—the answer is, that if such atrocities ever existed, they have for many years past ceased to disgrace the colonies. That to assert they now exist, in any degree, is a foul, gross, malignant calumny,—the falsehood of which is notorious to every one who has taken the trouble to read and examine the evidence on the subject; and more notorious to none than to the crafty forgers of these monstrous lies.

Relying upon the public appetite for whatever partakes of the marvellous—upon the proneness of uncharitable natures to believe imputations of evil rather than to receive proofs of good deeds—and, more than all, upon the supineness and apathy of the West India proprietors, their enemies have exerted themselves indefatigably, and, to a certain extent, successfully, to create a public prejudice against the colonists, and to engage the co-operation of the Government to their ruin. These enemies are very numerous, and consist of persons of various opinions, pursuing various interests.

One class consists of those pious enthusiasts, who are so very humane,—who have such a superabundance of charity, that they cannot sleep for thinking that there are in the West India colonies a set of persons who are not *so white*, nor so free, nor so poor, nor so hard worked, nor so miserable, in fifty other respects,—as the agricultural labourers of England. With these people it is extremely hard to deal—because it is impossible to tell which of them is sincere—as doubtless many of them are—and which crafty and dishonest, as some of them must be. God forbid that one word of disparagement should be uttered against such as are actuated by truly religious feelings. The colonists have no quarrel with *them*, although they have received deep wrongs at their hands, the greatest of which is, that they have lent a fair colour to the foul cause of their corrupt enemies. The test of their honest intentions is this—will they listen as attentively to the vindication of the colonists, as they have listened to the accusations of their foes? Will they receive the evidence of honest men, opposed to the false and wild assertions of nameless slanderers? Will they be as prompt in repairing wrong, as they have been eager in inflicting it? If they will, their sincerity cannot be doubted—if they will not, their piety is a pretence.

This class of persons have earned for themselves the appellation of "Saints," which, for distinction's sake, they may as well keep. Foremost in their ranks is the gentle "Master Stephen," the old, indefatigable, virulent enemy of the colonies. Then those two yards—full measure—of lean philanthropy which compose the body corporate of that most benevolent brewer of porter, Fowell Buxton, Esq. Then, the African

Society, with its crowd of votaries, to many of whom, (as one of them was told by Dr. Dodson, in the Admiralty Court,) "godliness is great gain"—and most of whose consciences are so thin-skinned, that the exercise of the offices of charity in their own country does not furnish a plaister thick enough for them. Then the old ladies, and old gentlemen with old lady-like minds—antiquated spinsters, and bachelors of slender wits, who vent their overflowing sensibilities upon the ill-used blacks—about whom they know just as much as they do of the man in the moon. The rear is brought up by a crowd of missionaries, who, having conceived a noble disgust of "sewing nether stocks," cobbling shoes, or seating breeches, prefer the more dignified and less laborious task of converting the slaves in the West Indies, many of whom are better informed, and most of whom are more honest, than those Mawworms who, under the impulse of a "call," devote themselves to "rum and true religion."

Another set of the enemies of the West India colonies, are those who are interested in bringing into this country the produce of the East. If the burthens which England has imposed upon Jamaica were taken off, and she was left to trade freely, she would have nothing to fear from the competition of the Mauritius or any other place. Until that is done, she has a right to look with no small degree of jealousy to the part which East India Directors and East India Proprietors take in the attack that is made upon her.

Another division of the foes of the West India colonies are those old haters of the government of England, the Whigs. Their mouths are at this moment stopped; and since they hope more effectually to compass their objects, they prefer the insidious appearance of a truce, to the open hostility they have always before avowed, and which is so deeply implanted in them, that fire would not burn it out. They have bullied and cajoled, and at length succeeded in obtaining the surrender of a valuable portion of the British constitution, and the recognition of Popery as a part of the law of this land. With such a triumph, we see no reason why they should despair of destroying the nation's existence; and in that laudable design they have hitherto exerted themselves, with that eager zeal which they never display but in a bad cause, to obstruct those measures of the government which had for their view the tranquillizing differences, and to swell the cry against the colonists. There are minor shades of distinction, some of which are so minutely marked that they are not worth tracing, and others arise from certain individual enemies belonging to several of the classes. Some of the saints are in the East Indian interest; some of the whigs are saints, like Buxton and Dr. Lushington; some have no religion at all, like Brougham; some have the old revolutionary taint in them—their early fond recollections of the *Amis des Noirs*, of the Abbé Grégoire, and of Robespierre, still cling about their hearts.—"Que nos colonies périssent!" ring in their ears; and they would make Jamaica like Hayti, where, thanks to their judicious and humane dealings, want and desolation and misery reign over fields, where plenty and content once smiled; where the whip has been laid aside, and the humane substitute of a large thick stick resorted to; and where every man is so free, that if he does not work willingly, he is imprisoned and enforced to it by stripes and starvation.

But all these several classes, whether saints or sinners,—whigs or jacobins—actuated by sordid interests or perplexed by a morbid sensibility—all of them combine and make use, as occasion serves, of one another to



gain their several ends ; all are equally eager to cut their shoe-ties out of the colony's leather, and, although the shapes might vary in each case, there is no doubt that the wearers would cut stuff enough.

Now, because the colonists of the West Indies, notwithstanding the respect which they must needs feel for the pure and estimable motives of their enemies, nine-tenths of whom know nothing of the matter, and are directed by the remaining tenth in a scheme of mere plunder, because they venture to defend their reputations and their property, and the colony itself, against the vain and dishonest purposes of their enemies, they find themselves involved in a serious quarrel with the English government, which stands thus :—In 1823, that most amiable and fair dealing porter brewer, Mr. Buxton, (whose beer, if it is no better than his speeches, is enough to make any reasonable stomach revolt,) proposed to the House of Commons a resolution to abolish slavery throughout the British colonies “with as much expedition as may be found consistent with a due regard to the well-being of the parties concerned.” The dishonesty of this attempt is obvious in every line of Mr. Buxton's speech ;—see him at every step mixing up the old horrors of the slave trade with his present proposition, and endeavouring to establish a connexion between the West India proprietors of this day, and those disgraces to humanity, who trafficked in the blood and lives of African slaves. Look to the indignant rebuke which the brewer received from Mr. Canning, who reminded him that the two subjects had no natural reference to each other, and could never be joined but for a purpose dishonest in itself, unfair to the house, to the country, and the colonies ;—that the house was under an engagement, “not, on every subsequent discussion to look back to atrocities which have ceased,—not to revive animosities which have been extinguished—not to throw in the teeth of those whose interests are at hazard, cruelties with which they in fact had no concern.” The whole of Mr. Canning's answer is an admirable running stricture upon Mr. Buxton's address, and is to that address what benevolence, guided by sound judgment, philanthropy, regulated by the doctrines of Christianity, and political sagacity, the result of profound study and deliberation, are to an ignorant zeal, an overweening vanity, and an hypocritical pretence, extraordinary virtue. Having sufficiently demolished that insidious proposition, Mr. Canning submitted certain resolutions which were afterwards adopted, the object of which was the institution of measures for ameliorating the condition of the slave population in the colonies, to be effected through the progressive improvement in the character of the slaves, and in such time as might be “compatible with the well-being of the slaves themselves, with the safety of the colonies, and with a fair and equitable consideration of the interests of private property.” The sense which that statesman entertained of the duty of this country towards the colonies, and the conduct which in justice, and in good policy, ought to be adopted towards them, may be gathered from the concluding sentence of his speech, in which he expresses the anxiety of the government “on the one hand to redeem the character of the country, so far as it may have suffered by the state of slavery in the colonies, and their duty on the other, to guard and protect the just interests of those who by no fault of their own—by inheritance—by accident—by the encouragement of repeated acts of the legislature—find their property vested in a concern exposed to innumerable hazards and difficulties which do not belong to property of another character, such

as, if they had their option (as their ancestors had) they would doubtless, in most cases, have preferred. If they have stood these hazards—if they have encountered these difficulties, and have to stand and encounter them still—we may not be able to secure them against the consequences of such a state of things, but at least we have no right to aggravate the hazard or the difficulties which we cannot relieve.”

Although Jamaica was not expressly named, it was well known that she was aimed at in these resolutions. The legislative assembly of that colony, however, so far from receiving captiously, or reluctantly, the measures which were then proposed, set about giving the fullest effect to them—having always regard to that which they did know, and which the English government did not know—the local interests and peculiarities of their island. While there had been a great deal of *prating* here about the amelioration of the slaves, the legislature of Jamaica had been earnestly, and actively, and successfully employed in *effecting* it; acting upon the principle which was known here, and laid down by some persons, (who only knew it, however, because the colonists of Jamaica had told them so) that it was necessary to prepare the slave, by enlightening his mind with the diffusion of knowledge, and purifying his heart with the principles of religion, before the gift of freedom could be any thing but a curse to him.\* In 1816, the laws relating to slaves were consolidated, and the new act received the royal assent. The progress of improvement was rapidly continued, and so many other provisions, extending the privileges and comforts of the slaves, were subsequently passed, that, in 1826, it was thought advisable to frame a general act which should combine the whole code of laws relating to the slave population of the island. At this time, a despatch from Lord Bathurst, then Secretary of State for the colonies, containing certain recommendations in pursuance of the resolutions respecting the slaves, had been received in Jamaica. The assembly, who thought that their knowledge was at least equal to that of the persons by whom these recommendations had been suggested, felt reasonably dissatisfied that measures had been dictated to them, without any previous investigation, at which they had been heard, either for the preservation of their interests, or for the vindication of their character. They contented themselves, however, with expressing this just and natural feeling, and set about carrying such of the recommendations of this government into effect as they thought practicable and judicious. A concise statement in their own words of the objects of the new law which they framed, will prove their earnestness to assist the work of improvement, and the injustice and falsehood of the imputations which have been made against them. Having stated that they had provided for the protection of the persons of females, in conformity with the spirit of the English laws, they proceeded thus: “Sentence of death, by judicial authority, cannot be enforced without the sanction of the Governor. Manumissions have been encouraged and

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\* “In dealing with the negro, Sir, we must remember that we are dealing with a being possessing the form and strength of a man; but the intellect only of a child. To turn him loose in the manhood of his physical strength, in the maturity of his physical passions, but in the infancy of his uninstructed reason, would be to raise up a creature, resembling the splendid fiction of a recent romance, the hero of which constructs a human form with all the corporeal capabilities of a man, and with the thews and sinews of a giant; but being unable to impart to the work of his hands a perception of right and wrong, he finds, too late, that he has only created a more than mortal power of doing mischief, and himself recoils from the monster which he has made.”—*Mr. Canning's Speech in the House of Commons, March, 1824.*

facilitated. The slave has been exempted from the effect of legal process on Saturday, that he may dispose of the produce of his labour on that day, and devote his Sunday to religious worship. Curates, throughout the several parishes of this island, have been appointed, for the special purpose of instructing the slave population in the tenets of the Christian faith. Fees on baptism and marriage have been abolished. The slave has also been made capable of receiving bequests of personal property to any amount. These enactments emanated spontaneously from the humane and benevolent disposition which has prompted us from time to time to revise our slave code; and, in strict conformity with that spirit, we have, during the present session, steadily pursued the same course, and have expunged all those enactments which the policy of a remote period rendered imperative, but which, in the present day, are no longer called for, and appear harsh and unnecessary, and have afforded still greater protection to the slave, by imposing further restrictions on the mode of punishment, and by extending to him, in common with every British subject, the benefit of a grand jury, and thereby securing a twofold investigation before guilt can be affixed to him. An advantage has also been conferred, which no British subject in the United Kingdom enjoys; of having counsel assigned, with liberty to address the jury, on behalf of the slave who may be put on his trial for any capital offence. The Sunday market has been abolished after the hour of eleven; marriage, among our slaves, has received legislative encouragement; and the separation of families, under judicial or other process, has been abolished. The maintenance of infirm slaves has been enforced; the acquisition of personal property, which had been permitted under the *usage* of the country, has been sanctioned and secured *by law*. Lastly, to obviate every possible objection that the enemies of our colonial system can urge, that ample protection is not afforded by law to our slaves, we have declared them competent to give evidence in criminal cases.”\*

When the act thus framed was submitted, by the Assembly, to the Governor of the island, that officer expressed his entire approbation of the beneficial alteration which it produced in the condition of the slaves in many particulars—more especially in those which regard the mode of trial, and the admission of their evidence in courts of justice. “Adding, his belief that the measure would be highly satisfactory to his Majesty’s government.”

Their convictions of the utility and propriety of the law thus confirmed by the unequivocal sanction of a high and able state officer, whose residence in the colony for many years had made him fully acquainted with the character, and habits, and wants of the slaves, and whose inclination, as well as his duty, must have been in favour of the views contemplated by this country’s government, the Assembly of Jamaica had good reason for believing not only that their bill would have been adopted without hesitation, but that they should have received the commendation to which their evident and disinterested desire to ameliorate the condition of the slaves, had fairly entitled them. A more mistaken calculation never was made. At the end of the following year, a despatch arrived from the Colonial Office, which informed the Assembly that their bill was disallowed, and gave, at some length, the reasons on which the privy council had advised his Majesty to reject it. To

\* Address of the Assembly, 22d December, 1826.

that despatch Mr. Huskisson's name was subscribed ; and whatever share he may have had in its composition, the disgrace of having baffled and defeated the most rational and efficient measure that has ever yet been devised to effect the object of the resolutions to which the government stands pledged, sticks upon him. The colonists, whom years of persecution and insult have taught to know their enemies pretty well, could be at no loss to see from what source these notable reasons proceeded, and by whose hand they were drawn up. It has long been one of their sorest grievances (and is it not sufficient cause for disgust and irritation ?) that the son of " Master Stephen," their sworn foe—the companion and intimate associate of their banded enemies—has been employed as law adviser to the Colonial Office—that he is paid a salary of 1,500*l.* a year, to help, by all the arts of his profession, the designs which have been constantly carried on against them. It was impossible for them not to detect, in the style, the spirit, the very expressions of these " reasons," the cry of the " young Cockerell ;" while the ignorance, the absurdity, the implacable determination to harass and insult the colonists, which the document betrayed, pointed out, most distinctly, the quarter from which it came. The most intolerable wrong of all was, that the governor was directed to pass no bill on the subject of religion, without a clause suspending its operation until the king's pleasure should be known. This injunction is framed so as to cast upon the Assembly, by implication, the reproach of having attempted to impede the diffusion of religious truths, and is another device of their enemies to raise an unjust prejudice against them. All that the proposed law did, was to prevent designing persons, under pretence of religion, from collecting money from negroes, (we have surely had enough of a " Rent,")\* from holding nocturnal meetings—and to restrain the mal-practices of " ignorant, superstitious, and designing slaves." The sole object of the law is, to enforce a simple regulation of police, which the safety of the colony, and every other state requires ; and this they are told they shall not do. Not pass a law to prevent the dissemination of " principles subversive of the peace and good order of society !"—why, just as well may a man be told that if in this country some crop-eared Tartuffe should venture into his house, there to distract the minds of his family and servants from their duty, he might not kick him into the street.

The course which the Assembly adopted, was dignified and temperate ; but at the same time as resolute as became men who felt that they were struggling, not only for their individual rights, but for constitutional privileges. They appointed a committee, who drew up a reply to Mr. Huskisson's despatch, in which every article of his objections—or rather the objections he has stultified himself by fathering, are clearly and satisfactorily answered. Our limits compel us unwillingly to refrain from going at length into this precious document and the reply to it. A future occasion may enable us to do so ; but in the mean time, we assert, in defiance of contradiction, that the " reasons" are in many respects so puerile and foolish, as to be a disgrace to a public office in which the interests of the country are supposed to be managed—that they are for the most part composed in ignorance, real or affected, of the subject to

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\* The Assembly examined witnesses as to the sums which had been wrung from the slaves under the pretext of religion, and ascertained, from the persons who had received it, that it amounted to at least seven thousand pounds per annum. " *Bridge's Jamaica*," Note LVII.

which they relate ;—that in many respects the law has been mistaken—and in all, an ungracious, unbecoming tone is adopted, which is ill concealed by the faint praise extorted from the writer as to such parts of the law as he does not venture to condemn. The preparation of the reply was committed to Mr. Barrett, a gentleman whose talents and acquirements are of the highest character, and whose earnest desire to improve the condition of the slaves and coloured population, is so universally known and appreciated, that even the most rabid of the colony's enemies, in a work called "The Yellow Book," of which we may at some future time have a word or two to say, congratulated his partisans on that gentleman's being returned as a member of the House of Assembly. The manner in which Mr. Barret executed his task, at once justified the expectations of his friends, and dismayed his enemies. The reply is in every point of view a masterly performance ; the mistakes of Mr. Huskisson's despatch, are powerfully exposed—its ignorance justly rebuked—the true motives and policy of the Assembly vindicated—and their rights asserted ; and all this with a moderation and temper which forms an admirable contrast to the peevish conceit and insincerity of the "reasons." In the mean time, the advocates for the amelioration of the condition of the slaves, because they do not approve of some part of the measures which the Assembly proposed, have rejected the whole ; and have left the objects of their benevolence and charity, with no other protection than that which the law of 1816—confessedly inadequate—afforded to them.

The question between this government and the colonists, now, therefore is, whether the Assembly of Jamaica have, or have not, the right to frame laws for the internal regulation of their country, without inserting in them a clause suspending the operation of those laws until the pleasure of the king shall have been known ? Of this question the Assembly asserts the affirmative. They do not claim a power of giving effect to any regulation which this country may disapprove of ; they willingly acknowledge, and are ready cheerfully to obey, the orders of the king in council, for the suspension or disallowance of any law which they may have passed ; but they insist that until their proposition shall have been examined, and its expediency determined upon, it ought there to have the full effect of a legislative provision. They justify this claim by the exercise of the right for the whole period during which the government of Jamaica has existed. If they relied upon a mere prescription, during a period of nearly two hundred years, that would surely be enough, under the circumstances, to establish their right ; but when their history shows, as it does in the most indisputable manner, that attempts have at various times been made to infringe that right ; that those attempts have been invariably resisted, and always with success ; that at personal risk, at the hazard of life and property, the people of Jamaica have vindicated their claim to the exercise of this important privilege, and the power, as an early commission expresses it, of "making, with the consent of the governor and council, laws for the public peace, welfare, and good government of the island and the people and inhabitants thereof," they may as safely defy the technical subtlety of their enemies, as they may reckon upon the sympathy and support of every one who can appreciate the value of a free constitution, and the virtuous resolution of men who are determined not to surrender the privileges which are their birth-right.

Our present observations have been confined chiefly to Jamaica, not because that is the only colony which has to complain of the mistaken and unjust policy of this country's government; but because the wrongs she has suffered present the most urgent claim for redress; and because it is more than probable that she is about to be made still further the victim of misrepresentation and of a system of blind persecution. The other colonies of Great Britain also call for deep and prompt consideration. The intolerable oppressions in Canada and elsewhere, have been carried so far that there is no alternative between their being redressed, and the fatal alternative of their being lost to Great Britain. Their enemies are abroad; but by the help of our own exertions and a good cause, those enemies shall not have all the fight to themselves. The new regulations lately passed at Grenada, respecting the slave population, are lying before us, and shall shortly be noticed. In the mean time, what we ask for the colonies is all that Englishmen ever require—"a fair field and no favour"—and we take upon ourselves to convince all such as will be convinced, that, in the march of improvement and amelioration, there are not, and there never have been, persons more warm, more honest, more earnest, or more successful, than the calumniated and misunderstood colonists themselves.

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IN LAUDEM BULLÆ AERO-NAUTICÆ.

THEY may talk as they will  
 Of their steam-engine skill,  
 But, as sure as the sun shines at noon,  
 Straps, boilers, and springs  
 Are a waggon to wings,  
 Compared with the air-balloon.

If you're troubled with taxes,  
 You cross the Araxes,  
 Or fly to the plains of Hairoun;  
 In the height of the summer,  
 Cool as a cucumber,  
 You sit in your air-balloon.

The ladies, poor souls!  
 Once sent sighs to the poles;  
 We may now send the sighers as soon:  
 Painted canvas and gas  
 Whisk away with the lass,  
 In the car of the air-balloon.

Our girls of fifteen  
 Will disdain Gretna Green,  
 The old coupler must soon cobble shoon;  
 With a wink to the captain,  
 The beauties are wrapt in  
 The car of the air-balloon.

Old fathers and mothers,  
 Grim uncles and brothers,  
 May hunt them from Janu'ry to June ;  
 They are off to the stars,  
 And in Venus or Mars  
 You may spy out their air-balloon.

Your makers of rhyme  
 May at last grow sublime,  
 Inspired by a touch at the moon ;  
 And lawyers may rise  
 For once to the skies,  
 In the car of the air-balloon.

Your ministers, soaring,  
 May shun all the boring  
 Of country and city baboon ;  
 Or, like ministers' spouses,  
 Look down on both Houses  
 From the car of the air-balloon.

The sweet six months' widow  
 Her weeds will abide, O,  
 No longer, nor cry " 'Tis too soon !"  
 But range the skies over,  
 In search of a lover,  
 In the car of the air-balloon.

If you wish for a singe-a  
 In Afric or India,  
 Or long for an Esquimaux tune,  
 Or wish to go snacks  
 With the king of the blacks,—  
 Why,—call for your air-balloon.

If, on Teneriffe's Peak,  
 You'd wish for a steak,  
 Or dip in Vesuvius your spoon,  
 Or slip all the dog-days,  
 The rain-days, and fog-days,—  
 Go, call for your air-balloon.

Your doctors of physic  
 May banish the phthisic,  
 Your cook give you ice-creams in June ;  
 If a dun's in the wind,  
 You may leave him behind,  
 And be off in your air-balloon.

On the top of the Andes,  
 Who's tortured with dandies ?  
 On Potosi, who meets a buffoon ?  
 But, for fear I'd get prosy,  
 I'll stop at Potosi,—  
 So, huzza for the air-balloon !

## DE BOURRIENNE'S MEMOIRS.\*

THE memoirs which form the subject of the present article bear the stamp of authenticity. They treat of events which can scarcely yet be said to come within the domain of history, and which, notwithstanding, are portrayed with a truth of character, and a correctness of outline, rarely to be found in the delineation of contemporary scenes. And this merit is further enhanced, when we reflect how much truth has been awed into silence before the powerful ascendancy of a man whose singular fortunes subdued the mighty ones of earth, and whose light, like the meteor's, has left behind it the mingled emotions of admiration—of abhorrence—of blind and enthusiastic idolatry.

Future ages will pronounce judgment upon Napoleon, and to them has he appealed. That posterity, with a view to whose applause he invariably regulated his actions, may be said to have, even now, commenced for him. The tomb has for ever closed upon the mighty conqueror on whose individual acts the eyes of nations were fixed. The reign of adulation is past—that of impartial judgment has succeeded.

The "Memoirs of M. de Bourrienne" present some striking points of contrast with the historical narratives of his predecessors. Many of the biographers of Napoleon have laboured to prove that his actions depended on each other, by a sort of indefinable sympathy. Those who have formed their ideas of Napoleon from the dramas arranged by such authors, will be disabused on the perusal of M. de Bourrienne's memoirs. They will in vain seek indications of that innate spirit of imperialism, so ingeniously discovered in Napoleon, by writers whose imaginations enable them to divine the inmost thoughts of great men. They will be disappointed if they expect to find in M. de Bourrienne's memoirs a confirmation of those uninterrupted symptoms of greatness—those unceasing and super-human workings of lofty purpose which the flatterers of Napoleon have so fondly and so absurdly ascribed to his character.

In the course of his memoirs, M. de Bourrienne often brings the documents of which he is in possession into collision with the assertions of Napoleon. He raises doubts as to the sincerity of one whom he knew so well: nay more, he often disproves his *ipse dixit* by the stubborn testimony of facts. But if he plucks from Napoleon's laurels a few artificial leaves, he restores, with the holy zeal of a devotee, those which the breath of envy would wither.

The two volumes now presented to the public rectify many important errors. M. de Bourrienne has devoted himself to the arduous task of restoring to events their real colouring, of sifting their causes, and tracing them through the development of their effects. The companion of Bonaparte's youthful studies, the private secretary and intimate friend of the Conqueror of Italy, the sharer of his councils, and the right hand of the measures which emanated from the imperial throne, M. de Bourrienne describes events of which he was an eye-witness, and discloses the secret of intrigues in which he was himself personally involved, and the web of which Napoleon wove or unwove at pleasure.

We present our readers with the following extracts, translated from M. de Bourrienne's memoirs.

\* Mémoires de M. De Bourrienne, Ministre d'Etat, sur Napoléon, le Directoire, le Consulat, l'Empire, et la Restauration.



“ In the month of April, 1792, I arrived at Paris, and renewed those habits of intimacy with Bonaparte which our boyish friendship and college studies had rendered dear to both of us. My circumstances were not at that time particularly fortunate; the hand of adversity weighed heavily upon him too; his resources were often totally exhausted. The reader may form to himself an idea how the time passed with two young men of 23 years of age, who were richer in leisure hours than in worldly wealth; and of the latter commodity Bonaparte had still less than myself. Each day gave birth to some new project, and found us busily engaged in endeavouring to set on foot some profitable speculation. On one occasion, Bonaparte, in conjunction with myself, wished to hire some houses then being built in the Rue Montholon, for the purpose of sub-letting them. The demands of the proprietors we found most exorbitant; we could therefore do nothing in that way. About the same time, he solicited a commission in the army, and I an appointment to a civil situation in the foreign department. It will be seen, that for the moment I was more fortunate than he. It was before the 20th June that on the occasion of one of our frequent excursions to the environs of Paris we went to St. Cyr to see Bonaparte's sister, Marianne (Eliza) who was a boarder in the establishment.

“ Whilst we rambled away our time in this manner, arrived the never to be forgotten 20th of June—the sombre herald of the still more memorable 10th of August. Previously to setting out on our daily peregrinations, we had mutually agreed upon a rendezvous at the house of a *restaurateur* in the *Rue St. Honoré*, near the *Palais-Royal*. On quitting the *restaurateur's* we saw a mob approaching, apparently collected from the different markets, and amounting, as Bonaparte supposed, to about five or six thousand men, in rags, armed in a manner absolutely burlesque, shouting, vomiting forth oaths and insults, and directing their march with hasty strides towards the palace of the *Tuilleries*. A more brutal, or more ferocious rabble could not possibly have been collected from the vilest population of the vilest faubourg of Paris. ‘ Let us follow this *canaille*,’ said Bonaparte. We fortunately obtained the advance of them, and took our station on the terrace that borders the river. From that spot Bonaparte had a full view of the scandalous scenes that took place. It were difficult for me to portray the sentiments of surprise and indignation which they excited in his breast. He could scarcely recover from his astonishment, at so much patient, I had almost said, so much weak endurance and long suffering. But when the king presented himself at one of the windows that look into the garden, with the red cap which one of the rabble, more audacious than the rest, had placed upon his majesty's head, the indignation of Bonaparte mocked all restraint. ‘ *Sacre Dieu!*’ cried he, aloud, ‘ *how came they to let in these ruffians? It would have been much better to broom away four or five hundred of them with cannon, and the rest would be in full flight.*’

“ After the fatal 10th of August, Bonaparte departed for Corsica, whence he did not return till 1793. Walter Scott says upon this occasion, that subsequently to the above period, he never went back to Corsica. We shall have occasion to notice this mistake more fully in speaking of Bonaparte's return from Egypt.”

The following extract relates to Napoleon's marriage with Josephine, in giving his opinion on which, M. de Bourrienne follows the prevailing supposition that the union in question appeared desirable to Bonaparte from motives of ambition rather than of affection.

“ At dinner one day, Napoleon directed my attention to a lady seated nearly opposite to him, and asked me what I thought of her. My reply seemed to afford him pleasure. He then spoke much of her family—of her personal qualities, adding that he had serious thoughts of offering her his hand, from a conviction that a union with the young widow could not fail to ensure his happiness. It was easy to gather from his conversation, that he thought the marriage principally desirable as a means of seconding his ambitious projects. His increasing intimacy with Madame Beauharnois, brought him into contact

with the most influential personages of the day, and opened a wide field to the exercise of his political views. He remained at Paris but twelve days after his marriage with her, which took place on the 9th of March, 1796. Throughout the whole of this union, the greatest cordiality ever prevailed, if we except some slight differences that will occasionally disturb the harmony of the best assorted matches. Bonaparte never to my knowledge afforded real cause for discontent to his wife. Madame Bonaparte possessed many charming and excellent qualities. None that enjoyed the advantage of knowing her, ever complained of her conduct towards them. As she never forgot any of her friends, arrived at the summit of power, she contrived to retain the affections of all. Her character might have been tainted with something of frivolity, but she was an obliging and a sincere friend. The exercise of benevolence was with her a sort of moral necessity—a second nature: but as she generally obeyed the impulse of the moment, her protection was not unfrequently bestowed on undeserving objects. She had a decided taste for luxury and extravagance. This propensity, nurtured by idleness, had grown into a confirmed habit, and was almost always exercised without discrimination, and without real necessity. What scenes have I not witnessed when the time came round for paying bills! (of which, by the way, it was her custom to declare only the half.) How many tears might not a little more frankness on such occasions have spared her!

“When fortune placed the imperial diadem on her brow, Josephine told all who had the complaisance to listen to her, that this extraordinary event had been predicted. It is necessary here to observe, that she placed implicit faith in the rhapsodies of fortune-tellers. At this I often ventured to express my amazement. On such occasions she was always the first to laugh at her own credulity, without, however, abandoning it. The prediction was certainly in this instance realised; but there is reason to suspect that the natural order of things was reversed, and that in this case, as in many others, the event gave birth to the prophecy.”

We gratify the reader with the substance of one of M. de Bourrienne's anecdotes relative to the directory. It affords us pleasure to be able to give our fashionables an idea of the elegance of the manners and the etiquette observed in those revolutionary days. M. Barras had, it would appear, a quarrel with M. Carnot. The latter found it convenient to league himself with the deputies who were at that time denominated *Clichians*, and M. Barras had now and then a tiff on this subject with his honorable coadjutor, M. Carnot. On the occasion of one of their altercations, it seems, (though M. de Bourrienne does not exactly say so,) that M. Carnot thought proper to reproach M. Barras with the massacres that had taken place in the south. We give the other “*honorable gentleman's*” reply in the original, our pen being much too courteous, and withal too patriotic, to shock the reader's eye with an English version. “*Tais-toi, tu es un infâme brigand; il n'y a pas un pou de ton corps qui ne soit en droit de te cracher au visage.*”—Our readers may imagine if poor M. Carnot had a word to answer to such a specimen of elegance, concision, and energy. Indeed it would have been utterly impossible for him to surpass such an exquisite *morceau*.

We continue our extracts:—

“During his sojourn at Montebello, Bonaparte made an excursion to the Lake of Como, and on his return occupied himself with a project for the organization of the states of Venice, Genoa and the Milanese. One of his observations on this occasion, I shall not readily forget; ‘Good God! how scarce men have become! Italy contains eighteen millions of souls, and I can scarcely find two men.’”

In the estimation of an observer of the world, the justice of Bonaparte's reproach dwindles into a common-place remark. Speaking of

a country represented by its own historians, and the public prints as overflowing with superior talent, a woman\* of no ordinary mind has observed:—"Since the elevation of my husband has afforded me the opportunity of personal acquaintance with men appointed to the most important posts, nothing has occasioned me more surprise than the mediocrity of talent which universally prevails: it surpasses all that the imagination can conceive, and is observable in the meanest clerk—in the minister—in the general—in the ambassador. Were I not personally convinced of the fact, I could never have believed my species so poor and worthless."

Who does not recollect the memorable reply of Oxenstiern to his son, who wished to excuse himself, on account of his youth, from being present at the congress at Munster? "Go, my son, and see with your own eyes what a small share of wisdom governs mankind."

The following is M. de Bourrienne's delineation of Berthier's character:—

"Berthier was a man replete with sentiments of honour, courage, and probity, and with regard to business, possessed the qualities of method and regularity. Bonaparte's esteem for him was the result of habit rather than of inclination. In conferring a favour Berthier was not affable, and his refusals were always harsh and blunt. His character, morose even to selfish rudeness, without increasing the number of his enemies, was not calculated to attach to him many friends. He was perfectly acquainted with the stations of regiments, the names of their officers, and their numerical force. He was always ready, night and day, and dictated with precision all orders depending on the general order. His devotion to Bonaparte was besides excessive. In short, to sum up the measure of his military merit, he was an excellent staff-officer. But there we must stop; even he himself aspired to no greater eulogy. He was not a man that could with advantage to himself be removed from the narrow circle of ideas rendered familiar to him by assiduous application and constant habit. So excessive was his admiration of Bonaparte, that he never suffered himself to give him advice, or even to reason internally on his plans. Berthier's capacity was of a second-rate order, and could only be adapted to the occupations in which he was habitually employed. He was not a man of strong mind, and the reputation which he enjoyed was merely the result of the friendship with which Bonaparte regarded him, and was exaggerated by the frequent appearance of his name in bulletins and official despatches.

"For my part, I loved Berthier, and thought him an excellent man. Notwithstanding the intimate terms on which we were together, particularly in Egypt, I could never cure him of a habit which he had contracted of biting his nails in conversation—a habit which rendered his pronunciation extremely indistinct.

"Bonaparte was in many respects the creature of habit, and liked to be surrounded by those with whom custom had familiarized him. He hated new faces. Berthier loved him, executed his orders with precision; and those qualities covered a multitude of defects, and redeemed his mediocrity of talent."

"A sort of analogy exists between great men and celebrated places. It was not an indifferent spectacle to behold Bonaparte in contemplation of the spot where, in 1476, Charles of Burgundy, surnamed the Bold, witnessed the overthrow of his soldiers by the Swiss. Bonaparte had slept the evening before at Moudon, where the most marked honours had been paid him, as had been the case throughout all the places which he had visited. An accident having happened to his carriage in the morning, we continued our route on foot, accompanied only by a few officers and an escort of dragoons. Bonaparte, on

\* Madame Roland:

arriving at the spot where many of the slain were buried, demanded to be shewn the place where the battle of Morat had been fought. A plain opposite the chapel was pointed out to him. An officer who had served in France took pains to explain to him how the Swiss, rushing down from the neighbouring hills, and protected by a thick wood, had succeeded in putting the army of Burgundy completely to the rout. 'Of what strength was the army composed?' asked Bonaparte. 'Of sixty thousand men.' 'Sixty thousand men!' cried he, 'that force was sufficient to cover the whole of the mountains.' 'Frenchmen now-a-days fight better,' said Lannes, who was one of the officers of his suite. 'In those days,' interrupted Bonaparte, sharply, 'the men of Burgundy were not French.'

"Bonaparte lodged in a small house, No. 6, *Rue de Chantereine*, which, in virtue of a departmental decree soon afterwards received the name of *Rue de la Victoire*. The cries of 'Vive Bonaparte,' and the incense of flattery heaped upon him effected no change in his position. Erst while conqueror and ruler of Italy, now the subject of a party for whom he could feel no respect, and who in turn looked upon him as a formidable rival, he one day observed to me, 'the air of Paris is not favourable to the recollections of greatness. If I remain much longer inactive, I am undone. In this second Babylon one reputation succeeds another. Were I to go three times to the theatre, I should no longer be even looked at: for that reason I go as seldom as possible.' When he did go thither, he invariably sat in a latticed box. On one occasion he commissioned me to request of the Director the representation of two pieces then much in vogue, and in which figured the most celebrated performers of the day. He however demanded the representation merely in the event of its being possible. The director returned me for answer, that 'nothing was impossible when desired by the conqueror of Italy, who had long since erased the word from the French dictionary.' Bonaparte could not avoid laughing heartily at this extravagant compliment. The administration of the opera wished to gratify him with a representation arranged expressly for the occasion. This however he refused. When I observed to him that he could not but feel flattered at the sight of his fellow citizens, who pressed together in crowds to obtain a glimpse of his person. 'Bah!' said he, 'the same people would throng as eagerly to witness my execution, were I this moment dragged to the scaffold.'

"Bonaparte departed for the north on the 10th of February, 1798, but received no order to repair thither, as has been commonly asserted, to prepare operations that had for their object a descent upon England. His voyage to the coast was merely a rapid excursion, and was intended to throw a feeble light upon the ground-work of the question. His absence lasted only eight days, and not several weeks, as has been currently reported. We were four in number, and travelled in his carriage, himself, Lannes, Sulkowsky, and I. Bonaparte was not a little surprised on reading in the *Moniteur* of the 10th February, an article that attached to his short excursion a degree of importance which, in reality, it by no means merited. My readers have on this point learned the exact truth. Bonaparte visited Etaples, Ambleteuse, Boulogne, Calais, Dunkerque, Furnes, Newport, Ostend, and the Isle of Walcheren. In these different ports he obtained the various information requisite, and displayed the patience, the presence of mind, the tact, and the perspicacity that he possessed in an eminent degree.

"We returned to Paris by way of Anvers, Brussels, Lille, and St. Quentin.

"I am at a loss to know where Sir W. Scott obtained his information that the preliminaries of invasion were proceeding with vigour, and that immense preparations were being made: when, in fact, everything was confined to some common-place official correspondence, and some still less important conversations. Whatever may have been asserted on this subject, never were any serious preparations for the invasion made by either Bonaparte or the

Directory. Sir Walter Scott does not flatter the national vanity of England, in thus magnifying a mole-hill into a mountain, and admitting that the bare idea of invasion was a subject of so much alarm to the British government."

"On his arrival at Toulon, to take the command of the army of the east, (l'armée de l'Orient,) Bonaparte learned that the laws inflicting the pain of death upon emigrants continued in full force, and that not long previously, an old man of more than eighty years of age had expiated the offence of emigration by a military execution. Indignant at such horrible barbarity, Bonaparte dictated to me a letter, in the form of a general order, expressive of his detestation of such proceedings, and his determination to visit them in future with exemplary severity. This letter saved the life of an unfortunate man in the predicament above alluded to; and, on that occasion at least, the influence of a powerful name was nobly exercised. A man named Simon, who had followed the fortunes of his masters by emigrating with them, and who now dreaded the severity of the laws, learned, by some accident, that I was in want of a servant. He addressed himself to me, and frankly avowed his position. He suited me, and I engaged him in my service. He afterwards expressed his apprehensions of being seized on going to the port to embark. Bonaparte, to whom I spoke of him, and who had just signalized his abhorrence of an act of cruelty similar to that which gave rise to Simon's alarm, replied to me in the kindest manner, 'Give him my portfolio to carry, and let him remain near you.' The words '*Bonaparte, General-in-chief of the Army of the East,*' were inscribed in large letters of gold upon a handsome green morocco leather portfolio. Whether it was the portfolio, or the circumstance of his being in my service, that saved him, I know not, but at all events he passed without molestation."

"One of the most remarkable amusements of Napoleon during the voyage to Egypt, consisted in appointing three or four persons, after dinner, to maintain a given proposition, and as many to oppose it. These discussions were not without their object. They afforded him opportunities for studying the mental capabilities and resources of those with whom it was his interest to be thoroughly acquainted, in order that on after occasions each might fill the station for which the nature of his talents had best adapted him. Those who have lived in intimacy with Bonaparte were not surprised that after these 'keen encounters' of wit, he uniformly paid a greater deference to those who had skillfully defended an absurd opinion, than to those who had espoused the cause of reason and common sense; and it was not merely superiority of talent that influenced his judgment on this point; for he really preferred the sophist who had argued plausibly in defence of absurdity, to the reasoner who, with equal power, had employed his eloquence in support of a tenable proposition. He himself always named the subject of discussion, and generally contrived to turn it upon questions of religion, of government, or of the art of war. On one occasion he proposed for the subject of argument, the question if the planets are inhabited: on another, the age of the world. At another time he introduced the discussion of the probability of the destruction of the globe which we inhabit, by water or by fire—the truth or fallacy of presentiments—and the interpretation of dreams.

"During the course of a long voyage it was not to be expected that some casualty should not happen, that some person should not accidentally fall overboard. The latter circumstance frequently happened on board the *Orient*, and afforded proofs of the humanity of the man, who subsequently on the field of battle was so prodigal of the blood of his soldiers, and who was destined to shed that blood in torrents throughout the land to which we were then steering our course. From the moment that any one fell overboard, the general enjoyed no repose till he was saved. He instantly gave orders for the vessel to lie to, evinced the keenest anxiety till the unfortunate man was taken up, and ordered me to recompense in the handsomest manner the efforts of

those who had exerted themselves for his preservation. Whenever amongst his deliverers was found a sailor who for some fault had incurred chastisement, Bonaparte insisted that he should be exempted from his punishment, and that he should moreover receive a present of money. During the course of one very dark night a splashing noise was heard, apparently caused by the fall of some person overboard. Bonaparte instantly gave orders for the vessel to lie to, that the supposed victim might be snatched from a watery grave. The most active exertions were made on all sides, the most minute precautions adopted; and at length, after considerable difficulty, those employed on the occasion succeeded in rescuing—a magnificent quarter of beef, which had well nigh made its escape from the provision store to the bottom of ‘the vasty deep.’ What was the conduct of Bonaparte? He ordered me to recompense with even more than usual generosity the sailors who had signalled themselves on the occasion. ‘It might have been a fellow-creature, observed he, ‘and these brave fellows have not the less displayed real courage in their attempt to avert a supposed catastrophe.’

“After a lapse of thirty years, these circumstances are as fresh upon my recollection as if they had occurred but yesterday. Such was the manner in which Bonaparte passed his time on board the *Orient*. It was about that period that he dictated to me the famous proclamation, or general order, which I give unmutilated and unchanged.

“ ‘*Bonaparte, Member of the National Institute, and General-in-chief on board the Orient, 4th Messidor, year 6th of the Republic.*

“ ‘Soldiers:—You are about to attempt a conquest, the effects of which upon civilization, and the commerce of the world, will be incalculable. You are about to strike the most certain and the most fatal blow to England, till the time come when you may be able to annihilate her power altogether.

“ ‘We shall have some tiresome marches to endure—we shall have some desperate battles to fight: we shall succeed in our enterprises—fate is for us. In a few days after our landing, the Mameluck Beys shall cease to exist—those beys who favour exclusively the commerce of the English—who load our merchants with oppressive imports, and lord it over the unfortunate inhabitants of the Nile.

“ ‘The people, whose land we are about to enter are Mahometans: their first article of faith is this, ‘There is no other God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet.’ Do not contradict their religious belief. Act with regard to them as you have acted with the Jews—with the Italians: treat their *Muphtis* and their *Imans* with the same respect that you have heretofore shewn to rabbins and bishops. Regard the mosques—the ceremonies prescribed by the Koran, with the same toleration that you have shewn to the convents—to the synagogues—to the religion of Moses, and of Jesus Christ.

“ ‘The Roman legions of old afforded equal protection to all religions. The habits of the country we are about to enter are different from those of Europe; you will do well to accustom yourselves to them.

“ ‘The people with whom we are about to mix, treat women differently from us; but in every country a ravisher is justly considered a monster.

“ ‘Pillage can enrich but a handful of individuals;—it dishonours us at the same time that it destroys our resources, and loads us with the enmity of the people whose friendship it is our interest to conciliate.

“ ‘The first city we shall enter was built by Alexander; each step we tread will present to our imagination recollections of ancient times, the most interesting, and worthy of exciting the emulation of Frenchmen.

“ ‘**BONAPARTE.**’ ”

“Several authors have asserted, that during his sojourn in Egypt, Bonaparte took part in the religious ceremonies of the Mahometans, and in the exterior forms of their worship; but nothing can be more absurd than the assertion that he celebrated the *fêtes* observed on the occasion of the overflowing of the Nile, or of the anniversary of the birth of the prophet. At such *fêtes* nothing

unusual took place; the same customs were observed as on ordinary occasions; the Turks invited Bonaparte to be present, and he from complaisance to them, took his place as a mere spectator. But the idea of ordering any particular solemnity never entered into his imagination; he contented himself with outwardly conforming to established customs. He never learned, repeated, or recited any of the prayers of the Koran, as some have ridiculously asserted. We know not on what grounds certain writers have represented him as disposed to admit doctrines so subversive of the interests of society, as those of fatalism, polygamy, and the absurd tenets of the Koran. The Scottish novelist may have thought proper to adorn his tale with the episode of Napoleon on the point of embracing the religion of Islamism; but such embellishments should be rejected from the sober narrative of history. Bonaparte had more serious occupations than the discussion of the theological tenets of the sons of Ismael;—his time was too precious to be wasted in their ridiculous and manifold ablutions. These ceremonies, at which policy alone required his presence, amused him and his companions in arms with the novelty of an oriental spectacle. The tact of Bonaparte enabled him to turn the stupidity of the Mussulmans to the advancement of his own purposes, but he never set foot within a mosque; and whatever may be asserted to the contrary, he never, but on one single occasion, dressed himself in the Mahometan costume. The whole of the absurd imputations of apostacy that some poetical historians have laboured to establish against him, amounts to this simple fact—that he was present at the festivals to which the green turbans invited him. The religious toleration of Bonaparté was a natural consequence of his philosophic mind.

“Without doubt Bonaparte shewed, and with reason, considerable deference to the religion of the country. Policy required that he should play the Mussulman rather than the rigid Catholic. An experienced conqueror should ever consolidate his triumphs by protecting, by upholding, and even by distinguishing with peculiar favour the religion of a conquered people. Bonaparte has often assured me, that he held it as a principle to consider all religions as established by man, but that he respected them all as powerful auxiliaries to the art of government. I am not, however, prepared to say, that he would not have changed his faith, had the conquest of the East been proposed to him as the price of his apostacy. When we were alone, he himself was the first to laugh at every thing he might previously have said before the *grandees* of the country, on the subject of Mahomet, Islamism, or the Koran; but he desired that his religious rhapsodies might be repeated, and even translated into harmonious verse, or sounding Arabic prose, in order to conciliate the good will of the natives. The soldiers were highly amused with this farce; and if we recollect the religious complexion of the era at which the French troops entered Egypt, the slightest reflection will suffice to convince us that an harangue on Christianity or on Islamism, pronounced by a Bishop or a Muphti, was to them a matter of equal indifference.

“If Bonaparte ever adopted the tone of the Mahometan religion, it should be recollected that he spoke as a military and political chieftain in a Mahometan country. The safety of his army, the success of his arms, and consequently his own personal glory, depended on his momentary adoption of such a language. In any other country, he would have framed his proclamations, and modelled his harangues on the same principle. In India, Ali would have been his deity;—in Thibet, Dalai-Lama would have been his idol;—in China, Confucius would have been his prophet.

“With respect to the charge of his having adopted the Mahometan costume—it is true that Bonaparte for amusement ordered a Turkish dress to be made for him. He desired me one day to breakfast without waiting for him, intending, as he said, to rise a little later than usual. In about a quarter of an hour afterwards he made his appearance dressed in his new costume. He had scarcely been recognised, when he was received with a universal shout of laughter. He took his seat with gravity and composure, but felt so awkward and so ill at ease in the turban and oriental garb, that he speedily retired to

undress himself, and was never afterwards tempted to favour us with a second representation of the masquerade."

M. de Bourrienne draws a lively picture of the sufferings of the French army in Egypt, and of the general discontent that prevailed amongst the troops, almost amounting to open rebellion against the authority of Bonaparte. "Plague, pestilence, and famine" had, it seems, wonderfully cooled the warlike ardour of the Republican heroes. Into what extremes will not over-excitement plunge the creatures who yet boast that reason has stamped them with the image of their Maker, and endowed them with the perfection of moral beauty! Those who had followed the destinies of Napoleon when the meridian brightness of his star was unshaded by a single cloud—those who had acquired name and opulence from the favor of one whose smile was fortune, and whose praise was fame—even these bade adieu to the enthusiastic feelings which mocked at suffering, while triumph was at hand—which had dared all while the perspective of famine and disease was yet in the distance—and which now were exchanged for the selfish desire of sacrificing to their hopes and their fortunes him to whom they owed hope, fortune, all!—All regretted their momentary apostacy from the altar of self—all renewed their homage to their hideous deity.

"I will here assert, because it is a truth to which the testimony of thousands bears incontestable evidence, that from the instant the French army set foot on the soil of Egypt, disgust, anxiety, and discontent took undivided possession of all. From the moment of the arrival of the troops, the bright illusions of the expedition had faded,—the sad reality alone remained. What bitter lamentations have I not heard from Murat, from Lannes, from Berthier, from Bessières—from all! These incessant, immoderate, and ill-timed complaints often assumed the aspect of open rebellion against the authority of Bonaparte, whom they deeply afflicted, and whom they occasionally betrayed into the expression of severe reproach, and the violence of intemperate sallies. Proud self-sufficiency of human nature! Stoical insensibility to human suffering! Ardent and enthusiastic heroism, that would sacrifice friends, fortune, country, to the dreams of ambition, and the glory of the Republic! How low were you then fallen! How contemptible then appeared those sublime sentiments that exist but in the fancy of the poet, glowing with the fervour of inspiration—or in the reveries of the patriot by his fire-side, encircled with the tranquil pleasures of existence, and a stranger to the privations which on a foreign and pestilential soil, await the exile from his country and his home! Each now thought of France—of his affections—of his pleasures;—some perhaps—(shall I speak out?)—of the opera!—All found it impossible to reconcile themselves to the idea of a separation from home which seemed destined to be eternal.

"Bonaparte himself was overwhelmed on learning the terrible catastrophe at Aboukir—the burning of our fleet. Spite of the energy of his character, how could he have triumphed over the shock inflicted on him by so many disasters. To the painful sensation caused by the ill-timed complaints and the moral discouragement of his companions in arms, was added the reality of a vast, positive, and irreparable evil. His perspicacity enabled him to calculate at a single glance its fatal consequences. All communication with France was cut off. No other chance of return was left, than one from which the conqueror of Italy turned with horror—with despair;—a disgraceful capitulation with an exasperated foe. No chance was left, (and this blow was to him the most terrible of all) no hope remained of preserving his conquest. At the very moment too when this disastrous blow was struck, he meditated the project of returning to France for the purpose of demanding reinforcements. Was it to be expected that these united considerations—the present replete with



horror—the future with uncertainty and dismay—should not produce on his mind a deep and painful impression? The panegyrist of Napoleon blasphemes his idol, when he would incense his shrine by imputing to him at such a moment a degree of apathy so unnatural. Such eulogy is satire. To be truly great, must the feelings of human nature be divorced?”

The following anecdote will serve to convey an idea of the character of the Egyptian Chiefs:—

“General Kleber sent on board the *Orient* the *cherif* of Alexandria, Sidy-Mohamed el Coraim, arrested by order of Bonaparte, and charged with treason.

“The following sentence was pronounced against him.

“The General-in-chief having obtained proofs of the treason of Sidy-Mohamed el Coraim, whom he had loaded with favours and obligations, decrees as follows:—

“Sidy-Mohamed el Coraim is condemned to pay a contribution of 300,000 francs: in default of payment by him of the said contribution within five days from the publication of the present order, he is condemned to be beheaded.”

“Coraim was to repair from Aboukir to Cairo, having demanded and obtained permission to plead in justification against the charge. On his arrival at Cairo, he was again required to pay the 300,000 francs as a justification. This he positively refused. I one day signified to him through the medium of Venture, our interpreter, that, if he wished to save his life, he must pay the demand made upon him, in order that his defection might be overlooked. I moreover assured him that the general was determined to make an example. Coraim was a remarkably fine-looking man, and his situation interested me. ‘You are rich,’ said I to him through Venture, ‘therefore make this sacrifice.’ ‘If,’ said he, with a sneer, ‘it be my fate to die now, nothing can save me, and my piastres would be sacrificed to no purpose: if it be *not* my fate to die, why should I make any sacrifice?’ He was executed at Cairo, at twelve o’clock at noon, on the 6th of September, 1798: his head was exposed in the streets of the city, with this inscription—

“Coraim, *Cherif* of Alexandria, condemned to death for having betrayed the oath of fidelity sworn by him to the French Republic, and for having engaged in a treasonable correspondence with the Mamelucks whom he served in the capacity of spy.

“This is the punishment reserved for traitors and perjurers.”

“Nothing of Coraim’s wealth was found after his execution: he had taken his precautions. The example, however, facilitated the collection of the subsidies, and intimidated the other Egyptian Cræsus, who were not altogether such decided fatalists as Coraim. Three, or four millions were speedily raised for the supply of the army.”

The following may be taken as a specimen of some of the *chit-chat* of M. de Bourrienne’s memoirs:—

“Towards the middle of September in the same year, Bonaparte assembled in the house of Elfy-Bey half-a-dozen Asiatic women, of whom report spoke highly on the score of grace and beauty: their clumsy *tournure*, however, soon obtained their dismissal. A few days afterwards he became violently enamoured of Madame Fourès, the wife of a lieutenant of infantry. She was extremely handsome, and her charms were still further enhanced by the great scarcity in Egypt of women formed on a model to please the European taste. Bonaparte furnished a house for her close to the palace of Elfy-Bey, which we inhabited. He frequently took it into his head, towards three o’clock, to order dinner at her house: on such occasions I went thither alone with him at seven o’clock, and retired at nine.

“This intrigue soon became the standing topic of the quarter, and the subject of general conversation.

“ From motives of *delicacy* to M. Fourès, the general-in-chief entrusted him with a mission to the Directory. That officer accordingly embarked at Alexandria. The vessel on board of which he sailed was taken by the English, who, informed of the *cause* of his mission, had the malice to send the envoy back to Egypt, instead of detaining him prisoner.

“ Bonaparte ardently desired to render this lovely woman a mother. On this subject I frequently conversed with him, when we breakfasted together *tête-à-tête*. ‘ What would you have?’ asked he, ‘ *la petite sottie n’en peut pas faire.*’

“ The lady on her part, when we represented to her the great advantage she might derive on presenting Bonaparte with a pledge of their mutual tenderness, generally replied—‘ *Ma foi, ce n’est pas ma faute!*’

“ One of that class of men, who in the east have for ages past claimed the privilege of predicting future events with assurance, if not with truth, was, on account of his wonderful skill, recommended to Bonaparte by the principal inhabitants of Cairo, who assured him that the personage in question could predict his fate with certainty. Bonaparte ordered him to be admitted, and Venture the interpreter was present at the interview. When this second Zoroaster prepared himself to commence his jugglery upon Bonaparte, the latter refused, and requested me to allow the magician to exercise his skill upon me, to which I without hesitation acceded. In order that the reader may better appreciate the merit of his prophecy, I should premise, that since my arrival at Cairo, I had been reduced to a state of excessive weakness. The navigation of the Nile, and the badness of the food during twelve days, had enfeebled me extremely. I was frightfully thin and pale.

“ After having examined my hands, and felt my pulse and forehead, the conjuror assumed an air of composure and sympathy, shrugged his shoulders, and said to Venture that he did not feel at liberty to acquaint me with my destiny. I intimated to him that he might say whatever he pleased, as it was perfectly indifferent to me. After considerable difficulty on his part, and equal obstinacy on mine, he ended by informing me, that ‘ in two months the land of Egypt would receive me into its bosom.’

“ I thanked him for the information, and he was dismissed. When we were alone, Bonaparte said to me, ‘ Well, what think you of that?’ I replied, ‘ that the sage ran no great risk of compromising his reputation, by announcing my last moments. Considering the state under which I suffered, the probability was that I should die. However,’ said I, ‘ if Louis only sends the wine I have applied for, I do not despair of coming round.’”

“ The art of imposing upon mankind has from time immemorial formed a considerable part of the science of government, and in this admirable art Bonaparte was unquestionably a proficient of the first order. He neglected no opportunity of shewing off the superiority of France before the Egyptians. But it happened more than once, that their simple unaided tact disconcerted his manœuvres to this effect.

“ Some days after the visit of the pretended magician of whom I have just made honourable mention, Bonaparte conceived the design of playing conjuror against conjuror, if I may use such an expression. For this purpose he invited the principal *sheicks* to be present at some chemical experiments which it was proposed that M. Berthollet should make. Bonaparte expected to enjoy their astonishment. However, the many wonderful transmutations of liquors, electric shocks, and galvanic experiments that took place, seemed to cause them not the slightest surprise: they witnessed the operations of the skilful chemist with the most mortifying and imperturbable *sang froid*. When Berthollet had finished, the *sheick* El-Bekry replied to him through the interpreter, ‘ your experiments are superb, but can they effect that I shall be at Maroc and here at the same instant?’ Berthollet answered with a shrug. ‘ In that case,’ observed the *sheick*, ‘ you are not altogether a conjuror.’”

*Massacre of the Prisoners at Jaffa:—*

“ On the arrival of the prisoners, Beauharnois and Croisier received the most severe reprimands. But the mischief was done, and it now became necessary to decide the fate of about four thousand men. The two aides-de-camp alleged in their defence that they had been surrounded by a host of enemies, and that Bonaparte himself had recommended them to use their exertions to assuage the carnage.

“ A council was held in the tent of the General-in-chief, to deliberate on the measures proper to be adopted in this emergency. The members remained long in consultation without agreeing upon any final decision.

“ The third day arrived, and no feasible measure, how ardently soever desired, could be suggested for the preservation of the unfortunate prisoners. Insubordination and mutiny were making rapid progress throughout the camp;—the evil was hourly increasing—the remedy seemed impossible;—the danger was imminent. The fatal sentence of death was pronounced and executed on the 10th of March. The assertion that the Egyptians were separated from the other prisoners is incorrect; there were no other prisoners.

“ Many of the wretched prisoners composing one of the columns that were marched for execution to the sea-side, succeeded in swimming to some rocks whose distance from the shore protected them from the musquetry of the troops. The soldiers grounded their arms upon the sand, and to induce their victims to return, employed the signals of peace and reconciliation in use among the Egyptians. The latter swam towards the shore, which they were destined never to reach with life.

“ I confine myself to these details of the dreadful sacrifice which necessity imperiously required, and of which I had the misfortune to be an eye witness. Other pens than mine have done more ample justice to the fearful narrative, and have spared me the anguish of portraying a scene, the recollection of which, vivid, as when I first beheld it, even at this distant period, paralyzes my faculties. Would to God that a total oblivion of that day of blood rendered me inadequate to trace even this faint sketch of its horrors! All that the imagination can conceive of misery—of despair—and death—must fall ineffably short of the appalling reality.

“ On this painful subject I have advanced the truth—the whole truth. I was present at all the discussions—at all the conferences—at all the deliberations. It is needless to state that I had no voice on the occasion. But I owe it to truth to declare, that the result of the debates—the position in which the army was placed—the scarcity of provisions—the exhausted state of our forces in the midst of a country where each individual was a desperate foe—these considerations would have extorted my consent to the general decision, had I possessed a vote on the question. None but those who witnessed that dreadful day, can form a just conception of the horrible necessity in which we were placed.

“ In the catalogue of the miseries of war, it ought not to be reckoned one of the least, that it gives birth to circumstances of too frequent occurrence, in which a law, that from age to age has existed amongst the nations of the earth, decides that private interests must be sacrificed to the general good, and that humanity itself must sometimes be forgotten. Whether such was the dreadful position in which Bonaparte was placed, posterity must judge. For myself, my opinion, or rather my firm conviction, on this point, has long been formed beyond the possibility of change. Nor could the sanction of Napoleon be obtained till the committee on this question had pronounced their decision without a dissentient voice. It is, moreover, but justice to declare, that a reluctant consent was not wrung from Napoleon till matters were at the last extremity; and that of the spectators who witnessed the massacre, none perhaps felt a pang that for bitterness could be compared with his.

“ It was after the siege of Jaffa that the plague began to manifest itself with the most intense violence. In the country about Syria, we lost by the contagion from seven to eight hundred men. Sir Walter Scott says that

divine vengeance, in the shape of the plague, pursued us for the massacre. Did it never occur to the romantic historian that Providence might have found it much more simple to *prevent* the massacre than to *revenge* it? I must observe, besides, that Kleber's division had imbibed at Damietta the poison of this frightful malady which developed itself and communicated its contagion on the march: it in fact *accompanied* us into Syria."

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*The death of General Caffarelli.*

"On the 9th April, General Caffarelli, so well known for his courage, and so much esteemed for his talents, was standing in the trench: his hand rested on his hip; thus opposing a sort of counterpoise to the inconvenience which his wooden leg occasioned him. In this attitude his elbow happened to pass the trench. He was warned that the enemy's fire, directed with fatal precision, missed scarcely the smallest object. To this suggestion he paid no attention; and in a few seconds afterwards his elbow was fractured by a ball. Immediate amputation was judged necessary. The general survived but eighteen days. Bonaparte visited him in his tent regularly twice a-day. His orders, seconded by my own personal friendship for Caffarelli, induced me to remain with him almost constantly. A short time before he breathed his last, he said to me, 'My dear Bourrienne, I beg of you to read me Voltaire's Preface to the Spirit of Laws' (*l'Esprit des Loix*). When I returned to Bonaparte's tent, he asked me how Caffarelli was. 'His last hour approaches—he requested me to read him Voltaire's Preface to the Spirit of Laws. He is now asleep.' 'Bah! he wished to hear that preface! how odd!' Bonaparte then visited him; but he was still asleep. I returned to his tent and received his last breath, which he gave up with the utmost tranquillity. His loss excited the most lively regret throughout the whole army, and was long considered irreparable by men illustrious from their birth and station, and still more distinguished by the unequivocal advantages of talent, courage, and exalted minds."

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"We arrived at Tentoura on the 20th May. The heat that day was excessive, and produced universal discouragement. Our losses in sick and wounded, since we had quitted Acre, were already considerable. The perspective before us was most gloomy. Scarcely had we arrived at Tentoura, when Bonaparte ordered his tent to be got ready. He summoned me; and, with a degree of pre-occupation, the inevitable effect of our situation, he dictated to me an order, that every body should go on foot, and that the horses, mules, and camels should be given to the sick and wounded who still shewed signs of life. 'Take that to Berthier.' Scarcely had I returned to the tent when Vigogne, Bonaparte's *écuyer*, advanced, and, with his hand to his hat—'General, what horse do you reserve for yourself?' In the first movement of anger which this question excited, Bonaparte raised his whip, and struck the luckless *écuyer* a violent blow in the face, adding in a voice of thunder, 'Let every body go on foot, f—e; myself the first. Do you not know the order? Begone.'

"We slept at Cesarca on the 22d May, and marched the whole of the following night. Towards day-break a fellow, concealed in a thicket on our left, (the sea was within a few yards of us, on our right,) discharged his musket almost in the face of Bonaparte, who had fallen asleep on his horse. I was close to him. The wood was searched, the assassin seized without difficulty, and the order given to execute him on the spot. Four men pushed him towards the sea, which was close to us, and discharged their carbines at him. The four carbines all missed fire—a circumstance that must be attributed to the dampness of the night. The Syrian, profiting by this occurrence, instantly plunged into the sea, and swam with amazing rapidity and agility to a rock sufficiently remote from his pursuers to prevent any of the troop (who all fired at him as they passed) from killing him. Bonaparte

pursued his march, and desired me to wait for Kleber, whose division formed the rear-guard, inform him of what had happened, and recommend him not to miss 'ce drôle.' I presume he must eventually have paid the forfeit of his attempt with his life."

We anticipate that the suite of these Memoirs will contain some curious disclosures, and many novel interpretations of events, the origin of which is, to this day, a mystery. From the station which M. de Bourrienne has occupied, we presume that materials at least will not be wanting: his task will be to shape them into form. The historian who would render his labours useful to the world, must narrate events with truth, and be abundantly provided with matter of a nature to excite public curiosity.

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MY INTENDED !

MATILDA ! my fate is decided ;  
 My marriage is fixed for next week ;  
 I fear that I've been at last guided  
 Far less by affection than *pique*—  
 For *he* who I once loved so dearly,  
 Neglects me so shamefully now ;  
 Indeed, it has shocked me severely,  
 To bear his changed look and cold brow.

And so I permitted another  
 To echo the vows *he* had made ;  
 I felt I should please my poor mother—  
 Yet thus all my early hopes fade !—  
 I meant but to speak of my wedding,  
 I find I am talking of love ;  
 I'll dry up the tears I am shedding—  
 I'll burn what I've written above.

You must come and see my Intended,  
 A very respectable man ;  
 He longs for this week to be ended—  
 I would it had never began !  
 They tell me he's rolling in riches,  
 Our neighbours all think him a gem ;  
 This country is famed for deep ditches—  
 I wish he were rolling in them.

You'll scold me, Matilda, for joking—  
 You can't think I *mean* what I say ;  
 Yet is it not sadly provoking,  
 One never can have one's own way ?  
 I wonder if *he* will live single !—  
 Pshaw ! *his* name again from my pen !  
 He flirts with that odious Miss Pringle—  
 Detestable wretches, these men !

The gentleman I am to marry,  
 Good soul! has an excellent heart ;  
 But still 'tis fatiguing to parry  
 His nonsense about "Cupid's dart."  
 How careless!—I find, in my hurry,  
 I have not once mentioned his name ;  
 It is, love, Sir Marmaduke Curry ;  
 He's rather—mind, not *very*—lame.

He says he must live in Barbadoes,  
 He only came here for a wife ;  
 So when I am married, away goes  
 Your schoolfellow, dearest, for life !  
 This match is, however, so pleasing  
 To every one of my friends,  
 That, though I at first found it teasing,  
 Their happiness makes me amends.

Besides, not a soul has a penny  
 Of fortune amongst *us*, you know ;  
 We're now all grown up—and so many!—  
 I think I do wisely to go.  
 Sir M. C. has promised to settle  
 Upon me twelve hundred a year ;  
 I'm sure I don't care for "base metal"—  
 Why can he not stay and live here ?

You cannot imagine the bustle  
 The talk of this marriage has made ;  
 Sir Marmaduke moves not a muscle—  
 It strikes me, he's rather afraid.  
 I wish you could see all the malice  
 Betrayed by the Misses who call ;  
 Some guess I shall "live in a palace"—  
 Some think that "Sir M. is too tall."

"Barbadoes is bad for the liver ;"—  
 They "wonder I *can* cross the sea ;"—  
 They find that "it quite makes them shiver,  
 To think of such hardships" for *me* ;—  
 And one of them ventured to whisper  
*His* name, as "an old flame" of mine :  
 Alas! dear, I needed not this spur—  
 Yet think not, Matilda, I pine.

I am, I assure you, too busy  
 To dwell on or care for the past :  
 What *can* make my head feel so dizzy ?  
 Perhaps I am writing too fast !  
 I really detest all the flurry  
 Of choosing such lots of new clothes ;  
 And dress-makers send (what a worry!)  
 Such cargoes of "white satin bows!"

A beautiful veil of rich Mechlin,  
 Sir Marmaduke bought me to-day,  
 "To save my complexion from freckling,"  
 His gallantry led him to say.

For him, this was quite an exertion—  
 He seldom attempts a fine speech;  
 'Twould be but a sorry diversion—  
 Heroics are out of his reach.

Will *you*, dearest girl, when I'm married,  
 Continue to write to your friend?  
 I shall not much like being carried  
 To Bridgetown—'tis quite the world's end;—  
 At least 'tis to me, for my travels  
 Have yet been but short country tours;  
 I'll go, though—to save future cavils—  
 But still shall be faithfully your's,—

F.

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 THEATRICAL MATTERS.

EASTER is a sort of renewal of theatrical youth. The Christmas impulse has by this time perished. The pantomimes have, like the Lord High Admiral, done their duty, and retired from public life. The *débuts* of all those extraordinary young persons who, at the commencement of every season, promise to supply the past glories of the Kembles and Siddonses, have all had their display, and faded into the tenth rank of ranters and *farceurs*, and the ten new comedies, reduced to a pair of French farces, have been found wanting.

At this moment of theatrical exhaustion, when the manager is gasping for something new, like a mouse in an air pump,—when Mr. Kenny demands another month, and Mr. Morton, adroit as he is, would perish on the spot rather than send his last scene to the green-room—then comes Easter, kindly to interpose and save. Stanfield's brush produces some charming creation—Roberts works his corresponding wonder—the shrinking audiences rush back to be delighted with genii, wizards, tyrants, and imprisoned damsels—the whole glory of melo-drame is summoned from the “vasty deep”—and all the world are happy.

At Drury-lane Miss Phillips achieved a new triumph in *Belvidera*. For the first time, since Shakspeare, the gods were hushed on Easter Monday! Silence was the applause of this clever actress, and we again challenge the theatrical annals to say when was this phenomenon known before?

Young's *Pierre* was able, like every thing that he does. Cooper was the lover, and he actually gave some interest to one of the feeblest characters on the stage.

Covent-garden has not surrendered its ancient melo-dramatic honour. It has, on the contrary, actually made a stride to popularity by one of the richest, wildest, and most amusing *diableries* that has appeared for some years. The chief subject is to be found in a mad romance, by a mad German lawyer, who died about twenty years ago in Berlin, leaving it uncertain whether he died of prussic-acid, opium, or the workings of

a metaphysical brain. This book, the "Devil's Elixir," would be evidence of his insanity in any court in Christendom.

But like the paroxysms of a feverish body, there are paroxysms of a mad brain which show power; and in the midst of the most extravagant rambling, Hoffman struck, now and then, bold ideas, like the spark of a runaway horse's shoe from the flint. The arranger, on the present occasion, has combined the little story of Peter Schlemil, the man without a shadow, with the Elixir; and, by an unusual piece of good luck, the two tissues of phrenzy join into one clever performance.

The music is by that very promising composer, Rodwell, and in the hands of Miss Hughes and Wood—though the lady was sometimes too boisterous, and the gentleman too tame—it was done justice to.

The French plays at the Lyceum are still popular. Perlet, in *L'Avare*, is extremely clever; and the little *entremets*, the vaudevilles, are the best specimens of light acting possible.

Elliston, the indefatigable Elliston, fights his battle at the Surry theatre with great intrepidity. "John Overy, the Miser of Southwark Ferry," is the grand piece. The story is one of those old monstrosities that are used to keep children out of their beds in wonder, and to send old fools to their beds in fear. Overy, about a thousand years ago, rented the Southwark Ferry, and got rich; but he thought that his family ate too much, and to give them at least one banyan-day, he pretended to be dead. The news, instead of sending his household to fast, threw them all into the greatest rapture—and dancing, drinking, and gormandizing, were the order of the day. Overy, horrified at this waste, started up from his coffin, when a "London prentice bold," conceiving, or pretending, that it was the devil, gave him a knock on the head, which prevented his starving himself or others any more. The story goes, that the Miser's daughter, however glad at first, was afterwards reluctant at this mode of summary inheritance—became a nun, and founded the church of St. Mary Overy. The scenery, story, and songs were received with *high* applause, the galleries being infinitely delighted.

Hogarth's "Industrious and Idle Apprentices" was next performed. It is not new to this theatre; and it abounds in such low and unrelieved scenes of wretchedness and villainy, that no one can be the better for it. The manager should extinguish it.

Astley's exhibits "The Siege of Seringapatam," in which Tippoo is conquered every night most triumphantly. Why does not Mr. Ducrow give the world "The Siege of Saragossa," which has made Franconi's fortune?



## NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

**BONS MOTS OF THE SUBLIME.**—From the principle, vigour, and wit of our innumerable correspondents we propose to delight the public for a century to come. We have materials unequalled in the history of publication; the stores of the wise, the recollections of the diners-out, the inventions of the aspiring, and the secrets of the reserved, are all pouring in upon us day after day, until we absolutely sink, like another Atlas, under the oppression of this world of pleantry, and cry out for another Hercules to sustain our burthen even for a day. But “*commencer par le commencement*” is the dictate of Aristotle, who knew how to make a maxim, and make a fortune, with any man of antiquity — and his advice we shall follow.

Some of the ablest things of the day have been said by one of the most distinguished persons in other points; an individual at present retired from public life, and living in the dignified ease of a great public servant, handsomely provided for, and willing to let the bustling people of Downing-street wear themselves into spasms and spectres for the glory of being leaved by hypocrites and beggars. In his leisure he amuses himself with fishing, the gout, a few friends, and reading the Red Book; but his pleasantries are piquant and perpetual; his definitions of public characters, living and dead, are struck off with the vigour of a Swift, and are worth, for living likenesses, all the chisels of all our stone-cutters.

*Character of a Whig Leader.*—That long fellow’s abuse of party, always reminds me of a flying pick-pocket, who, to escape, cries “Stop thief!”

*Character of an Ex-chancellor.* — For forty years he was a pet fox, who, whenever he was hunted, contrived to double till he got earthed under the throne. But when they stopped up his earth, he showed his teeth, whisked his brush in their faces, and died fighting.

*A tall Cabinet Minister.* — I should have taken this beast for an Oوران-ou-tang, but that he looked so like a fool.

*A Bust of a Scotch Lord.* — The likeness is perfect; but I did not think that stone could be made to look so stupid.

*A Colonial Lord.* — He looks perfectly like one of his office pens, and fit only to be an instrument, and alike in all hands; feather at top, gall at bottom.

*A Trade Lord.* — I remember to have heard of his father as a very accomplished jester: the son emulates him in the wish without the power. He has risen higher than the father; but he is as the potatoe-apple to the potatoe.

*Promotion.*—Why did I make that man a dignitary? The fact is, the public were beginning to abuse me, and it was necessary to provide them with a substitute.

*Lord Vassal.* — Do you think I could have suffered this blundering fellow and his set to approach me, through any liking for their nonsense? The reason was — we were at that time all a little touched with the Scotch metaphysics, and it amused me to study what I conceived a living evidence that the soul was of the same matter as one’s stomach or one’s shoe.

Our manufacturers are crying out in all directions. Meetings are held in which the masters tell the men, and doubtless tell them truly, that if things go on in this way, they must consider whether the human stomach cannot adapt itself to the food of the ox and the donkey, and whether they should not be led by their reason to do what King Nebuchadnezzar was led to do by his madness, and eat grass. The silk weavers are starving by twenty thousand at a time, in this very city of London, in the very centre of the opulence of the earth. The glovers are in the same condition. The whole tribes of manufacturing commerce are saying or shouting the same thing from end to end of the land; and what is to be the remedy? It will be found, we conceive, a much more puzzling thing to his Majesty's Cabinet, than any purchase of live stock that they have lately made, whether in the shape of noble individuals or ignoble, or both in one. Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald's argument has, we conceive, no chance of producing any other kind of conviction than that he is at an immeasurable distance from discovering the remedy, wherever it may lie. His answer to the complaint, that a hundred thousand men, willing to work, and perhaps the best workmen in the world, were without food, was the old official answer of the Huskisson school, from which and whose pupils may Heaven soon relieve our persons and purses. "There is more raw silk imported this year than there was last year." Undoubtedly, if the weaver could eat silk, or if it could be stewed, in Sir Humphry Davy's newly-invented crucible, into any substantial expulsion of the feeling of emptiness from the stomach, the President of the Board of Trade's answer might have some meaning. But are we to take the desperate struggles of expiring trade, the mere fierce and gambling throws of commerce, for its solid success? In the words of our intelligent contemporary, the *Morning Journal*—"The importations of silk have nothing to do with the question. On the same grounds might the President of the Board of Trade adduce, in proof of the prosperity and the high wages of the cotton weavers, the large and increased importations of cotton wool. The question at issue is, not whether *more* or *less* raw silk has been imported, but whether the manufacturer is pursuing a profitable business, and the weaver earning adequate wages? It is true we may be weaving more yards of broad silks and calicoes; but if we be giving ten pieces of silks and fifty pieces of calico, for one barrel of tallow, instead of the five pieces, and twenty-five pieces, which we were wont to give, does not this show that our labour is of less value than it was before, and that, under the new system, we are following a ruinous trade? If we now give fifteen hours' labour for that foreign commodity which we were wont to purchase with ten hours' labour, does not this show that our condition is worse, and the condition of the foreigner better? What does it signify how much silk and wool we import if the persons employed in the manufacturing of this silk and wool be starving? It is not a question of quantity—not a question of yards—not a question to be settled by the ell-measure; but a question whether the weaver be adequately remunerated, and the capital of the manufacturer profitably employed? Now, we say that, under the present system, both of these parties are reduced to a state of unexampled distress. The employer is nearly ruined, the workman is reduced to pauperism. This is the only fact worthy our consideration. The Minister of the Crown, if he be an honest Minister, must endeavour first to

relieve these persons before he can with any decency boast of our increased imports. We require exports, not imports. We require a high value for these exports, not an increased quantity of exports. We desire high wages and high profits, as well at home as abroad—not cheap goods, not rotten muslins, not goods burnt with acids, that, like the Jew's razors, are made to sell, not to use. We care nothing for 'large quantities.' And all this true, fatally true. The spirit of the modern economist is the most extraordinary contrast to that of the modern politician. The politician says, think nothing of your posterity, extinguish the rights of your children, that you may contrive to purchase a little quiet for a year or two for yourselves. The economist says, look to the glorious quantity of ribbons and silk stockings that your grand-children will make; and, in the mean time, break up your looms, and starve yourselves.—Every man, but a member of the present philosophical school, might comprehend that it is much more manageable to live in the hearing of an occasional brawl in Ireland, than to live without eating. However, this is the decision; and the texture of a true philosopher, in those matters, scorns to be ruffled by the cries of men calling out for work in the land of whose wealth their labour formed so large a part, and might form a so much larger one.

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IALOGUE OF A GREAT MAN WITH A SUPPLICANT FOR A SILK GOWN.

"Well, what the devil brings you here?"

"I come to beg your Grace's—"

"Ay, ay, you come to beg; so does every one who comes here. But, upon my soul, I thought, with that face of yours, you came to steal. Well, mendicant, what is it that you come to beg?"

"The truth is, your Grace—"

"Pho, pho, fellow, come to the point at once; I have no time for nonsense; out with your lie and be done."

"My story then, your Grace, is—that, having seven years ago, most inadvertently, and in the heat of virtuous enthusiasm, uttered language touching his most gracious Majesty—"

"Why, sirrah, do you think that I can sit here all day, listening to this long winded stuff? Get out of the room."

"Why then, your Grace, I want a gown."

"Pho! a petticoat, you mean."

"I want a silk gown; for which I am ready to make any acknowledgement, or submit to any recantation whatever."

"Well, fellow; as it is my purpose to show that all your party, with all their boasting, are slaves in their souls; that I might have any and all of them for asking; and that I might tie them neck and neck by the dozen, and drive them round the ring in Hyde Park any day I liked, you shall have the silk gown. Eh, kneeling? Do you take me for the Pope already?"

"Oh, may Heaven shower down on your Grace's head the blessings of a deceived demagogue, of a repentant radical, of a loyal liberal. Here, at your Grace's feet, I forswear Tom Paine, Richard Carlisle, Henry Hunt, and William Cobbet; and may I go to—"

"To Beelzebub, if you please; but out of this room you go instantly. Here, Hill, call in the corporal's guard, and out with him—But, no—stop; my boots want cleaning. Here, fellow, polish them over carefully with your tongue: it has seldom been so well employed."

"It is done, your Grace."

"Yes, faith, soles and all. Ay, I see every creature is good for something. Now begone, and never let me see that culprit face of yours again."

We have long held in supreme scorn academic reputations, no matter how they were built, whether on the waggon-wheel verse of a Seatonian prize, the adust puzzling of a compend of Aristotle, the plunder of a regiment of obsolete sermons to fabricate a Bampton lecture, the translation of a French algebraist, or the accumulation of all the dull, dry, incompatible meanings that ever overpowered a classic through ten generations of the Heynès, Schweighausers, and other barbarians of the land of beer and Meershaums. On those we look with irresistible scorn. We hear the triumphant flapping of their academic plumage as we hear the wings of a flight of crows from a church-yard. They are the obscene plunderers of the dead; the air refuses their weight, the day rejects them; and their first flight from the towers and houses, where the "moping owl doth to the moon complain," is sure to drop them into the first mire that they could by possibility reach. It is nothing to the purpose to quote the great names that have issued from our halls and colleges. Where almost every man in the kingdom, who is not intended for a soldier or a shoemaker, either goes himself, or sends his son, some must figure in the world, unless it be conceded that the University crushes the human mind into a conspicuous and irrecoverable stupidity: and this we will allow, is very closely borne out by the facts of the case. But still, in the mercy of nature or its scorn, bold spirits have come out from Universities from time to time, and Milton could not be extinguished by an University, though to the last hour of his life he hated it, wrote against it, and laboured to substitute a higher system for its sluggish formalities. Locke could not be extinguished by an University, though he could be expelled. Newton knew all he ever knew, before his University knew any thing. What did Pitt—father, or son—Fox, Grattan, Canning, Burke, the richest mind of them all, owe to an University? But, to come to the living hour.

We have had passing under our eyes a most tremendous crisis, which stirred, as it ought to stir, the feeling of the country, from its uttermost depths: which has been declared to peril, still more with every hour, the whole fabric of those rights which alone make it better to live than to die, without which the proudest noble of the land is a slave, and may be a beggar at the will of his fellow; for as sure as there is a heaven above us, the admission of popery into the legislature has not been for love to the papists. Yet what evidence of mind have our Universities given in this crisis? Where are the bold orators, the vigorous sages, the accomplished youth, the spirits of patriots rising from the study of ancient wisdom and courage, to lead the trembling and perplexed generation up to the path of glory, from which art and corruption have estranged them? Not one, not one man has started from those strong holds of knowledge and religion. Ay, one man has, and he has come with his robe of office on his shoulders, to declare that "idolators are not guilty of idolatry!" Where are the bright and shining lights that were to awake and guide the land? Like the Eastern echo, when the voice is uttered, "Where are they?" the answer is, "Where?" Of Cambridge, as a body, the trial is yet to be made. And we must hope that

the example of Oxford will stimulate its priesthood. But still the service that we had a right to expect from our seats of learning has miserably failed. The curse of dulness is upon the generation; and we shall see before long, the weapons which indolence would not, stupidity could not, and corruption dared not, wield, wrested ay, contemptuously and irretrievably wrested from their hands. The atheist college is now to be laughed at no longer. It is thriving and spreading, and it is absorbing the whole sap of the infidel community. It will not stop; and the times are coming when it will show, in open day, what sudden magnitude may be given by the "spirit of revenge, immortal hate," to the shape that our folly despised. The toad will start up, like Milton's evil principle—"A giant armed."

LA CABINETTE DE ARTHURE; or, THE FRIENDS AND FINALE OF GREATNESSE.

(From MSS. in the State-Paper Office.)

*Crutched Friars, April 1, 1829.*

SIR:—As I, with equal sincerity and justice, scorn all contemporary literature, and have satisfied myself that since the period when I ceased to write verses—about sixty years ago, come Michaelmas—not a syllable worth reading has been written, I have occupied myself chiefly in looking over the invaluable labours of the past generations, collected as they are in the official dust under the care of my excellent friend Mr. Lemon. It must be unnecessary to state to a gentleman of your exquisite taste, universal knowledge, matchless learning, and remarkable courtesy (I scorn to flatter), the nature and extent of the discoveries to which Mr. Lemon's very late awakened vigour has led the world of literature. To him we are indebted for that infinitely curious autograph of the original writer of Tom Thumb, which has furnished the last months' readings to the learned Society of Antiquaries. In fact, the long disputed authorship of that truly original work, seems now to be finally settled, unless, which Heaven avert, some members of the sacred bench should take it in hand, and of course puzzle it into new perplexity for three generations to come. To him are we indebted for the first copy of Mother Goose, which had been so long lost to the eyes of the intelligent, and which is the only book that his Royal Highness of Sussex declared ever completely suited his taste: and to him we owe the endless gratitude due to the man who recovered so fine a subject of controversy, as the Milton MSS., which will, I trust and hope, defy all certainty to the end of time, whether it was written by the great poet, or by the great poet's *valet de chambre*; whether it was meant as a defence of Christianity, or an attack; whether it was republican and infidel, or royalist and religious.

Emulating the extraordinary discoveries of this English Angelo Mai, I have laboured for twelve hours a day in erudite dust, enough to have choaked a coal-heaver, and dug up from the depth of miasmatic cellars and darkness undisturbed for a hundred years, MSS. of the most precious kind, which I shall probably submit to you in succession. The long lost Treatise, by Machiavelli, "How to carry on a Government by bribing one half the people, robbing the other, and cheating all," is among my treasures. I have, also, a Treatise by Cardinal Pole, on the "Art of Reconciling a Protestant Bishop to Idolatry," with an

Appendix of the History of Parker, Bishop of Oxford, who turned papist "to oblige his Majesty King James II., of pious memory." A most curious volume, also, on the "Newe Exercise of the Sworde; or, the Sixe Cuttes for a Troublesome Nation," &c. But, as a specimen of my acquisitions, I send you a Ballad, in which, as a marginal note, by my little friend Ellis, of the Museum, informs me, the Anglo-Saxons took great delight for its historical truth. The date is undecided, but the style is of the remotest antiquity:—

WHENNE Arthure firste at courte beganne  
To laughe in Treasurie sleeves,  
He entertainde nine servinge menne,  
The whole of whome were thieves.

One-thirde of themme were sharp-sette knaves,  
One-thirde of themme were flattes;  
One-thirde of themme were paltrye slaves,  
And all of themme were Rattes.

The firste he was an Oxforde manne,  
The Beliale of the crewe—  
A hang-fire rogue, a flashe-in-panne,  
To give the devile his due.

The nexte he was a Jacobinne,  
Thatté softende to a Whigge,  
Then like a weathercocke did spinne,  
To gette a Chancerie wigge.

The nexte he was a pale bastarde,  
Gotte by one Huskissonne;  
His tongue was softe, his hearte was harde,  
His head was thickest bone.

The nexte he was a hungrye Scotte,  
All Scotte from head to heel;  
A shillinge woulde his soule have boughte,  
You had him for his meale.

The nexte he was a cunning wighte,  
A sage amonge the nimmies,  
Most quick at drawinge billes at sighte,  
And turninge them to guineas.

The nexte he was a talle jackasse,  
Complete in eares and braye;  
None everre sawe his lordshippe passe,  
But wishede him oates and haye.

The nexte he was an office toole,  
A dry, dumb-founded drudge,  
Alike in vice and virtue coole,  
An icye Viscounte Fudge.

The nexte he was a soldiére stoute,  
A Highlande "fee-fawe-fumme;"  
His gospelle—"Eyes right, face aboute;"  
His law, the tappe of drumme.

The nexte he was a patterne-sainte,  
Whose godde was pelfe and place;  
Ande whenne Olde Nicke shall learne to painte,  
He'lle studye Save-alle's face.

Nowe, gentles, shoulde I not live longe,  
 Yet maye I see yc die ;  
 With prayerre fulle shorte, and rope fulle stronge,  
 And plentye of companye.

It is the duty of all who desire that the understandings of the supreme classes should be held in honour, to lose no opportunity of giving them that public fame to which they are so fully entitled. We have no doubt, such is the proverbial innocence, modesty, and reserve of high life, that many of those who shall yet figure in our pages, will be utterly astonished to find themselves forced into this involuntary distinction, for any thing wise or witty since their cradle ; and the astonishment is not unlikely to be shared by a large circle of their acquaintances. However, we have a duty to do which shall be done, as the orators say, with an impartiality of the most conscientious kind, imperturbable by any thing that might move a less delicate integrity than that of a member of parliament. But "*revenons à nos moutons,*" or, in plain English, let us come to our Lords.

Lord G——'s account of his own susceptibility, as touching oaths, is admirable for its *naïveté*. "I think that the oath against the practises of popery is a very hard oath. I must say *I never took a more disagreeable one.*"

But another noble Lord, whose name we equally regret to suppress, was finer still. "In fact," said this conscientious person, "the oaths that a member is compelled to take, are so obnoxious, that I have always felt it my duty to forget them as soon as possible."

The Episcopal distinction between idolater and idolatrous is equal to any thing since the days of "Drunken Barnaby's Journey."—"The church of Rome is idolatrous." This is the language of the church of England, to which the pledge is given. But idolatrous means—only "having a *tendency to idolatry*"—for which see Johnson's Dictionary ! ha, ha, ha. Bravo, my Lord, Peel-tutor, Regius Professor. Thus John Bull, which said of a Regius Professor that he was a voracious fellow, and not to be trusted at a city feast, meant not that he was a regular glutton, but that he had a tendency to overload his *Œsophagus* with eel-pie and champagne. Thus a ratting bishop has only a tendency to turn his cassock. Thus an adulterous Marchioness has only a tendency to add to the carneous thickness of her old Marquis's forehead. Thus a sanctimonious hypocrite, eternally haranguing on the purity of his super-evangelical soul, has only a tendency to cheat the world with his up-turned eyes, while his hand is picking their pockets. Thus a mendacious, and time-serving wretch, no matter in what kind of gown he thinks to laugh at the honest part of mankind, is not a liar and a slave, a solemn beast in whom the truth is not, but a delicate gentleman, with a tendency to mendacity. Thus every thing rascally is every thing right, and slaves may say black is white, and strangle the language at their pleasure.

Mr. Burford has struck into a new line of Panorama, which does credit to his invention. He has given his compatriots a view of hell, not the real hell of Crockford's, or his competitors in the trade of exchanging capital, but of the visionary hell of Milton. The moment chosen is when Pandemonium is in the condition of the Nash palace, excepting that the Pandemonium seems capable of being inhabited at some time or other ; which, from our souls we aver, we think its

Westminster rival is not. The picture would please an American, because all the demons have the genuine John Bull face, or a Frenchman, because the place and the pranks, the ormoulu snakes, and the figures gnashing their teeth, would put him in perfect remembrance of the Palais Royal, of which the Frenchman boasts that there is but one in the world, and on which every honest man on the face of the globe exclaims, thank Heaven! In the fore-ground, Satan himself is addressing his chiefs, on awaking from the trance, after his fall; over his head is waving the standard, held by Azazel; round him are gathered his counsellors and warriors, among whom the most conspicuous is Beelzebub. In another part are seen Mammon and his brigade returning from the hill; and Mulciber, the architect, is viewing with admiration, the production of the work. Gods of the ancient mythologies of India, Egypt, Greece, and Rome, are spread on the prominences rising out of the lake, filled "with sulphur." The picture closes with flames. Some of the colouring is beautiful, particularly the hill on the left of the grand bridge, from which the materials of the building have been obtained; and the general effect of the panorama is impressive. The idea of such a painting is altogether original, and it is executed skilfully and faithfully. The figure which occupies the most forward place, is that of the great dragon—a strangely shaped, green monster, yawning prodigiously at his brother, who holds a similar post on the other side of the bridge. The figure of Satan is somewhat obscured by "excess of light." The Pandemonium is ornamented with rows of serpents, supporting blazing cressets, fed with naphtha and asphaltus. There are also figures of elephants and other animals worshipped in the east. The architecture partakes of the Egyptian character, which is, of all others, the best adapted to immense edifices. This panorama is, indeed, a splendid and terrific bold exhibition, and far surpasses in effect all that has yet been attempted in this way. We agree with the reasons for applying the panorama to works of imagination, in which we have no doubt it will prove powerfully interesting and successful.

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*Steam.*—Politicians as we are, and as we intend to live and die, and contemptuous as we are in our souls of the march of intellect men, from Brougham down to Burdett, yet we feel a strong interest in the march of steam, and are perfectly satisfied that it has not yet done the fiftieth part of the clever things that it was intended to do, and that it will yet do. Why have we not our houses warmed by steam, our dinners drest by it, our gardens fertilized, our clothes washed, our houses built, our baths warmed, our carriages drawn, our diseases cured by steam? These things are all done by it partially, and completely too, enough to show that in steam we have the power. But why are they not done universally? The present reason is, that experiments are expensive, and this is a good reason for individuals; but no reason whatever for the nation. Why should not the Treasury be ordered to lay out a 100,000*l.* in experiments? The money would be repaid a 100,000 fold in the next ten years. Let the Gurneys and the Burstalls, and *id genus omne* be set to work by a Treasury order, and we shall see the thing done, and every thing done but flying, and perhaps even that too in time. We are glad to see that an idea of a public fund for this great purpose, has been put in practice in the East; and we shall pledge our credit on the work's coming to a prosperous issue in a few trips back and forward. We were



not disappointed by the comparative failure of the attempt made by the "Enterprize" to steam her way to India. Experience was wanting, and the failure was so far an actual success. The trial is about to be made again, and in a better style; and we shall look anxiously to this building a bridge over the great ocean, and bringing the ends of the earth together.

"On board of the *Enterprize*, both on the voyage out and during part of this arduous service at Arracan, was a most active and intelligent officer of the name of Waghorn, of the Bengal pilot service, who having thus the best means for ascertaining the various defects and capabilities of vessels of that class, availed himself of that experience to form various plans for the improvement of their structure, so as to fit them more completely for a long and difficult navigation. As soon as Mr. Waghorn was set at liberty by the peace with the Burmese, he set about the means for prosecuting the design he had formed, in which he had no ordinary difficulties to surmount, and among them not the least was a total want of the capital requisite for the purpose. He accordingly visited England in the spring of last year, and laid before the Directors of the East India Company, as the parties most deeply interested, certain proposals for carrying his plan into effect, but met with no definite encouragement, either from that body, or from the postmaster-general, to whom he also applied. He therefore re-visited India, and directed his endeavours to the obtaining a grant from that fund which had been raised in India, to reward the person who should first establish a successful steam communication with England, a portion of which had been already voted, notwithstanding his very imperfect success, to Captain Johnson, of the *Enterprize*. A meeting of the subscribers to that fund was consequently held at Calcutta in July last, who resolved, that should no speculation promising equal or greater success be entered into before the 14th of January, 1829, the unappropriated fund for the encouragement of steam navigation should, under proper security, be applied, for the purpose of enabling Mr. Waghorn to carry his plan into execution. Mr. Waghorn also obtained from the Governor-General an authority for charging, on the first voyage of the kind he should make to India, certain rates of postage, and freight for light and valuable goods, such as he conceived to be an adequate remuneration for the expences of the voyage. Having, by an application to the Marine Board at Calcutta, obtained farther leave of absence for two years, Mr. Waghorn next proceeded to Madras, where, on the 4th of October last, another public meeting was held, expressly in aid of his views; a subscription commenced on the 10th; and on the 12th of that month a large sum was collected, with the expectation of its being much more. At the Mauritius, the Cape of Good Hope, and St. Helena, which places were visited by Mr. Waghorn on his way back to England, he met with similar encouragement, and arrived in London in the end of last month, to secure that co-operation which he now felt himself entitled to claim from the government, the East India Company, the general body of merchants trading with India, and other persons to whom he conceived the success of his plan to be important. In this his progress has been so rapid and encouraging; that all obstacles to the attempt at least may be said to be removed. Mr. Waghorn is quite confident in the opinion that he can perform the voyage to Calcutta, out and home in six months, including stoppages both ways, to deliver letters, &c. at Madeira, St. Helena, Cape of Good Hope, Isle of France, Trincomalee, and Madras, at all which places depôts of coals will be formed. We understand that the steam vessels on this service are not to be fitted up for the reception of passengers generally, though an exception will be made in favour of any individual of high military or civil rank, engaged on some public and important duty, but that their use will be confined to the conveyance of despatches, letters, newspapers, and specie, or other light and valuable articles."

But important as this is, we are entirely of opinion that at last the true application of steam will be made in the way of towing, and not of impelling. A curious paper on this subject has been lately published,

stating two or three points, which, if true, are decisive. In the first place, it says that none of the steam vessels *pay*, except such as are merely used for passage boats, the room taken up by the machinery being so great as to preclude any considerable freightage. This of itself would be decisive. And the only remedy, namely, the reduction of the size of the machinery, seems to be almost hopeless, if we are to judge from the failure of all attempts of the kind. In the next place, a steam power will, like the power of a horse, draw twice as much as it will carry, at least on the water;—thus a steam vessel of half the power towing, will answer the purpose. Thirdly, there is a great loss of power by having none but engines of one particular kind of force on board; while the circumstances of wind and tide, currents, &c., vary the necessity for its use. The hundred horse power goes on pushing away alike in a wind and out of a wind, with tide or against tide.

The application of steam engines, to vessels going the East Indian voyage, has been shown to be unfit for ships of any considerable size, because such vessels cannot be moved but by a great power, which takes up great room for its machinery and for its fuel. Next, the sailing vessel can take advantage of so many points of wind, from the use of which the steamer, even with sails, is precluded, that in a voyage of three months the sailing vessel will probably beat the steamer; and, thirdly, for the line-of-battle ships no engine in common use could be adopted with any reasonable security of its not being rendered useless by shot, when of a size to act on one of those enormous fabrics. The plan proposed is this:—That the man-of-war should have a launch fitted up with a small engine, which is to be employed to tow her in calms, or bring her out of action if disabled or under a battery. The same service would be rendered to the East India ship, she having twice to cross the line, and each time being delayed by the tropical calms. A launch, with a small engine, which would move her three miles an hour during those calms, would probably shorten the average voyage three weeks or a month. The same principle might be applied to all our coast trade, which might be towed from port to port with an extraordinary saving of expence in point of rigging, crews, &c. The memoir states also, that an immense waste of power occurs in the attempt to give great swiftness to the steamer, from the resistance of the water, which increases in a prodigious proportion above the velocity. The resistance to the velocity of four miles being to that of ten, something near the numbers ten and two hundred.

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A valuable suggestion has been made by Martin, the artist, for erecting beacons along the edges of the Yarmouth and other sands on the east coast, and which might be applied to the whole circuit of the island. He proposes, that on the edges of these shoals, a succession of metal boxes shall be sunk to form a foundation, in which three metal columns are to be fixed, meeting each other at the top; and from this centre of the triangle a metal basket is to be hung, large enough to contain a light and the two men who are to take charge of it. The project seems a little fanciful, from the difficulty of securing the beacons on the sands, which themselves frequently shift in the violence of a furious sea. The situation of the watchers, too, would be by no means enviable; but it would probably be filled by discharged sailors, or old fishermen. The advantages of having lights along the sands would, however, be incalculable,

for at present vessels are generally forced to come to anchor for fear of running on them in the dark : and thus, time is lost, the storm is waited for, and the vessel sent to the bottom.

Little Lord Hardwicke, anxious to vindicate that church to which his little soul has thought it convenient to offer the very little aid of his very little name, writes a newspaper letter, declaring that the old opinions on Rome's giving no toleration to Protestants are unfounded; because "he and his family were not hindered from saying their prayers" in some obscure hovel of the city of the idolater. And this least of peers actually thinks that he has proved his point, when he gives a notice from a Cardinal Gonsalvi, saying, that he would know nothing formally about the meeting of the English Protestants. And this the little Lord actually calls "Toleration!" A pleasant legislator this, for Englishmen, or any men of sense on the face of the earth. This is connivance, and not a jot more. Cardinal Gonsalvi knew that there were houses in Rome where thieves as regularly congregated as cardinals in the conclave. At those his majesty the pope *connives*, and travellers say that he does a little more. But there are in Rome tribes of individuals whose distinction is by no means an extraordinary degree of cruelty to their admirers, and those persons this Vicar of Heaven does not connive at, for those he *tolerates*. Those ladies have their quarter where they are authorized by the law to live, are publicly recognized in their singular trade, pay a well-known tax for their privileges, like all other legitimate subjects for a legitimate commerce, and are among the ways and means of the state. This is toleration, meaning a recognition by the laws, rights in consequence, and an acknowledged position and protection by the government. But has any Protestant congregation in Rome, or in the dominions of Spain, or the Italian kingdoms, or the Spanish colonies, any such toleration? And yet this little lord was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; into this little man's hands were actually entrusted the interests of a great church, engaged in perpetual struggle with the idolatrous faith of the peasantry; and with all his opportunities of discovering the difference between connivance and toleration, in the course of a time in which a rebellion of a half mad boy, with a pair of shamrock epaulettes, and fifty of the rabble to carry pikes after him, was within a hair's breadth of seizing upon the seat of government and setting the Irish metropolis in flames from one end to the other. Not that we suspect his little lordship of any toleration on the subject of setting the castle of Dublin in a blaze, or connivance as to his own being roasted in the general *auto da fé* of the heretics. On the contrary, we give him credit for being very much astonished, as well as very much frightened; for being as much surprised as ever man was, and for being as angry as a keen sense of personal hazard could have made any man. We remember well the recriminatory correspondence of the Irish commander-in-chief, General Fox, with the little lord, and the discovery, like that of Peachum and Locket, that the less that was said on either side the better. "Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong." As for General Fox, he was a brother of the great Coalition Rat, and, of course, good for nothing. And yet at these years, with his experience, that experience which a lying proverb has told us, teaches the imbecile when nothing else can teach them, we have this little old lord advo-

eating Popism in his own small way, and telling us that Rome *tolerates* Christianity!

So—old Hesse Homburg is gone. Young ladies, ye who sigh with envy when ye see red coated footmen standing behind huge yellow bodied coaches with the king's arms on their pannels, learn the moral of this grandeur! Lilies of the valley! sigh no more. Think of the fate of the fair women dragged about in those same yellow bodied carriages. How would you like to live an eternal life at Windsor; your tours and travels divided between a drive to Frogmore and a drive to the Lodge, with an intermediate visit to some dilapidated maid of honour, as much alive as the waxwork of Queen Elizabeth in the abbey, and to the full as amusing? You love flattery, gentle creatures, you to whom the visiting breath of the sweet south is too harsh, and whose souls pant for sylphs spreading their silken pinions in the regions of the vesper star. Daughters of love! how would you relish flattery from the wrinkled lips of old staff-majors, and generals that carried your grandmother's lap-dog; from old mummies, ill preserved, and brains as dry as if they were stuffed for preservation in a museum? Then, angelic creatures! you pine for husbands, lovely youths, light as zephyrs, perfumed like roses, ever eloquent, like the Marquis of Bute; desperately fond, like the Marquis of Worcester; and smiling for ever, like the Countess St. Antonio and her new set of patent teeth. Yet, lovely aspirants, look to the desperate reality—see one of those royal virgins, those tulips of the field of England's beauty, those happy creations of kings and queens in their days of youth and glory—see her married to the Prince of Wirtemberg, the "largest animal that walked the shaking earth," as the divine Milton says; a lover, of whom the poets of England wrote these moral lines:—

" If flesh is grass, as parsons say,  
" Old Wirtemberg would make a load of hay."

This large lover had been a husband before, and was reported not to be much better when he came wooing our eldest princess: the story, in his own capital, being, that he had a wife still living, but dungeoned somewhere or other from his having taken a dislike to her. Old George, our late honest king, who never took an oath but with the intention to keep it, nor when he had taken it, suffered any man nor woman neither, to tamper with either him or it, made a serious business of this report, and the fat duke had no slight trouble in bringing evidence to his not having been guilty of bigamy. However, the match took place, the princess was tied to her prince, and the two were packed up and sent off to Germany. Thirty years passed before the exile returned for a day to her family, and then only to find the king and queen dead, every human being, whom she had known gay, handsome, and young, transformed into meagre and old cats and spaniels, or fatted to a degree indicative of nothing but the quantity of food that is served up in England for the noble.

Then came the bride of grey Hesse Homburg. If Wirtemberg was the fattest of Sovereign Dukes, Homburg was the most ferocious looking of Christened beings. The wolf might have said to him, "Thou art my brother," and the buffalo, "Thou art my cousin—

German." When this compound of tobacco and sourcroust first made his appearance in England, the national sagacity was puzzled to discover to which class of the creation he belonged. He fled from the royal dinner to smoke his pipe, chew sausages, and sleep in his boots. The Princess Elizabeth was linked to this lover, and away they went to live and love together in a marsh. So much for the happiness of princesses!

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THE FALL OF EMPIRE.

Let England remember the hour of her pride,  
 What the arms of her heroes made her,  
 What fields with the blood of her martyrs were dyed,  
 When the foes of her rights would invade her,  
 When she tore the sceptre from slavery's hand ;  
 When her red-cross was proudly streaming ;  
 When she trampled in ashes the fiery brand,  
 That in Rome's fierce grasp was gleaming ;—

When the world was in arms against her gates ;  
 When against the world she thundered ;  
 When her scale sustained earth's final fates ;  
 When earth was saved, and wondered ;  
 When her people were fearless, and free, and one,  
 And her church was a holy thing ;  
 When her mighty throne was the Protestant throne,  
 And her King was the Protestant King ;—

Let England now think of the days to come,  
 When the sun of her glory shall set ;  
 When her priests shall be sycophant slaves of Rome ;  
 When her soil shall with blood be wet ;  
 When Rome shall defile her holy walls ;  
 When the proud idolater  
 With traitors shall sit in her council-halls,—  
 Then, England, thy death is near !

When Rome's old pageants shall haunt her streets,  
 When a wafer shall be her god,—  
 Then pestilence and famine shall waste her fleets,  
 Then her armies into clay be trod.  
 When her incense to Saint and to Virgin shall fume,  
 When she gives to the dead her prayer,  
 Like a garment in the flames shall her strength consume,  
 Her treasures shall be dust and air.

Down, down to the grave shall thy grandeur go—  
 Down, down to the endless grave !  
 Though come on thy sleep no human foe,  
 No torch o'er thy palaces wave ;  
 For thou shalt be roused at the dead of night,  
 By the thunder and the trumpet's roar ;  
 No hope then for struggle, no hope for flight,  
 He that loved thee, has loved thee no more.

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As shooting is so much the fashion that it is employed to settle consciences, establish political facts, and supersede the necessity of argument, we feel some delicacy in saying a syllable that may seem to depreciate so salutary and summary a kind of conviction. Yet, admitting its merits in dispatching political antagonists, who are to be

silenced in no other way, and in slaying men in general, we may be permitted to doubt whether any valuable national benefit is actually connected with the Red House exploits of the Osbaldiston and Kennedy generation. We allow the infinite merit of knocking out a pigeon's eye at thirty yards, nineteen times out of twenty, or shooting a hundred and fifty of those little living marks before dinner; and yet, if the *cui bono* were proposed to us, we should find ourselves much at a loss. But all the Red House exploits are thrown into shade by a Chester champion, who is willing to back himself for any sum above 300*l.* to kill with ball from an air gun, 1300 rooks in twelve successive days (Sunday omitted), he to name the day of starting, which he will do the morning he commences; the gentleman will put the whole of the money down at one meeting, and will meet either at Birmingham or Shrewsbury to stake.

This is incomparable; and will be the most exemplary piece of shooting on record, since shooting the centre arch of London Bridge is so nearly about to be expunged from the glories of the British name. The only point that strikes us as objectionable is the omission of Sunday; why should the laudable execution of the rookery be stopped by any of the old-woman prejudices as to keeping Sunday sacred? We are sorry to think that the bold spirit of this original rook slaughterer, this mighty shooter, should be still bowed by vulgar opinions; and that he did not persevere in knocking down his regular hundred and odd on Sunday as well as on Monday, and so forth. We trust that the Methodists have not been insidiously at work in the case, and influenced this active exterminator to blow the powder out of his pan, and let his barrel cool for twenty-four hours together. To the Methodists alone such an imputation can by possibility attach; for the established parsons are too many of them excellent shots themselves, and hard goes over the country, to make it possible that they should think of interfering. No, while we see advowsons in every newspaper, "in a first-rate sporting neighbourhood, with a right of shooting over twenty miles of manor, and six capital packs of fox-hounds within an easy distance," far be it from us to suppose that the same sporting characters, who, however grave may be the colour of their cloth, have the true sportsman within them on every day of the week, should object to throwing the Sunday into the bargain.

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If we were inclined to encourage the practice of gaming by our high example, we should wager no trivial sum, that before fifty years there will be more tongues busy in talking English than in talking any other language in the world. The hearts of all the abbés, belles, savants, and lovers of "*la gloire*" in Paris will be broken by the fact. But, notwithstanding such a catastrophe, the consummation will arrive. At this hour English is the language of settlements under every circle of longitude and latitude, which is not the exclusive dwelling of whales or white bears. And all those settlements are but the origin, the seedlings of empires: in them men are not cramped by the sea shore at every half day's journey. They cannot, as in England, leave one sea behind at breakfast time, reach the opposite side of the land, and take dinner on the shore of a second ocean. Nor, as in England, compass the breadth of the *terra firma* in twelve hours. They are mighty territories, opened to the research, the vigour, the ability, and the necessities of

Englishmen, and to whose expanse the present colonies are but as huts in a wilderness; and in all those English is the language. We have thus an empire of English swelling over Canada; an empire swelling over the South Sea; an empire swelling over the Indian Archipelago; an empire swelling over New Holland; an empire swelling over the Southern Islands, with a crowd of minor stations, the supports and outworks of those enormous dominions. Next we have British America, with all its provinces and colonies, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, English still in tongue. In Spanish America, from Mexico to the Straits of Magellan, the mercantile and civil intercourse is spreading our language. It is making progress in India. English colonies will be established in the Mediterranean. Even in West Africa our settlements are laying the foundation of new intercourse with England. In East Africa we have an empire already commenced, to which the whole line of the coast and its islands will, before long, become tributary. And where then will be the boasted superiority of the French? It will have the range of Europe, and of Europe alone, and that too divided with the vernacular dialect of the kingdoms, and with English, which through books and travel is becoming a regular part of education. England is at this moment the language best known in an extent of space three times the size of the Roman Empire. It is the grand medium of communication of the whole maritime world.

Even on the continent, where native prejudices are stronger, from their antiquity, and from an absurd pride in the follies of the time gone by, English is beginning to be studied in palaces and colleges, though the mode may sometimes be curious enough. The writer of the "Hungarian Tales," tells us that in the University of Pesth there is a professorial chair for the English language, with a liberal endowment. It is at present filled by an "intelligent Frenchman," a soldier of Napoleon's army, who has compiled in Latin, for the use of the students, an English grammar, dictionary, and other class-books, which have been honoured with the commendation of the critics of Gottingen. The works first placed in the hands of the scholars of Pesth, are *The Vicar of Wakefield* and *Shakspeare's comedies!*

The Frenchman must make a fine professor of English. Of all men living, the French are the most tardy in learning a foreign tongue. This they, of course, set down as a merit in their configuration, and ignorance has the honour to be pronounced the proof of exquisiteness of taste. In all probability, not one of the Frenchman's pupils will ever speak a syllable of intelligible English. But he will receive his salary—the belles and beaux of Pesth will conceive that they have Chatham's language on their lips—and all parties will be happy. We recollect a curious instance of this style of instruction. In a German city on the Rhine, the Anglomania had made every one eager to read and speak English. But there were no teachers. In this emergency it was recollected that there were some British prisoners in one of the French garrisons on the left bank. Application was made by a young lady of rank for one of those tutors of the fashionable language. The French general was too much a man of gallantry to refuse a fair lady's request; and the prisoners were mustered to ascertain their literary qualifications. As it was before the national schools were established, the greater number of the gallant warriors could neither read nor write; and they were

pronounced unfit for the mission. One, however, could do both, and he was sent. This language-master remained in the household of the noble family for some years. On the peace, he obtained leave to give up his task, and returned to his country. The intercourse with England was speedily opened, and the principal pupil of the soldier was employed to do the honours to the distinguished guests, not one of whom spoke German, French, nor any other language than their own. But the difficulty was by no means diminished on the new plan. The guests listened to the young interpreter; not a word of her zealous communications could they comprehend. The interpreter was equally at a loss to decipher the language of the strangers. It turned out, that the English teacher had been a Highland serjeant, who had taught her Erse, the only language of which he was capable.

The French revolution, by sending over a number of ecclesiastics, and persons of rank and education, partially propagated the language among us; but the chief result was to break up the trade of the travelling teachers. Those had been, in general, valets, (who called themselves counts and barons,) hair-dressers, and disbanded dancing-masters. A commission in the French army was frequently the assumption of those brilliant personages, and the teacher of elegant phraseology was often a fellow who had graduated in the servant's hall.

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#### THE PROPHECY.

Ere Rome first trampled England's crown, our soil was proud and free,  
Our Alfred boldly swept the land of foes from sea to sea;  
Where trod the Dane, a bloody stain was all he left behind;  
His fierce heart's blood was on the flood, his groan was on the wind.

Then Popery with a vulture's wing came rushing o'er the soil;  
The Romish robbers crowding came, our ancient shrines to spoil;  
Till, roused at length, the nation's strength uprose and burst the chain,  
And Britain's lion shook its links, like dewdrops, from its mane.

Then great Elizabeth unfurled the red-cross banner true;  
Then William came, and o'er the fields of France the banner flew:  
A hundred years of wealth and peace, a hundred years of power;  
By Heaven the faithful land was blest, and freedom was her dower.

Then George the Third—long live his name! to Britons proud and dear—  
Disdained, when traitors girt the throne, their councils base to hear:  
The deed is done, the woe begun, which after times shall weep,  
And curse the hour when treachery's steps stole on the nation's sleep.

Old Persecution then shall rear her gory blade on high,  
The holy laws we now revere shall then be deemed a lie;  
Apostacy shall then be praise, and villainy be fame,  
And honesty a standing joke, and patriotism a shame.

And those that have their trust betrayed, shall rule the sinking land;  
And those that have their creed unsaid, among the first shall stand;  
And those who still maintain their faith, shall fall by fire and sword;  
And Mammon be prime minister, and Satan sovereign lord!



## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*Traits of Travel, or Tales of Men and Cities, by the author of "Highways and Byways, 3 vols. 12mo; 1829.*—What could have prompted these curious titles? "Traits of Travel" convey no meaning whatever; and as to "Tales of Men and Cities," what tales are *not* of men and cities? The very intelligent author professes himself to have been puzzled to hit upon what might, he says, unpresumptingly tell the nature of the book, and finally, in despair, left the matter in the hands of his experienced publisher; he must have consulted his Cumæan oracle, and muddled the sibyl's leaves. Tales, or Sketches, by H. Grattan, would have told the reader at once what he was to expect—faithful records of foreign scenes and foreign manners—knowledge acquired not by posting over the highways, but by footing it in the by ones—mingling intimately with the people, and finding out *all* their ways. Mr. G. has travelled to good purpose, and is, perhaps, the most competent man of his day to communicate the spirit and peculiarity of continental feelings.

The present series of tales is, however, not wholly characteristic of the author. Some of the smaller pieces, to the amount of half a volume, perhaps, are of another and a commoner kind; scribbled obviously for periodicals, more for effect than from goodwill; more from a feeling of obligation to contribute so many pages, than any natural promptings; and of course savouring, and pretty strongly, of extravagance: such as the Confessions of an English Clutton, and the Pleasures of the Table. A tale of revenge, called a Bone to Pick, though one of the best of the set, is of the same character, and contains none of Mr. G's peculiarities. An Irish squire, of the last century, had a wife who was a bit of a termagant, whose railings and perverseness he met, not by retorting abuse, or even by whacking her, but by the most provoking contempt—leisurely taking out his snuff box, and tapping it, and opening it, and taking an ample pinch, and returning the box to his waistcoat pocket, he would utter some half-expressed sneer, some irritating equivocation, or sarcastic hint, and adding to it—"and there now, my darling Nelly, is a bone to pick," he would stalk out of the room, gently closing the door. The good lady, apparently, digested the matter very easily, and was at once pitied and admired by servants and neighbours as an ill-used and most forgiving creature. But she was treasuring up a delicious morsel of revenge; nor did a long illness, of a fatal character, divert her from her purpose. When all hope of her recovery was abandoned, she called the squire to her bed side, and, after a tantalizing prelude, when the last gasp was upon her, pointing to her two sons, she said, "*One*

M.M. New Series.—VOL. VII. No. 41.

of the boys is not your child, and there is a bone to pick for you!" This was touching the squire on the tenderest point; his passion was love for his children, and his prejudice, family pride. No explanation could be got, she died on the instant, with this *post-mortem* satisfaction for all the taunts she had endured. The uncertainty distracted the miserable man; suspicions were excited, and then dismissed to make way for new ones: now Jack was his, and now Tom; will after will was made and destroyed, till the life was harassed out of him; the property was disputed by the sons, and finally fell into the pockets of the lawyers; some of whom, more conscientious than is usually believed of them, at every assizes, raised a small subscription for one of the survivors.—The Maison de Santé is a mad-house, in the south of France, into which the author strayed, and incurred some risk of being placed under the discipline of the establishment, and where he witnessed a scene of cruelty, sufficient to make one's hair stand on end. The circumstances are represented as facts, and it is some satisfaction to be told, that, on proper representations being made to the government, the victims were rescued, and the establishment broken up.—A little tale, entitled *Laura Pemegia*, is beautifully told: the essential libertinage of which is exhibited with a delicacy and taste that unhappily veil the turpitude. *Laura* is the child of a Sicilian fisherman, whose beauty and extreme simplicity attracted the notice of the son of an Irish peer, who is himself every thing that is noble and generous, but, and that appears a trifle, prompted by his passions to purchase this little charmer, of her abandoned mother. She has no notion of any thing wrong, and advantage is taken of her simplicity. After touring about the continent, he takes her to his Irish estate, which he holds, independently of his father, where he lives with her, passionately and permanently enamoured, and has two children, till a discovery is made on the part of an aunt, and attempts are made to separate them. The young nobleman's father is dying in London, and in his absence, *Laura* is seduced from her home, put on board ship, and taken to Sicily. But scarcely had she landed, and began to taste the bitterness of desolation, when she is happily overtaken by the young lord with her two children; and being once free from family ties, he yields to his better feelings, and puts a legitimate sanction to their union, &c.

One of the volumes is filled with Belgian scenes; a country of which singularly little is known; which is most unreasonably undervalued by travellers, and rarely ever recurred to by writers of romance; we recollect nobody but Scott and Mrs. Bray. National

character is dependent upon great events. "Shew me," says Mr. G., "the man who *may* not be warped by circumstances. Then how shall a nation escape? Are the English what they were before the reformation? The French the same as before the revolution?" The Belgians have been subject to repeated changes, have consequently been, in some proportion or other, more modified. They have *no* national character, say strangers. They have two or three, cry the native writers. Mr. G. thinks they have none peculiarly their own. Centuries of subjection to various European powers, all widely opposite to each other in manners and customs, have left among them evident traces of inconsistency, modified by time, and by one brief and brilliant era of liberty. The taint of each separate tyranny blends with the bright colouring of freedom, and their faults combine with courage, humanity, industry, and pride. Under a settled state, a constitutional government, a liberal king, and a gallant heir-apparent, they will take a place among the nations, and be *themselves*. At present the Belgian but scurvily compares with others. A Spaniard throws an air of chivalry into his fanaticism. The bigotry of a Belgian is as dull as it is gross. An Irishman 'disguised' amuses by his humour; the bright spirit of his whisky evaporates in fun or fighting. The drunken Belgian is besotted as well as brutified; he is but a fermented beer-barrel. The avarice of a Dutchman is based in calculation; that of a Belgian in cunning. The petty cheateries on the road, the impositions of the swarm of blood-suckers that fastens on the traveller, are the plodding realities of roguery. A picturesque highwayman, or sentimental pickpocket, never appears. Elsewhere one is cheated sometimes; but in *Belgium* one never escapes. "I met," says Mr. G., "with more exactions; I lost more articles of dress, in a few months rambling through Belgium, than in twice as many years of travelling and residence in France. Yet, after all, I maintain that there is much of individual and natural good to be found by those who will take the pains to seek it; and I (like my countrymen) think the 'trouble a pleasure.'"

The Begging brother of La Trappe will illustrate these characteristics, but we have no space to sketch the interesting details.

*The Naval Officer*, 3 vols., 12mo.; 1829.

—This is one of the effects of a long peace—to generate idleness and book-making. With no fighting, and an army of half-pay, naval and military, multitudes of them are rushing into the ranks of literature—within these few months we know not how many stories we have had of sea-scenes and adventures. This is one of the best we have seen—bearing with it an air of life and reality (as to the *facts* we mean, for as to the authors of these things nobody can doubt of *their* being professional—no landsman can be up to the

details) though not without manifest signs of a propensity to exaggerate and rhodomontade. But how any *sober* person, if any such person should read these tales, and especially the one before us, who has any regard for the moral welfare of a child, *can* expose him to the corruptions and horrors of such a situation, must excite our wonder, if it were not for the commonness of the thing—and even common as it is, we must still wonder. It only shows how thoroughly hypocritical we are, when the chances of *providing*, as we call it, for a son in the service, can counterbalance the dread that must naturally spring from the consequences of such exposures. The motive is evidently an overwhelming one—otherwise the Admiralty had need look to it and suppress such disclosures—to secure the manning of the navy, or rather *boying*, from families of any respectability.

The hero tells his own rough tale, with a view chiefly to apologise, or at least to account for the excesses he commits. He was early exposed to the perversions of bad management, for, at school, he was taught lying and treachery, by the mistress of the establishment, systematically disbelieving "what boys said;" recklessness, was, of course, the natural effect, and this, by as easy a consequence, led to mischief, and a love for adventure—nothing was gained by integrity and order. The sea was now his choice, and at thirteen he was plunged into the very hot-bed of iniquity, a vessel of war, at anchor in Plymouth harbour. There his first reception by the young fry of middies was a rude one, and by the boy petulantly resented, which led to hatreds and suspicions on their part, and prompted in him a desire of revenge, and a determination to indulge it. His activity, his energy, and the pride of his nature, spurred him to the attaining of an early and a thorough knowledge of his profession, and to some superiority over his associates. This could only be accomplished by skill or strength, and he was not defective in either—but mainly *fought* up his way to the head of his mess. Quickly he became ringleader in all schemes, either for the glutting of revenge, or the maintenance of privilege, and in more than one instance, by dint of combining, effected a riddance of obnoxious officers—making the ship too hot to hold them. His popularity among the crew was unbounded, by indulgence—and affecting a generosity, and a promptitude in all perils personal or general, which he, in a spirit of mock humility, acknowledges to have had its spring in vanity. With the first years of puberty, he forms a *liaison* with a young actress of the Plymouth boards, and quits his ship himself to play Romeo to her Juliet. The father suddenly presents himself, and contrives to get him on board again, with the captain's injunction to the lieutenant to take care of him. When refused permission, accordingly, to go ashore, he leaps into the water, like another Leander,

to swim to his *Heroine*, and effects his purpose through showers of musket-balls shot after him, on the supposition of his being a deserter. This connexion is finally broken up by the romance of the lady, who suddenly and mysteriously withdraws, and leaves him a power to draw upon her banker, without explaining, or telling him where she is gone. This gives him little concern—he had, in the meanwhile, laid siege to the heart of a daughter of his father's friend, and won it—but marriage was not to be thought of till he got a pair of epaulettes.

The career of the midshipman is completed in different quarters—partly in the Mediterranean and the Spanish coast—and partly in America, during the war of 1813 and 14; and the details consist of pranks and feats—of darings and escapes—conflicts with his comrades, battles with the foe, and encounters with whales, and still more perilous with sharks. Sundry tales of gallantry, on the Halifax station, fill up the intervals—others of plunder and roguery—some few of mere fun—with a few of real humour, and all of the ludicrous, and some too coarse or too licentious to be thus exposed to the general eye of the young, who will be sure to gloat in them. But one remarkable thing strikes the reader, and that is a disposition to depreciate—he has the worst luck man ever had in his captains—one is a good officer, but too precipitate—another, with a smiling exterior, is a brute—a vile and vulgar plebeian—a third is a lord, who does not know the difference between the bow and the beam—but as brave a man as ever stepped between stem and stern, though how that was established is not very apparent, seeing he never encountered an enemy—and all these decisions from a boy. The same contempt is expressed for *all* the examiners, when he passes for lieutenant—they are all ignorant, or brutal, or partial.

His father's influence at the Admiralty secures him the rank of commander at the earliest possible period, and he immediately flies homeward, from America, on the wings of love, to marry his Emily. Landing in his way at Bourdeaux, he suddenly encounters at the theatre his old acquaintance of the Plymouth stage. She presents him with a beautiful boy, the "moral" of himself, of four or five years old, but refuses, though he eagerly solicits, to renew their intimacy. She had unexpectedly come into possession of property, and withdrew for her credit's sake to Bourdeaux—but was now growing weary of it. She accompanies him to England, and is persuaded by him, impelled by his usual thoughtlessness, to go and reside in the very neighbourhood of Emily's father. The natural consequence followed—that Emily, on the eve of their marriage, surprised him in company with the lady and the child, *en famille*. She was inexorable in breaking off the match, and he, in a rage, curses his unoffending mistress, and flies to the continent in dogged

despair. Here he is roused to sensation by the charms and stimulus of a gaming house, and draws, without stint or measure, on both father, and mistress, but by one lucky stroke recovers his losses and more, and abandons the dice. Scarcely rescued from impending infamy, he shoots his dearest friend in a duel, in defence of his sister, through mere impatience—and is again on the point of distraction, when luckily his friend recovers. By and by he hears from his old mistress—she has lost her little boy by an accident, and is dying of grief. He flies to England—is too late to see her—rushes to the church-yard and indulges to extravagance his grief. Then suddenly seeing a bishop driving past, in state, he rushes to the palace, forces himself into the episcopal presence—just to see if he is as capable of administering spiritual comfort as a curate. Beyond his expectations, or desert, he is received with kindness and consideration—is soothed—pitied—instructed—*converted*; and, by the final agency of the good bishop, reconciled to himself and to Emily. Notwithstanding this change of feeling—the effect of religious convictions, it seems—the tone of the whole is that, we had almost said, of a profligate, which is surely not redeemed, by occasional expressions of regret, and confession of wrong—it is indeed the tone of one, who still delights to trace his feats of audacity, and the frolics of rakery, and only requires the same opportunities to repeat the same offences.

As a matter of amusement, there is abundant materials to excite a smile, and occasionally a hearty laugh—the best thing is a dialogue between Sir Hurricane Humberg and the housekeeper, which, however, for certain reasons, is not quotable. Instead of it, we must give the following. In a party of young Philadelphian ladies, speaking of some lady, he observed he had not heard of her since she was seen by some friend of his at Turin on the *Po*.

The last syllable was no sooner out of my mouth than tea, coffee, and chocolate was out of theirs, all spirting different ways, just like so many young grampuses. They jumped up from the table and ran away to their rooms, convulsed with laughter, leaving me alone with their uncle. I was all amazement, and I own felt a little annoyed. "Have I made any serious lapsus, or said any thing very ridiculous or indelicate? if I have, I shall never forgive myself."

The uncle's reply is admirable.

"Sir," said Mr. MacFlinn, "I am very sure you meant nothing indelicate; but the refined society of Philadelphia, in which these young ladies have been educated, attaches very different meanings to certain words, to what you do in the old country. The *back settlements*, for instance, so called by our ancestors, we call the *western settlements*, and we apply the same term, by analogy, to the *human figure and dress*. This is a mere little explanation, which you will take as it is meant. It cannot be expected that *foreigners* should understand the niceties of our language.

You used a word exclusively confined to bed-chambers."

The uncle's illustration was farther illustrated on a visit to the ship—when one of the young ladies getting too near some paint—another exclaimed, "La! Jemima, what have you done to the *western* side of your gown? It is all over green." Of course the "west" became a standing joke.

*The Divine Origin of Christianity, by John Sheppard, Author of "Thoughts on Private Devotion," &c., 2 vols.; 1829.*—It is the assertion of a certain zealous class of Christians, that books on the evidences of religion are worse than useless, for instead of making believers, they unmake them. If this be true to any extent, it can be applicable only to the hot-headed, or the soft-headed—to impatience or imbecility. The faith, which suffers by any thing deserving the name of sound evidence, must have been built without evidence, and the structure is of course liable to be overthrown by *any* wind that blows. The writer, like a man of sense, as he truly is, has disregarded this idle or fanatic opinion, and yielding to his own convictions has produced a book, which must class, and that with honour, with Paley, and the best stock-books upon the subject—condensing and filling up what was before scattered or imperfect. It is an attempt to do effectively, what has been often done partially—but never with so much *distinctness*—never with an effort so concentrated, and in a manner so entirely exhaustive—the establishing, we mean, of the probability, or rather the certainty of the divine origin of Christianity, on evidence totally independent of the scriptures, or of any authorities, which might, by malignity or possibility, be styled suspicious or interested. The author is, we believe, a layman, and a dissenter, but perfectly free from the common accompaniments of sectarianism, of all *acrimony* especially, except perhaps a little towards Gibbon, in exposing whose misrepresentations, it must be difficult for the mildest, and the author is one of them, not to be provoked into severity. Of himself, he remarks—and this to remove prejudice or suspicion—he has no stake involved, either of rank or profit; nor can even, consistently, take a direct interest in *those political benefits, which many ascribe to the alliance of religion with the state.*

We can, with our limits, do no more than indicate the course and method of the writer, by which the reader will learn what he has to expect, and we add our assurance, if that is worth any thing, that the plan has been prosecuted with diligence, research, and fairness, and executed with conspicuous success.

While some, in exhibiting the evidences, have searched for the internal—the *self*-evidence of the scriptures, and others have laboured to establish their genuineness, and their consequent historical truth, Mr. Shep-

pard's specific aim has been to shew, "that even if the New Testament had been unhappily destroyed, or its genuineness were not ascertainable—yet, provided the primitive spirit of the religion could be learnt from the writings of early believers, and those *indirect* proofs collected of its rise and progress, and their causes, which now exist, we ought not to reject it, but to judge that it came from God." This design and its limitations he undertakes to execute by establishing two propositions—first, "There may be enough known of Christianity (without investigating either its miraculous or prophetic proof, and without studying the written accounts of its progress, whether as given by friends or enemies) from a view of its distinctive character—of its actual effects—of its continued and prospective spirit and tendency—and of its acknowledged origin—to yield complex presumption that it is not of men, but of God;" and secondly, "There are statements concerning Christianity (and other coeval religions) in extant Jewish and Heathen writers—in citations from the lost works of its adversaries—in notices of current oral objections to it—in public appeals as to public facts by early Christian apologists—in details by Christian writers of events, the general truth of which is amply confirmed by their opponents—together with implications in the silence of some Jews and Heathens, and in the conduct of others; which concur to furnish very strong grounds for believing its supernatural origin."

The *first* he accomplishes, by pointing out how far it differs from all religions that men have fabricated, and from any that we can suppose they would fabricate; and again, how far it differs from all other religions in its ascertained effects, and in its continued and prospective spirit and tendency. The *second*, by collecting the admissions, tacit and verbal, of persons not professing Christianity, as to the moral character of Jesus, and that of the early Christians—by discussing the oppositions Christianity was *likely* to encounter, first from the Jews and next from the Heathens, deduced from the diversified and long-continued influence of belief and habit—the lax and optional morality of polytheism, and the peculiar disadvantages of the first Christian teachers—and next by exhibiting proofs and instances of *actual* oppositions, which Christianity endured from both quarters. In connexion with the same subject, the second volume discusses the evidence for Christ's resurrection, especially the firm belief and testimony of the fact—the absence of contrary evidence—and the indispensableness of the fact, for the subsistence of the religion. This is followed by the tracing up of indirect evidence for the miracles of Christ and his immediate disciples.

The arrangements are calculated for two classes of readers—the general sentiments and conclusions of the writer are given in

what may be called the text, while the details and authorities, classed with unusual felicity, are thrown into supplements, at the close of each chapter, and in a smaller type—the first will suit the idle, and the latter will satisfy the more active inquirer.

Of the real usefulness of the book, to those who are capable of estimating it, we can entertain no doubt. The writer himself dissuades some classes of readers—

As to those, says he (and such there appear to be), who have no difficulties or distrusts, I would give them advice which is not common either in preface or introduction—do not proceed to read the book. There is another class, he adds, in a note, whom I would frankly forewarn not to seek satisfaction from these pages. I mean those who feel less advantage in having premises carefully laid down, than conclusions strongly wrought up—who prefer the impression that is given or imposed by inferences very amply and eloquently urged, to that which they must in part acquire for themselves by an attentive view of facts presented, the use of which by the writer may not be always full or vigorous—who are disturbed, besides, at all concessions, and may be alarmed, at certain points, lest the cause should be betrayed. For such readers I am not enough an *advocate*. When pleading for a religion, which, if true, makes truth a high and sacred duty, we ought not to colour falsely, or to make unfair reservations. I am far from saying or thinking that I have been nowhere biassed in method, or misled in judgment, by the desire to convince; but I would hope not to have *jesuitically* departed in practise from the maxim, “*Basuage—le grand art dans la religion est de n'en avoir pas.*”

These admirable sentiments cannot but recommend this very able and amiable person's production.

*Tales of a Voyager (Second Series), 3 vols. 12mo.; 1829.*—Whether the bent of the reader be to facts or fancy, he may be equally gratified by this production. The facts will take him over the scenes of the frozen ocean, and lay before him the pretty general career of a Greenland whaler faithfully and vividly—the crew alternating between activity and listlessness. Their perils—labours—amusements—alarms of famine—are all graphically traced, and the details diversified by descriptions of the phenomena of the polar regions—the habits of arctic animals, marine and ice-ine, for land animals there can be none—nothing is passed over. With the experience of the traveller, the author has the faculty of *describing* with effect, and might prove a valuable collaborateur of Captains Parry and Scoresby. The tales have no connexion whatever with the voyage, and might have been as well interwoven with any other subject upon earth. They, however, exhibit no common talent in detailing strong feelings, and critical occasions—a talent which betrays him frequently into too great particularity—he has not yet learned where to stop. The characters are mostly of the

rougher cast—not one gentlemen or educated person among them, which is—some relief, we were going to say, but certainly some *change*. Smugglers—pirates—these are his favourites—and one hero is often very like another. The chief tales are Bernard Hyde, Letitia, and the T-Man—of which the first and second have several good points, but the last is full of a sort of coarseness—city vulgarity—the exposure of which has long ceased to have the power of exciting a smile.

Bernard Hyde is the son of an officer in the customs at a northern sea-port, and one of a large family of low habits. For no explicable reason, Bernard is detested by the mother—such things have occurred—and treated by her with great severity, and by the father with neglect. The boy is a fine vigorous fellow, and seeks a refuge naturally in any thing that will divert his feelings, and becomes, almost inevitably, reckless, daring, and mischievous. To get rid of him he is apprenticed to some low trade in London, from which he speedily takes wing, goes to sea, and eventually joins a gang of smugglers. Of an active and adventurous turn, this employment suits him to a tittle, and he prosecutes his new profession with great success. Occasionally—money abounding and vanity prompting—he comes to town—dresses and dashes and plays the coxcomb. On one of these out-breaks, his attention is caught by a flirtation between a young lady, accompanied by an elderly one and a sister, and attended by a servant, on one side of the road, and a young gentleman in black on the other—a lap-dog, in particular, is despatched across with a glove. In the meanwhile, Hyde is shewing off his own attractions, and the young gentleman in black is alternately filled with rage and contempt at his impudence. Presently the little dog is set upon by some brutal butchers—the young lady screams—and the young gentleman flies to its rescue, but he is no match for the sinews and muscles of the butchers, and fails. Hyde—a strapping fellow, and accustomed to rough measures—to the *voies de fait*—kicks and cuffs about him, till he reaches the dog, and soon restores him to the lady. From this event springs not any intercourse with the lady, but an intimacy between him and the favoured youth, which continues till Hyde's stock of money is exhausted—still knowing nothing of the story of his companion, though evidently involving some mystery—and then returns to the coast.

Some months after, while engaged in the traffic of his profession, he suddenly meets again with his new friend, who is skulking in the neighbourhood of his mistress's dwelling to escape the eyes of the father. These eyes, however, are as wakeful as Argus's, and the owner has something to stimulate him: for he has done the youth an injury, which gives him little repose. He is actually in possession of an estate, to which he

has no title—which in reality belongs to this very youth, who, however, knows nothing yet about the matter. He is supposed to be the illegitimate son of one who died intestate, to whose property this person succeeded as heir-at-law. He had educated the youth, and finally, on discovering a growing *pénchant* between him and his daughter, dismissed him with a certain sum, and thus won the character of prodigious liberality from admiring friends. Hearing, through his agents, of the youth being in the neighbourhood, and of his associating with Hyde the smuggler, whom he well knew—and whom, as magistrate—such things we suppose do occur—he had protected—grew suddenly alarmed—and issued a warrant for the apprehension of both parties, as dealing in smuggled goods. The constable was a friend of Hyde's, and had often given hints all was not right with his employer; and the story of the youth still further roused his suspicions. He resolves to fathom the mystery, and not being troubled with scruples in the process, he makes the constable tipsy, and worms from him the secret. The constable had been one of the usurper's agents, and had received £500 for his assistance, and a lawyer £2,000, which lawyer proves to be Hyde's own father. Though checked a little in his ardour by this discovery, he soon recollects how little he is indebted to him, and boldly prosecutes his purpose. The father, though reduced to a state of sottishness and eternal remorse, stands out, till Hyde, who knew his man, offers another £2,000, which clinches the business, and produces the marriage-certificate, which legitimates his friend. Of course all obstacles disperse—the usurper resigns—the youth marries the daughter, and has no greater pleasure than sharing his fortunes with the impetuous and generous smuggler. We have hung too long over this.

The longest tale, occupying a full volume, is entitled *Lectitia*. She is a very beautiful girl, the daughter of a small farmer, and living as a sort of companion with the wife of a large one, whose only son falls in love with her. The mother of the youth is a very termagant—she violently expels the young woman, and rails at her son, till he is driven to flight, and the same night is found drowned in the neighbouring inundated marshes of Essex. Though with no definite grounds for the suspicion, the poor girl is impressed with the conviction of his having been murdered, and thinks herself preserved solely for the detection of the murderer. She pines and mopes, but neither actually loses her senses, nor her powers of exertion. Her father is seized with paralysis, and large demands are made upon the little property; but the consciousness of coming want rouses her to many noble acts of energy. While thus exerting herself, a younger sister, as beautiful as she had been herself, going to a dance at a farmer's in the village, attracts the admira-

tion of a stranger, who suddenly presented himself to the party. This person proves to be the run-away son of wealthy people in the neighbourhood—distinguished, before his flight, for profligacy—and now returned, from nobody knows where, nor from what employment, to claim his father's property. He is a dashing sort of fellow—rude and rough in language—with a fierceness and air of command not easily accounted for—but very capable of softening in the presence of women. Recovering his property, and apparently settling quietly in the neighbourhood as Capt. Glennon—though reported occasionally to be entertaining very strange companions—he presented himself to *Lectitia's* sister, and quickly won the simple girl's heart. *Lectitia* is deeply distressed at this event, but knows not how to enforce her objections. It was true, he had as a saucy boy, before he left his home, offered her personal rudeness, and had his head split with a spade; but as to his being the murderer of her lover, though deeply impressed with the conviction, she had no means of supporting the charge. She, however, resolutely rejects all his proffers of assistance for herself and her father; but when finally they come to their last bit of bread, and Glennon still presses his suit, she at last reluctantly gives her consent to the sister's marriage. The wedding-day arrives, and the ceremony begins, when suddenly a face appears through the window, which startles Glennon, and he rushes out of the church; but quickly returns to apologize and complete the solemnities. The parties drive immediately towards his residence, when half-a-dozen strange-looking fellows on horseback in foreign dresses meet him and accompany them home. To his great apparent vexation, he is obliged to absent himself with them, and does not return to the wondering bride till ten at night, when they sit down to dinner, and in company with these rough and odd-looking persons. In the meanwhile, near midnight, appears at *Lectitia's* cottage, a dying person, who, on being admitted, proclaims Glennon the murderer she felt he was—and the husband of another. To rescue her sister, she rushes to Glennon's house, finds her in bed, and Glennon every instant expected. He comes, and *Lectitia* challenges him as a murderer, and calls upon her sister to shrink from pollution. A passionate scene ensues, in which Glennon confesses himself the guilty person, but still implores the fond bride to abide by him. *Lectitia's* importunity finally prevails with her, when Glennon summons his myrmidons—they were a gang of pirates, and Glennon their Captain—to carry the bride by force to the vessel, now in the river. A ruffian seizes her—*Lectitia* clings—and Glennon maddening at the obstruction, is on the point of plunging his sword into her bosom, when a tumult from without arrests the blow. This proceeded from a posse of the police with a warrant of

apprehension on the charge of murder. Nothing daunted, Glennon places the strongest of his fellows on horseback with the bride—mounts himself another, and determines to cut his way through all opposition. In the plunge he fires upon the officers, and the fire is instantly returned. In the *mêlée* Glennon is shot—the bride is shot—both die on the spot, and poor Letitia, torn and exhausted by the violence of her emotions, dies too. It is a most tragic conclusion, but the whole story is told with great force and feeling.

*Ecarté, or the Salons of Paris, 3 vols., 12mo., 1829.*—The first attractions of a gaming-house, of the more *recherché* cast, in London, are the *cuisines* and the wines; while the more conspicuous temptations of a Parisian one, are women and dancing. Drinking or gaming is stimulus enough for an Englishman. Women, at such a time, are misplaced; he cannot attend to two charms at once; when he is bent upon cards or dice, he cares not for women; and when he has the company of women, he has no superfluous spirits for cards. Women are consequently never seen in English hells, and women of this class themselves have no turn for gaming. In Paris, both men and women, and as many of the latter as of the former, frequent places—the younger women decoying for the proprietors or fishing for themselves; the older, chaperoning, or searching for stimulus; and, mixing in the *mêlée*, are as eager to make money by their skill, as the young ones by their charms. The salons of Paris are conducted with great art and effect. Women, some of them once of distinction, before their attractions have utterly withered, appear as the heads of these establishments, and keep up some of the appearances of respectability by not throwing open their doors to all. In many of them there is no admittance except on special invitation; and they have their friends and associates, to point out distinguished individuals, natives and foreigners, to whom their invitations are liberally, but still with reserve, extended. Dress balls are given in some twice a-week, at which men of rank and fashion are to be found, and women of all ages and of all variety of seductions. The rooms are superbly furnished and brilliantly lighted—gilding and mirrors dazzle and distract—wines flow in profusion, and delicacies of all kinds abound, the expense of which is sustained by a certain sum paid by the visitor on entrance, and a fee upon each game—collected by the mistress of the establishment or her confidential agents. The consequences upon the young, especially, are generally *liaisons*, in the first place; and these are quickly followed by embarrassments, duels, and suicides.

The object of the writer is to lay open these scenes of iniquity, the agents and machinery, with which he has coupled a tale, and one, of course, as custom impe-

ratively demands, of love—to answer the double purpose of information and amusement—at once to instruct and warn. The effect to be apprehended in matters of this kind is, that the representation of consequences, however fatal they may be, will not counterbalance that of the fascinations. A scene of voluptuousness, stript, in description, of the coarseness which, in reality, inseparably belongs to it, is itself scarcely resistible; the describer, besides, is insensibly tempted to exaggerate, for his very object is to produce effect; and as to the perils, most men, and especially young men, have too much confidence in their own luck or prudence to care a fig about them, whilst their curiosity is sharpened by the very descriptions, and the resolution instantly fixed, at all events, to *see* them. This is all the proprietors are anxious about; enter the net, and the victim will not readily break through, or even wish to break through. The author professes a complete acquaintance with the scenes he describes—he is too warm occasionally, and clothes his cyprians with too many of the charms of virtue; but we are by no means disposed to rave against the licentiousness attributed to the book generally, by the violent severity of some of our conscientious contemporaries. If these scenes are real, we are not sorry to see them thus exhibited; and if they are indeed fictitious, they must be the fruits of a purient imagination, that riots in profligacy, and deserves, what the deceiver will be sure to gain—the contempt of his readers.

An old and gouty uncle visits Paris, in company with a nephew—a youth of high talents, considerable cultivation, and great personal attractions. At Paris they encounter an old friend of the uncle's, a Colonel Stanley, of the India service, and his daughter, lovely as one of the daughters of the east, and as wise and susceptible as it becomes heroine to be. The young persons had never before met, and, of course, forthwith fall in love. Before the youth, Delmaine, has time to get into mischief, he meets with a college friend, changed, in a short space, into a grave, thoughtful person, who tells him an eventful story—all how and about the ruin of his fortunes and his hopes by an unlucky acquaintance with the salons of Paris, and concludes, by warning his friend against their seductions. Scarcely had Delmaine been in Paris twenty-four hours, when he was insulted by a young French count, notorious as a duellist; and a meeting took place, in which he had the good fortune to hit his skilful opponent, and escape himself. This event brought him at once into a sort of fashionable notice, and he became an object of admiration and jealousy to men and women. A Marquis de Forsac particularly seeks his acquaintance—a regular *roué*—and who, upon learning the youth's connexions, immediately gets up a plot against him, and prevails upon a

young lady, of distinguished attractions, whom accidentally, and knowing nothing of her character, Delmaine had a few days before rescued from some imminent peril. The scheme of the marquis was to detach Delmaine from Miss Stanley, by involving him in the seductions of the salons, and himself to lay siege to her, in the hope of carrying her and her fortune.

The insidious marquis commences operations by persuading Delmaine to break an engagement for the theatre with Miss Stanley, and go to Madame Costello's, on the assurance that the beautiful being to whom he had been of such essential service, would be present, and was actually longing to make her personal acknowledgments to him. The lady, in fact, fascinates him—he spends the evening with her—dances—plays at *Ecarté*, and accompanies her to the door of her apartments, under an engagement to meet her next day. His morning's reflections annoy him, and expecting a cool reception from his friends, he stiffens—is stiffly received—withdraws in disgust, and rushes to the charmer of the previous evening. They dine together at an hotel, and go to the theatre; and at both these places, by the contrivance of the marquis, they are seen by Miss Stanley and her friends. This, with some expostulation on the part of his old college friend, completes his alienation, and he gives himself up to his new connexions. The *liaison* is of the most intimate and absorbing, but not of the common sordid kind; for the lady—she is very young—is deeply attached, and does all she can to detach him from play. But the arts of the marquis baffle her, and he pursues his career till his purse is exhausted, which he replenishes by borrowing 20,000 francs for six months, at fifty per cent. The money is obtained from a common usurer, through the agency of the marquis, who himself pockets at once one-half of the premium.

This very accomplished scoundrel has now an infallible plan for breaking the *Ecarté* bank, and he urges Delmaine to join him in the execution of his scheme; but the significant glances of the lady check the rising inclination, and he consents only to go and watch the effect of the new plan, refusing, at the same time, to take any money with him. He is, however, soon convinced of the success of the plan, and now begins to wish that he had brought his purse with him. The marquis contrives to engage him with a lady, and to get himself deputed to go to Delmaine's apartments, and fetch it; and finding Delmaine's lovely mistress alone, is tempted to avail himself of the opportunity, urges his passion, and finally is just resorting to force, when Delmaine, who had his suspicions of the marquis, rushes in—inflicts summary vengeance on the marquis, and in despite of assurances and protestations, renounces the lady. Expecting the next day to receive a hostile message from the marquis, he is surprised

by an arrest on the part of the usurer, on the plea of Delmaine's quitting the country. In prison he is visited by his unoffending mistress, with an offer of money, which she had raised by pawning her jewels; he repulses her roughly and sternly, till, in the agony of her distress, she falls and bursts a blood-vessel. Scarcely was the miserable girl removed, when his old friend arrives, commissioned by Miss Stanley, who had accidentally learnt his imprisonment, and who had also pawned *her* diamonds, to release him. The debt is thus paid—Delmaine is released—his unhappy mistress dies, and is thus put out of the way. A reconciliation follows, with Miss Stanley and his friends—the salons are forsworn, &c.

*Diversions of Holycott; 1829.*—This is one of the best conceived and best executed little books, we have seen, of the Edgeworth cast. Utility, improvement of intellect, and correction of feeling, are constantly in the writer's eye, and her measures and methods are blended with as little nonsense—as little, we mean, beyond the reach of the age she writes for—as any thing can well be imagined. The family of Holycott consists of two boys and two girls, and an occasional cousin or two, of different ages, from seven or eight to fourteen or fifteen—the eldest girl has some lurking conceit and vanity—the youngest already a little *Minerva*; the eldest boy a sage lad, and quite a protector and example for the rest, and the youngest, a fine bold and generous little fellow, destined for the navy, and ready to fight for his friends, right or wrong—while the cousin is comparatively incorrigible—corrupted by the vices of a public school. The tares that spring up occasionally, are carefully weeded by the skilful husbandry of a model of mothers—cool, steady, and enlightened. To secure attention in reading, she contrives little narratives, with omissions of words, which the reader must supply as he goes, to make an intelligible meaning—a scheme suggested originally, we believe, by Gilchrist, who, though a bit of an enthusiast, is a very shrewd and active person, and only wants ballast to make him a very useful one. The book is a valuable addition to the nursery library.

*Visits to the Religious World; 1829.*—There exist among us—every neighbourhood discovering to its great annoyance—a set of persons stying *themselves* “professing Christians,” whose chief characteristic is a meddling, inquisitorial, intolerant spirit—the leaders of bible societies—schools—missions—bazaar-works—a class of persons, who entertain no doubts at all of their own immeasurable superiority to those about them, and in virtue of this assumed superiority, take upon them to canvass the conduct of all with whom they come in contact, censure those who shun their society, and domineer over all who are unhappy enough to share the services they ostentatiously con-



fer. The volume before us, though it disclaims the being written for the purpose of exposing and shewing up their failings, does undoubtedly, with a good deal of justice and success, do so, though not at all ill-naturedly, nor satirically, or at least very slightly so; and only so far as it is subservient to the final object of inculcating Calvinistic doctrines of the more exalted cast—those of Newton, Beveridge, and Romaine.

Those, who desire to know what these doctrines really are, will, in this little book, find them more in detail, more explicitly and more advantageously enforced than in any volume we could immediately lay our hand upon. We notice it more as a matter of literary curiosity than of doctrinal importance; we do not ourselves adopt these doctrines, nor, on the other hand, are we disposed to ridicule those who do. The persons who can fully enter into them and share them, must be pre-eminently happy; but we have no notion of the *permanence* of them. They are of an intoxicating kind, and must have their re-action. The professors are nevertheless the only consistent class of Christians. They do not profess one thing, and exhort to another. Others profess a total reliance upon the Saviour—in- sist upon the operations of the spirit—and affirm all are vicious, and all are unprofitable; but in the teeth of all this they talk of duties and exertions, and perseverance. Whereas the Calvinists (we scarcely know how to designate them) not only throw themselves in full dependence upon the Saviour, but do not talk of duties and doings. They are miserable sinners—but the gospel is *gospel*—is *good news*, and what has good news to do with duties? This unconditional reliance is productive, we doubt not, of happiness, because it is accompanied with assurance of divine guidance—the soul is absorbed in contemplating the effects of personal favour, and so long as these impressions are vivid and absorbing, they must operate upon the conduct. Negligence it cannot produce—supineness is incompatible—for that is the fruit of forgetfulness; and the feelings of, we may almost term it, union with the Deity, cannot consist with profligacy or obliquity. The *difficulty* is to conceive the permanence of this, which is surely a state of exaltation and enthusiasm; and the *evil* is—the liability to misapprehension, which is almost sure to be the case with uncultivated persons—and hence the *danger* of an indiscriminate publication of such ambiguous doctrines. The votaries of these opinions believe them of divine authority, and of course do not hold themselves responsible for the consequences of what is—of God; and thus, of course, also, are inaccessible to the force of any logic which depends mainly or solely upon human experience. *Absit invidia.*

We extract a specimen of a “visit” to a religious meeting, which, we have no doubt, occurred to the letter.

M.M. *New Series.*—VOL. VII. No. 41.

There was a large assemblage of persons, the proportion of ladies nine to one gentleman, and the former mostly ranged together; they entered the room with a slow silent step, each bearing a work-bag, or a box containing implements of industry, and papers accounting for the distribution of money laid out in charity: when they accosted each other, it was in a low voice or whisper; the gentleman rather less timid, though all evidently under some restraint, addressed one another in a subdued tone, one occasionally rising to approach within safe distance of the friend he wished to address, and standing before him in an attitude of constraint.

The ladies whispered to each other their exertions among the poor; books were inspected by the treasurer, and new powers conferred; fresh plans laid for enforcing economy in the domestic arrangements of the poor, whose want of management and frugality were strongly reprobated; some asserting that they could maintain five families on the same weekly income which their thriftless neighbours squandered on one. One lady made a heavy complaint against a labourer's wife, who suffered her two elder girls to go to school barefooted and without frocks, while it was proved that her husband earned nine shillings a week, which was surely enough to buy bread, and clothe themselves, and their seven children. Another lady taking a more lenient view, thought it might be difficult to find shoes and frocks for so many upon that sum. She was answered that the mother might take in washing or needle-work. To which she replied, that she conceived the seven children would require all her time and attention. The other lady instanced a poor family who had only seven shillings for ten of them; and contrived to make it suffice. Her friend said, that they of her own society might equally make their income answer double its present purposes by depriving themselves of a meal or two daily. It was at last agreed by the committee, that the shoeless and frockless girls should for once be allowed to remain in the school, provided they made the shoes and frocks, which the generosity of the above-mentioned lady engaged to provide, last for the entire year.

*Peace Campaigns of a Cornet, 3 vols., 12mo.; 1829.*—Every body has some curiosity about what he cannot personally get at; and therefore he is obliged to any one who proffers a communication, whatever be the style or taste in which it is made, whether with humour or without—gaily or gravely; nor should he be too nice in exacting—let him not look a gift horse in the mouth. The details of professional adventure are inaccessible, for the most part, to all who are without the pale of the profession—a number, which we fervently hope—even against hope—will grow less and less, as a sense of the iniquity of war spreads more and more. The life of a soldier or a sailor can be known in its peculiarities and familiarities by none but soldiers and sailors, and none, of course, but soldiers and sailors can make the communication. The peace campaigns of a young soldier are perhaps of no great promise, but the condition has its peculiarities—it is one of the scenes of

"many-coloured life;" and if we cannot know too much, even of the possibilities, we cannot, surely, of the realities of society. The writer of the volumes before us professes to furnish realities; and though the details are not of a very instructive or striking interest, they are capable of exciting, in certain states of the diaphragm, a hearty laugh or two, and are probably the best his experience could supply. The performance may, perhaps, prompt others, who have more to communicate; and thus, after the fashion of Falstaff, he may not only be funny himself, but awake the recollections of fun in others.

The hero of the piece is the son of a Cork merchant—a dealer in bacon and butter, who is seized with a passion for a red coat, and finally abandons the desk for a cornetcy of dragoons. He is in love, too, with a neighbouring rector's daughter, though he has never told his love; and the development of these softer feelings, with the opposition he meets with, and his final triumph, make up the plot of the story; but all this is of so insignificant, or, at least now-a-days, of so common a kind, that it is not at all worth while to waste good paper in tracing the steps of it. Nor is the story by any means the writer's prime object—that is rather an exhibition of professional scenes and occasional adventure. The new cornet joins his regiment at a small town in Ireland, and a large space is occupied with his initiations into the socialities, or rather the debaucheries of the mess, and the mysteries of the drill, told with some relish of humour, surely; but the incidents generally are of too boisterous and schoolboy-like a cast, to ensure sympathy, except among the rude brothers of the mess. The first night, in spite of all resolution and actual resistance, he is made dead drunk, and left by the party laid out as a corpse, on the table, with candles placed round him, and regularly *waked*. Though cheated at the first start, by an officer of the corps, in the purchase of a horse—this is universally, we believe, a very venial offence among gentlemen of this cast—he is pretty much on the *qui vive*, and sharp enough to get through his noviciate with tolerable credit. The riding-master he softens by a well-timed purchase, and the adjutant's good-will he secures by giving punch-parties. One of the first acts of service is a *still hunt*, that is, aiding an excise-officer in seizing illicit distillers. The party were, in this case, baffled by the dexterity of an urchin of ten or twelve; and every intelligent and considerate person must wish for the same result in every case, and deprecate the continuance of a system that requires a military force to support it. These mountain makers of potheen—like smugglers and poachers—are created by the laws, and by *unequal laws*; for they tempt the poor into crime for the benefit of the rich. Prohibitions of this kind are against natural feelings, and undemanded for the security, or

for any general advantage of society. But the particular adventure, from which we have thus been led, is well told, and must be classed among the best *morceaux* of the book—the best hit at a description of active scenes. Considerable efforts are made in getting up the ludicrous and perilous—particularly crossing a torrent in a post-chaise—a sort of mock corporation scene of glutony, at Cork—and a Sunday dinner, given by a man more prompt in offering hospitalities than affording them; but there is too often in these efforts a want of concentrating object—a certain hardness and angularity in the details—the consequence of a want of practice, probably—which has occasionally a very disappointing effect: they fall dead-born.

At Clonmell, during the assizes, the cornet visits the court, and listens to a trial, which is, at all events, no bad caricature, if it be not, as is probable enough, a faithful portraiture of the scene. On struggling through the crowd, he found the clerk of the crown calling on the prisoners.

*Clerk.*—"Patrick Gilloughly, are you ready for your trial?"

*Prisoner.*—"Na, my lord."

*Clerk.*—"Well, you must be ready to-morrow. Timothy Spillaan, are you ready for your trial?"

*Prisoner.*—"My lard, my wunnesses arn't come yit; they'll be here a Monday."

*Clerk.*—"The court can wait no longer, you promised to be ready yesterday. Gentlemen of the jury, you are to understand, that in No. 201, Timothy Spillaan stands indicted, for that he, not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil—"

*Prisoner.*—"Och, my lard, my lard, I'm as innocent as the shyld unborn."

*Clerk.*—"Hold your tongue, Sir; his lordship will hear you, by and by.—On the third May &c. &c. with a certain oak stick, value six pence."

*Prisoner.*—"Och, my lard, my lard, I didn't do it."

*Clerk.*—"Silence, Sir.—Which he, the said Timothy Spillaan, then and there held, did assault one Patrick Hurlihy; and in and upon his head did give him one mortal wound, of the breadth of three inches, and of the depth of four inches, &c. &c."

This is followed by the counsel for the crown, who states the particulars of the case, and that in a style of peculiarity, which, no doubt, will be readily recognized by those who are acquainted with the Irish bar. Then comes forward a witness.

*Counsel.*—"Did you know Patrick Hurlihy?"

*Witness.*—(pretending not to hear, and inclining his body towards the counsel)—"What's that, Sir?"

*Counsel.*—"Did you know Patrick Hurlihy?"

*Witness.*—"Did I know him?"

*Counsel.*—"Yes, Sir;—did you know him?"

*Witness.*—"Did I know him?"

*Judge.*—"Why don't you answer the question, witness? Did you know him?"

*Witness.*—(with much impatience, as if he thought that the counsel knew this as well as himself, but was affecting ignorance for some sinister purpose)—“Why to be sure I did.”

*Counsel.*—“Is he living or dead?”

*Witness.*—“Living or dead?”

*Judge.*—“Why don't you answer the question, witness? I shall put you into the dock if you don't. Come, Sir, is he living or dead?—answer that gentleman.”

*Witness.*—(advancing close up to the counsel, and looking him in the face, as much as to say, “I now see clearly you are trying to humbug me, but I'll show you that I am not—such a spalpeen as you take me for”)—“Damned well; you know he's dead.”

The prisoner's counsel appears, in the person of O'Connell, who presently gets into a wrangle with the judge, on a point of law, relative to cuts and contusions—the counsel insisting that the length and breadth of a *cut* must be proved, the length and breadth of a contusion need not. How the matter ended, appears not, for the able reporter left the court before, &c.

The lack of variety and adventure in Ireland must, of course, have wearied the luckless cornet, and he looked forward to a change of quarters with great satisfaction, especially England for Ireland. But Birmingham proves as uneventful as Ireland; and page after page, to the number of fifty or sixty, is occupied with the details of a stratagem to drive the major out of the barracks, who, with his meddling and medicine-loving wife, had encroached upon the officers' apartments. This will suit some tastes admirably. To further his views of advancement, the cornet is finally induced to go to Sandhurst, where officers of all ages and commissions are admitted in *statu pupillari*. The machinery of this institution, which we have no doubt is faithfully shewn up, constitutes the chief novelty of the book. Among the regulations of this precious establishment, it seems, the students are required to attend the *Hall of Study*, not to be instructed, but literally to study, or affect to study, or even not affect to do so, for there is no controlling power *present*. For the most part, the hours are wasted in a sort of boyish frolicking, even by the *older* men; and the reading men, if there are ever any after the first week or two, are, of course, the objects of attack by the idlers. Our hero had some desire to get on, and, cutting the hall, pursued his studies quietly in his own apartment, for which he was quickly called before the governor. The cornet defended himself, and assured the governor that he not only copied the questions of Dalby's Mathematics, which were already solved, but even *worked* the extra questions. This, however, was, by no means satisfactory to the governor; for how could the cornet know when he was right? In vain he urged that he thought himself secure, when the results corresponded with the answers furnished by Dal-

by; the governor insisted that the pupil's *presence* in the hall was the essential act, for that alone could be admitted as evidence of study. That alone appears in the weekly reports, and the professor's testimony is nothing without it. In spite of all testimony, if your name does not appear in his report, the general officers will be at once convinced you know nothing, &c. This, of course, is a *personal* hit.

*German Poetical Anthology, by A. Bernays; 1829.*—This is a judicious and elegant selection, comprising specimens of all the distinguished writers in the poetical records of Germany. The aim of the very respectable selector has been to combine two, perhaps not very compatible, objects— at once to furnish a reading manual for the first stages, and a literary guide for the succeeding ones of the German student. His excuse is, that the cultivators of German literature, in this country, are still too few to warrant an attempt to separate the two—to make two books, that is, each more specific—because there are not enough to buy them.

The specimens are preceded by an historical sketch of German poetry. The earliest *surviving* pieces are a few fragments of the Carlovingean period, of a very unlicked description. In the 12th century commenced the splendid era of the Suabian emperors, when the Minne-singers, with monarchs and nobles, vied with each other on subjects of love and chivalry in strains scarcely inferior to the Troubadours and Trouveurs of France. Among the compositions of this period are the Epics of Niebelungen and Book of Heroes, the latter of which, records some of the traditions of the days of Attila. The language of these poems, the editor describes as simple and harmonious—much more so than the literary language of the present day. With the fall of the house of Suabia declined the poetry of Germany. Private feuds and foreign wars brutalized the nobles, and silenced the minstrels. The muse, if muse she might still be called, took refuge in the free cities, and presided over the dull fraternities of the Meister-singers, who made verses and called them poetry. Hans Sacks, the Nuremberg cobbler, deserves to be distinguished among them. The 17th century reopened a new era for something that better deserved the name of poetry. Opitz, a Silesian, is the chief, and he and his followers constitute the first Silesian school; for in the latter part of the same century figured another school, called the second Silesian, the chiefs of whom are characterized by the editor, as better versifiers and worse poets—deluging the country with trash, which, however, suited the coarse taste of the readers. The early part of the 18th century is marked by the Lower Saxon school, which, though cold and feeble, was more refined in matter and manner. To this succeeded the “Leipsic,”

producing few eminent writers, but memorable for the dominion exercised by Gottsched, whose models were exclusively French. The tyranny of this leader was resisted by the Swiss Bodmer and Breitenger, the patrons of the English models, and under their vigorous exertions, succumbed the authority of Gottsched. The subsequent history of German poetry is better known, and we conclude our brief notice, with the editor's reply to the charge of sentimentality and mysticism usually urged against German literature.

As to the first (says he) it cannot be denied that from the time Gœthe wrote his *Werter* and Miller his *Siegwart*, Germany was deluged with sentimental novels and plays, calculated to emasculate even the most robust minds; nor could poetry entirely escape the lacrymose infection. But sentimentality has never been one of its characteristics; and thanks to the stern realities of the times in which we have lately lived, my countrymen are now almost radically cured of this malady.

But the charge of mysticism, as a general one, is unfounded. The German language supplies many terms for the mysterious emotions of the mind, which are not found in English. The existence of such peculiar expressions naturally produces peculiar and more profound methods of reasoning, which render many of our philosophical writings, and even some of our didactic poems, unintelligible to those who like to read, "as they run." For such, there certainly is much mysticism in German literature; but it soon disappears to those who are in the habit of applying thought to the productions of thought.

The volume contains also biographical notices of all the poets quoted.

*Apician Morsels, &c. by Dick Humelbergius Secundus*; 1829.—The votaries of the kitchen and Dr. Kitchiner—and who are not votaries of the *Dii Culinarii*?—will, no doubt, find ample materials in this olio to tickle their palates, though they may have to dip and plunge their forks or feelers into the mess more than once before they fish up any thing precisely to their taste. The truth is, here are conglomerrated, by singular industry of research, all sorts of matters, any thing and every thing, that could, by ingenuity, and even violence, be twisted into any connexion with the science of good eating—and all in most admired disorder. Here are gravities upon temperance, and gaieties upon gluttony; maxims from Hippocrates to Cornaro, and from Cornaro to Cullen—memorable sayings of memorable *gourmands*, and still more memorable doings—truths masked by ironies, and absurdities by puns and parodies—receipts for punch and prescriptions for pills—the bane and antidote—dainties of yore, and delicacies of the day—miseries and felicities—advice to *Amphitritons*, and warnings to parasites—with sundry other antitheses, too numerous to mention—together with endless allusions, and abundant extracts from the *Almanach des Gourmands*, and a multitude of other French publications,

on the subject of *eatics*, of which we confess ourselves in most unenviable ignorance, and quite incompetent to dive into the mysteries that crowd upon us, and wrap us in a cloud of more than Egyptian darkness.

Hunc igitur terrorem animi tenebrasque ne cesse  
est  
Non radii solis neque lucida tela diei  
Discutiant, sed natura—*edendique cupido*.

*An Analysis of the Second Decade of Livy, chronologically arranged on Two Charts, by Fred. Russell, M.A.; 1829.*—This, it may be presumed, was originally executed to assist the analyser himself to encounter some examination, perhaps, and very effectual assistance it probably furnished; but we have no notion it can assist another to the same extent. Like causes, like effects, and, we have little doubt, the same result—a clear and full possession of the contents—can only be obtained by a similar process, or some equivalent labour. It is the very effort of such a reduction that fixes—not glancing over the tabular statements of another's analysis. More is perhaps grasped for the moment, and for immediate shew, but we are pretty confident it will slip from the memory, as readily as water through the fingers. Nevertheless, a thing of this kind is good for reference—for refreshing facts and dates.

No part of Livy is so generally read as this of the Second Punic War; but the narrative is so broken and detached, by being thrown into the form of annals, that it is extremely difficult, especially by such as are learning the language at the same time, to keep up with the connexion. Year by year the author details the events of the city and the seats of war, and the reader is driven from Italy to Sardinia, and Spain, and Africa, to pursue cotemporary details; but that is the fault of the writer, or rather, perhaps, of the subject, which is incapable of strict unity, or more compact statement. In one respect the order is natural enough—it is that of councils and results—but it fails in continuity; matters might have been more insensibly, and, in the same proportion, more agreeably mixed. Mr. Russell has, however, analyzed the whole; and the materials, by the aid of two of the "broadest" sheets—some nine square feet—he has contrived to throw into two tables, which, studied previously and simultaneously with the narrative, cannot fail of facilitating the reader's acquisition, and keeping things in his mind all in their proper places. Truly, with all the aids that are now daily supplying, the student will soon have no occasion for his own intellect—all will be done mechanically, and steaming will soon be as common as "grinding." We begin to wish we were young again, when we think of our own comparatively unaided faggings. The rising generation will put their fathers to shame. But, seriously, though much may be superfluous, we cannot think it will be all thrown away.

## FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

THE spring Exhibitions being in full play, the best thing the critic can do is to fairly confess his occupation "gone," for the time being: unless indeed he can invent a stenographical mode of performing his office. This not being our case, we can only pretend to glance at the various matters that ask our attention; and this, chiefly with a view to make our readers acquainted with the general character of each of the various objects we have to place before them; in order that all may judge for themselves as to which of those objects it may be suitable to examine, and which to pass by.

*Society of British Artists.*—The most striking and important of the exhibitions opened since our last is the collection of paintings at the rooms of the above-named society in Pall Mall east; and by far the most important object in this exhibition is a picture by Mr. Roberts (the scene painter of Covent Garden Theatre) on the subject of "The Israelites going up out of Egypt." This very clever and striking work has, no doubt, been suggested by the peculiar style of Mr. Martin, and much of its effect is produced by means similar to, or rather the same with, those employed by the artist last named: that is to say, by a certain arrangement of architectural lines, according to the exact rules of perspective. These lines, being connected with other objects, and arranged with a view to certain preconceived associations and feelings, produce an effect of extent, of distance, and of architectural grandeur united, which nothing else can. But this is not the sole merit of Mr. Roberts's work. He has displayed great skill in the management of his distances, and produced an extraordinary effect in this particular; and he has evinced considerable knowledge of the mechanical resources of his art in various other respects. But, we are bound to add, that it is the *mechanical* resources *alone* of his art that he has employed in the present instance, or even attempted to employ. His work addresses itself to the eye, and to that alone; and even that it appeals to in a manner, and to an effect, altogether vague and general, not to say visionary.

We are sorry to report that this exhibition includes scarcely one other work claiming particular mention in a brief summary like that which we are this month called upon to give. There is one very clever, but not very agreeable picture, by Stanfield; a gentleman's seat; a very charming view of a picturesque Vale in the county of Cumberland, by Hofland—a work of great merit, and some few good portraits. But, upon the whole the present exhibition is decidedly inferior to any that have preceded it; and this, no less in its positive than its negative deficiencies—no less in the bad pictures that it includes, than in the good ones that it

lacks. We do not of course mean to state that there would be any difficulty in pointing out several very meritorious works if our limits would permit; but we *do* mean to state, that none could be pointed out worthy of a detailed critical description.

In the sculpture room of this exhibition we notice several busts, and some groups and single statues, of great, and indeed striking merit; and to these we may possibly be induced to return hereafter.

*Haydon's Eucles.*—Next in importance, perhaps, to the above, is Mr. Haydon's unfinished picture on the subject of Eucles. We scarcely know whether to approve or condemn this new experiment, of placing a picture before the public eye, in a state in which *no* eye but that of the painter himself can pretend to judge of it, because none can imagine what it is even intended to be when finished. The outline and grouping can alone be criticised—the general effect, or the individual expressions, not even guessed at. With respect to the former of these, the composition, it strikes us as being worthy of *very considerable* praise. The whole business and interest of the scene are clustered and gathered around the principal figure, Eucles, in a very judicious and effective manner. Every feeling, every action, every expression, seems to spring from, and centre itself in him; while he, on the other hand, is utterly absorbed and lost in the internal struggle between death and life, which is on the point of ending in favor of the former at the moment represented in the picture. He has reached the threshold of his own dwelling—his wife and children are rushing out to meet and greet him—the people are crowding round to hail and honor him—and he himself is uttering the accents of victory—when death gains the mastery, and he is falling to the ground as the last words quit his lips. The only figures in this scene that are in a state to be judged of are those of Eucles, and of a man who is rushing forward to receive him as he falls. The Eucles we cannot entirely approve of, either in regard to design, expression, or coloring: the first is forced and unnatural; the second is not either very forcible or very distinct; and the last is heavy and unpleasant, speaking of it as a single object. But the figure which is rushing forward to catch Eucles as he falls, is executed with great power, and produces a most lively and spirited effect upon the scene. We have no hesitation in saying that if Mr. Haydon finishes the whole work in a manner corresponding with this figure, it will be the very best he has ever painted.

*The Montgomery Gallery.*—An exhibition has been opened in Regent-street under the above title, and it consists of ten large pictures, each taken from some one scene in each of the ten cantos of "The World

before the Flood." It was a hazardous attempt to describe "the world before the flood;" but to paint it—to place its visible forms before the bodily eye—is one still more hazardous; and we cannot pronounce that the attempt has been attended by success. Some of the scenes depicted have an imaginative air about them that has its birth in the general truth of nature, and therefore appeals (however vaguely) to the almost instinctive feeling of that truth which pervades the human mind. But there is a falsehood in the details, and a heavy, unmeaning, monotonous character in the general effects, which render the set of works of little or no value, either as illustrations of the poem, or as individual scenes, bearing their own intrinsic merit upon the face of them. Upon the whole, therefore, we must pronounce the exhibition a striking instance of much time, and some talent, nearly thrown away, unless indeed the pictures have been executed to some "order," or with some express view with which we are unacquainted.

*British Diorama.*—Four new views have been just opened to the public at this place. They are executed with some skill, and the effects of light and shade are managed in them with great success; but the pictures themselves are, with one exception, of comparatively little value. The village of Verex, by Stanfield, is worth the other three ten times told. It is painted with that intimate and intuitive feeling for the truth, which this distinguished artist possesses in a degree not surpassed by any of his cotemporaries, and not equalled by more than three or four of them. The other scenes consist of a view of York Minster, first by twilight, and in its late form and character, and afterwards during the catastrophe which destroyed so much of its unequalled beauty; a view of the interior of an old Church in Normandy, Saint Sauveur's; and a view of the temple of Apollinopolis in Egypt. The view of the Cathedral is by Stanfield; and we must pronounce it an entire failure under both its aspects, but particularly the burning. Nothing can be worse managed than the effects sought to be produced; and we cannot persuade ourselves that Mr. Stanfield has had even the direction, much less the execution of them. The other two scenes are by Roberts. The interior of the ruined church is good, particularly when illumined by the artificial sunshine. Nothing can be more complete than the illusion in this case. The temple is not so good; but it is, perhaps, better worth looking at than any of the other scenes, if we may receive it as an authentic representation of the place.

*Panorama of Pandemonium.*—The only other exhibition that we can notice this month is Mr. Burford's new Panorama, representing Pandemonium as described in Milton's Paradise Lost. This picture has, no doubt, been suggested by Mr. Martin's productions of a similar kind, and chiefly by his illustrations of the same poem; but it

has great merit nevertheless, and great originality; and many portions of it are executed in a manner, and with an effect, that the original inventor of this style of composition might in vain hope to surpass. It is true that in many parts the colouring is altogether gratuitous; and in others it is worse than so, for it is impossible; that is to say, the various tints that we see blended together could by no possibility have existed in contact and combination with each other. But the truth is, that panoramas are painted for effect. None of them—not even the very best that has been offered to public notice, and gained public admiration, since their first invention—could have borne a criticism founded on any of the received rules of art; and therefore the panorama which produces the best popular effect is the best panorama. On this principle, the present will compete with most of its predecessors; and will assuredly deserve all the praise and admiration that it gains, provided the former be not awarded to it on mistaken grounds.

#### NEW ENGRAVINGS.

*Martin's Deluge, Danby's Passage of the Red Sea.*—The press of other matter, at this busy season of the year, makes it absolutely impossible for us to do justice to the new engravings that have reached us within the last few weeks. The works, on account of which we chiefly regret this, are two superb mezzotints, one from "The Deluge" of Martin, and the other from Danby's fine picture, "The Passage of the Red Sea." Perhaps, in order to entirely neutralize and put to shame some of the most plausible among the adverse criticisms that have been pronounced on these two distinguished artists, nothing more is needed than to look at these engravings from two of their principal works. It is conceived by many that the peculiar effects of those works are, in a great measure, produced by the singular and novel (and as it is alleged, the unnatural) mode and tone of their colouring. If so, to engrave them would be at once to get rid of this fertile source of popular approbation. But is there, in point of fact, any striking difference felt, or any remarkable deficiency observed, in the engravings now before us, as compared with the coloured works from which they are taken? We decidedly answer no: so far from it, we conceive that, in some respects, the peculiar merits of the works are not increased, but made more manifest, by thus divesting them of that adventitious effect which colour alone can give to a pictorial representation. It is one of the most decisive criteria for determining the merit of a poetical composition, to try if it will bear translating into a foreign language, or even into prose: if it will, the great essential of all poetical composition—the chief material—the thought, the sentiment, and the imagery—are there. And precisely thus it is with compositions of the nature of Martin and Danby's best works:

they are essentially poetical in their nature ; and to engrave them, is to translate them into a foreign language, or into prose. That they will bear this process, that is to say, if skilfully and judiciously performed, and by a hand guided by a kindred, or the same spirit, the plates before us fully testify ; and this, perhaps, is all the criticism that we need pronounce upon those plates ; especially as the original works are so universally known and appreciated.

*North elevation of St. Paul's Cathedral. Gladwin.*—The unrivalled beauties (for unrivalled we must believe them to be) of our national Protestant Cathedral, have hitherto been most strangely neglected and overlooked ; and this no less among artists than the general public. The present is among the very best attempts we have witnessed to place those beauties and merits in a shape which will ensure them the attention and admiration which they so well deserve. It is an entirely detached and architectural view of the north elevation of the Cathedral. Its execution is exceedingly careful ; and there is a delicacy of hand about it which is much more appropriate to subjects of this

kind than is generally supposed. There is something spirited and original about the architectural engravings of Piranesi and the artists of that school ; but we doubt if the effect of what they have produced is so true and so appropriate to the subject matter as works executed in the formal manner of the one before us : for architecture is a formal art altogether, and is not susceptible of being illustrated in what is understood by *picturesque* style of execution.

*View of Cologne. By Kernot, from a picture by Stanfield.*—Though altogether different in its style of execution from the engraving just noticed, the present is equally effective, because equally appropriate to its subject matter. The foreground is as forcible and brilliant, as the distances are tender and truly touched. All the figures (even to those which are almost invisible, touched out here and there in the distance) have the air of life which they received from the pencil of the original artist ; and the Cathedral has an effect of misty and mysterious beauty which even the original was certainly without : for nothing can produce this effect so perfectly as the *burin* skilfully wielded.

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## VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

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THE incalculable advantages which the Quarterly Journal of Science derives from its astronomical and nautical collections have induced the Proprietors of THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE to spare no expense to obtain the invaluable assistance of the compiler of them ; unfortunately, his professional avocations in public and private practice, his numerous duties as secretary, inspector, adviser, calculator, computer, projector, translator, and decipherer, have prevented his doing more than withhold some occultations of science from the forthcoming number of the Royal Institution Journal, and transfer them to our more lucrative pages.

*Almanacs.*—About nine or ten years ago the editors of Moore's Almanac attempted to improve the work placed under their direction by discarding the monthly column containing the moon's supposed influence on the several members of the human body ; and as an experiment to ascertain the feeling of the public on the occasion, printed at first only 100,000 copies. But the omission was soon detected, nearly the whole edition was returned on their hands, and they were obliged to reprint the favourite column. The total annual sale of this work by the Stationers' Company is nearly half a million copies, besides pirated editions of about 100,000 copies, and two or three reprints of it in France—one at Boulogne, the other at Paris. The column of predictions of the weather in this almanac is regarded by the lower classes with peculiar respect ; the coachman of an eminent astronomer assured

his master that he always consulted it to learn if it would rain, as he might know thereby whether or not to clean the carriage harness.

*Eclipses.*—During the time that L. F. Lalande superintended the Royal Observatory in Paris, not long, indeed, before the revolution, a party from the court proceeded to the observatory to see an eclipse, which was to take place on the day in question. When they arrived Lalande was occupied, and there was no admission ; they desired the astronomer to be informed they had come to witness the eclipse. An answer was returned that the eclipse was over. " Let him know," exclaimed one of the indignant courtiers, " that the Duc de —, the Duchesse de —, the Marquis de —, &c. &c. are waiting, and we expect the eclipse to be repeated."

At the conclusion of the last century some fortuitous circumstances strongly directed the attention of the inhabitants of Bologna to an eclipse which was about to take place. As the hour approached, the people flocked in crowds to the great square of the city ; many, the ladies especially, were provided with chairs, and tranquilly seated themselves, as in a theatre, to gaze at the phenomenon. The clocks in Bologna were not sufficiently accurate, the predicted time of commencement was apparently past ; the spectators were impatient, and a general clamour arose, to accelerate the movement of the celestial bodies. At length the eclipse began ; unluckily it was but a partial one, as after some

delay was sufficiently perceptible. This was too much for the excited minds of the good Bolognese, who with one accord began to hiss the sun and moon for affording them so wretched a spectacle.

*Value of the Greenwich Observations.*—

The Greenwich observations are published in a style which may be suited perhaps to the magnificence of the country, but at a price which puts them beyond the reach of most astronomers. Two years since no less than *five tons* of them were discovered in an old paper shop in Thames-street, near Southwark-bridge; two tons and a half were sold to a maker of Bristol board, the rest were disposed of in smaller lots. An inquiry was instituted on the subject by the Royal Society, when it was ascertained that the unsold copies of these observations were the perquisite of the astronomer royal. In publishing his proceedings at such a price as almost precluded their being purchased, we admire the judgment of Mr. Pond. When he himself disposed of them for waste paper, he, of course, was best acquainted with their value.

*Astronomical and Nautical Instruments.*

—France possesses some artists whose skill is not surpassed by that of any whom England can boast; at the head of these is Gambey, the perfection of whose astronomical and nautical instruments is acknowledged throughout Europe. On the return of a French ship from a voyage of discovery, the instruments with which it had been furnished, and among them was an admirable circle by Gambey, were consigned to a *dépôt* belonging to the *Hôtel de la Marine*. The deputy inspector, who had the care thereof, finding that Gambey's circle, in particular, was much tarnished, and moreover had divers scratches upon its surface, in his zeal for discharging the duties of his office, intrusted a journeyman clockmaker with the task of polishing it. In a few days the clockmaker returned, and presenting the instrument, which shone with more than its original brightness, expressed some regret that a few of the scratches were too deep for him to efface. The rest, *viz.* nearly the whole of the divisions, were quite obliterated.

One of the most celebrated nations of Europe, though not for the patronage it extends to science, possesses a public observatory, for the purposes for which it is designed, far surpassing what any other kingdom can boast. Yet the official observer, though furnished with the most splendid apparatus that ever was constructed for the advancement of astronomy, and far more than he himself and his assistants can employ, is always crying, like the daughter of the horse leech, "Give, give." The fact is, that the worthy man, being insufficiently remunerated, receives, like all other professional people, a handsome percentage on the instruments ordered by him.

Among the instruments with which the commander of one of the last ships sent on a voyage of discovery was furnished, was, of course, a transit. Not long after the sailing of the vessel, the instrument maker received a letter, dated from one of the outports, desiring to be informed, by return of post, the use of two screws, projecting from the eye end of the transit instrument. "What is to be done with such a fellow as this?" said the astonished optician, wondering not more at the presumption of the man who, with so little practical knowledge, could accept such an appointment, than at the government who could entrust it to such hands.

*Philosophers.*—In order that the mercury employed for artificial horizons may be free from extraneous matters, the aperture through which it is poured from the wooden bottle containing it, is extremely minute. An amateur astronomer, who had provided himself with this apparatus, waited upon the venerable and eminent artist who had constructed it. "Mr. —," said he, "I have come to acquaint you with a discovery I have made. At first I met with great difficulty in getting the mercury belonging to the artificial horizon back into the bottle through the capillary orifice; in fact, it was impossible, till it occurred to me to place it under, and then exhaust the receiver of an air-pump, and that is the way I do it." "This is the way I do it," said the worthy optician, unscrewing, at the same time, the top of the box, to the astonishment of the ingenious philosopher, who for the purpose above-mentioned had actually expended twenty or thirty pounds in the purchase of an air-pump, which, when it was found to be superfluous, was generously taken back by the maker at ten pounds less than the original price.

Two English gentlemen, very much distinguished in the scientific world, were travelling through Switzerland a few years back, and stopped at the romantic village of Chamouni. While there, they happened to be measuring, by means of a stick and the shadow which the sun projected, the height of a tree. Their proceedings attracted the notice of another traveller, who, in the course of the evening, detailed what he had witnessed to the wondering frequenters of the table d'hôte. Doubts were expressed as to the correctness of his statement. The narrator maintained his veracity, John Bull fashion, with a bet; the proposition was received with a sarcastic grin. "Well, then, the party should have ocular demonstration of the truth of what he saw." A large lanthorn was procured, and off the whole party scampered, to verify by its light the effect of the sun! We did not hear whether the hero of this tale was a cockney, a country gentleman, or an F.R.S.

*Rail Roads and Canals.*—If with a speed of 2·5 miles per hour, 30 tons upon a canal be equal to 7·5 upon a



level rail road, a speed of five mile per hour would, upon the principle of the square, bring the rail road and canal to an equality; whereas from a series of experiments by Mr. Walker, recorded in the last volume of the Philosophical Transactions, it appears that the two modes of conveyance are equal considerably under four miles per hour, and gives the rail way the decided preference at all higher velocities. In the present state of our commerce and manufactures, the main result of Mr. Walker's paper, viz. the great superiority of land over water carriage, is a matter of national interest.

*Belemnites.*—An eminent French naturalist, M. Raspail, has lately announced to the Institute that after a careful study of 250 belemnites, collected in the mountains of Provence, he has discovered that belemnites are not the shells of animals, as geologists generally think, but that they are cutaneous appendages belonging to marine animals, allied to the echinodermata, but which are now extinct.

*Fire Arms.*—A French artist, M. Burel, has proposed to fix a small mirror, 0.47 of an inch square, in the side near the mouth of the piece, so that the person using it shall see the reflection of his own eye. In this way it is supposed that very exact aim may be taken; and the experiments made by various officers and sportsmen seem to encourage the idea that this application may be useful. It is considered as most likely to prove serviceable when applied to war pistols.

*Roman Antiquities.*—At Sainte-Colombe-Vienne, department of the Rhone, some very perfect remains of Roman baths have been discovered, together with the mutilated remains of what must have been fine statues. Also a fine marble monument, consisting of a rectangular pedestal in grey marble, with a Latin inscription, has been found at Bordeaux. It belonged to a votive monument erected to Tutela, a mysterious goddess of the ancient city. The inscription, which is well preserved, is useful to prove the second consulship of Julianus, in 224, which, although mentioned in the Capitoline marbles, has been doubted by some antiquaries. The face, opposite to the inscription, is decorated with a crown of oak.

*Permanent Increase of Bulk in Cast Iron by successive Heatings.*—In the course of some experiments on high temperatures, Mr. Prinsep, assay master of the mint, at Benares, discovered the very remarkable fact, that cast-iron acquires a permanent increase of bulk by each successive heating. This point is determined by measuring the cubic extent of an iron retort, as ascertained by the weight of pure mercury which it contained at the temperature of 80°. The actual contents were as follows: before the first experiment, 9.13 cubic inches; after the first fire, 9.64; after three fires, 10.16. But what is more remarkable still, the augmentation of the bulk of the retort exceeds

the dilatation due to the temperature to which it was exposed. For as iron expands 0.0105 by 180 of Fahrenheit, the increase of bulk upon ten cubic inches should  $0.105 \times 3 = 0.315$  at 1800° of Fahrenheit, or even the melting heat of silver. Hence we may conclude that the dilatation of iron is not equable—a result formerly obtained by M. M. Dulong and Petit.

*Earthquakes in Holland.*—Earthquakes have been very rare in Holland; only ten were on record previous to last year; but during 1827 as many as three occurred, one on the 23d of February; the second, March 21; the third, December 3.

*Eruptions of Mount Ætna.*—Thucydides preserved the memory of three great eruptions. Diodorus records another which took place in the first year of the 96th Olympiad. One hundred and twenty-two years B.C. the earth shook and vomited fire, even under the sea, and vessels perished near the coast of Sicily. In Cæsar's time, a great eruption took place, perhaps two; another, in the 44th year of our æra, in the 252d and 812th. Only two eruptions are recorded in the twelfth century, one in the thirteenth, two in the fourteenth, four in the fifteenth, and four in the sixteenth. During the last part of the fifteenth century and the first part of the sixteenth, a period of ninety years intervened without any. Twenty-two eruptions were recorded in the seventeenth century, thirty-two in the eighteenth, and in the few years that have elapsed of this present century, already eight.

*Astronomy.*—We mentioned in a former number of this journal that by the co-operation of the most eminent astronomers throughout Europe, under the direction of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin, a series of celestial maps were being prepared to be published at the expense of the Prussian government. Two years were allotted to the observers for the execution of their respective parts, which period was to expire in the course of the present year. Two maps and the accompanying catalogues, by M. M. Inghirami, of Florence, and Harding, of Gottingen, have been already delivered, and are now in the hands of the engraver.

*Plantation of Potatoe Buds.*—A clergyman in Germany made some experiments on this subject in 1826. Notwithstanding the great dryness of the weather, the produce much surpassed his expectation, since each sprout yielded from three to four pounds of potatoes, and some of the potatoes weighed nearly a pound each. He remarks, that according to his experience, the early potatoe, called *Hernkartoffel*, by Putzsche, is the most advantageous for this method of propagation. A single germ gave sometimes from six to seven pounds of potatoes.

*Instinct of Spiders.*—A small spider (*Epeira Diadema*, Latreill), had spread its net between two neighbouring trees, at the height of about nine feet. The three prin-

principal points to which the supporting threads were attached formed here, as they usually do, an equilateral triangle. One thread was attached above to each of the trees, and the web hung from the middle of it. To procure a third point of attachment the spider had suspended a small stone to one end of a thread; and the stone being heavier than the spider itself, served in place of the lower fixed point, and held the web extended. The little pebble was five feet from the earth. The whole was observed and is described by Professor Weber, of Leipzig, in a German journal. A case exactly similar was witnessed by the writer hereof, and described in the MONTHLY MAGAZINE, about two years since.

*Melting Point of Silver, and its Alloys with Gold.*—Mr. Prinsep of Benares, in a very able paper on the measurement of high temperatures, has given the following average results, which are of great importance. Full red heat, 1200° Fahrenheit; orange heat, 1650; silver melting, 1830; silver, with one-tenth gold, 1820; silver, with one-tenth gold, 2050. Mr. Wedgwood made the melting point of silver so high as 4717°, and Mr. Daniell 2233°.

*Polar Red Snow.*—According to the chemical examination of the red snow brought from the north by Captain Franklin, M.M. Macaire, Prinsep, and Marcet are inclined to think it may be of animal production, and not vegetable, *i. e.* consisting of animals and animalcules. The analogy of this substance to a red matter taken from the lake of Morat, was one among other reasons for this opinion; and also the circumstance that gelatine, containing azote, has not as yet been found in the vegetable creation, whereas it is in this red snow.

*Mineralogy.*—A curious specimen of common blue chalcedony, having in it a cavity half full of a limpid fluid, not unlike water, is now in England. The specimen has been ground and polished all round the cavity, so as to leave a crust of chalcedony about one-tenth of an inch thick. The external dimensions of the specimen are, two inches long by one inch broad, so that the length of the cavity is at least 1.7 inches. The price asked for this specimen is thirty guineas. If the fluid is water, it is not worth the tenth part of that sum; but if it is, which is not probable, one of the new fluids discovered in topaz, the specimen would be invaluable.

*Congress of Philosophers at Berlin.*—At the great congress of philosophers which was held at Berlin on the 18th of September of last year, the numbers sent by different kingdoms were, Russia, 1; Austria, 0; England 1; Holland, 2; Denmark, 7; France, 1; Sardinia, 0; Prussia, 95; Bavaria, 12; Hanover, 5; Saxony, 21; Wirtemberg, 2; Sweden, 13; Naples, 1; Poland, 3; German States, 43. Total, 206. Berlin, 172. "Total of the whole," 378.

*New Field Sport.*—A sportsman at Nee-

mutch, in Bengal, during the last hot season, made a practice of sitting up alone at nights, near pieces of water, in the midst of the jungles, with only a double-barrelled Manton, in quest of tigers and other wild beasts. A small embankment of loose earth, raised about a foot and a half, was the only cover he had, and this was, of course, more to keep him out of sight than to afford protection. In this manner he has killed tigers, leopards, elks, hyenas, and hogs, without having occasion to deliver a second shot, allowing them to approach within ten or twelve yards of him, which was easily effected in the obscurity of the night. On a few occasions he was in great danger, one night particularly, when the animal he fired at sprang into the middle of the nullah near to which he was sitting. This surely is a more dreadful trade than that pursued by him who gathers samphire.

*Morbid Structure.*—A very singular and curious case of cutaneous enlargement has been met with in India, in a lad about sixteen or eighteen years of age. The skin of the left thigh to below the knee has become a loose pendulous mass, covered with strong, black, crispy hair, like that of the beard or whiskers. There has been some peculiarity of the limb ever since his birth; but he feels no inconvenience in walking, excepting from the increased weight. The temperature of the enlargement is about three degrees of Fahrenheit warmer than the other parts of the body. The lad appears to be otherwise healthy.

*Magnetism.*—From a series of experiments with various instruments, the dip of the magnetic needle in London, in August 1828, was ascertained to be 69° 47' N., which compared with observations made in August 1821, gives a decrease of 17.5 in seven years, or an annual decrease of 2.5. The average annual decrease for the century preceding 1821, appears from the most authentic observations, to have exceeded 3.

*Pendulum Experiments.*—Professor Bessel has lately published the first part of his pendulum experiments, which contains the investigation of the length of the pendulum at Koenigsberg. The final results he has obtained are the following: length of the second pendulum in the observatory of Koenigsberg=440.8147 lines, Paris measure, by the toise of Peru. The same reduced to the level of the Baltic=440.8179.

*New Safety Lamp.*—The safety lamp of Sir H. Davy is known to be in many respects very defective, and frequently produces the danger it is intended to avoid, by a misplaced confidence in its capability and protection. Its illuminating power is but small, and when in an impure atmosphere that power is so far diminished as to render it of little or no service. This will ever be an inducement to the miner to remove the top, even at the risk of life. A lamp, free from all these imperfections, has recently been invented; it consists of a vessel in

which oxygen gas is condensed; to this vessel is attached a lantern, made perfectly air-tight, furnished with a thick glass lens. The lantern may be locked, to prevent the miners opening it, and the admission of gas is regulated by a screw valve. Oxygen gas may be obtained at a very little expence; and even if it were greater, the saving of human life ought to be considered greatly to overbalance it.

*Alloyed Iron Plate.*—A manufacture of prepared iron has been practised, and the substance produced used to a considerable degree in Paris. The object has been to prepare iron in large plates and other forms, so that it will not rust; and this has been effected by coating it with an alloy of tin and much lead, so as to form an imitation of tin plate. The trials made with this article

have been favourable; it very well resists the action of certain fluids that would rapidly corrode iron alone, and can be prepared of any size, and at a low price. Its use in the manufacture of sugar pans and boilers, in the construction of roofs and gutters, is expected to be very considerable.

*Royal Institution.*—Mr. Curtis, whose acoustic labours are well known, lately exhibited a newly-invented hearing-trumpet, having two apertures, one directed to the ear and the other to the mouth—an improvement which promises great advantage in cases which do not admit of cure. It was stated that the idea originated with Sir Edward Stracey, bart., and its testified utility over other acoustic tubes, in affections of the ear, in all the different stages of disease, is affirmed by Mr. Curtis.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### WORKS IN PREPARATION.

Lady Morgan has a new work in the press, in 2 vols., entitled *The Book of the Boudoir*.

The author of Pelham's new work is called *Devereux*, and will appear about the middle of May.

*Biography of Captain Beaver*, a work of a similar nature to the *Memoirs of Lord Collingwood*.

An *Account of the Romantic Wars of the Moors in Grenada*, by Mr. Washington Irving.

*Elements of Natural History*, or an Introduction to Systematic Zoology, chiefly according to the Classification of Linnæus, with illustrations of every Order, by John Howard Hinton, A.M.

Mr. Samuel, of Liverpool, is about to publish the *Book of Jasher* (a traditional work in the early world) in Hebrew and English, with notes.

A volume on the *Universe as it is*, with *Astronomical Plates*, in illustration of the First Chapter of *Genesis*, by Captain Woodley.

The Marquis Spineto is preparing for publication, a *Course of Lectures upon Hieroglyphics*, delivered at the Royal Institution, and at the University of Cambridge. In 1 vol. 8vo., with plates.

*Ein Deutsches Lesebuch*; or, *Lessons in German Literature*; being a choice collection of amusing and instructive pieces, in Prose and Verse, selected from the writings of the most celebrated German Authors, with Interlinear and other Translations. By J. Rowbotham, F. Ast. S. L.

*Craig-Millar Castle*, and other Poems, by John Gordon Smith, M.D., M.R.S.L.

A *Journey from Sarepta to several Calmuck Herds of the Astracan Government*, by H. A. Zwick and I. C. Schill. In post 8vo.

The *Villa Flower-Garden Directory*, with Instructions for the Treatment of Plants in Pots. In foolscap 8vo.

A little Annual, of a new and distinct class, will appear on the first of June; the contents of which will be selected, principally from the best English writers, ancient and modern, and arranged under suitable heads. The design, which has been recommended by high authority, being to supply an

appropriate Reward-Book for the young, either as a prize at School, or as a domestic present. To be edited by the Rev. J. D. Parry, M.A., of St. Peter's College, Cambridge.

The *British Preserve*, comprising accurate representations of Animals and Birds, peculiarly the objects of the Sportsman, drawn and etched by S. Howitt, with concise and familiar descriptions of the subjects illustrative of their habits, manners, &c. &c., by C. Armigar.

An *Argument for the further Division of Labour*, in the case of various Public and other Duties discharged, or Offices performed, in this Country.—Part I., in which the argument is applied to Parliament.

*Tales of Field and Flood*, with *Sketches of Life at Home*, by John Malcolm, author of "Scenes of War," &c. In small 8vo.

*Biographical Sketches and Authentic Anecdotes of Dogs*. By Captain Thomas Brown, F.R.S.E., &c. Royal 18mo.

An *Epitome of the Game of Whist*; consisting of an Introduction to the Mode of Playing and Scoring; the Laws of the Game essentially reformed; and Maxims for Playing, arranged on a new and simple Plan, calculated to give rapid Proficiency to a Player of the dullest Perception and worst Memory, by E. M. Arnould; with a Frontispiece on Wood by Branston. In 18mo.

The *Family Chaplain*, or *St. Mark's Gospel Analysed and prepared for Reading and Expounding to a Family Circle*, by the Rev. S. Hinds, M.A., Vice-principal of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford.

A second volume of the *Tenancy of Land*, in Great Britain. It will comprise all the grazing districts of England and Scotland, with a complete History of Sheep, &c.

Nearly ready for publication, *The Willow Bank Dairy History*. In 1 vol. 8vo., with engravings, by Mr. Harley.

*Beatrice*, a Tale founded on facts, by Mrs. Holland. In 3 vols. 12mo.

The *Chronicles of Geoffrey de Villehardouin*, Marshal of Champagne and Romaine, concerning the Conquest of Constantinople, by the French

and Venetians in 1204, translated from the French by T. Smith.

An enlarged edition of Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson, with copious notes, by the Right Hon. J. W. Croker.

## LIST OF NEW WORKS.

### BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Life of Francis the First, King of France. In 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.

Memoirs of Marshal Suchet. Volume Second. 8vo. 12s.

Notices of the Life and Works of Titian. 8vo.

History of the Huguenots during the Sixteenth Century, by W. S. Browning, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.

The Miscellaneous Works of Sir Philip Sidney, with a Life of the Author, and Illustrative Notes, by William Gray, Esq., of Magdalen College, Oxford.

The History of the Roman Law during the Middle Ages, translated from the Original German of Carl Von Savigny, by E. Catchcart. 8vo. 14s.

History of England, by Dr. Lingard. Vols. 11 and 12. 24s.

A Topographical and Historical Description of the County of Suffolk; containing an Account of its Situation, Extent, &c. &c., embellished with Prints and a Map of the Country. In 8vo. 12s. boards.

Mr. Britton's History and Antiquities of Gloucester Cathedral, with 22 Engravings, by Le Keux, &c., and 2 Wood Cuts.

The History, &c., of Bristol Cathedral, will be completed in the ensuing winter, and contain eleven Engravings by Le Keux, and 1 Wood Cut. £1. 4s. medium 4to., and £2. 2s. imperial 4to.

The Picturesque Antiquities of the English Cities, No. III., contains Ten Engravings of two Views of Lincoln, one of Bath, and one of Worcester, also Picturesque Representations of the Fishmongers' Hall, London; Broad Street, Bristol; Edgar's Tower, Worcester; Street View in Salisbury; and Kitchen in St. Mary's Hall, Coventry. Engraved by Le Keux, Varral, Redaway, &c. It also contains Six Wood Cuts of Antiquities of Lincoln, Peterborough, and Canterbury, with descriptive Accounts of the Picturesque Features and Antiquities of those Cities.

### CLASSICAL.

Aristophanis Comœdiæ: with a new Text and Scholia, revised by Professor Bekker, of Berlin. In 5 vols. 8vo. £3. 15s. A few copies are printed on royal paper, £6. 6s.

Theocritus, Gr. et Lat. recognovit et cum Animagadversionibus Harlesii, Schreberi, Aliorum Excerptis suisque edidit Theoph. Kiessling; Accedunt præter Argumenta, Scholia et Indicis in Theocritum. In 2 vols. 8vo. 18s. A few copies are printed on royal paper, £1. 11s. 6d.

Ulysses Homer; or, the Discovery of the true Author of the Iliad and Odyssey, by Constantine Koliades, Professor of the Ionian University.

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Universal Education considered with regard to its Influence on the Happiness and Moral Character of the Middle and Lower Classes, and the probable tendency of its indiscriminate application,

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Elements of Pathology and Practice of Physic. By J. Mackintosh, M.D. Vol. I. 8vo. 14s. bds.

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*New Patents sealed in April, 1829.*

To William Madeley, of Yardly, Worcester, farmer, for an apparatus or machine for catching, detecting, and detaining depredators and trespassers, or any animal; which he denominates the human snare.—28th March; 2 months.

To Josias Lambert, of Liverpool-street, London, esq., for an improvement in the process of making iron applicable at the smelting of the ore, and at various subsequent stages of the process, up to the completion of the rods or bars, and for the improvement of the quality of inferior iron.—30th March; 4 months.

To William Prior, of Albany-road, Camberwell, Surrey, gentleman, for certain improvements in the construction and combination of machinery for securing, supporting, and striking the top-masts, and top-gallant masts of ships and other vessels.—11th April; 6 months.

To John Lihon, of Guernsey, but now residing at the Naval Club-house, Bond-street, Middlesex, a commander in our royal navy, for an improved method of constructing ship's pintles for hanging the rudder.—14th April; 6 months.

*List of Patents, which having been granted in the month of May 1815, expire in the present month of May 1829.*

8. Pêter Martineau, jun., and John Martineau, jun., London, for an improved method of refining and clarifying certain vegetable substances.

11. Charles Pitt, London, for a secure method of conveying small parcels and remittances of property, and also for the security in the formation or appendage of shoes.

— Samuel Pratt, London, for an improved wardrobe trunk for travellers.

— John James Alexander Maccarthy, London, for an improved new pavement, or method of paving, pitching, and covering streets, roads, or ways.

23. Archibald Kenrick, West Bromwick, for improvements in the mills for grinding coffee, malt, and other articles.

26. Jonathan Ridgway, Manchester, for a new method of pumping water or other fluids.

— John Pugh, Over-Chester, for a new method of making salt-pans upon an improved principle, to save fuel and labour.

## MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

“THIS is the coldest and most backward spring within the memory of man.” Such is the *norma loquendi*, the invariable phraseology adopted on every similar occasion. The present backward spring, or burning summer, is always the most backward and the most ardent of any predecessor. But we, who have passed through very many cold and ungenial springs, with sufficient fretfulness at their retarding and probable future ill effects on vegetation, have also witnessed many of a character, in these respects, fully equal to the present. No doubt, all the earth's productions have been inordinately delayed in their progress, and some real damage will have been sustained, but hitherto of no material consequence. Should, however, the present ungenial easterly winds continue yet for any considerable length, it may be hoped not a very probable case, much damage to all the crops must inevitably result. On the other hand, a favourable change, and continuance of seasonable spring weather, will leave us little to regret, since, sometimes, a backward spring is the harbinger of a plentiful harvest. The early part of the present month gave us hopes, from a few days of mild temperature, with south-western breezes; when, suddenly, the wind changed to its old quarters, north-east and south-east, accompanied with storms, and rain, and an uncomfortable and chilling state of the atmosphere, which yet remains.

Until the above change, the land had worked admirably, even the most rough and intractable clays, and the barleys and other remaining spring crops were getting into the ground with the utmost expedition, and in the most husband-like manner, when the considerable quantity of rain which fell, reduced the low and heavy lands to such a state as to arrest the course of semination, and to render it almost impossible to cover the seed already spread. Many breadths of such land have been actually flooded, particularly where draining has been defective; a defect, we regret to say, of too frequent occurrence. On the light, high, and exposed soils, the tender and chilled wheats, much of them have been actually blown out of the soil; and even the strongest and best wheats, do not exhibit that healthy and blooming luxuriance appropriate to a genial season. The early sown spring crops are still more affected by the dampness and chilliness of the air, especially by night, when frost, and even snow, have not been uncommon. As to be expected, the ill effects of this unfavourable season have been most severely felt in the northern parts of the country, where, in consequence, the spring seeds will be put into the ground more than usually late. The grass, though it retain a good colour, at least in this country, is too backward to afford a bite to any kind of stock, whence the late boasted superabundance of hay, must have received considerable help towards its reduction, and the turnips which have endured the season, must have come into requisition. The young clovers, which were advancing with so much luxuriance, have received a considerable check. Potatoes

planting commenced in the middle of the month, and is now proceeding generally with expedition.

The hop market remains in the same dull state in which we have so long found it, quite guiltless of those revolutions by which, in former days, so many speculators were accustomed to profit and to lose. It may be that the culture has increased, or speculation decreased. In this state of things, we have the news, that the county of Stafford is making its *début* in the hop culture, by way of experiment, as it is averred; as though hops would not grow in any county of England, because good cheese can only be made in the cheese counties; at any rate, that fact has appeared, strange as it may seem, on various actual trials. The corn markets have varied little of late. The foreign supply has been, and continues to be, ample, notwithstanding the increase of duty, and much of it is of fine quality, particularly the white wheats; the best samples of which have been sold at six shillings per quarter above our best home-grown wheats, a thing unprecedented in days long past, if we except Cape of Good Hope wheats, of which we saw cargoes of the earliest import, most beautiful in sample, and then said to weigh as heavy as clover seed. We once attempted to grow Cape wheat in this country, but without success; it seemed to require the genial warmth of an African sun. The cattle markets afford no novelty: steers are said still to be too high in price for the grazier to expect much profit; milch cows considerably reduced in price. Some fresh complaints are abroad of the loss of lambs, but to no great extent; and the rot has said to have re-appeared in the west, in consequence, probably, of the late moist and rainy weather. The price of ordinary horses has suffered a still further decline; but the paucity of good ones, too invariable to reflect much credit on English breeders, has held such fully up to their accustomed high rate. We hear of seventy, and even seventy-five pounds, given at a fair for a cart-horse! and the import from Belgium, continues with little or no reduction. In fine, it seems, that foreign assistance is indispensable to us, in all the prime necessities, however capable our soil may be of their production.

The late corn bill, as new modelled, on its second introduction into Parliament, has given as little satisfaction to the public at large, as to our cultivators of the soil. Bread, the first object, is yet at a price above the ability to purchase of an immense body of our labourers. On the other hand, our home-growers of bread-corn, loudly insist that it is at a price too low for them to live by its production; a proposition too plainly proved by many of them, who are unable to pay their rent. Temporary relief has, however, been afforded by benevolent landlords, who have, of late years, been in the habit of returning a per centage on the rents. But whither does this beneficence tend, but to an attempt to perpetuate high prices? A vain and dangerous attempt, considering the critical and unparalleled state of the country, with respect to both its agricultural and manufacturing population. A great part of the former are without employ, or the means of subsistence, and have, in consequence, degenerated into prowling hordes of poachers and marauders. The whole, indeed, may be described as in a state of slavery, and dependence on parish charity, since their highest wages are insufficient for the maintenance of a family. It is useless to deny that such has ever been the case in a great degree, however we may be disposed to laud "the good old times;" and we do but deceive ourselves, if we expect relief from any superficial and temporary measures, however plausible and ingenious. The national disease is inveterate, urgent, and will submit to none other than heroic remedies:—these are, REFORM, AND RETRENCHMENT OF TAXATION, TO THE UTMOST POSSIBLE LIMITS. Even so, and were such a stretch of patriotism possible, in this great and luxurious country, where political morality is necessarily at so low an ebb, it would still be impossible utterly to exclude so great a share of poverty and distress for the precarious remedy of private charity. Yet we find active and speculative intelligences indefatigably engaged in spinning out plans, by virtue of which, our system of poor laws may be gradually, and in a few years, ultimately and safely repealed. These are more properly essays *cum ratione insanire*. They go to argue, from the abuse of an institution of mere justice and indispensable necessity, against its use. Complaints are reiterated by our flockmasters, of the impossibility of making sale of their wool, with the allegation, that the price is depressed to the rate of a century past. But surely this need excite no surprise, since the public, generally, and the land proprietors, with the gay tenantry themselves, refuse to be coarsely clothed in their own wool. As to a free import of bread-corn, its imperious necessity remains incontrovertible, when we compare the frequent trifling quantities of home-grown wheat which have appeared in the metropolitan market, with the abundant foreign supply; but for the aid of which, many parts of the country would now have been in want of bread.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 8d.—Mutton, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 8d.—Vcal, 4s. to 6s. 4d.—Pork (Dairy) 4s. to 6s.—Raw fat, 2s. 5d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 50s. to 78s.—Barley, 27s. to 33s.—Oats, 12s. to 32s.—Bread, the London 4lb. loaf, 10½d.—Hay, 42s. to 85s.—Clover, ditto, 50s. to 105s.—Straw, 28s. to 38s.

Coals in the Pool, 24s. 6d. to 36s. per chaldron.

Middlesex, April 24th.

## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

**Sugar.**—The plentiful supply of new Sugars brought forward this week has occasioned some briskness in the market; the sales, in three days, are estimated at 3000 hogsheads and tierces; the holders have been anxious to meet the demand; they sell freely since they see the fall in Mauritius Sugars. This will, ultimately, affect the West Indian Muscovadoes. The refined market has remained all the week in a languid state: the few goods sold were again at a small reduction, particularly the low brown lumps for exportation. Fine goods were heavy; Molasses varied. East India Sugars.—There have been three public sales of Mauritius Sugars this week, and a general reduction of 2s. and 3s. per cwt. on all qualities.

**Coffee.**—The public sales this week consisted of Jamaica, Demerara, and Berbice: chiefly of inferior qualities, which have gone off heavily; good and fine middling 70s. and 74s. 6d.; good middling Berbice 75s. and 83s.; about 600 bags good old Brazil sold 1s. lower, 36s.

**Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.**—The Rum market continues heavy, Leeward proofs sold at 2s. 2d., and a few fine Jamaica have also been sold. The offer for Leewards are 1d. under the present currency; they have been rejected. In Brandy and Genoa there is no alteration.

**Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.**—The Tallow market continues steady; in Hemp and Flax there is little variation.

**Tobacco.**—The inquiries after Tobacco are very considerable, and sales would be effected if the holders would submit to lower prices, but they are firm, and no transactions to any extent have taken place.

**Course of Foreign Exchange.**—Amsterdam, 12. 4½.—Rotterdam, 12. 4½.—Antwerp, 12. 14½.—Hamburg, 13. 14½.—Paris, 25. 60½.—Bordeaux, 25. 90.—Frankfort-on-the-Main, 152.—Vienna, 10. 6.—Madrid, 36. 0½.—Cadiz, 36. 0½.—Bilboa, 36. 0½.—Barcelona, 36. 0½.—Seville, 36. 0½.—Gibraltar, 49. 0½.—Genoa, 25. 65.—Venice, 47. 0½.—Malta, 48. 0½.—Naples, 39. 0½.—Palermo, 119.—Lisbon, 45. 0¾.—Oporto, 46.—Rio Janeiro, 24.—Bahia, 34.—Dublin 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

**Bullion per Oz.**—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 9d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9½d.—Silver in Bars, (standard), £0. 4s. 11½d.

**Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.**—Birmingham CANAL, 292l.—Coventry, 1,080l.—Ellesmere and Chester, 110l.—Grand Junction, 298l.—Kennet and Avon, 27¼l.—Leeds and Liverpool, 463l.—Oxford, 700l.—Regent's, 24¾l.—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.), 790l.—Warwick and Birmingham, 255l.—LONDON DOCKS (Stock), 87l.—West India (Stock), 190l.—East London WATER WORKS, 112l.—Grand Junction, 50l.—West Middlesex, 68l.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 10l.—Globe, 0l.—Guardian, 23l.—Hope Life, 5¼l.—Imperial Fire, 105l.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 50¼l.—City, 187½l.—British, 17 dis.—Leeds, 195l.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from the 22d of March, to the 21st of April, 1829; extracted from the London Gazette.

## BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Friend, J. Bristol, malster  
Robson, R. Manchester, victualler  
Atkin, T. Greenwich, draper  
Aubrey, H. H. W. Broad-street, Edgeware-road, merchant  
Mott, W. R. Brighton, builder  
Quick, J., and F. J. Chown, Stonehouse, miller  
Goss, T. Newton Abbot, mercer  
Balch, J. Evercreech, baker  
Bedford, T. Goswell-street, carpenter  
Smece, J. and E. A. Crown-court, warehousemen

BANKRUPTCIES.  
[This Month, 126.]

Solicitors' Names are in Parenthesis.

Alcock, H. Threadneedle-street, tavern-keeper. (Dicas, Austin Friars

Arnitt, F. Thirsk, draper. (Atkinson and Co., Manchester; Makinson and Co., Temple  
Amphlett, T. Bromsgrave, seedsman. (Robson and Co., Worcester; Gregory, Clement's-inn  
Armistage, J. and W. and S. Standish, Sheffield, manufacturers of Britannia-metal goods. (Tattershall, Temple; Palfreyman, Sheffield  
Armfield, M. Macclesfield, silk manufacturer. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Higginbotham, Macclesfield  
Adams, W. Winchcombe, surgeon, (King, Serjeant's-inn; Straford and Co., Cheltenham  
Andrew, T. Gosberton, victualler. (Willis and Co., Tokenhouse-yard; Carter, Spalding  
Burne, W. Cornhill, woollen-draper. (Burt, Mitre-court, Milk-street  
Boston, W. Hackney, whitesmith. (Nokes, Southampton-street  
Burns, R. Liverpool, chemist. (Birch and Co., Great Winchester-street

Brown, H. Hackney-road, and Red Lion-street, Whitechapel, baker. (Thompson, George-street, Minories  
Boulcot, J. Worcester, glover. (White, Lincoln's-inn; Holdsworth and Co., Worcester  
Bannister, T. John-street, Tottenham-court-road, goldsmith. (Chip-pindall, Coventry-street  
Beart, T. Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, money-scrivener. (White and Co., Great St. Helens; Worship, Yarmouth  
Bond, T. M. East Dereham, linen-draper. (Sole, Aldermanbury  
Bray, A. Red-lion-yard, St. Giles's, horse-dealer. (Denton and Co., Gray's-inn-square  
Burn, T. Goyent-garden-market, and Streatham, fruit salesman. (Hard-ward and Co., Lawrence-lane  
Burfitt, J. Frome Salwood, clothier. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn  
Box, C. Maidstone, grocer. (Rush-bury, Carthusian-street  
Boothby, F. C. Hulme-Walfield, far-



- mer. (Cole, Serjeant's-inn; Brown, Macclesfield)
- Bedford, T. Goswell-street, carpenter. (Fisher and Co., Davies'-street)
- Bell, G. Regent-street, tailor. (Leigh, George-street, Mansion-house)
- Biggs, T. C. Russia-row, silk-manufacturer. (Smith and Co., Kings-arms yard)
- Bond, J. B. Windmill-street, victualler. (Hensman, Bond-court)
- Baker, C. and J. Allen, Bedminster, nurserymen. (Hicks and Co., Bartlett's-buildings; Hinton, Bristol)
- Blazard, J. Liverpool, victualler. (Bebb and Co., B oomsbury-square; Armstrong, Birmingham)
- Bamber, J. Liverpool, ship-owner. (Chester, Staple-inn; Malaby, Liverpool)
- Bowditch, W. Walworth, corn-chandler. (Kiss, Walworth)
- Cocker, S. Witton, cotton-manufacturer. (Milne and Parry, Temple; Howorth, Bolton-le-moors)
- Clares, J. J. Liverpool, grocer. (Norris and Co., John-street, Bedford-row; Toulmin, Liverpool)
- Cocksdrott, J. and J. Green, and R. Swarbrick, Warrington, cotton-manufacturers. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Nicholson, Warrington)
- Cooper, T. Cogleton, silk-twoster. (Hudson, Gray's-inn)
- Crighton, J. Manchester, machine-maker. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Thomson, Manchester)
- Cumpsty, T. Liverpool, jeweller. Amory and Co., Throgmorton-street; Parke, Birmingham
- Cramp, J. Phoenix-wharf, corn-factor. (Barlow, Austin friars)
- Colman, M. Kingston-upon-Hull, master-mariner. (Bogue and Co., Gray's-inn)
- Carden, T. Oxford-street, silk-merc. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields)
- Cottle, S. and J. Watty, Carey-lane, auctioneer. (Watson and Co., Falcon-square)
- Cutler, H. London Wall, wine-merchant (Woodward and Co., New Broad-street)
- Dickinson, W. City-roads, silk-dyer. (Fisher, Walbrook-buildings)
- Downing, B. H. Liverpool, broker. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Houghton, Liverpool)
- Eames, J. Angel-inn, St. Clement's, Strand, coach-master. (Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle)
- Eales, T. Houndsditch, woollen-draper. (Batty and Co., Chancery-lane)
- Evans, M. Nottingham, linen-draper. (Brittan, Basinghall-street; Bevan and Co., Bristol)
- Fraser, J. Leamington, press-builder. (Sharpe and Co., Bread-street; Haynes, Warwick)
- Flower, S. S. and J. Worsley, Wath-upon-Deane, flax spinners. (Taylor, John-street, Bedford-row; Badger, Rothersham)
- Fry, W. T. Constitution-row, Gray's-inn-road, historical engraver. (Davison, Bread-street)
- Forrester, W. Red Lion-street, Clerkenwell, Jeweller. (Stafford, Buckingham-street)
- Fisher, R. L. Compton, sailcloth-maker. (Clowes and Co., Temple; Templier, Bridport)
- Greenup, W. M. Strand, commission-merchant. (Walker, Hatton-garden)
- Glover, D. E. St. Helens, Lancashire, painter. (Chester, Staple-inn; Barnes, St. Helens)
- Garnson, T. Mark-lane, corn-factor. (Swinford, Mark-lane)
- Gunter, T. Halesworth, carrier. (Etkins and Son, Exchequer-office; Southwell and Son, Halesworth)
- Gibbs, T. J. Eastbourne, wine-merchant. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row)
- Grave, J. and G. Norwich, bombazine-manufacturers. (Spence and Co., size-lane; Turner and Co., Norwich)
- Henderson, J. Lawrence, Pountney-lane, drysalter. (Atkins and Co., Fox Ordinary court)
- Holbrow, H. Oldbury-on-the-Hill, mealman. (Pinniger, Gray's-inn; Pinniger, Chippenham)
- Howson, W. Newcastle-under-Lyne, grocer. (Barber, Fetter-lane; Fenton, Newcastle-under-Lyne)
- Hinton, J. Binckley, victualler. (Nicholls, Stamford-street; Mullis, Coventry)
- Harris, J. Fore-street, linen-draper. (Brittan, Basinghall-street)
- Hughes, H. Basinghall-street, Blackwell-hall, factor. (Saie, Basinghall-street)
- Hutchinson, J. Lynn, draper. (Ashurst, Newgate-street)
- Haworth, T. Bolton-le-moors, cotton-manufacturer. (Barker, Gray's-inn; Woodhouse, Bolton-le-moors)
- Hughes, R. Liverpool, linen-draper. (Chester, Staple-inn; Cort, Liverpool)
- Hancock, T. Manchester, innkeeper. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Chew, Manchester)
- Hillary, J. P. Poultry, wine-merchant. (Ogden, St. Mildred's-court)
- Hart, A. Whitehaven, draper. (Fernkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Lewtas, Manchester)
- Harrison, C. L. Furnival's-inn, hotel-keeper. (Shirreff, Salisbury-street)
- Hunt, H. L. and C. C. Clarke, York-street, bookseller. (Gausden, Furnival's-inn)
- Harris, J. Picket-street, linen-draper. (Birkett and Co., Cloak-lane)
- James, J. Rhew-Shops, Rock, Bedwells, Monmouthshire, coal-miner. (Wilson, Great Suffolk-street, Borough)
- Johnson, H. Berwick-upon-Tweed, corn-merchant. (Bromley, Gray's-inn-lane; Willoby and Co., Berwick-upon-Tweed)
- Jackson, W. and H. and J. Leeds, towers. (Smithston and Co., New-inn; Kenyon, Leeds)
- Johns, R. Stratford-upon-Avon, corn-dealer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Tibbits, Stratford-upon-Avon)
- Knight, J. C. Finsbury-place south, druggist. (Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle)
- Lucas, H. Donington, miller. (Tooke and Co., Bedford-row; Smith and Co., Horbing)
- Lewis, L. jun. Throgmorton-street, stock-broker. (Wild and Co., Colledge-hill)
- Lewis, D. E. Bath, surgeon. (Arnott and Co., Temple; Roberts, Bath)
- Lightwood, E. Birmingham, coal-merchant. (Austin and Co., Gray's-inn; Hales and Co., Hales Owen Lily, J. Redbourn, innkeeper. (Watson and Co., Falcon-square)
- Larke, R. N. Brooke, surgeon. (Bromley, Gray's-inn; Copeman, Chedgrave)
- Lyons, J. Manchester, publican. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Seddon, Manchester)
- Mitchell, J. Old Cavendish-street, tailor. (Mayhew, Gray-street)
- Margett's, J. Oxford, victualler. (Tomes, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Tomes, jun. Oxford)
- Muler, J. F. Lungate-hill, perfumer. (Young and Co., Blackmann-street, Southwark)
- Myon, M. Keswick, nurseryman. (Clisholme and Co., Lincoln's-inn-field; Fisher and Son, Cocker-mouth)
- Macculloch, H. and S. Stocks, sen., warehousemen; (Ri.hardson and Co., Poultry)
- Moore, G. Sheffield, scissar-manufacturer. (Rodgers, Devonshire-square; Rodgers, Sheffield)
- Masters, J. sen. and J. jun. Cirencester, brewers. (Bartlett and Co., Nicholas-lane; Bever, Cirencester)
- Pettit, C. A. Golden-square, carpenter. (Flower, Austin-friars)
- Pott, M. Heaton Norris, and Manchester, coach-proprietor. (Loves, Southampton-buildings; Newton and Co., Heaton Norris)
- Paine, W. D. Red Lion-street, Clerkenwell, iron-founder. (Tawner, New Basinghall street)
- Powrie, Anne, Manchester, milliner. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Seddon, Manchester)
- Robinson, R. Wolverhampton, hair-dresser. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Bennett, Wolverhampton)
- Roberts, Eliza, Regent-circus, coffee-house-keeper. (Fynmore and Co., Craven-street)
- Robinson, J. Keighley, worsted stuff manufacturer. (Constable and Co., Symond's-inn; Dawson, Keighley)
- Reynolds, J. Broad-street-hill, drysalter. (Watson and Co., Falcon-square)
- Sparkes, W. H. Godalming, paper-maker. (Browne, Sewin-crescent)
- Skelton, D. Lincoln's-inn, money-scrivener. (Bousfield, Chatham-place; Mann, Andover)
- Shrimpton, A. Newman-street, goldsmith. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane)
- Spencer, T. Leeds, patten-maker. (Austin and Co., Gray's-inn; Arnold and Co., Birmingham)
- Smee, J. and E. A. Crown-court, Cheap-side, warehousemen. (Smith, Basinghall-street)
- Smith, L. H. Greenwich, wine merchant. (Druce and Sons, Billiter-square)
- Sumpter, W. T. Bredenell-place, statuary. (Fenton, Austin-friars)
- Scott, G. Providence-buildings, Kent Road, grocer. (Dods, Northumberland-street, Strand)
- Scott, J. and M. Ellis, Cateaton-street, warehousemen. (Mangnall, Aldermantury)
- Tapp, J. and C. Wigmore-street, coach-makers. (Robins, Bernard-street)
- Thompson, C. jun. Beaumont-street, wine-merchant. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane)
- Thornton, H. Blyth, grocer and draper. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Mee and Co., East Retford)
- Travis, T. Manchester, merchant. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Ogden, Manchester)
- Thompson, E. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Schofield and Co., Hull)
- Wiglos, T. J. Dearden, and G. Hayland, Sheffield, file-manufacturers. (Duncan, Gray's-inn; Broomhead, Sheffield)
- White, G. Haughton, seedsman. (Williamson, Gray's-inn; Brown, Shifnal)
- Winnal, J. Wourdwall, maltster. (Philpot and Co., Southampton-street; Vickers, Bridgenorth)
- Weir, W. and J. Tamworth, calico-printers. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Lewtas, Manchester)
- Williams, J. and G. Glover, Fenchurch-street, coffee-dealers. (Young and Co., St. M. l'dred's-court)
- Wingate, T. W. Bath, dealer. (Williams and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Graves, Bath)
- Wheeler, J. and W. J. Adams, May's-buildings, drapers. (Tanner, New Basin, hall-street)
- Worthington, M. Falsworth, bleacher. (Appley and Co., Gray's-inn; Whitehead and Co., Manchester)
- Walton, W. Liverpool, cloth-merchant. (Loves, Southampton-buildings; Loves, Liverpool)
- Wolaston, J. Great Castle-street, wine-merchant. (Freemans and Co., Coleman-street)
- Worthington, G. Wigan, butcher. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Gaskell, Wigan)
- Warton, T. Wyton, and Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant. (Knowles, New-inn; Schockfield and Co., Hull)
- Wripley, J. Knowl, merchant. (Batty and Co., Chancery-lane. (Ainsley, Delph, Saddleworth)
- Wilde, J. T. Wath-upon-Deane, grocer. (Taylor, John-street, Bedford-row; Badger, Rotherham)
- Wood, G. Canterbury, prin er. (Wimburn and Co., Chancery-lane; Peirce, Canterbury)

## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. J. M. Turner, to be Bishop of Calcutta.—Rev. R. Twopeny, to the Vicarage of North Stoke, Oxon.—Rev. J. Dymoke, to the United Rectories of Scrivelsby, with Dalderby, Lincoln.—Rev. R. Lee, to the Vicarage of Aslackby, alias Asleby, Lincoln.—Rev. R. Wood, to the Consolidated Vicarages of Woolaston and Irchester, Northampton.—Rev. J. D. Parham, to the Vicarage of Holme, Devon.—Rev. W. H. Marriott, to the Perpetual Curacy of St. Pacot's Episcopal Chapel, Edinburgh.—Rev. W. Cooke, to the Rectory of Ullingswick, or Helenswick, Hereford.—Rev. A. Fitzclarenc, to the Vicarage of Mapledereham, alias Maple Durham, Oxon.—Rev. Dr. J. H. Monk, to the Rectory of Peakirk, with Glinton, Northampton.—Rev. S. Tillbrook, to the Rectory and Vicarage of Freckenham, Suffolk.—Rev. W. Tiptaft, to the Vicarage of Sutton Courtney, Berks.—Rev. Speidell, to the Rectory of Creeke, Northampton.—Rev. C. Thorp, to a Prebendal Stall in Durham Cathedral.—Rev. G. A. Biedermann, to the Rectory of Dauntsey, Wilts.—Rev. W. Hall, to the Rectory of Suddenham, Suffolk.—Rev. T. S. Escott, to the Rectory of Foston, York.—Rev. Dr. E. Tatham, to the

Rectory of Whitchurch, Salop.—Rev. S. Slocock, to the Chapel of St. Paul, Southsea.—Rev. Dr. Hurlock, to the Rectory of Langham, Essex.—Rev. W. Gordon, to be Minister of the New Church at West Bromwich.—Rev. C. G. Boyles, to the Rectory of Buriton, Hants.—Rev. S. Smith, to the Rectory of Dry Drayton, Cambridge.—Rev. R. E. Landor, to the Rectory of Bistingham, Worcester.—Rev. G. Davys, to the Rectory of All-Hallows, London.—Rev. J. Spence, to the United Rectory and Vicarage of Culworth, Northampton.—Rev. E. Dewing, to the Rectory of Barningham Parva, Norfolk.—Rev. T. Gaisford, to the Golden Stall in Durham Cathedral.—Rev. C. Harbin, to the Office of Chaplain Priest in Hindon Chapel, Wilts.—Rev. C. Hall, to be a Priest in Ordinary of His Majesty's Chapel Royal.—Rev. J. B. Whittenoom, to be Principal Chaplain of the Swan River Settlement, Australia.—Rev. H. L. Bamford, to be Chaplain of Price's Hospital, Hereford.—Rev. J. Daubuz, to the Rectory of St. Creed, Cornwall.—Rev. E. C. Kemp, to be one of the Duke of Cumberland's Domestic Chaplains.

## POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

Lieutenant-General Sir H. Fane, to be Master Surveyor and Surveyor-General of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.—Right

Hon. Robert Gordon to be His Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Sublime Ottoman Porte.

## CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, ETC.

## CHRONOLOGY.

April 2.—Cardinal Castiglioni, 68, elected Pope, and assumed the name of Pius VIII.

3.—The port of Picton, Nova Scotia, declared, by His Majesty's order, a free warehousing port.

4.—The Roman Catholic Relief Bill carried in the House of Peers by a majority of 105!—Contents 217, Non-Contents 112—103 proxies!!!

9.—The Lord Mayor presented Mr. Secretary Peel with the freedom of the city of London, at the Guildhall, in a gold box of the value of 100 guineas. His lordship presented it in a complimentary speech, which was answered by the Right Hon. Secretary, who said, "It is a matter of trifling concern to be assailed by vulgar and malignant calumniators; it could do no injury; it could inflict no pain!" A grand dinner was afterwards given by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House on the occasion, to upwards of 300 persons, many of the first distinction, and all the members of the Common Council who voted for the breaking up of the Constitution of 1688.

— Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

10.—Lord Farnham presented a petition to the House of Lords from the Proprietors, Editors, Printers, &c., of the *Monthly Magazine* against the subversion and destruction of the Constitution of 1688, the only petition in a literary shape presented against the measure!!! A similar petition from the same persons had been presented in the Commons by Lord Tullamore.\*

11.—The Irish disfranchising forty-shillings freeholder's bill, passed the third time in the House of Lords without even a division. On the previous reading it had passed with the very great majority of 139 against 17!!!

12.—Court mourning for the late Landgrave of Hesse Homburg.

13.—The Royal Assent was given by commission to the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, and the Disfranchisement Freeholder's Bill.

— Esther Hibner, 61, executed at the Old Bailey for the murder, by starvation, of Frances Colpits, her apprentice, aged nine years; the mob saluted her with yells and execrations.

— Several hundreds of the Spitalfields weavers assembled in front of the houses of Parliament, and conducted themselves with the utmost regularity and order. They displayed several banners bearing inscriptions, among which were these—"We desire only to live by our labour."—"Suffer us to work for our livelihood."—"Victims of Free Trade,"—"British Artisans reduced to starvation."

16.—The Gazette announces the capture, on the coast of Africa, of the *Almirante*, a Spanish slave vessel, having 466 slaves on board, by the *Black Joke* tender, Lieut. H. Downes, after a gallant action. The *Black Joke* carried 2 guns and 55 men; and the *Almirante* 14 guns and 80 men. The Spanish vessel had 15 killed, including her captain and 1st and 2d mates, and 14 wounded; the loss of the *Black Joke*, including the mate, was 6 wounded, 2 of whom, seamen, afterwards died.

\* Its insertion in our next.

18.—Sessions terminated at the Old Bailey, when 20 prisoners received sentence of death; 84 were transported; and between 70 and 80 imprisoned.

23.—The Roman Catholic Relief Bill this day (St. George's) became an operative law! The following is the protest of the Lord Chief Justice of England against the third reading of the Catholic Bill.—“Because I think this bill is a great departure from the principles of the revolution of 1688, by which, in my opinion, it was established that the government of Great Britain and Ireland should be conducted wholly by Protestants, and because I think the measure is calculated to give encouragement to violence and disaffection, and is more likely to lead to the overthrow of the Protestant church in Ireland, which I consider essential to the maintenance of civil and religious liberty, and to cause the dignities and revenues of that church to be transferred to a Popish priesthood, than to produce permanent tranquillity in Ireland.—*TENTERDEN.*” The following Peers afterwards signed this protest: Kenyon, Verulam, Farnborough, Abingdon, Newcastle, Brownlow, Falmouth, Churchill, Farnham, Clanbrassil, Ailesbury, Skelmersdale, Bexley.

#### MARRIAGES.

At Bath, the Rev. H. Stenhouse to Miss Louisa Bart Taylor.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Hon. G. Talbot, brother and heir of the Earl of Shrewsbury, to Miss Jones, daughter of Sir H. St. Paul, Bart., M.P. Bridport.—Earl Nelson, to Hilare, widow of G. U. Barlow, esq., eldest son of Sir George Barlow, Bart., and 3d daughter of Sir Robert Barlow.—Viscount Stormont, eldest son of the Earl of Mansfield, to Louisa, daughter of C. Ellison, esq., M.P.—Rev. W. J. Brodrick, to the Honourable Harriet Broderick, third daughter of Viscount Middleton.—J. Donkin, esq., to Caroline, eldest daughter of B. Hawes, esq.—Hon. J. H. R. Curzon, 4th son of Lord Teynham, to Miss Isabella Hodgson.—At Paddington, W. Oakes Blount, esq., son of Sir C. B. Blount, to Miss F. C. Olear.—At Cheltenham, the Rev. H. Withey, to Christiana Dottin, 4th daughter of the Hon. Sir J. G. Abbye, Bart., of Barbadoes.—At Saucethorpe, J. G. Pole, esq., eldest son of Sir W. T. Pole, Bart., to Margaretta, daughter of H. Barton, esq.—At Bergh Apton, A. Kyd, esq., to Miss Emma Beevor.—At Edinburgh, J. P. Read, esq., to Helen, daughter of Sir J. Colquhoun, Bart.—At Chichester, the Rev. H. H. Dud, to Frances Elizabeth Holland, granddaughter to the late Lord Chancellor Erskine.—At Shenley, the Hon. and Rev. C. G. Perceval, 3d son of Lord Arden, to Miss M. Knapp.—At Rockingham, W. de Capel Brooke, esq., 2d son of Sir R. de C. Brooke, Bart., to the Hon. Catherine Watson, sister to Lord Sondes.—At High Clere, Rev. J. C. Stapleton, to the Lady H. E. Herbert, daughter to the Earl of Carnarvon.—At Plymouth, G. H. Palliser, esq., to Mary White, eldest daughter of Colonel Westropp.

#### DEATHS.

At Pimlico Lodge, J. Elliot, esq., 65.—At Wandsworth, Marianne, wife of the Bishop of Chester.—At Spatsbury, the Hon. Miss Arundell.—Rev. R. Nares, 76, Archdeacon of Stafford.—In Montague place, H. Hase, esq., principal cashier to the

Bank of England.—Viscount Pevensey, only son of Earl Sheffield.—Earl of Carhampton, 89; he had been a captain in the navy 67 years, and was brother to one of the late Duchesses of Cumberland.—At Camming Convent, Dr. Collieridge, vicar apostolic of the Western District.—At Chelsea, W. Stevenson, esq., author of “The Historical Sketch of the Progress of the Discovery of Navigation and Commerce.”—At Coombe House, N. B., Anne, Countess of Kellie.—At Brighton, the Hon. Miss Caroline Vernon, 83, many years maid of honour to the late Queen Charlotte.—At Winchester, Jane Dymocke Blackstone, relict of the Rev. Dr. H. Blackstone, brother of the late Sir W. Blackstone.—Charles Douglas, esq., 78, brother to the late Lord Glenbervie.—G. Engleheart, esq., 79, of Bedford Lodge.—At Colsterworth, Mrs. A. Lowth, 100.—In Foley-place, Dr. Edward Ash, F.R.S.C.S.—At Kirkley, Lord H. V. Vernon, brother to the Archbishop of York.—At Spalding, R. Holdich, esq., 83, deputy lieutenant of Lincolnshire.—In Regent's Park, Esther, wife of Mr. Serjeant Goulburn.—At Trewithen, Sir C. Hawkins, Bart, 71, M.P., for many successive parliaments, and, during the last session, father of the House of Commons.—At Bath, Mrs. M. A. Anstrey.—At Westbourn Rectory, the Rev. W. de Chair Tattersall, 79.—Mr. W. Bromley, 66; this respectable old servant of the public had driven the Rockingham coach for 47 years; the average yearly space traversed by him as a driver, was 17,478 miles, and the whole length of his course 821,250 miles, equal to 34 times the circumference of the globe.—At Anwick, Dame Lunn, 87; she had been the respected village schoolmistress for upwards of half a century.—At Woolwich, Major-General Ford.—William Blake, son of Lord Wallscourt.—At Bath, Sir V. Keane, Bart., 72.—At Northwick, Mrs. Fairclough, 107.—At Chester, T. Harrison, esq., 85.—In Albemarle-street, Sir Brook William Brydges, Bart., 62.—At Dryburgh Abbey, the Earl of Buchan, 88.—At Argyll House, Lady Alice Gordon, eldest daughter of the Earl of Aberdeen.—At Bath, General James Montgomerie, 73, M.P. for the county of Ayr, and brother to the late Earl of Eglington.—At Plymouth, the Rev. Levi Benjamin, 100; he had been 60 years reader to the Jewish synagogue there.—At Bampton, Mrs. Betty Clarke, 100.—At Thoraby, Lord Rokeby, 71.—At Wolverhampton, Mary Anson, 105.—At Maidenhead, S. Wilson, esq., 95; he had served in the American war, and was supposed to be the last surviving person who served at the battle of Bunker's Hill.—At Cork, W. Yates, 96, pensioner; he enlisted in 1755 in the 28th regt., was at the taking of Quebec; at the taking of the Havannah; and at different battles in the American War; and in 1783 was discharged on a pension which was subsequently increased; and, in consequence of his being supposed the last of the survivors who fought under General Wolfe, his pension was still further offered to be augmented, which he declined, saying his sovereign had been already sufficiently bountiful to him.—A. Donadieu, esq.

#### DEATHS ABROAD.

At Rome, Lady Abdy, 78, relict of the late Sir W. Abdy, Bart.—On board the Cornwall, East-Indiaman, Flora, eldest daughter of Sir W. Rumble, Bart.—At Homburg, His Serene Highness

the reigning Landgrave of Hesse Homburg, 59, brother-in-law to His Britannic Majesty, by his union with the Princess Elizabeth.—At Rotterdam, the Rev. J. Hall, upwards of 40 years minister of the English church in that city.—At Rome, Dr. Fortis, late General of the order of the Society of Jesus, 80. In consequence of his death, the provincials, or heads of the different communities

throughout Europe, will have to assemble at Rome, to choose a successor.—At St. Mary's, Georgia, J. Wood, esq., 76, brother of the late Mr. Baron Wood.—Baroness Humboldt, who had accompanied the Baron in most of his journeys.—At his residence in the government of Pultawa, Demetrius Troschetshinsky, 76, privy-counsellor, and one of the most distinguished men in Russia.

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## MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

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**NORTHUMBERLAND.**—A number of gentlemen have, in former periods, received grants from governors of Tynemouth Castle, conveying leave to bury their relatives in the Castle-yard.—An order has recently been received from the Board of Ordnance, prohibiting such interments in future: and at a public meeting, it has been resolved to petition the Board of Ordnance to take off that prohibition: and should this application be unsuccessful, then to petition the King.

**DURHAM.**—A cushat, or wood pigeon, was shot a few days ago, in the neighbourhood of Witton-le-Wear, in the stomach of which was found a brass screw an inch and-a-half in length, and an inch and-a-quarter in circumference.

A new butcher, fish, poultry, vegetable, and fruit-market, is now erecting at Sunderland.

A very important improvement in Durham, by the alteration of the road, at the north-end of Framwellgate Bridge, has been determined upon, and will soon be commenced.

At a public meeting at Durham on the 6th of April, a subscription was entered into for the relief of the Spitalfields silk weavers.

The mortality at St. Mary, Gateshead, was more in the month of March than was ever known in a similar period.—The number of deaths was fifty-four.

A subscription has been entered into for the purpose of providing an organ for the new church at Bishopwearmouth.

**CUMBERLAND.**—A subscription for erecting a public test in Liverpool for the re-proving of chain cables, has been set on foot at Carlisle, and is in a fair way of being speedily completed. This project is calculated to save many lives and much property, as shipwrecks are very frequent from the breaking of chains; and when it is considered that there is no mode to control the manufacturer in the making of a bad chain, or to reward him for the making of a good chain, and who, perhaps, is borne down to the lowest market price by a purchaser, it is not to be wondered at that inferior chains should be in the market. The test now in fair progress will correct these deficiencies, and give a stimulus to the further improvement of chains.

**YORKSHIRE.**—The assizes for the county of York commenced on the 21st of March, and terminated on the 4th of April. There were 78 prisoners for trial (including Jonathan Martin): of whom one (for murder) was executed: and death was recorded against 35.

On Friday, March 31, Martin took his trial before Mr. Baron Hullock, and after an inquiry, which lasted nine hours, he was acquitted on the

ground of insanity. It is astonishing the interest this unhappy maniac excited in York. *The Yorkshire Gazette* says: "The curiosity to be introduced to the man who has immortalized his name by the burning of York Minster, is scarcely inferior to that which prevailed as to Buonaparte, when at St. Helena. Noblemen and titled ladies, a crowd of persons of rank and distinction, throng to Martin's levees; they are all very graciously received, have the honour to shake the incendiary's hand, and depart highly gratified! Martin, on his part, is no less gratified, and declares he never shook hands with so many people of quality in his life, as since he burnt the Minster!"

The prefatory steps are taking towards the repair of York Minster; the stone-masons are preparing the stone for replacing the cylinders of the clustered columns of the choir, which were so much damaged, and the roof will soon be commenced; the subscriptions amount to upwards of £47,000. Timber to the amount of £5,000 has been granted by Government, for the Minster; and to lessen the expense of carriage, we understand the roof will be finished at the Dock Yards at Chatham.

On the 21st of March, the water undermined the coffer-dam of the old dock, Hull, and completely filled the new dock, which was not quite finished, with water. It was apprehended that great damage would ensue, but this, fortunately, was not the case. The new dock will be opened about the 1st of June.

On the 8th of April, a Protestant meeting was held at Barnsley, and an address to the King, "praying him to dissolve parliament," was agreed to by an overwhelming majority. The Wesleyan Methodists of the city of York have addressed the King, also, praying him not to give his consent to the Roman Catholic Bill.

A Protestant Association has been formed in Yorkshire, the head-quarters of which are at Barnsley. It is called "The Wapontake of Staincross Protestant Union;" its great object is, to secure the return of Protestant members to parliament. This is not to be a mere local association, but one in which are to be concentrated all the available Protestant strength and resources of the empire. Funds are to be collected for the purpose of upholding, by every lawful means, Protestant ascendancy. A register is to be kept of those freeholders who will pledge themselves to support the return of Protestant members to Parliament, the funds of the union to be appropriated to this purpose; endeavours to be used to form similar unions in every district of the country; and in case this part of the plan should be realized, delegates are to be appointed from each union, who are to assemble either periodically or

on special occasions, as may be thought most advisable.

On the 8th of April the first stone of a new church was laid at New Mill, in the parish of Kirk-burton.

On Sunday evening, the 12th of April, during evening service at the Methodist chapel, Keckwardwicke, part of the stone pipe fell down, and the congregation were so alarmed, that a rush to the door took place, and six persons were trodden to death.

A woman named Elizabeth Edwards, an inmate of the seamens' hospital, Whitby, lost her speech, by a paralytic affection, 18 years ago. On the 6th of April she was reading the 5th chapter of St. John's Gospel: and whilst meditating on the miracle performed at the pool of Bethesda, she prayed that God would restore her her speech again. Her prayer was answered, and her speech restored!

Trade is in a very depressed state in all parts of Yorkshire. The manufacturing and agricultural interests are equally on the decline; and the general trader, of course, must suffer with the falling fortunes of his customers.

The Fifteenth Anniversary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society was lately held at Hull, when £151. 9s. 5d. was collected; and the general report of their proceedings was read, when it appeared that, exclusive of catechists, local preachers, and a great number of persons, diligently employed in the religious instruction of the children, there are, at present, 190 missionaries employed on 138 different stations; some of which are important in a very high degree, extending instruction to various towns and villages, containing a population of many thousands. "In Ireland, we have 21 missionaries; in France, Gibraltar, Malta, Egypt, and the Ionian Isles, 12. 12 are employed in the Islands of the South Sea; 16 in Southern and Western Africa; 27 in Ceylon and Continental India; 47 in British North America; and 55 in the Islands and Colonies of the West Indies—and to support them, £50,000 have been received by the treasurers of the Parent Institution, being an advance of nearly £7,000 upon the income of last year. The missionaries employed on these different stations preach the gospel in, at least, 20 different languages, and to more than 100,000 beings. 36,917 of these are members of the Methodist Society. In addition to the adult population committed to the care of your missionaries, there are 16,917 children regularly and carefully instructed in the great truths of Christianity; and those laborious men have already translated the living oracles of truth into the Cingalese, the Indo-Portuguese, and the Pali languages."

LANCASHIRE.—We are sorry we are still unable to announce any material improvement in the demand for cotton goods. There has been a considerable number of drapers in town, and several wholesale purchasers from London; but they have purchased very cautiously and sparingly, and in general not above one third of what they have usually taken at this season. The shipping trade is exceedingly dull, except in yards of low numbers. We are sorry to add, that the spinners of eighteen mills, employed in spinning fine numbers, have turned out against a reduction of wages. By this proceeding, from

ten to twelve thousand persons have been deprived of employment. It is one of the unfortunate circumstances attending a dispute between the higher class of workmen in cotton mills and their employers, that it involves in its consequences the comforts of thousands who are not otherwise concerned in the quarrel. The women and children who receive weekly wages are all thrown out of employment along with the spinners, though they have nothing to gain by the triumph of either party. We fear that the sufferings of this class will be great, as there is no prospect of a speedy settlement of differences.—*Manchester Herald, April 9.*

The turn-out cotton-spinners, at Stockport, amounting to no less than 10,000 persons, have been supported, since they left their work, principally by the contributions of those spinners who remained in full work in other places, particularly in Manchester, Hyde, and the neighbourhood. The master manufacturers have had several meetings to concert measures for destroying that combination; and they came to the resolution, of making a progressive reduction in the wages of their hands while the Stockport turn-out should continue. They also issued an address, calling upon the men who are in work, to sign a declaration, that they will not contribute to the support of the turn-outs. For the purpose of considering this address, a numerous meeting of the operative spinners and weavers in Hyde took place on Wednesday evening, April 1, in a large room at the Norfolk Arms, which was attended by between 600 and 700 persons, including a proportion of females, when suddenly the two large beams, which supported that part of the floor which extended over the travellers' room, suddenly gave way, and about 300 persons were precipitated into the room below. The floor of the travellers' room also gave way, and the whole descended in one mass into the cellar, and no less than 30 persons lost their lives, actually dying from suffocation!

An unparalleled stagnation pervades all commercial pursuits; transactions are on a very reduced scale, and are, for the most part, wholly without profit. In some articles, and those the most important, the trade is attended with very serious loss. We have heard the loss on the import of cotton into Liverpool stated at £20,000 per week, and we believe the estimate is not exaggerated, though the price is lower than was ever before known. All commodities are daily sinking in price, the demand is decreasing, and the confidence which formerly induced speculations is entirely at an end.\*

The expenditure of the parish of Liverpool,

\* It is scarcely possible to convey an adequate idea of the distressed state of trade both in town and country. What tends materially to keep what is going on from the knowledge of the public is, that a multitude of insolvencies, which in ordinary times would find their way into the "Gazette," are disposed by private compromise among the creditors, because it would only tend to make the mischief greater to reveal its extent; as the heavy law expenses contingent upon bankruptcies cannot in many cases be afforded. There is scarcely a staple article of consumption which has not fallen within five or six months 20 per cent. or more in value; and persons connected with the management of our great canals observe, that on most of these there is literally nothing doing.

during the year 1828, was £43,130. 12s. 9d.; out of which £5,616. 17s. was paid for churches and clergy, and upwards of £2,700. for salaries.

**WARWICKSHIRE.**—At Warwick Assizes, judgment of death was recorded against 66 prisoners, 28 of whom were poachers, found guilty of shooting at the gamekeepers of the Earl of Denbigh and D. S. Dugdale, Esq., M.P.; 22 were transported, and 57 ordered to be imprisoned for various periods. The calendar of these assizes presented a lamentable list of juvenile offenders. One child, only eleven years old, has been three or four times imprisoned, and has lived entirely by theft since he was but eight years of age; he was sentenced to seven years' transportation. Four prisoners were 13 years of age, four were 15, eight 16, ten 17, and there were sixty-seven others, the ages of whom did not exceed 21 years!!! The whole number of prisoners exceeded 200; many of whom had necessarily been in prison three, four, and five months before trial! Surely this system ought to be altered!

The Chamber of Manufactures and Commerce in Birmingham, have resolved to petition the two Houses of Parliament, praying them to take into consideration, during the present session, "the restrictions which impede the commerce of this kingdom with India and China, for the purpose of facilitating and extending a more beneficial intercourse with those vast regions than has hitherto existed."

**LINCOLNSHIRE.**—The persons petitioning in the matter of the Free Grammar School, at Sleaford, have received permission from the Vice-Chancellor to lay before one of the Masters of the court a scheme for the re-establishment thereof. In consequence of this permission, a public meeting, in the vestry-room, was lately held, when it was agreed to propose to the court, that the stipend of the master, who must be an under-graduate of one of the universities, should be £80 per annum; which sum, with a house free of rent, it is thought will make an adequate allowance to any gentleman duly qualified, and the charity will be of inestimable benefit to the town and neighbourhood.

The annual report of the Lincoln General Dispensary, from the 25th March, 1828, to the 31st March, 1829, has been published. The number of out-patients is 901; of home ditto, 455—total, 1356; of which number 965 have been discharged cured. As home-patient, 66 remain, and 145 as out-patients. This popular and useful institution, though so recently established, now possesses a roomy and convenient building, a liberal income from subscriptions, and the foundation of a reserved fund to meet contingencies.

The greatest and most ornamental addition to the town of Stamford made within half a century is now in course of erection. Twenty new and very handsome houses are building on the site of the late bowling-green and its adjoining enclosure, at the western entrance of the town: they are to be finished with French windows and balconies in front, and each with a coach-house and stables behind. They command the delightful south view of Burghley Park, Wothorpe, and Easton.

**NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.**—About half-past seven o'clock of the evening of April 13, a tremen-

dous fall of rock (some hundred tons) took place nearly at the back of the Loggerheads' public-house, in Nottingham, in which, it appears, the landlord, Mr. Godkin, then was. In about three minutes, the whole extent of Cliff gave way, and five houses were crushed into one general wreck. The street was completely buried in the mass of huge rock stones, and buildings crushed down with their weight. As soon as the clouds of dust arising from the ruins had somewhat subsided, every hand was ready to render aid in endeavouring to ascertain whether any person had been buried under the now immense heap of rubbish that spread itself for the extent of about 120 feet. A young man was dug out in a state of insensibility, but shortly afterwards recovered, having only received a few bruises. Reports were circulated that others were under the ruins, but no more bodies have been found. *The Nottingham Review* adds, that about 30 houses in the contiguity of the ruins are now shut up, as another fall of rock is continually expected.

**NORFOLK.**—At the Lent Assizes for this county, Baron Vaughan, in addressing the grand jury, regretted exceedingly to observe a frightful and appalling calendar of crimes, and the more especially so, because it was not with respect to the county of Norfolk alone that the remark was to be made; he was sorry to say that it had been the case also in every county through which he had passed. To what cause to attribute such an increase of crime he could not now inquire; it might possibly arise from the long continued peace, and the consequent redundancy of population!!! 15 prisoners were recorded for death, and 10 transported, besides several imprisoned and hard labour.

A fine new vessel, of 450 tons, intended for the East India private trade, was launched, April 23, in honour of His Majesty's birth-day, at the yard of Mr. Palmer, at Yarmouth; and the new Suspension Bridge, over the Bure, or North River, was opened to the public the same day with great ceremony.

**SUFFOLK.**—At the Lent Assizes, 18 prisoners received sentence of death; one of them (G. Partridge, 21) was for the murder of two little boys, brothers.

**LEICESTERSHIRE.**—At these assizes 17 of the criminals were recorded for death, 4 were transported, and several ordered to be imprisoned.

**CAMBRIDGE.**—By the abstract of the accounts of the treasurer for this county for the last year, it appears that £3,687. 1s. 4d. was the total amount of its expences; all but about £550 was expended in gaols, sessions, assizes, and other objects connected with the administration of the laws. At the Isle of Ely assizes, the chief justice of the Isle, in addressing the grand jury, congratulated them "on the now admission of the affirmation in a court of justice of that very respectable and unimpeachable sect, the Quakers, who before had, on account of their religious principles, been excluded as witnesses; and I wish to see all religions distinctions done away!" 5 prisoners were recorded for death, and a few transported and imprisoned.

Seven prisoners were recorded for death at the Cambridge assizes, and a very few transported.

The commissioners under the South Level River Act are proceeding rapidly with the execution of their work, upwards of 400 labourers being now employed in excavating the intended new river between Ely and Littleport. The steam-dredging engine used upon this occasion is capable of raising 40 tons of earth per hour.

**HUNTINGDONSHIRE.**—At the Lent assizes two convicts were recorded for death, and two transported. Baron Vaughan congratulated the grand jury in not having any one for trial for the violation of the game laws, hoping before long there would be some amendment in those laws, for his mind had been very much harassed on this circuit, having been obliged to sentence several to the most severe punishment for those offences.

**DEVONSHIRE.**—The old adage of "bringing coals to Newcastle," was exemplified last week at Barnstaple, by the quay being covered with packs of wool landed from the Bristol traders, whilst there are immense stocks of wool now in the hands of the growers in that neighbourhood; many of the farmers have four, five, and even more, years' clip by them. The depressed state of the wool trade, at the last Bristol fair, offered an opportunity of which some of the North Devon manufacturers availed themselves, of making purchases there at a much lower price than they could buy for at home; and hence the unusual circumstance of an importation of wool, in the place where large quantities were used to be exported.

Since the destruction of the Axminster carpet manufactory by fire, a large and commodious one has been erected on a new site, the extreme dimensions of which are 110 feet long, by 28 feet wide, and four floors high. April 1, Mr. Whitty gave a dinner to his work-people, and the artificers employed, in a room the whole length of the building, and about 150 persons were regaled with the old English fare of roast-beef, plum pudding, and strong beer.

The passengers in the Plymouth coach, on its way to Barnstaple, on Saturday last, were placed in a very peculiar predicament, and certainly not unconnected with danger; on the arrival of the coach on Black Down, a few miles from Tavistock, it was discovered that the heath had been set on fire to some considerable extent, and through the prevalence of a strong south-east wind, the flame was carried across the road, threatening a prevention to travellers from pursuing their way; the coachman, however, ventured to brave the danger, and with difficulty droye on his horses, till they had arrived at about the centre of the space over which the fire had extended its influence, when they suddenly stopped, and it was not without the exertion of all his skill and power that he could again set them in motion; this however, he effected, after the fire had singed the cape of his coat, and the garments of some of the passengers, who were thrown into the greatest alarm and consternation.—*Taunton Courier, April 15.*

**DORSETSHIRE.**—At Dorchester assizes 9 culprits were recorded for death, 4 were transported, and a few sentenced to hard labour and imprisonment.

**SOMERSETSHIRE.**—Forty-one prisoners were recorded for death at these assizes; 30 re-

ceiving sentence of transportation, and 52 imprisoned. The number of prisoners, originally for trial, amounted to about 200, and it is a remarkable fact, that such was the rapid increase of commitments, even during these assizes, that after Mr. Justice Littledale had been disposing of prisoners for *three days*, there were as many for trial on the fourth day as when he began.

The glove trade at Yeovil still continues inactive, and the stock of the manufacturers, which is considered to be larger than at any former period, is become altogether unsaleable. The distress among the lower classes, arising from this depression, is in the highest degree lamentable.

The collections made by the benevolent exertions of several gentlemen of Bath, in favour of the Spitalfields weavers, and the monies subscribed by the corporation, and at the banks and libraries, amounted to £542. 2s. 6d.

The ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the new church in the parish of Walcot, Bath, took place April 2.

**BUCKS.**—At the assizes for this county, death was recorded against 13 prisoners, 15 were transported, and 20 imprisoned.

**SUSSEX.**—April 14, the mackarel boats of Hastings returned laden with fish, having from 4,000 to 10,000 in a boat—the whole number landed that day was 17,000, varying in price according to the quality, but, on the average, fetched 14s. per hundred. The next day the boats again returned heavily laden. This unexpected good fortune has come most opportunely to the relief of the fisherman, many of whom were absolutely insolvent, and but for the above providential assistance, must have parted with their boats, to defray the expense of cordage, &c., and, with their families, taken refuge in the poor-house. It has diffused a general joy among those poor industrious people. The oldest fisherman of Hastings say, they never saw any thing to equal this, particularly so early in the season.

**GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**—At the assizes at Bristol, 9 prisoners were recorded for death; two brothers were tried, one for stealing goods from his employers, and the other for receiving them knowing them to be stolen, when the first was transported for 28 years, and the latter for 14.

At the Gloucester assizes no less than 157 prisoners were for trial; 17 were recorded for death; 1 for stealing a pig, and a gun from different persons, was transported for twice 7 years; several others were transported, and a number imprisoned for various periods.

This county rate, which has been very expensive hitherto, has been reduced to nearly one-half the amount which was levied at the spring sessions of last year.

An interesting and affecting spectacle was presented on Easter Wednesday morning, in the assembling of all the children belonging to the schools connected with the Church of England in this town, at the parish church. Upwards of 1,000 neatly dressed boys and girls were present, who receive gratuitous education in the charitable establishments of Cheltenham. Notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, the church was crowded; many ladies of high rank, and a number of the most respectable inhabitants

having attended with their families, to witness the gratifying sight. The parents of most of the children were also present, and after the service, the children were regaled with buns, &c.

April 14, a very numerous meeting of bankers, merchants, traders, and other inhabitants of Bristol, was held at the Guildhall, the mayor in the chair, when various resolutions were unanimously passed, for petitioning Parliament against the renewal of the East-India Company's charter.

WALES.—In the county of Merioneth, about 8 miles from Bala, at the distance of about 50 paces from the south side of the road leading to Festiniog, may be seen a rock, which presents a range of columns, to all appearance of basaltic formation. The columns seem to be about a foot in diameter, and 6 or 8 feet in length, and the fragments on the road side possess all that angular appearance so characteristic of basalt; and, though they cannot bear any comparison with the celebrated columns on the south-west of Staffa, yet they seem to be full as regular as those of several cliffs on the other side of that island, as well as on the coast of Mull. As the geological structure of the principality affords so great a variety of formations, and as the face of the country presents so many obstacles to a complete investigation of its contents, notwithstanding the numerous preserving and intelligent geologists, who have, from time to time, been occupied in exploring its recesses, still it may be presumed that there lie concealed, among the seclusions of the mountains, many curious appearances which have hitherto escaped observation; and, amongst the number of such, may be placed the columnar formations on the side of the Arennig, of which, most probably, no description has hitherto been given: A complete and scientific description of the rocks alluded to, would afford great satisfaction to all lovers of natural history.

SCOTLAND.—An aggregate meeting of the distressed and ill-fated weavers was recently held on the public green at Glasgow. They arrived by districts or divisions, in regular array, three men deep, and the number assembled amounted to about 12,000. After several of their own body had made remarks on their sickening state of destitution, a committee was appointed to wait on the manufacturers, with a view to induce them to pay the prices going in October last. Five of a committee were also appointed to wait on the lord provost and magistrates, with a memorial previously prepared. The magistrates replied that they could hold no conference with a body so assembled, and the meeting dispersed, on the understanding that their delegates were to be received by the magistrates the following day.—*Scotch Paper.*

Queries were some time ago circulated among the manufacturers of Paisley with a view to ascertain the condition of the silk trade in that town, under the operation of the free trade system, of which the following is the result: It is proven that in silk gauze, which is the principal branch of the silk trade in Paisley, there were two-thirds more looms employed in the year 1824 than at the present time; that prices have been reduced from 33 to 50 per cent.; and that the average wages per week, in 1824, were 15s. 2d., and only 8s. 1½d. for the last six months. From the information obtained from the manufac-

turers in the India imitation line, it appears that the number of looms have been reduced two-fifths, while the prices have declined 30 per cent., that the average weekly wages of the weavers in 1824 was 20s., and for the last six months 14s. In Canton crapes the prices paid for weaving have fallen 75 per cent. The manufacture of broad silk is almost unknown in Paisley. For a long period prior to 1824, the silk trade in Paisley was progressively on the increase, with little or no fluctuation in prices; and that since 1826 the decline as to quantity, quality, and price, has been so rapid, that the conclusion is warrantable that the continued enforcement of the laws referred to will, in the course of a very short time, produce the total extinction of the silk manufacture in that neighbourhood.—*Macclesfield Courier.*

IRELAND.—March 21 there was a very numerous meeting of the freeholders of Erris, held at Binghamstown for the purpose of considering the propriety of petitioning Parliament against the bill for raising the qualification for the elective franchise. Mr. Lyons commented on the bill for the disfranchisement of the 40s. freeholders. This measure, he contended, by inducing the landlords to divide their land into large farms, would be depopulating in its effects, and throw thousands upon the world without a home or the means of subsistence. Were the tithes and church rates mitigated, and the sub-letting act repealed, he thought the 40s. freeholder would have something to console him for the loss of his franchise; but as it was, the Relief Bill would render him little more at present than an ideal service, whilst he was thus robbed of his only valuable political privilege. He thought it unjust that the poor peasant should be required to pay so dearly for the new order of things, and that too, when his only crime was having exercised his privilege in an honest and independent manner. Had the 40s. freeholders remained in a state of abject vassalage to their landlords; he was convinced that they would have been suffered to remain unmolested; and this must certainly be considered a strange inversion of reward and punishment, the former being accorded to slavishness and vice, and the latter to virtue and independence. The following resolution, among others, was passed:—Resolved, "That while we hail with joy the intended measure of relief now before the House, we look with dismay upon the bill for raising the Elective Franchise, and depriving the forty-shilling freeholders\* of a privilege which since 1793 has become a vested right, for no other reason than because they exercised it with spirit and independence against the enemies of concession in the last election, and thereby mainly contributed to the present imposing aspect of the national question, and its near and certain approach to a happy termination."

The sumptuous entertainments at the Castle of Dublin are quite amazing to the Irish. The Duke of Northumberland's dinner-parties consists generally of fifty persons. A servant stands behind each chair, in addition to which forty other attendants are kept in the room. The kindness and affability of the noble host and his excellent consort have won all hearts.

\* The forty-shillings freeholders are said to amount to upwards of 400,000 persons!







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ENGLAND, RUSSIA, AND TURKEY.

ONE of the peculiarities of the insular position of England is, that she is compelled to feel a direct and immediate interest in every other country. The very separation from continental Europe is thus the actual source of her more intimate connexion; and instead of being, like Portugal, or Belgium, vitally anxious only about her relations with the adjoining dominion, she is under the political bond of looking to the changes and designs of all. This is the work of the element by which she is surrounded. The Ocean, separating her for defence, approximates her for intercourse; every quarter of the world is as the gates of her dock-yards; wherever a British ship can touch, there exists a British interest, and the truest and most essential British interest; one which must be fostered, protected, and propagated. A tumult in China is felt in London with scarcely less vividness than in Canton. The rise or fall of a South-American party awakes a keener sensation among us than within the next province; and the late abstraction of Persian territory, by its encroaching and ambitious enemy, has turned as many English eyes to the Russian march, as ever watched it from the towers of Erivan.

It is this strong and general susceptibility to the changes of dominion among the remotest sovereignties, that gives the war of the Turks and Russians the powerful interest which, even in its commencement, it has already exerted upon the councils of England. The Baltic, and the Dardanelles, are British highways, and whatever event is likely to shut up those roads of our universal enterprise, becomes, to us, a matter of the first national importance.

There is a madness of thrones, and it is the madness of perpetual desire—the madness of avarice and accumulation: No extent of dominion can satisfy it; the utter worthlessness of the object cannot restrain it; desert is added to desert, marsh to marsh, a sickly and beggared population is gathered to the crowd that are already perishing in the midst of their uncultured fields; yet the passion is still keen, and thousands of lives are sacrificed, years of desperate hazard are encountered, and wealth, that might have transformed the wilderness into a garden, is flung away, for the possession of some leagues of territory, fit only to make the grave of its invaders. Austria, at this hour the mistress of a prodigious empire, one half of which is forest, heath, or mountain, unpeopled, or only peopled by barbarians—Austria, the mistress of Croatia, the Bannat, and Transylvania, is longing for Albania, a country of barren mountain and swampy valley, with a population of robbers. Russia, with a territory almost the third of the old world,

stretching from the Black Sea to the Pole, and from Finland to the wall of China, is longing for the fatal marshes of Wallachia and Moldavia; for the deserts of Romelia, and the sovereignty of the fiercest race of barbarians on earth, alien by their creed, alien by their habits, and cursing the ground that has been defiled by the tread of a Russian. With two capitals already hostile to each other, she is struggling for a third, incurably and furiously hostile to both. With an extent of dominion that no single sceptre can adequately rule, and which a few years will see either torn asunder by the violence of rebellion, or falling in pieces by the natural changes of overgrown territory, she is at this hour marshalling her utmost strength, and laying up debility for many a year, in the frantic eagerness to add the Turkish empire to the Muscovite, the Siberian, and the Tartar.

And in this tremendous chase of power, what is to be trampled under the foot of the furious and guilty pursuer! The heart sickens at the reckless waste of life and the means of life, the myriads that must perish in the field, the more miserable myriads that must perish of disease, famine, and the elements let loose upon their naked heads; the still deeper wretchedness of those lonely and deserted multitudes, whose havoc makes no display in bulletins and gazettes, but whose history is registered where the eternal eye of justice and vengeance alone reads—the innumerable host of the widow and the orphan. Yet this weight of calamity is let fall upon mankind at the word of a single individual:—often the most worthless of human beings, an empty, gaudy, ignorant slave of alternate indolence and sensuality; trained by the habitual life of foreign courts to the perpetual indulgence of personal excess, and differing from the contemptible race generated by the habits of foreign life, only by his being the more open dupe of sycophancy, the more prominent object of public alarm, and the more unbridled example of every profligacy that can debase the individual, or demoralize the nation. Such are the mysteries of Providence—such is the unaccountable system on which the fates of millions are given into the hands of incapacity, vanity, and corruption!

In this merciless and guilty spirit of accumulation, Russia has been, for the last fifty years, the great criminal of Europe. Other powers have been forced into war by situation; and success has almost compelled them to an increase of territory. Revolutionary France was mad, and its violence was no more to be reasoned upon than the paroxysm of madness. Imperial France was forced, by the character of the fierce and extraordinary being on her throne and the fantastic restlessness of her own nature, into conquest; but the conquest was unsubstantial—the dominion of the ancient sovereigns was but slightly shaken, and the first ebb of French victory disclosed the land again with all its native thrones emerging on the spot where they had been so lately covered by that furious tide. The closest resemblance to the perpetual covetousness of Russia was the policy of Frederick II., of Prussia; an able, heartless, and unprincipled soldier, a scoffer at religion, a despiser of all principle, a tyrant, and a profligate: but fit for his purpose, which was to scourge the venality, the tyranny, and the superstition of Austria! The partition of Poland, planned under the eye of this most crafty of politicians, was the first open act of that course of perfidy and blood, which was so soon to overwhelm his own kingdom in the common ruin of the continent. Frederick, Joseph, and Catherine, were the three grand conspirators against the Law of Nations—the three impugners of that Justice which

is the supreme Law of God among empires, and the three creators of the French revolution. Dearly and deservedly they all paid for their crime. Before the lapse of a few years, they were all broken to the ground by the trampling of hostile armies; the French soldiers rioted in their palaces; their military name was degraded, and Vienna, Berlin, and Moscow, were in the possession of the most insolent and merciless of victors. But the wisdom of Adversity has, with the suffering, passed away, and Europe is again threatened with universal hostilities by the passion of the Czar to be master of Constantinople.

The nominal cause of the war with Turkey is the removal of the hospodars of Wallachia and Moldavia by the Porte. A treaty in 1804 had established that those governors of the provinces should be removed only at the end of every seven years; a period fixed by the customary cunning of the Russian cabinet, as one in which the hospodars, thus rendered secure from the bow-string, might connect themselves more effectually with Russia. The hospodars were Greeks, and their national prejudices allied them to their new protectors; they were like all the Greeks of the Fanar—ambitious, corrupt, and crafty; and the gold of Russia was the virtual sceptre of the hospodariates.

In the French war, Sebastiani was sent to the Porte with proofs that those Greeks were in actual correspondence with St. Petersburg; and they were dismissed. The Russian minister declaimed against this dismissal, as a breach of treaty. The Turks gave way, replaced the hospodars, and the first intelligence that followed their submission, was of the march of a Russian army over the border! But a more powerful influence, that was seldom employed to prevent the shedding of blood, forbade the impending devastation of the provinces. Napoleon commanded the invaders to retire, and the treaty of Tilsit tied the hands of Alexander. But Napoleon himself was only a murderer on a larger scale; and Spain was given over to his love of carnage. There retribution awaited him, like a vulture on the wing above the corpse: the mountain and the desert, the barren sand, and the scorching sun, warred against the man of ambition; "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera," and there was the first blow given to a diadem loaded with the double guilt of revolutionary and imperial ambition. The tiger was entangled in the net, and then the jackal went forth to prey; a Russian army instantly spread itself along the Danube. The Turks were taken by surprise; and a succession of towns on the Bulgarian bank rapidly surrendered. But winter is not to be defied in those climates; and the invaders, repulsed by the swellings of the Danube and the severity of the storms, were driven into winter quarters. In the next year the invasion was renewed; but the Turks defended themselves with their national intrepidity. The success was alternate and ruinous; and, at the close of a campaign of perpetual fighting, the invaders had not advanced beyond the Danube. In the memorable year of 1812 Napoleon again interposed, but no longer as the master of the Russian councils. He was now overwhelming the empire with that mighty chivalry which had crushed the power of the continent, and saw before it but one magnificent and secure victory over the barbarian levies and helpless irresolution of the Czar. In this crisis of imperial fate, the whole strength of Russia was essential to her resistance, and the army acting against Turkey was recalled. A treaty was made with the Porte; the conquests of Kaminsky and Kutusoff were abandoned, and, by the mediation of England, Alexander saw himself at once relieved from an unprosperous war, and strength-

ened by a powerful and practised force. We are no panegyrist of Alexander; but he had merits that ought to distinguish his memory. His early life was that of a Russian noble, and was deeply stained by the excesses of a court, over which reigned the most profligate sovereign of the age. But time, the vicissitudes of a life of great public anxiety, and perhaps feelings, born of a higher source, gradually purified and elevated his character. To the proposals for renewed hostilities with the Porte he turned an unwilling ear; he resisted the popular outcry with a fortitude which had often been found fatal to Russian princes; he cultivated peace with Europe; he made no aggression on his neighbours, and his death displayed the calmness and the hope of more than the feeble and failing philosophy of this world.

The new reign began ominously; for it was signalized by the most extended and extraordinary conspiracy that had ever been formed even in Russia, the country of conspiracy. A sudden zeal of revolution had seized the army, and Nicholas found that his first step to the throne must be over the bodies of his soldiers. A list of upwards of a thousand officers, of every rank, showed at once the peril of the monarch, and the strange and desperate spirit that rises from despotism, like the pestilence from the swamp. Scaffolds and military massacres tamed the insurrection for the time: but the despot's fate is to sleep on an uneasy pillow, and with the form of conspiracy haunting his dreams. While Europe looked with surprise and repugnance on this frightful scene of fierce enthusiasm crushed by savage justice, it was startled by the sound of war on the devoted frontier of Wallachia.

A new pretext had been easily found in the shape of the old, exaggerated by the proverbial artifice of Russia. The removal of the Hospodars, who had been again found in close connexion with Russia, the pacification of Greece, and the navigation of the Dardanelles, furnished grounds sufficient for the flourish of a manifesto; and the young Czar plunged into hostilities, with the lofty determination of planting his standard on the walls of Constantinople before the close of the campaign.

Nothing in this whole tissue of rashness and perfidy was more singular than the part which England suffered herself to play. Her policy is on principle peaceful; for every shot fired in Europe either kills a purchaser of her manufactures, or wastes the money that was to purchase them. Burke, in his pithy style, describes an English war, even for English objects, as one in which we buy ten thousand hogsheads of sugar at ten thousand times their value. But the hostilities of Europe break up the highways of British commerce, crush it by embargoes and blockades, exhaust the means of the population, and dispirit the whole frame of commercial intercourse. War is fatal to trade, and trade is the sinew of the strength of England. But her old alliances were sworn with Turkey; her recognized policy for centuries was the protection of Turkey; her commercial prosperity was incompatible with the possession of the Turkish capital by the same power which already domineered over the Baltic; and yet, in the face of all those important considerations, England struck the most formidable blow against the Porte that it has received since the days of Sobieski. For the misfortune of her ally, and the disgrace of her own wisdom, Mr. Canning had suddenly been placed at the head of her councils. His elevation only shewed the infinite difference between the distinctions of a popular assembly, and of a cabinet. He was a wit, a man of taste, and a fluent orator. He captivated the House of Commons; and he forgot that

epigrams and metaphors, the happy sneer that makes an opponent ridiculous, and the ready retort that keeps the dull in distant awe, were not the true means of guiding the career of a mighty empire. He was always busy, and always unfortunate. He made shewy speeches, and worthless treaties: he alienated the continental cabinets by feeble menaces, and made Ireland a rebel by idle conciliation. He struggled to make friends for the throne, and he made it pre-eminently unpopular; he struggled to make a firm ministry, and he filled it with contradiction; he struggled to place England at the head of Europe, and he laid the foundations of a rebel violence which will yet shake every throne into dust. Proclaiming universal peace, he urged England into hostilities with Spain to protect Portugal; and invaded Portugal, to gratify Brazil. Professing a hatred of revolution, he unfurled the English banner as a rallying point for the revolutionists of all countries, and boasted of wielding the power of conspiracy. Loud in his abhorrence of British faction, he canvassed every faction of the legislature, recruited his parliamentary ranks from the men whom he hated, and by whom he was hated in return: pledged himself to the most determined defence of the constitution, and dug its grave.

At once to fulfil the views of Russia, and sustain the policy of England was impossible, and he therefore tasked himself to combine them. He remonstrated loftily, and he yielded weakly. He formed a compact with Russia, by which she was at liberty to send a powerful fleet into the Mediterranean, but she was not to fire a gun. The Russians dispatched a fleet of twice the permitted force; he indignantly sent them back; and yet, uniting a British fleet with the remainder, he attacked the Turkish squadron, and extinguished at a blow the naval resistance of the Ottoman.

He died, fortunate only in having anticipated, by a single month, the fall of the miscellaneous government that he had collected with such worthless toil. His successors disclaimed the victory of Navarino, and yet paid public honours to the victors; cleared their consciences by harangues on the impolicy of the attack, and indulged their patriotism by the triumphant declaration, that Britons had not lost the art of conquest, though they might blunder into beating their friends for the sake of their enemies.

The treaty of London was now brought into force, and diplomacy has never furnished a finer instance of the genuine enigma. In the same page it denied the right of European powers to interfere with the quarrel of Turkish subjects, and demanded the liberty of Greece. It denied the right of Russia, as a neutral, to attack the Ottoman empire, and it suffered her to throw off the neutral character at her first convenience, and begin the work of fire and sword. The result of this dextrous policy is, that Russia is now blockading the Dardanelles, that Turkey is without a ship to oppose her attempt to storm the capital, that France has possession of the fortresses of Greece, and that English diplomacy is in possession of nothing but the general ridicule of mankind.

The determination of Russia to seize upon the European dominions of the Sultan, was at length practically exhibited by the march of her troops, under Wittgenstein, to the Danube. The Turks, after some affairs of posts, retreated before the powerful army which now rushed down from Podolia and Moscow on their scattered parties; and the three sieges of Shumla, Silistria, and Varna, were immediately and rashly undertaken. Of those places, the first is, beyond all comparison, the most important,

from its being the gate of the grand pass of the Balkan. The city also stands at the central point of the roads from almost the whole of the fortresses of the Danube, and has the power of protecting, or intercepting their connexion with the capital. But the position of this important city gives it great defensive advantages. It is nearly encircled with a range of the mountains, which serve as an outwork, and those hills are covered with thickets, which incomparably suit the species of service to which the Turkish troops are most accustomed. The inhabitants of Shumla are about 30,000, and are, of course, to a certain degree available for the defence. The size of the city is advantageous, from its allowing quarters to the chief divisions that might be left to protect not merely Shumla, but the pass of the mountains. It is nearly three English miles long, by a mile and a half in breadth. The fortifications are rude, and of the class of the Lower Empire—walls with occasional towers; but the true strength of the place is in its locality; the range of hills round it forming the true rampart of the city, and the whole being a large entrenched camp, with thickets, precipices, and ravines for its fortifications.

The result of the campaign undoubtedly disappointed, to a great extent, the expectations formed of the Russian arms. The Turks were often the assailants even upon level ground, and were not unfrequently left masters of the field. Some of their incursions into Wallachia put the Russian corps into such imminent hazard, that they were saved only by an instant retreat: large convoys were intercepted by the Turkish cavalry, and the campaign was speedily discovered to be only the beginning of a dubious and protracted struggle. The assaults on the Turkish posts were generally repulsed with heavy loss; and, of the three great sieges, but one offered the slightest hope of success. Shumla, the grand object of the campaign, was early found to be totally impracticable: Silistria was nearly despaired of, and finally was abandoned by a disorderly and ruinous flight: Varna alone gave way, after a long succession of attacks; and, from the singular circumstances of its surrender, is still said to have been bought from the Governor, Yussuf Pacha, a Greek renegade. One of the most extraordinary features of the whole campaign, is the small force on both sides. The Russian gazettes state the number of their army that crossed the Pruth at little more than eighty thousand. Yet this service was of the most popular kind with the court and people. The nature of the enemy was perfectly known from long warfare; the difficulties and losses which belong to Turkish war must have been clearly anticipated; and yet the whole Russian empire, setting forth on the conquest of an empire, which had been the object of its ambition from the days of Peter the Great, was not able to send one hundred thousand men across the border. The sultan, commanding a population of twenty millions, had probably not forty thousand in arms, from Constantinople to the Danube. So much does military strength depend on public wealth, and so impotent is the mere power of population in the struggles of European war. But the difficulty of arming the troops, and supplying the artillery and provisions for large bodies of men, are the great drawbacks on mutual aggression: and, by a curious and effective chain of consequences, nations are compelled to find, in the activity of commerce, the sinews of war.

The campaign was urged into the depths of winter, and the weather was remarkably inclement; the Turks were elated by success, and their attacks kept the enemy perpetually on the alert; the walls of the great



towns would not give way ; the villages were burnt, and could give shelter no longer ; and, as the general result, the Russian army were ordered to retreat from the Danube. The retreat was a second march from Moscow. Every thing was lost, buried, or taken. The horses of the cavalry and artillery were totally destroyed, the greater part of the artillery was hidden in the ground, or captured, and the flying army, naked, dismantled, and undisciplined, was rejoiced to find itself once more in the provinces from which it had poured forth but a few months before, to plant its standards on the seraglio.

This was defeat and disgrace, and every man who hates aggression, exulted in the shame of the invader. But in this exultation we must not forget the actual conclusions that force themselves on the understanding from a general view of the campaign. Russia, beaten as she has been, has yet showed that she is too strong for the Turk ; she has mastered Varna, a situation of high importance to her further movements, and she has been able to baffle every exertion to wrest it out of her hands. She has seized some minor fortresses, and in every instance she has been equally able to repel the efforts of the enemy. She has also conquered a city between the Balkan and Constantinople, which, if she shall pass the mountains, will be a place of arms for her troops, and a formidable obstacle on the flank of the Turkish army. In Asia, her successes have been regular and progressive. Paskevitch has advanced with the troops which beat the Persians, has taken some of the strongest places on the south of the Black Sea, and what he has once taken, no Turkish effort has been able to retake. The southern shore of the Black Sea, in its whole length, is open to Russian disembarkation ; and an army of fifty thousand men marched down to Odessa, would keep the entire coast in a state of agitation, probably give an opportunity to the rebellious pachas of Asia to rise, and would, unquestionably, by their landing, make a most formidable addition to the perplexities of the Sultan. The system of the Russian discipline, finance, and influence over the population of the North, is so immeasurably superior to the broken and disorderly polity of the Turk, that if the war be a work of time, victory must fall to the Czar. On the other hand we must remember the daring and sagacious spirit of the Sultan, the fierce bravery of his people, the power of the most warlike superstition on earth, the national abhorrence of the Muscovite, and even the new intrepidity of recent success. A still more powerful element of defence remains, the jealousy or prudence of the great European kingdoms. The possession of Constantinople, by the masters of Moscow and St. Petersburg, would shake the whole European system, by giving, for the time, at least, an exorbitant influence to Russia. England would see in it the threatened conquest of India : France, the complete supremacy of the Levant, and the exposure of her own shores to a Russian fleet on the first hostilities. Spain, though fallen in the scale, must still resist a measure which would lay open her immense sea-line from Barcelona to Cadiz. Austria, alone, might look upon it with some complacency, if she were bribed by the possession of Albania, or the prospect of planting her banners in the Morea. But the aggrandizement of Austria would be resisted by Prussia, and then the whole continent must hear the Russian trumpets as a summons to prepare for universal war.

The possession of Constantinople would be, not merely the mastery of the emporium of Asiatic trade, nor of a great fortress from

which Asia and the East of Europe might be awed ; but it would be an immediate and tremendous instrument of European disturbance by its perpetual transmission of the whole naval strength of Russia into the centre of Europe. The Russian fleet is unimportant, while it is liable to be locked up for half the year in the ice of the North ; or while, to reach the Mediterranean, it must make the circuit of Europe. But if the passage of the Dardanelles were once her own, there is no limit to the force which she might form in the Black Sea, and pour down direct into the Levant. There can be no doubt, that with this occasion for the employment of a naval force, Russia would throw a vast portion of her strength into a naval shape ; and that while the Circassian forests furnished a tree, or the plains, from the Ukraine to Archangel, supplied hemp and tar, fleet upon fleet would be created in the dock-yards of the Crimea, and be poured down in overwhelming numbers into the Mediterranean.

Thus it is impossible that the Czar shall attack Constantinople without involving the world in war, and in that war England must be a principal. The premier's opinion has been distinctly stated on this subject, and so far as we can rely on the fluctuating wisdom of cabinets, it coincides with that of France and Prussia. To arrange more systematically the resistance to the ruin of Turkey, the Duke of Wellington is said to be on the eve of an extensive European tour, in which he will ascertain the dependence to be placed upon the courts, and discover how far the Czar may have learned moderation from his last campaign. But the world is in a feverish state: ambition is reviving ; conspiracy is gathering on the Continent, and the first hour that sees the Russian superiority in the field decisive, will see the great sovereignties remonstrating, arming, and finally rushing, as to a new crusade, but with the sword unsheathed, not for the fall, but for the defence of the turban !

That this will be the ultimate consequence we have no doubt. But the time may not be immediate. We are inclined to think that the French war has not yet been sufficiently forgotten by the states of central Europe to suffer them to run the hazards of collision without the most anxious efforts for its avoidance. There is a general deficiency of money. All the great powers are actually, at this hour, living on *loans*. There is no power in Europe whose revenue is enough for its expenditure. Even here we are borrowing. Our three millions of exchequer bills, issued in the fifteenth year of peace, shows us how little the finance system has sustained our expectations. A war, even for a year, would double our expenditure. On the continent, Rothschild is the true monarch. Every state is in his books, and what must be the confusion, the beggary, and the ultimate bankruptcy of hostilities. The fall of every throne must follow the bankruptcy of every exchequer, and the whole social system be broken up amid revolutionary havoc and individual misery. We believe that the four great powers are so fully convinced of the evil of this tremendous hazard, that they are struggling in every shape of diplomacy to avert the continuance of a war between Turkey and Russia. If they succeed, peace will, in all probability, continue for a few years more ; if they fail, Europe must instantly arm, and a scene of warfare be roused, to which there has been no equal since the fall of the Roman Empire. But no skill of diplomacy, no terror of thrones, and no poverty of nations, can avert the evil beyond a certain time. War will come. We are now treading on the fuel that will be kindled into an irresistible blaze ; empires will be consumed, and the old and accumulated guilt of mankind will be at length revenged !

## THE FORTUNE-HUNTERS : A TALE OF THE SOUTH.

IN the stable-yard of the inn, called the Little Windmill, that we find, on the road leading from Castello to Andalusia, on the confines of the famous country of Alcudia, on a certain day, the hottest of the summer, there encountered, by chance, two youths of from fourteen to fifteen years of age; of a certainty the elder could not be more than seventeen. They were both well-looking, though in a pitiable state. Their habits ragged—broken—torn—and falling in rags. As to cloaks, there was no question of them at all. Their breeches were but coarse canvas; and the skin of their legs served in place of stockings. However, in revenge for that they had shoes—those of the one were of wood, such as are commonly named *alpargates*, and as much worn by dragging as by walking. Those of the other, pierced with a hundred holes, and without soles, appeared less for use than ornament. One wore a tattered green cap, after the hunting fashion—the other, a flat crown with a tremendous brim. The one, who wore a shoulder-belt, had a shirt, the colour of yellow chamois, folded up and thrust into his sleeve. The other came lightly along without any burthen, except that the eye could detect something that swelled out the bosom of the shirt, and afterwards proved a pack of cards wrapped in an old rag. Their faces were burned brown by the sun—their nails long and black—and their hands no whiter. One had a short sword—the other a *couteau de chasse*, with a yellow handle. Both having entered at the same instant to repose under at least a roof that shut out the sunbeams, they sat themselves down on two benches directly opposite to each. The elder began by saying, “May one ask your country, my lad, and what road you travel?”—“I have no country, *Senor Cavalier*,” replied the other; “and I know no more of the road I travel.”—“But, in good truth,” said the first, “you do not look as if you fell from the clouds; and it being an impossibility that you should remain where you are, you must perforce go somewhere else.” “You are right,” returned the second. “However, I have told you nothing but what is; because the place I come from is not mine. I have only a father there who does not acknowledge me for his son, and a step-mother who treats me as a step-child. The road I travel depends on chance; and it will finish wherever I find the necessaries for my existence.”—“Have you any particular talents?” demanded the elder. “None other,” replied the younger, “than to run like a hare, to leap like a doe, and to use the scissors with some dexterity.”—“All very good, useful, and advantageous,” said the first; “for you will easily find some sacristan to make you an offering, on All Saints’ Day, that you may cut him paper ornaments on Holy Thursday.”—“It is not in that way I make use of scissors,” replied the second. “You must know, that by Heaven’s grace, my father being a tailor and gaiter-maker, he taught me to cut out these latter, which, as you know, are but half stockings, with a foot-piece that we call *palaynas*; and so able am I at them, that I might pass for master, but that my evil destiny, which persecutes me unceasingly, has never allowed me to profit by my ability.”—“Honest people are generally the least lucky,” replied the elder; “and I have always heard, ‘a rich head and a poor pocket.’ But you are yet young enough to correct the caprices of fortune. However, if I do not much deceive myself, you have yet some other qualities in secret that you have not manifested to me.”—“It is true,” replied the second, “I have yet

another, but it is not for the public to see, as you yourself have well observed.”—“ Well! I can only assure you that I am the most discreet person in the world; and, to induce you to open your heart to me, I will first discover to you all the folds of mine—for, truly, I think it is not without design that fate has thus thrown us together. As for me, my dear Senor, I am a native of Fuentrida, a well-known spot, and renowned for the illustrious travellers who daily pass through it. My name is Pedro de Bincon. My father is a man of quality, one of the ministers of Santa Cruzada, that is to say, he distributes and carries round the bulls (*church bulls*). I used at times to assist him in his office; and so well did I profit by my practice, that I defy the most experienced of the trade to make more of his bulls than I did of mine. But, one day, feeling more inclination for the bull-mcney than for even the bulls themselves, I took possession of a purse of it, and walked off to Madrid, where, by the aid of the favourable occasions that are there ordinarily to be met with, I cleaned out the entrails of the purse, and left it with more plaits in it than the pocket handkerchief of a bride. He who was accountable for the bull-money ran after me. I was seized. But the judges had some pity for me on account of my youth, and contented themselves with ordering me an iron necklace, a strapping on the shoulders, and banishment from court for four years. I took patience, shrugged up my shoulders, bore the tempest, and left Madrid in such haste that I had not time to take leave of my friends, or bring away my mule. I merely snatched from among my valuables some trifles within reach, and, among them, these cards (pulling them from out his bosom), with which I have gained my livelihood in the inns and wine-houses from Madrid to this by playing at *vingt-un*. Greasy and maltreated as you see them, they have such a virtue for him who understands them, that he needs never cut them without finding an ace below. And however little you may know of this game, you can easily comprehend the advantage of always having an ace, which counts one, or eleven, as you choose; so that, with this card, you are pretty sure to put money in your pocket. Besides, the cook of a certain ambassador has taught me a trick or two to win at *quinola*; so if you are master of the art of gaiter-cutting, also am I of that of cheating the novices; and, for a certainty, I run no risk of starving. Miserable as is this village, I remain in it because I seldom fail an hour of meeting some one who plays a game or two to kill time, and we may have the experience of it presently. Let us spread the net, and see if there will not fall into it some of the muleteers who are within; that is to say, we two must begin as if we were in earnest, and he who comes to make the third shall pay the stakes.”—“ With all my heart,” said the younger: “ I owe you many thanks for recounting to me the incidents of your life, which obliges me not to conceal those of mine—and here they are. My father, the tailor, taught me to cut gaiters; and, from the constant use of scissors, I learned of myself to cut purses. The limits of a village were as displeasing to me as the bad usage of a step-mother. I left my birth-place to work at my profession in Toledo, and acquitted myself there to a miracle. There was no rosary so well-tied, no packet so close shut, that my fingers did not visit, or my scissors divide; and during the four months that I lived there, never was I caught between two doors; never did alguazil run after me; never did stick cross my shoulders. It is true that, about eight days ago, a spy made mention of my abilities to the

governor, who admiring my remarkable talents, desired to have me brought to him ; but I, who am a professor of humility—I am never for any intercourse with those so far above me ; and, not to be troubled with it, I left the city with such dispatch, that I had not time to bring away either watch, or money, or equipage, or valet.”—“ An understood thing,” said Bincon. “ But, as we at present know each other, let us leave off grandeur, and candidly confess that we have neither a dinner nor a pair of shoes between us.”—“ Agreed,” replied Diego Costado, the name of the younger one ; “ be our friendship, Senor de Bincon, eternal ; let us signalize its commencement by a sacred and praiseworthy ceremony :” and, rising, they mutually embraced with expressions of the most profound esteem. They then set themselves to play at *vingt-un*, with the aforesaid dog-eared cards, which abounded as much in grease as in malice ; and, in a few seconds, Costado was no less expert at cutting an ace than was his tutor Bincon. In this moment there stept a muleteer out of the inn, to refresh at the door ; and seeing them play, he asked leave to make a third. They received him with the best grace in the world ; and, in less than half an hour, they won from him twelve reals and twenty-two maravedis, which the muleteer seemed to feel as much as if they had given him twelve stabs of a poignard, and twenty-two thousand curses. The muleteer, believing that the two lads would never dare to defend themselves against him, wanted to force back his money from them ; but the one putting his hand to his short sword, and the other to his couteau de chasse, they would soon have cut him out so much work, that if his comrades had not run to his assistance, he would have had occupation for a week at least. While this was going on, a company of travellers, mounted on mules, who were going to dine at the inn called the *Alcalda*, about a quarter of a mile farther on, passed by chance. The cavaliers, seeing the two youths at cuffs with the muleteer, appeased them, and said, that, if they were for Seville, they might travel along with them. “ We are going there,” said Bincon ; “ and we will serve and obey you, Senors, in all that you may deign to command us ;” and, on the spot, they began to march off a-head of the mules, leaving the muleteer sorrowful and angry, and the hostess, who had overheard all that was said, astonished at the good education of those young vagabonds. Scarcely had she suggested to the muleteer that the cards were false—for she had, unperceived, overheard that also—than he tore his beard, and would have run after them to recover his money, crying that it was an affront which dishonoured him—that two young boys should have thus duped a man like him. His comrades restrained him, and counselled him not to go after them and expose thus his ignorance and simplicity. In fine, though all the reasons they alleged could not console him, they induced him at least to stay where he was. In the mean time, Costado and Bincon applied themselves so studiously to serve the travellers, that these latter took them up behind them for the last half of the way ; and though there offered many different occasions to visit their masters’ valises, they would not make use of them in the fear of losing this agreeable manner of making the journey to Seville, where they longed much to arrive. When they had reached the custom-house, just before the gate of the city, at about night-fall, Costado could no longer refrain from cutting open the valise that a Frenchman carried behind him, and with his couteau de chasse, he gave it such a long and deep wound as shewed its entrails to view, and subtly drew from among them two good

shirts, a mariner's compass, and some tablets—things which certainly would not have been the choice of the two youths, who never could imagine that the Frenchman would burthen himself with his own valise for such miserable contents. They wished to make still a second essay, but they abstained from it, sure that by this time the fact was discovered, and the rest of the luggage placed in security. They had, beforehand, taken leave of those who had fed them by the way ; and, next morning, they sold the shirts for twenty reals in the market which is held beside the Arsenal. After this they walked about through the city, admiring the grandeur and magnificence of the Cathedral, and the great number of persons who lined the river ; for it was the time of loading the fleet. They remarked, above all, the six galleys that were there, nor could help sighing at their view in the fear of that day when they might be conducted on board them for the rest of their lives. They then turned their attention on certain youths who swarmed about the port, and whose trade seemed to consist in carrying in their baskets whatever was given them. Addressing one of them, they inquired of him what was his employment ? did it give much trouble ? and did it bring much money ? The young Asturian, to whom they made this demand, replied, that the business was easy enough, free from all tax or impost ; and that almost every day it brought him five or six reals, with which he filled his stomach as full as a king's ; that he never had to seek a master, or wait for a meal, as the one always found him ready, and he always found the other ready in any of the eating-houses. The two friends thought there was much sense in the Asturian's relation ; and his trade, far from being against their tastes, appeared to them as very proper to assist its execution with more of disguise and surety, as it would give them admittance inside the houses.

On the spot, then, they resolved to purchase all the utensils necessary for it ; and the more willingly, as there was no examination to undergo beforehand. They demanded of the Asturian, then, " what ought they to buy ? " He replied to them, " you want nothing more than two sacks, new or clean, and each of you three hand-baskets, two large and one small, to carry separately, meat, fish, and fruit. One sack is for bread, merely." The Asturian conducted them to where those things were sold—and with the produce of the Frenchman's valise, they bought all that they had occasion for. In less than two hours they had learned so well to bear their sacks and to carry their baskets, that one might have imagined they had taken their degree in their new office. Their conductor pointed out to them the gates where they ought to station themselves every morning—at the meat markets, and at the Place St. Saviour ; on fast days at the fish-market, and the vegetable market ; every evening at the river, and always on Thursday at the fair. This lesson they engraved profoundly in their memories. Next morning they went betimes to the Place St. Saviour, and no sooner did they reach it, than many of the same trade surrounded them ; and judging by the brilliance of their sacks and baskets, that they were new comers, they asked them a thousand questions, to which the others replied discreetly and measuredly.

A sort of student and a soldier at this moment arrived in the square, and, charmed with the cleanliness of the baskets of our new professors, he who appeared to be a student, called Costado, and the soldier Bincon. " Saints be praised ! " exclaimed they both. Then said Bincon to the

soldier, "I cannot but be lucky in the trade, since it is you that handsel me, Senor." The soldier replied to him, "that the handsel would not be bad, because he was full of money and in love, and was that day to give an entertainment to his mistress and her friends."—"Good," said Bincon, "laud me to your fantasy—there is not wanting to me either strength or spirit to carry away the whole market; and, if you choose, I can even help to prepare your entertainment with all good will." The soldier, charmed with the youth's fair manner, said, "that if he would serve him, he would withdraw him from such a wretched occupation." Bincon replied to him, "that this being the first day of his exercising it, he did not wish to give it up so soon, before he had learned its good and bad by experience; but that whenever he was wearied of it, he pledged him his honour that he would serve him in preference to a canon." The soldier laughed, loaded him well, and pointed out his mistress's house to him, that he might know where to go now and in future, without his being obliged to look after him. Bincon promised fidelity and good service, and the soldier gave him three sols. Bincon with one spring was back again in the square, for the Asturian had advised him never to lose time—that so he might never lose occasion; and, also, that when he carried small fish, as anchovies, sardinias, &c., he might fairly set a few aside for himself, but that it must be dexterously done, or they would lose their credit—the base of their profession. Though Bincon was not a minute out of the square, on his return he found Costado at his post, who, approaching, asked of him "how much he had earned?" Bincon opened his hand and showed him the three sols. Costado put his into his breast, and pulled a purse out of it that looked tolerably swelled. "There," said he, "is what his reverence, the student, rewarded me with—two more sols; take them, Bincon, for fear of accidents:" and he slyly slipped the purse on him. In the instant ran the student up, all in a sweat, and pale as death. As soon as he perceived Costado, he demanded of him "if, by chance, he had not seen with him a purse of such and such a fashion, in which were fifteen crowns in gold, three silver doubloons, and as many copper maravedis?" Costado, without changing countenance or colour, replied with the greatest coolness—"All that I know of your purse is, that you would not have lost it if you had taken better care of it."—"Just so: wretched man that I am," replied the student—"but if I had not been among thieves, I had not been robbed."—"So think I, too," said Costado; "but there is a remedy for all things but death—the first you should take is patience. See how much Heaven has left with us. It may be, that some day, he who took your purse will repent of it, and restore it to you with interest."—"We will excuse him the interest," said the student, "for the sake of the principal." Costado continued—"Alas! what excommunications—what monitories—what bulls—and—more useful than all—what vigilance against this crime—and nothing can turn the hearts of its perverted agents. I would not have your purse, Senor, for the world; as you are in holy orders, I should fancy I had committed some sacrilege or blasphemy."—"How—holy orders?" said the student; "not quite yet; though there is sacrilege in the case, sure enough, for the purse contained the dues of a chapel, that a priest, a friend of mine, begged me to secure for him during his absence. So it is blessed and sacred money."—"All the better for him who gets it," returned Bincon, "though I don't envy him his gain; there is a day

of payment. All will be seen through in that hour, and woe to the robber of the church, or church-man. But tell me, Senor, how much may be the revenue of one of those chapels?"—"Have you or have you not seen my purse?" said the student, in a passion—"if not, I will go and have it tolled in the streets."—"Not a bad idea," observed Costado, "but take great care not to forget any of the tokens of the purse, and the exact quantity of the money it contained; for if you make the mistake of one real, never will you set your eyes on it while you live, I can assure you."—"There is no fear on that score," replied the student, "I never forget a sol." He drew from his pocket a silk handkerchief to wipe away the perspiration which stood in great drops on his face; and Costado no sooner cast his eyes on it, than he set it down as his own. The student departed; Costado followed him, and having come up with him on the steps, took him aside, and repeated to him such an overflow of verbiage on the loss of his purse, and the means of recovering it, that the poor student was in the clouds, requiring the same thing to be said a dozen times over: all the while Costado and he looking each other stedfastly in the face—of the which bewilderment of the student, Costado profited so well, as to finish his work by adroitly stealing the silk handkerchief out of his pocket. On quitting him, the youth appointed to meet him on the same spot that evening, having strong suspicion, he said, of a lad of about his own appearance, who stood in the market, and had somewhat the reputation of being a pickpocket, and that he would force him to give back the purse if he had stolen it. This assurance more or less consoled the student, who took leave of Costado, whom Bincon now joined, having seen aside the whole of what passed. A young man of the same trade, who stood a little distant, had also been a spectator of it; and when Costado had given the handkerchief to Bincon, approaching them, he said—"Senor, are you of the company or not?"—"We do not comprehend you, Senor," replied Bincon. "Are we not comrades, Senors of Murcia?" returned the other—"We are neither of Thebes nor of Murcia," said Costado; "if thou hast aught to say to us, say it at once—if not, go to your own place."—"You understand me not," replied the youth, "but it will be your own fault if you do not, and your loss, likewise. I ask of you, Senors, if you are not thieves? But need I ask, when I know you are—tell me, have not you been to the custom-house of the Senor Monopadis?"—"Do they pay dues in this town, then, for leave to thieve, gallant Senor?" said Bincon.—"If they do not pay dues," replied the lad, "at least it is necessary that all pickpockets register themselves with Senor Monopadis, who is their father, their master, and their refuge. It is for this reason that I counsel you to come with me to swear allegiance to him; for if you are bold enough to thieve without serving under his standard, it may cost you dear."—"I have always," said Costado, "considered thieving to be a free trade, without tax or imposition—and that if one did pay, it was once for all; but as it is not so here, and that each town has its own customs, we shall not be the first to alter those of this city, which, as being one of the first in the world, must, without doubt, have also the best usages: so we will accompany you to the dwelling of this cavalier who, from all I have heard of him, must be a man of consideration, ability, generosity, and expertness in his profession."—"You may well say all that," replied the other, "for these four years past that he has



been at the head of us, there are but four of us have gone *in bus*, but thirty on their travels, and only sixty-two have been paired."—"Of a truth," said Bincon, "we know as much of what you mean as we do of flying."—"March," said the guide—"I will explain by the way; it is as necessary for you to learn as to eat:" and he gave them the explication of many terms that they named *German*; and as the way was long, there was plenty of time to enlighten them. Bincon then said to his conductor, "Senor, may one take the liberty of asking if you are not also a thief?"—"Yes," replied he, "to serve Heaven and honest folks; I am not, however, one of the most skilful beings as yet in the year of noviciate."—"By my faith," replied Costado to him, "it is a thing which I had yet to learn, that there are thieves in the world to serve Heaven and honest folks."—"Senor," returned the novice, "I am not learned in theology; all that I know is that every man may serve Heaven in his profession; for Senor Monopadis gives this order to all his disciples."—"Of a certainty," said Bincon; "it is a saintly company where they all so serve."—"The Senor Monopadis," continued the youth, "has furthermore prescribed that we should give a certain portion of all we steal, for oil for the holy lamp, that burns before the sacred image here: and, of a truth, we have seen miracles occur from this good work. A few days ago, they gave three turns to a quarterer, who had decoyed two nightingales; and though he was very weak and had a tertian fever, he bore all without finching—just as if it had been a mere nothing. We attributed this miracle to the holy lamp, for his own strength would never have done it. As I see you are about to ask me the explanation of all this, I will give it you without praying:—know, then, that a quarterer is a sheep-stealer; turn—is the torture, and nightingale is an ass: we have plenty more of these sayings, which we repeat as a catechism once a week; there are some of us who won't steal of a Friday or Saturday, and we never go near a woman called Mary."—"All that appears to me magnanimous," said Costado; "but tell me—do you never make any restitution, or perform any other penance than those you speak of?"—"As to restitution, that is out of the question, because the plunder is divided into too many shares—the judge's and the lawyer's portion not to be forgotten; but as we never confess, it is of no consequence. And as to excommunications—by always avoiding the churches at these seasons, we never fear them. It is only in the carnivals and fetes we go, when we find our account in the throng."—"So, then, what with alms and offerings, and the other devotions you use," said Costado, "you fancy that your life is holy and discreet."—"Well, what harm do you see in it?" replied the young man, "is it not better to be a thief than a renegade, or a heretic, or to kill one's father or mother?"—"A difficult point," said Costado, "but though I don't find your calling as innocent as you do, nevertheless, lead on a little faster, as destiny will have it that we enter into your honourable company. I long, truly, to see this Senor Monopadis, of whom report speaks such brave things."—"You will soon be satisfied," said the guide—"you are at the house now; wait both of you before the gate while I go and see if he is visible, for it is the hour in which he gives audience."—"Audience!" said Bincon, "good, by my faith!" The lad went on and entered a house of very ill appearance, while the other two remained outside; their conductor returned in a second, called them in, and made them wait in a tolerably clean looking

court, paved with brick, and washed with bullock's blood, till one might have brushed carmine off it. On one side was a bench, and on the other a water-jug with a broken mouth. A little mug, as infirm as the jar, in another place. An old mat, and a pot of ointment. Our two youths attentively regarded all around them while awaiting the Senor Monopadis; and as he was not forthcoming immediately, Bincon had the hardihood to enter a small room that led from the court. He perceived in it two foils and two bucklers of cork hanging up on four nails—a large chest without top or cover of any kind, and three old mats spread on the ground. On the wall, directly opposite the door, was stuck up a coarse image of Our Lady—and a little below it hung a palm-basket, and a small earthen pot, which led Bincon to conclude that the basket served to receive alms, and the earthen pot to hold holy water—wherein he was not deceived. During this time, two young men, of about twenty-two each, in the habit of scholars, entered the court. Shortly afterwards, two porters, and a blind man, followed; and, without speaking a word, they began walking about. Two old men, clothed in black stuff, appeared next, each with a long rosary in his hand. A withered hag succeeded these; and making straight toward the little hall, she sprinkled herself with holy water, devoutly kneeled down before the image, and, after a certain interval, and having three times kissed the ground, and as many times lifted her hands and eyes to heaven, she arose, put her alms into the basket, and mingled with the rest in the court. In fine, in less than half an hour, as many as fourteen persons, of different habits and different trades, were there assembled. Two young men, well made, and stout made, with great mustachios, broad-brimmed hats, Flemish cravats, red stockings, and shewy garters, long swords, and pistols in the guise of daggers stuck in their belts, entered the last; and casting a glance on Bincon and Costado, as strangers, they came straight towards them, and demanded if they were of their fraternity. Bincon replied yes; and their Senor's very humble servants. While this was going on, the Senor Monopadis descended—as anxiously expected, as he was respected by this honourable company. He appeared to be a man of from forty-five to fifty years of age, of tall stature, a sunburnt complexion, bushy eyebrows that joined, black and full beard, and deep-sunk eyes. He descended in his shirt, over which he wore a frize cloak, that came down to his feet, on which he had an old pair of slippered shoes. His legs were covered by great wide trowsers, reaching to the instep. His chimney-crowned hat had immense wings. A leather thong passed over his shoulder, and across his breast, sustained a stout short sword. His hands were hairy—his fingers short and thick—the nails long and hooked. His legs were not visible; but his monstrous feet were full of corns and horns—the whole personage presenting an assemblage the most rude, barbarous, and deformed, that the world might produce. The conductor of our two youths came down stairs with him; and taking them by the hand, presented them to Monopadis, saying, “Here are the two amiable young Senors of whom I had the honour to speak to your worship. Senor Monopadis, have the goodness to examine them, and you will see that they are worthy of entering into our congregation.” —“I shall do so with pleasure,” replied Monopadis. I omitted to say, that when Monopadis descended, the whole of the assembly made him a profound and ample reverence, excepting the two bravos, who, with the air of *petits-mâîtres*, just touched their hats, and continued their parade

at one side of the court, while he walked up and down at the other. Monopadis demanded of our youths their trade, their father, and their province? Bincon answered, "For our trade, our being here tells it to you. As to our fathers, and our province, it does not strike me that there is any necessity for speaking of them, as there is no question at present of proofs for entering into an order of knight-errantry."—"You say true, my child," replied Monopadis; "it is just as well to keep one's self incog.; for if fortune should be unfavourable, it is not agreeable that there should be set down in the jail-book, as the sentence, such a one, son of such a one, of such a place, has been hanged, or whipped, &c. Thus you will do well, I repeat, to conceal your name and birth-place from others, though with us there should be no concealment. However, at present, the knowledge of your names will suffice to me."—Bincon and Costado gave them. "For the future," said Monopadis, "I will that ye be called Binconet and Costadillo; two names just moulded for your years. As to your parents' names, we shall learn them in time, for we consider it a duty every year to order a certain number of masses for the souls of our relations and benefactors deceased—withdrawing, for the remuneration of those who say them, a certain portion from the booty we win; such masses being held to be of great efficacy both for the dead and living: and we count as our benefactors the lawyer who defends us—the alguazil who forewarns us—the officer who has mercy for us—and when we fly through the street, followed by 'stop, thief!' puts himself right in the way, saying, 'let him go, he is bad enough to be no better; his own crime will be his worst punishment.' We count, also, as benefactors, those poor young women who help to comfort us in the prisons, as in the galleys—and as benefactors the father and mother that brought us into the world. For all those of whom I make mention, our fraternity keeps every year a religious anniversary, with the greatest solemnity that is possible."—"Certainly," said Bincon, "all that is the fruit of the great and grand genius that, as we have heard said, the whole world acknowledges the Senor Monopadis to possess. Our fathers are yet alive, but if they die before us, we shall not fail, Senor, to inform the fraternity of it in time to secure their prayers against the grand anniversary, as you call it."—"So be it," said Monopadis. Then, calling the spy, he said to him, "Ganchuelo, are the posts sentineled?"—"Yes," replied Ganchuelo, "there are three sentinels round us; no fear that we shall let ourselves be surprised."—"But to return to our subject," continued Monopadis, "I should wish to learn, my children, of what you are capable, that so I may distribute to you employs suited to your inclinations and capacities?"—"For me," answered Bincon, "I know a little how to amuse the clowns. I can overhear the gander—I can see smoke a mile off; whatever I once get hold of, I don't readily quit; and I can give a hard blow rather than pay a debt."—"Very fair beginnings," said Monopadis, "though they are but old tricks, known of all novices; but in time we shall see that on these foundations, and a half dozen of good lessons, you will turn out an able companion, and, perhaps, a good master."—"All that I know, or shall know, will be ever at the service of you, Senor, and these honourable gentlemen," replied Bincon.—"And you, Costado, what dost know?" demanded Monopadis. "Me, Senor," replied Costado, "I know the rule to count two, and carry five; and I can sound a purse with skill."—"Know you no more than that?" said Monopadis.—

“ No, Senor, for my sins,” replied Costada.—“ Afflict not yourself, my child,” resumed Monopadis, “ you are now arrived in port, and you may reap from our school all the advantages that you can desire. Well, how go your hearts, my boys?”—“ How would you have them go?” replied Bincon; “ here we are, ready to undertake all that touches our trade and exercise.”—“ It is very well,” said Monopadis, “ but I would that ye had also the courage to suffer, if necessary, a half dozen turns without flinching or speaking.”—“ We have already heard of your *turns*,” replied Bincon, “ and we have as much courage as our neighbours; neither are we so ignorant as not to know that the neck often pays the slips of the tongue, and that *no* is shorter by a letter than *yes*.”—“ There is no need of more,” interrupted Monopadis; “ this sole argument induceth me—obligeth me—constraineth me, as it were, to admit you on the instant as members of the first class—and thus to discharge ye from your year of noviciate.”—“ I am of the same advice,” said one of the bravos. All those who were of the assembly, and had heard the replies of the two novices, approved of the favour that was shown to them, and prayed of Monopadis that they should, from the moment, enjoy the full privileges of the fraternity, of which their good appearance and ready wit rendered them worthy. He replied that in consideration for those who asked, their request was granted—informing the two youths that they were to look on this as a favour extraordinary, because these privileges consisted in not paying the half of their plunder, nor exercising the lowest employs for the noviciate year; that is, not to carry provision to a brother in prison, but to give entertainment where, how, and when it seemeth good to them, without leave from the inspector;—to enter into instant partition of the plunder of the principals, as one of them, and to enjoy a number of other prerogatives, considered as a singular grace; and for which they returned ample thanks.

While this scene passed, there came in a little boy running and out of breath, who said to them “ that the alguazil of the vagabonds was making straight towards that house, but without any followers after him.”—“ Let no one be alarmed,” said Monopadis, “ it is a friend of ours, who never comes here for evil: recover yourselves, I go to speak to him.” They did, for they were a little moved; and Monopadis went out at the gate, and there found the alguazil, with whom he had a moment’s conversation; and, as soon as he re-entered, inquired “ to whom had fallen on that day the square of St. Laurent?”—“ To me,” said the conductor of Bincon, and his comrade.—“ How! and thou hast not given me part of an embroidered purse, which made shipwreck in that quarter this morning, containing fifteen crowns in gold, two reals in small silver, and I know not how much in copper?”—“ It is true,” returned the lad, “ that this purse has been stolen to-day—but I did not take it, nor can I imagine who did.”—“ No humbugging me, if you please,” said Monopadis, “ the purse must be forthcoming, because the alguazil requires it, and he is one of our friends, and a very useful friend.” The lad began again to swear that he was ignorant of what had become of it. Monopadis flew into a passion in such sort that fire seemed to strike from his eyes—while he cried out, “ Who dares to mock at Monopadis? who is so hardy as to hesitate to obey his command? Be his life the sacrifice. The purse, I say—produce the purse.” The lad swore a thousand oaths, and gave himself a thousand curses “ if he had either seen, taken, or knew aught of the purse.” It but the more irritated

Monopadis, and disturbed the company, to see their statutes and regulations thus infringed. Bincon, at last, finding the tumult increase, thought it behoved him to allay it—and after a whisper with Costado, drew forth the student's purse—"My comrade Costado," said he, "possessed himself of this, cunningly, to-day, with the handkerchief to boot, from the same person." The storm ceased—Monopadis, enchanted, desired him to keep the handkerchief, and restore the purse—"for the alguazil must have it, as it belonged to a kinsman of his, and the worthy alguazil remits more to us in a day than we do to him in a year." All, with one accord, admitted the nobleness and liberality of the two new comers, and the surname of "good" was bestowed on Costado, as it had been on Don Alonzo Perez de Gusman, surnamed the good, for having thrown over the walls of Tarifa the knife with which he had just served himself to cut the throat of his own son. Monopadis, on returning, was followed by two young girls, highly painted, their lips well reddened, their necks well whitened—mantillas thrown lightly over their shoulders—their air gay—and assured enough, to give authentic proof to the two novices that they were free of the house. They rushed in with open arms, and one flung hers round Chiquisnaque, the other round Maniferro, the names of the two bravos above mentioned. Maniferro bore this name on account of the iron hand with which he had replaced that he had been deprived of by justice. The bravos returned the embrace with joy, and demanded of the young women if they had brought wherewithal to wet their lips. "Never think we could forget it: Silvatillo is coming with a basket of whatever it please Heaven to send." And effectively there appeared at the instant a boy with a wash-basket, wound with a bed sheet.\* The arrival of Silvio restored all the company to good humour; and then Monopadis had one of the mats brought from the hall and spread in the court, and ordered that every one should sit round, that so in eating and drinking they might talk of their affairs. Upon this, the old woman, who had paid her devotions to the image of the Virgin, said, "My son Monopadis, I am not come here to enjoy myself—it is some days since I have had such an illness in my head as almost to turn it: and besides, before it be noon, I must make my accustomed devotions, and light the tapers at our lady of the waters, and the holy crucifix of St. Augustin, in the which I may not fail if it rained cats and dogs. Why I am here is because last night the Renegade and Cantopio brought to my house a wash-basket, somewhat larger than that before us, filled with linen, which, as Heaven is my judge, had yet the suds in it—the poor lads not having allowed themselves time to throw it out. If you had seen how the drops stood on their faces as they ran into me, looking like angels! They told me they were hastening after a shepherd who was taking his sheep to the butchers, and it would go hard with them if they did not come in for a good share of the money he was to carry home on him—so they never emptied the basket, nor even counted the pieces, trusting, as well they might, to my good conscience. Heaven be gracious, and deliver us all from justice, as I tell you the plain truth, when I protest that I have not once touched the basket, and that it is just as it was the minute it set

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\* Formerly the washing was done in little baskets in Spain—few of either men or women having, in general, more than two shirts or shifts—and the rest of their linen in proportion. Every Saturday this washing took place—and the fashion is not yet quite extinct.

foot in my house.”—“ We have no doubt of it,” replied Monopadis, “ that the basket is in its natural state. I will stand between dog and wolf and examine its inside, and divide its contents among the community with all fair consideration.”—“ Just as it please you, my son,” replied the old woman ; “ it grows late, give me a cup, if you have it, to fortify my stomach, which is always weak.”—“ Good Lord ! what a swallow you have, old mother,” cried Esculante, the comrade of Gamenciosa. Then, removing the basket, they drew out a leathern barrel that might hold about three-and-twenty bottles of wine, and a flagon that could contain at least a quart. Esculante took the flagon, and gave it to the old devotee, who, seizing it with both hands, after having blown away the froth, said, “ There is plenty here, daughter Esculante—but Heaven gives strength enough for all,” and applying the flagon to her mouth, at one draught, never even stopping to draw breath, she passed the whole of it into her stomach, exclaiming, “ It is the wine of Guadalcanat, and not bad either. Heaven comfort thee, my girl, as thou hast comforted me. I fear, nevertheless, that it may do me evil, as I am yet fasting.”—“ Fear nothing, good mother,” replied Monopadis, “ the wine is old.”—“ I hope the kind Virgin will grant me this grace,” replied the old devotee ; “ try, dear daughters, if ye have not, by good luck, some money to give me to buy tapers. I came here in such haste to bring ye all news of the basket, that I forgot my pocket at home ?”—“ Aye, I have some, Dame Pipota,” (it was the hag’s name), replied Gamenciosa, “ take these two sols to buy a taper, and put in my name before Senor St. Michael—and if you can get two for them, offer the other to Senor St. Blaise—those are my two patrons. I should wish much that you could put a third before Senora St. Lucia, for whom I have a great respect, on account of her curing of eyes, but I have no more money now—another time I expect to be able to satisfy my wish.”—“ You will do well, my child—be not stingy—consider that it is better to make friends of the saints before death, than trust to our heirs and executors to do it afterwards for us.”—“ Mother Pipota speaks well,” said Esculante, and putting her hand to her pocket, gave her a sol, begging her to put two other tapers before such saints as she thought might be most serviceable and grateful. Pipota promised, saying, “ Enjoy yourselves, my children, now that you may—age will come, and you will then weep the youthful moments you have thrown away, as I do now daily. Recommend me, all of you, to Heaven in your prayers, as I am going to do you and myself—and that he may save and keep us in our trade, from the unforeseen hand of justice,”—and thus saying, she went away. No sooner was she departed than the fraternity seated themselves round the mat, on which Gamenciosa spread the bed sheet for a table cloth. The first thing she drew from the basket was a large bunch of radishes, somewhere near to two dozens of oranges and lemons, and a great dish of stock-fish cut in slices. She afterwards exhibited the half of a Holland cheese, a pot of the finest olives, a dish of tripe, a quantity of lobsters, seasoned with capers, and swimming in a sauce of Indian red pepper, and three great loaves of white bread. Those to breakfast were to the number of fourteen, and each of them pulled out a yellow handled knife, except Bincon, who produced his short sword. The two ancients in black; and the young spy, had the flagon new filled given between them. Scarcely had this joyous company began to fall on the oranges, than they were surprised by a knocking at the gate. Monopadis

desired that they should remain quiet; and going into the little hall, he took down a buckler, and having his sword in his hand, he approached to the gate, demanding, in a hoarse and fearful tone, who was there? "It is I, Senor Monopadis," was replied from without, "there is no one else; I am Faganto, the sentinel of the day, and run to tell you that Juanna Cariharte is coming along the street all torn and crying, as if something had happened to her." She came up at the moment. Monopadis hearing her, opened the gate, and ordered Faganto to return to his post, and henceforth to give his notice without making such an outcry. He promised obedience, and Cariharte entered. It was a young woman of the same style as the others: her hair was loose—her face was marked with blows—and no sooner did she enter the court than down she dropt in a fit. Esculante and Gamenciosa went to her assistance, and having unlaced her boddice, found her all black and blue with blows. They threw water in her face, upon which, returning to herself, she cried out aloud, "May the justice of Heaven and the king fall upon the villain—the robber—the thief of a pickpocket—the miserable coward, that I have saved from the whip as many times as he has hairs on his chin. Wretch that I am—see for what I have lost, and past the flower of my youth and of my tender years: for a scoundrel—a cheat—an assassin—a good-for-nothing!"—"Tranquillize thee, Cariharte," said Monopadis to her "I am here to render thee justice—tell us the wrongs that have been done thee—thou shalt be longer in recounting them than I in revenging them. Who has failed in respect to thee? If thou wilt have vengeance there is no need to call twice for it."—"Respect," replied Cariharte, "there would be more respect for me in hell than with that coward who acts the lion among lambs—and the lamb among men. I, to drink, eat, live, with such a vagabond—sooner would I throw myself to the dogs, than stay to be used in this manner, you shall see." So saying, she lifted her coats to the knee, discovering the marks of the whip that had been laid on her, "There," exclaimed she, "see there how that ungrateful Repolido has treated me—he who owes more to me than the mother who bore him. And would you guess why he did it? I dare say you think he had at least some cause, though ever so little; devil a bit, as you shall hear:—all this is because having lost at play, he sends Cabrillos, his boy, to ask me for thirty reals, and I had only twenty-five to give him. Heaven knows, and I hope it will keep count of the labour and pain I had to get them. In revenge for my civility and trust in him, fancying that I hid from him some of what he chose to imagine I had gained, he led me this morning behind the royal garden, and there, among the olives, without rhyme or reason—and may the same send him to the galleys—he whips off my gown—and gives me such a flogging with his leather belt, that he left me for dead—in witness of which you see the marks." She then recommenced crying and demanding justice, which Monopadis forthwith promised her, as did also the two bravos who were listening. Gamenciosa took her by the hand to console her, saying that she would give the last jewel she possessed that the same thing might happen between her and her husband—"for you must know, sister Cariharte," added she, "if you do not already know it, that who loveth well chasteneth well. When these wretches thump, flog, and kick us about, it is then they are fondest of us. Tell me, in conscience, after Repolido had thus flogged and bruised thee, did he not offer to give thee a kiss?"

“How! a kiss,” replied the mourner, “a hundred thousand an’ I had let him. I could have had a finger off his hand from him if I would have gone home with him:—and I really think, of a truth, that the tears came in his eyes, as soon as he saw what he had done.”—“Devil take him—no doubt,” replied Gamenciosa, “that he was ready to cry for having been so hasty—such men as he have no sooner committed the fault than they repent of it. Thou wilt see, sister, that ere we part, he comes looking for thee, and asking pardon for the past, as gentle as a lamb.”—“Of a certainty,” said Monopadis, “the miserable wretch shall not enter in at that gate if he does not show a penitence proportioned to his crime. To have laid such hands on Cariharte, who might compare with even Gamenciosa, for gentility and propriety!”—“Alas, Senor Monopadis,” returned Cariharte, still crying, “don’t threaten poor Repolido; bad as he is, I love him better than I do my own limbs. The good reasons that Gamenciosa has given in his favour, have so changed my opinion, that, in truth, I feel half inclined to go and see what is become of the creature.”—“No—that thou shalt not, by my counsel,” returned Gamenciosa. “He would think you worth nothing if you were to make yourself too cheap. Have a little patience, sister; you will soon see, as I have said, that he comes in penitence; and, if he does not come, we will write him some verses that will set him mad.”—“Aye, truly,” said Cariharte; “I can say a thousand things to vex him.”—“And I will be the poet,” said Monopadis; “for, though I am no wit, I could make a hundred verses while you would be reading them; and if they are not good, there is a barber, a friend of mine, a famous genius, who will mend them: so now, as all else is finished, let the breakfast be finished.” Cariharte was contented to obey the chief, so every one resumed his occupation; and, in a minute, you could have seen the bottom of the basket, and the dregs of the leather wine barrel. The old people drank without end; the youths did the same; and the women imitated them. The two ancients then demanded leave to depart, which was acceded to by Monopadis, who recommended their coming, with the required punctuality, to give account of all that might be of profit or use for the interests of the fraternity. They had nothing more at heart, they said, as they went away. Bincon, who was naturally inquisitive, having obtained permission to speak, inquired of Monopadis, of what use to the company were those two silent personages? Monopadis replied, that such persons were, in their dialect, called drones, and their employment consisting in perambulating the city by day to find out what dwelling was fit to enter by night—to follow those who received sums at the public offices—to mark where they resided—to observe the most probable way to get at it, &c. &c.; in short, they were a species of pointers, of great necessity to the company, and who received a fifth of all secured through their intelligence, just as the king did from all mines and treasures—that, otherwise, they were men of honest and good life and reputation, dwelling in the fear of God and their consciences, and every day attending mass with sincere devotion. “Among them, for we have several besides those just gone, are two who adopt the trade of porters, by the which they make many changes of furnitures, &c. in the houses they carry a worse thing into, and take a better out; and, by it, also, they learn to know those which are worth entering, and which are not.”—“All that is surprising,” said Bincon. “I hope I may ever be of such



advantage to this worthy commodity.”—“Heaven encourage goodness,” said Monopadis. As they thus discoursed, some one called at the gate. Monopadis went to it, to ask who was there. A voice replied, “Open, Senor Monopadis; it is Repolido.” As soon as Cariharte heard this, she called out aloud, “No—don’t open, Senor Monopadis—don’t open to that sailor of Tarpeya—to that tiger of Olagno.” Monopadis, notwithstanding, opened the gate; the which Cariharte seeing, she rose up, ran into the Hall of Bucklers, and having dashed the door after her, cried out from within, “Away, away from me, with your pleasant countenance, you murderer of the innocent, you bugbear of the dove.” Maniferro and Chiquisnaque restrained Repolido, who would absolutely enter where Cariharte was, when they would not allow him. “Very well, my good girl,” said he; “don’t vex yourself any longer; good day, and I hope to hear yet of your being well married.”—“Married! you malignant devil you,” replied Cariharte. “I hope to be hanged first; though you’d give your eyes it was to yourself, that you would. But I’d rather be the bride of a skeleton out of the grave.”—“Have done, fool,” replied Repolido, “have done; it is already late, and you had better not wait to be prayed to, for fear that I may not wait to pray. I speak to you quietly now; but if I once get into a passion, this morning was play to it. Hear reason, and don’t let us give a dinner to the evil one.”—“That I would, and a supper to boot, if he would but carry thee off to where my eyes might never light on thee.”—“I tell thee,” replied Repolido, “that, as Heaven’s my hearer, if I am obliged to have recourse to Don Strap, you shall have it by the dozen, gratis.” Monopadis interrupted him with—“No one should talk of being driven to such excess in my presence. Cariharte will come forward—not through fear of you, but regard for me; and it will be as it ought—the quarrels of lovers are but the renewal of love. Juanna, my dear daughter, come out for my sake, that so Repolido may ask pardon of thee on his knees.”—“Provided he promises that,” said Esculante, “we will all join for him in praying Cariharte to open the door.”—“If it was to be looked on as a submission to the contempt of the one who made it,” said Repolido, “I would not do it for an army of Swiss; but if it is to give pleasure to Cariharte, I am ready to knock a nail into my forehead.” Chiquisnaque and Maniferro burst out laughing, which so angered Repolido, imagining that they mocked at him, that, with an air of anger, he exclaimed, “Whoso laughs, or is inclined to laugh at any thing Cariharte has said, or may say, against me—or at any thing I have said, or may say, against her, is a liar—aye, and will be a liar every time that he laughs, as I already said.” The two bravos regarded Repolido then with such a sullen look, that Monopadis saw well there would be a storm if he did not turn it off—for which reason, putting himself between them, he said, “Senors, let this end here; and let no such other words pass your mouths: those that have been spoken, as they have gone in at one ear, have also gone out at the other, they belong to nobody.”—“Not to us, at least,” said Chiquisnaque; “such impertinences durst never have been meant for us; if they had—” “I say again,” said Repolido, “that whoso diverts himself at our expence, lies: if any one chuses to gainsay me, he has only to follow me, and he shall have striking conviction of what I advance;” and, so saying, he moved a step towards the gate. Cariharte, who overheard all, no sooner found him about to go, than out she came, exclaiming, “Don’t let him

stir—don't you see he is in a passion—and then he's as brave as Judas Macaret.\* Return, Don Haughty—my precious;” and she flung her arms round his neck, while Monopadis seized him by the cloak to stop his departure. The bravos, not certain whether they ought, or ought not, to be in a passion, awaited quietly to see what Repolido intended, who, finding himself thus entreated by Cariharte and Monopadis, turned to them, saying, “ Friends should never vex friends, or mock at them when they saw that they did not understand the jest.”—“ There is here no friend,” replied Maniferro, “ who wishes to vex or jest at his friend ; and, as we are all friends, let us shake hands upon it.”—“ Gentlemen,” said Monopadis, “ you speak as friends should ;” and they all shook hands with each other. Esculante then took off one of her shoes, turned it, and touched it on the in-sole, in the manner and tone of a tambourine. Gamenciosa seized upon a palm broom, which lay near by accident, and, in scraping it along, contrived from it a sound, that, though harsh and rude, accorded perfectly with the shoe tambourine. Monopadis broke an earthen platter ; and, from two morsels of it that he struck one against the other, there resulted a *contre-point* in unison with the shoe and the brush. The two novices were utterly astonished at the invention of the broom which they had never before seen ; and Maniferro, observing their surprise, said to them, “ I see our concert amuses you. Never music was so promptly invented, executed so easily, or at a cheaper expense, since the world was a world : indeed, it is but a day or two ago, that I heard a scholar declare, that neither Morpheus, who drew his mistress from hell ; nor Marion, who rode about the sea on a dolphin, just as if it was a kind mule ; nor that other great musician, who built a city with a thousand gates, ever invented a sort of music so agreeable to hear, so quick to learn, so easy to play, and with so little of making ; and yet the inventor is a very young man of this city, I hear, who, however, is quite a Hector in music.”—“ I can believe it,” said Bincon, ready to laugh outright ; “ but let us listen. It seems to me that Gamenciosa is going to sing, for she smiles.” Monopadis had begged the two young women to sing a *seguidella*. Esculante began first, and, in a sharp and cracked tone, gave the following verse :—

“ ‘ Oh, take me to the Prado!  
Is all my new Montilla's cry ;  
‘ Oh, take me to the Prado,  
Nor hide me thus from ev'ry eye!’ ”

Gamenciosa then took it up, and sung—

“ Oh, buy me, buy me, buy me,  
A pair of amber ear-rings small ;  
Oh, try me, try me, try me,  
And I'll become you best of all.”

Monopadis, hemming his voice as clear as he might, resumed the strain with allusive gallantry, and continued thus :—

“ Two hearts that have been fighting,  
When once the silly quarrel ends,  
In the new peace delighting,  
Become the better friends.”

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\* Maccabeus.

Cariharte, not wishing to pass over in silence the pleasure she felt from the return and repentance of her lover, took off her shoe likewise, and, beating it in time, she accompanied the others, singing—

“ We ne’er should lay the stick, love,  
Upon the beauty we adore ;  
In her ourselves we strike, love—  
Then, dearest, strike thyself no more.”

“ Agreed ;” replied Repolido, “ so no more of it. The past is past. Let us take a new theme, and have done with the old.” They had no notion, however, of so soon having done with their couplets, when they heard a thundering knock at the gate. Monopadis went forthwith to see who was there ; and the sentinel told him that, at the end of the street, there appeared the *alcalde* of justice, and before him Tordillo and Cornicola, the under *alguazils*. Those within, hearing this advice, were so troubled at it, that Cariharte and Esculante shoved on their shoes wrong side out—Gamenciosa flung down her broom—Monopadis his bits of platter—and the whole orchestra, dumb through fear, rested in profound silence—Chiquisnaque lost his sight—Repolido fainted—Maniferro sprang up the wall to escape into the next street. Never sudden shot more terrified a flock of pigeons, than did the news of the *alcalde*’s apparition this assembly of honest folks. The two novices, not knowing what part to take, stood quite quiet, awaiting the result of the hurricane, which subsided at the second report of the sentinel, that the *alcalde* had passed on without betraying any suspicion. As the youth gave this information, a young coxcomb of a cavalier came up. Monopadis brought him in with him to the little hall, and calling “ Chiquisnaque—Maniferro, and Repolido,” desired all the others to stay where they were. Bincon and Costado got so near as to hear the conversation with the new comer. The latter asked Monopadis “ why he had so ill executed his orders ?” Monopadis replied “ he was ignorant how it had been done, but that he who was charged with the affair was on the spot to answer in person.” Chiquisnaque then came forward, and Monopadis demanded of him “ if he had not done as he was ordered about the *picado*\* of the fourteen points ?”—“ What !” exclaimed the bravo, “ the *picado* for the little merchant of the cross-way ?”—“ The very same,” replied the cavalier. “ What passed on that occasion, you shall hear,” returned the bravo. “ I waited him from dusk at his own door ; he arrived just a little before night. I looked in his face, and saw it so small, that it was the impossible of impossibilities to grave there the fourteen pointed *picado* ; and so—not to fail my destruction—” “ Instruction,” said the cavalier.—“ Just so,” continued the bravo. “ Well, finding I could do nothing with such a scrap of visage as the master’s, I printed the fourteen points on the servant’s, which was full large for my purpose.”—“ I had much rather,” returned the cavalier, “ that you had given even seven pinks to the master, than fourteen to the man ; it was not acting honourably by me ; but, no matter, I shall not forget the thirty ducats you got as a whet.” And so saying, he turned to go away ; Monopadis catching him by the cloak, said to him, “ Stop, *Senor*, if you please, and keep your word with us, as we have loyally kept ours with you ; there are still due to

\* *Picase*, to pink.

us twenty ducats, and you do not stir from this till you either give them, or a pledge for them.”—“What! you call it keeping one’s word,” said the cavalier, “to give the pinking to the valet, that was ordered for the master?”—“Well, and is it not nearly the same thing?” replied the bravo. “According to the old adage—‘love me, love my dog.’”—“And what has this proverb to say to the affair in question?” resumed the cavalier.—“Why, it is as much as to say, ‘hate my dog, hate me,’” continued the bravo.—“The valet is the dog, and your hatred is thus shown for the master. So, as that settles your debt, you must now settle ours, without more words.”—“Chiquisnaque speaks like an oracle,” said Monopadis; “so, my good Senor, there is no use in attempting to trick your friends. Pay at once what is done—and if you would give the master as much as his face will hold, fancy him under the barber’s hands already.”—“If I was sure of this,” replied the cavalier, “I would pay willingly.”—“Be as sure of it as that you are a Christian,” said Monopadis, “Chiquisnaque shall set his mark so well, that it will look as if he was born with it.”—“Well,” replied the cavalier, “on that promise, here is a golden chain I will leave you as a pledge for the twenty ducats due, and the forty for the *picado* to come. It weighs a thousand reals, and, probably, it may remain with you entirely; for I foresee that I shall require another fourteen point *picado* before many days.”—Undoing a chain which went several times round his neck, he handed it to Monopadis, who, by the touch and weight, knew at once it was of no composition; and, thanking him with much ceremony for it, he charged the bravo “not to be later than that same night in the execution of his office.” The cavalier then went off, well satisfied; and Monopadis, calling all his company about him, drew from the hood of his cloak some tablets which, not knowing how to read, any more than the rest of the fraternity present, he begged of Bincon to do it for him. The youth, opening the first half, read—

“*List of Picadoes, to be given this week :*

“First, to the merchant of the crossway, price 60 dollars:—Received on account, 30.—Agent, Chiquisnaque.”

“I think there is nothing more, my child,” said Monopadis; “pass on, and see what is written under the head ‘Drubbings.’” Bincon turned the leaf, and found—

“*List of Drubbings :*

“To the victualler of the alfalz, 12 of the best blows, at a dollar a blow. Received on account, 8 dollars.—Time within 6 days.”

“We may rub out that article,” said Maniferro, “because to-night I shall bring its receipt.”—“Is there any other article?” inquired Monopadis.—“Yes,” replied Bincon, “one more, which runs thus:—

“‘To the hump-backed tailor, nicknamed the giber, 12 blows of the best quality, at the suit of the donna, whose pearl necklace he has in pledge.—Agent, Dimochado.’”

“I am much surprised,” observed Monopadis, “that this article has not been yet rubbed out; it must be that Dimochado is ill, for the time is passed.”—“I saw him yesterday,” said Maniferro; “he told me the humpback had been ill, and did not stir out.”—“Something of the sort, I guessed.”—“I knew Dimochado for a good and punctual workman,

Any thing more, my boy?"—"No, Senor;" returned Bincon.—"Well, look for 'List of Punishments.'" Bincon, turning over some leaves, found written,—

"List of Punishments, to be levied in common; that is to say, bottles of ink dashed in the face—unctions of juniper-oil—inquisition scapularies—frights—threats of the picado—calumnies—anecdotes, &c. &c."

"Look lower down," said Monopadis.—"Juniper-oil unction," said Bincon.—"The house?"—"Not mentioned," replied the youth.—"No matter, I think I know it," said Monopadis, "for I take that little job on myself; it is four dollars easily gained. Any thing more?—go on, if my memory does not deceive me, there ought to be there, a twenty-dollar fright—the half paid beforehand—and the whole gang charged with its execution—time, the present month. It shall be one of the best turns that Seville has had played in it for some years. Give me the book, youth—I know there is nothing more; the business grows slack. However, when things are at worst, they mend; we shall, very likely, soon have more on our hands than we can well manage. Not a leaf falls without the will of Heaven; we cannot drag customers here whether they will or not; and, unluckily, many folks do their own business now, at a cheaper rate they pretend than they can get it done."—"It is but too true," said Repolido; "but, Senor Monopadis, consider, it grows late, and the sun grows hot."—"Then," returned Monopadis, "let each to his post, and no change till Sunday, when we all meet here, and divide whatever Heaven may send in the mean, without injury to any one. Bincon and Costado shall have for district, till then, from the Golden Tower to the castle gate, where they may work, seated at ease. I have seen lads of but very scarce wit, gain more than twenty reals a day there, with a single pack of cards that wanted five. Gamenciosa, you will point out this division; and even should you extend it to St. Sebastian and St. Elnore, there will be no harm done, as it is, in fact, a mixed jurisdiction, though no one interferes there with his neighbours. The two novices thanked him for their promotion, and promised fidelity and industry in their avocation. Monopadis, drawing from the cape of his cloak a folded paper, bid Bincon set down their names on it among the list of the fraternity; but as there was no ink, he gave it to them to fill up at the first apothecaries' shop. Just then came in an old brother thief, who said, "Gentlemen, I have just met Lobitto and Malaya outside the gate, and they swear that they are much cleverer at the profession than formerly; insomuch as, that, with good cards, they could coax the money even out of the devil's inside pocket; and that, as it is now too late, on Sunday, if you allow, they will be here to register themselves anew, and take orders."—"I used to think," said Monopadis, "that this Lobitto had good abilities, though he made a bad use of them. He has the most dexterous fingers for his trade that one could desire: it will be his own fault if he is not a first-rate workman."—"I have also to tell you," added the old thief, "that I saw, a minute since, at the Golden Sun, the Jew in the habit of an ecclesiastic. He is there because that two Indians from Peru lodge in the hotel, and he hopes to get into play with them and some of their ingots. He assured me he would not fail the Sunday meeting, nor a good account of his time."—"This Jew," said Monopadis, "is an able and witty person as ever I met. It is long since I saw him; and he is wrong in not letting me see

him oftener. By St. Jerome, if he does not correct himself of that bad habit, I will expose him. The rascal has no more a degree than the Grand Turk, and knows just as much Latin as my grandmother. Is there any news?"—"No," replied the old man, "none, that I know of."—"All the better," returned Monopadis: "take among ye this trifle;" and he gave forty reals to them to share. "Let none miss the Sunday: the work shall then be punctually paid up." Every one returned thanks—Repolido and Cariharte embraced—Esculante with Maniferro, and Gamenciosa with Chiquisnaque, followed the example, and agreed to meet at night at Dame Pipota's, where Monopadis said he would go to examine the wash-basket, and afterward to dispense the unction of juniper oil; and so separated they all for the time being.

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THE CONVERSAZIONE.

SCENE.—*A Suite of Rooms in Portland Place; the walls hung with some of the finest works of the old Masters; and the tables covered with books, portfolios, and costly curiosities.*

TIME.—*Nine o' Clock in the Evening.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*About a hundred and fifty Gentlemen, of all sizes and ages—of all callings, pursuits, and ranks—sitting, standing, and walking.*

*Coffee with the chill off, and Tea with it on, to be had every five minutes. Solid mahogany Toast, and transparent gauze Bread and Butter, as an ad libitum accompaniment to the Tea and Coffee.*

*Groups of Talkers and Listeners scattered about.*

FIRST GROUP.

*Mr. A—n—l—y.* WERE you in the House, Sir George, when Mr. Peel made his famous "breaking-in-upon-the-Constitution" speech?

*Sir George M—.* I was; and a more humiliating spectacle I never beheld. I looked at the man, and thought of Satan's Address to Beelzebub, "rolling in the fiery gulph:"—

"If thou beest he; but, oh! how fallen! how changed  
 "From him, who, in the days of Liverpool,  
 "Clothed with the cause that made thee what thou art,  
 "Didst win applause: if he, whom mutual league,  
 "United thoughts and counsels, equal hope,  
 "And hazard in the glorious enterprise,  
 "Joined with *him* once, into what pit, and from  
 "What height, thou'rt fallen!"

*Mr. A—n—l—y.* I wonder no one got up, and asked the renegade why he deserted Canning in 1827, and played the spaniel to Wellington in 1829?

*Sir George M*——. He would have told you, if so interrogated, that “existing circumstances” justified his *present* course; and referred you to Canning’s own declarations in Parliament, as a proof that his *former* one was without reproach, in the estimation of Canning himself.

*Mr. M*——*d.* Yes; and he might have done so honestly, in what regards the latter case. Some letters passed between Mr. Peel and Mr. Canning, on that occasion, which, I dare say, ARE STILL IN EXISTENCE. Mr. Peel’s reasons, why, in his own judgment, he could not continue to hold *the office of Home Secretary*, under a Premier whose policy was favorable to the Catholic Claims, (even though that policy was never separated from guards and securities,) carried a reluctant conviction to the mind of Mr. Canning. He did, indeed, think, the scruples of his Right Hon. friend, were somewhat too refined; a little too nicely weighed; but they appeared to spring from such a pure and delicate sense of public honor and official duty, that they commanded his respect and acquiescence. They were confined, however, EXCLUSIVELY to the view taken by Mr. Peel, of the peculiar relations which subsisted between the government of Ireland and the Home Secretary; and had it not been that Mr. Peel happened to entertain *a remarkable predilection*, just at that time, for the situation of Home Secretary, preferring it to any other, except, perhaps, that of First Lord of the Treasury; had it not been for this singular attachment to the ONLY office he knew he could *not* hold, consistently with his previous declaration, he admitted there was nothing in Mr. Canning’s politics touching the Catholic Question, which ought to be a bar to his acceptance of office as Foreign or Colonial Secretary; or as Chancellor of the Exchequer. But all his affections had taken root in Whitehall; he could not reconcile himself to the thought of being transplanted. It was natural, therefore, that Mr. Canning should honor his motives, and bear public testimony to their apparent purity. Good Heavens! Had Canning lived to witness this same Robert Peel, this squeamish Home Secretary of 1827, bring in a bill, as the apostate Home Secretary of 1829, to concede, without guard or protection, the WHOLE of the Catholic Claims—had he lived to hear the prostitute arguments, by which he endeavoured to brazen out his apostacy; the draggle-tailed morality, in which he bedizened his conviction, how deep, how unutterable, would have been his contempt for the man—or, if not unutterable, how withering the indignant scorn with which he would have laid bare the rottenness of his principles.

*Mr. D.* The plain fact of the matter is, that though, from obvious causes, Mr. Peel’s dereliction stands pre-eminently conspicuous, there has been a frightful competition among our public men for the crown of infamy. As to Peel, if he has ever read, and remembers, or should he hereafter read and reflect, he would find little difficulty, I apprehend, in applying *some* of the caustic invectives which the pen of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams heaped upon a renegade of his day, (William Pulteney, First Earl of Bath,) whose political guilt, after all, was not a tythe of that of the late member for Oxford. Take the following stanzas for example, from “*Britannia’s Ghost*.”

While Robert, seeking lost repose,  
His downy pillow prest,  
Fresh horrors in his soul arose.  
And further banished rest.

For, lo ! Britannia by his side,  
 All ghastly, faint, and wan,  
 Thus in indignant accents cried,  
 " Oh, base to God and man !

" How canst thou hope that balmy sleep  
 Should close thy guilty eyes,  
 When all Britannia's sons must weep  
 Her fall in thy sacrifice ?

" Long had she trusted to thine aid  
 Against her bosom-foe,  
 Depending on the vows you made  
 To ward the fatal blow.

" Hence, she each traitor had supprest,  
 Or boldly had defied ;  
 Till, leaning on her guardian's breast,  
 His treacherous arm she spied."

The following lines, too, from " A Ballad in imitation of William and Margaret," addressed to the Earl of Bath, would not be altogether without its application :—

Bethink thee of thy broken trust,  
 Thy vows to me unpaid ;  
 Thy honour, humbled in the dust,  
 Thy country's weal betrayed.

For this, may all my vengeance fall  
 On thy devoted head !

LIVING, BE THOU THE SCORN OF ALL ;  
 THE CURSE OF ALL, WHEN DEAD !

*Mr. A—n—l—y.* You may depend upon it he would read these, or any thing ten times as strong, without wincing. When a man's conscience is once seared, and his face well bronzed, when he has arrived at that point which enables him to set *himself* at defiance, he is not accessible to the " paper pellets of the brain." Take my word for it, however, the events of the last two months have sown the seeds of a harvest which will be reaped in blood and misery to thousands. A whole nation is not suddenly wrought into an attitude of retributive justice upon its oppressors. But the *feeling* of injury is deep and general. Confidence in public men is *destroyed*. The people of England have now before their eyes, not insulated instances of shameless tergiversation, such as must happen, from time to time, as long as man is man ; but the example of whole classes making a mockery of public honour, and private character, such as can never happen, except when the body politic has fallen into that state of disease which only a thorough purgation can cure. They are the plague spots—the blotches of the commonwealth, which, all history teaches us, bring on, sooner or later, the crisis that resolves the powers of the state into their original elements. I lament that the measure has been carried ; but I lament infinitely more, that it has been carried by such degenerate instruments.

*Sir George M.* Being carried, however, and being now the law of the land, we are told, by high authority, it is our duty, as good and loyal subjects to obey.

*Mr. M—d.* That doctrine, pushed to its legitimate consequences,



would exact from us obedience to every act of the parliament, till we were stripped of all our legal and constitutional rights. If we are denied the power, by petition, to arrest the progress of a bill before it is a law, and if we are to be subjected to its authority when it is a law, at what point, I should like to know, is resistance to tyranny, or impatience of misgovernment, to manifest itself? But we need not perplex ourselves with these subtleties. Every nation that knows the value of freedom, knows the way to obtain it; and no nation has given so many and such signal proofs of this truth as England. The country feels itself disgraced and insulted; disgraced, in the unparalleled baseness of its representatives, and its hereditary legislators; insulted by the contemptuous disregard of its voice, as conveyed through innumerable channels, to parliament and the throne. *It will forget neither.*

*Dr. S—r.* It is neither possible, nor desirable, that it should be forgotten. In many a fierce struggle hereafter, the sin of the present day will be the watch-word and rallying sign of the sound democracy of England. The whole herd of the Lyndhursts, the Lethbridges, &c., the rank and file in both houses, who have marched, and counter-marched, like well-disciplined divisions, at the word of command, may pass away, and rot in dishonourable graves; but the mischief they have done in holding up to public scorn and derision the authority of parliament as founded upon the dignity and purity of its proceedings, will remain, like a festering sore, till the last vestige of it is eradicated. It must be the wish of all honest hearts, that the remedy should be applied before the authors of the evil are remembered only by their legacy. It would cost them as little to protest, next year, that every Catholic ought to be broiled alive in Smithfield, as it did this year, that every Catholic ought to have whatever it was his pleasure to demand. Such pliant senators are adapted to any kind of work.

*Mr. D.* The king himself,—

\* \* \* \* \*

#### SECOND GROUP. (*A loud burst of laughter.*)

*Mr. S—n.* (*Laughing, a gorge déployée, and at least half a minute after all the rest had done.*) Ha! ha! ha! That is excellent! It is one of the happiest applications of a quotation I ever heard. It beats my story of the oculist all to nothing.

*Dr. U—ns.* What is your story of the oculist? I never heard it.

*Mr. S—n.* Oh, yes, you have, I am sure.

*Dr. U—ns.* Then I have forgotten it, so it will be as good as new. Let us have it.

*Mr. S—n.* You remember Sir William Adams, afterwards Sir William Rawson, which name he took in consequence of some property he succeeded to by right of his wife, I believe. Poor fellow! He was one of the victims of the South American mining mania. He plunged deeply into speculation, and wrote pamphlets to prove that so much gold and silver must ultimately find its way into Europe from Mexico, that all the existing relations of value would be utterly destroyed. He believed what he wrote, though he failed to demonstrate what he believed. At one period, to my positive knowledge, he might have withdrawn himself from all his speculations with at least a hundred thousand pounds in his pocket; but he fancied he had discovered the philosopher's stone—dreamed of wealth beyond what he could count,—

went on—was beggared,—and you know how and where he died. Poor fellow! He deserved a better fate. He was a kind-hearted creature; and if he coveted a princely fortune, I am satisfied he would have used it like a prince. But I am forgetting my story. Well, then. It was after he had totally relinquished his profession as an oculist, that he might devote his entire time and attention to the Mexican mining affairs, that a gentleman, ignorant of the circumstance, called upon him one morning to consult him. Sir William looked at him for a moment, and then exclaimed, in the words of Macbeth, addressing Banquo's ghost, "Avaunt—there is *no speculation* in those eyes!"—[*Another loud laugh.*]

*Dr. U—ns.* Ha! ha! ha! very good: but too good for my friend Sir William. I never knew him guilty of saying a good thing; and not often of comprehending one.

*Major P—r—tl.* His apprehension was not so slow, I suppose, as that of a gentleman in whose company I dined yesterday, who broke out into a violent fit of laughter, half an hour after a joke had been passed, protesting, with great earnestness, that he had only just then discovered its meaning.

*Mr. S—n.* That's nothing compared to Lord Sundon, who was one of the Commissioners of the Treasury in the reign of George II. The celebrated Bob Doddington was a colleague of the noble lord, and was always complaining of his slowness of comprehension. One day that Lord Sundon laughed at something which Doddington had said, Winnington, another member of the board, said to him, in a whisper, "You are very ungrateful: you see Lord Sundon takes your joke."—"No, no," replied Doddington, "he is laughing now at what I said last board day."

*Mr. G—t,* (a gentleman weighing eighteen stone, with a wooden leg, and a cork hand.) Talking of apt quotations, I'll give you an instance of an apt translation. Lord North, whom the Oxonians used to call their witty chancellor, was performing the office of a *Cicerone*, or, in other words, showing the lions of the University, to a lady. They came to the schools. The lady was inquisitive. She asked the meaning of "*Ars Grammatica*," "*Ars Logica*," &c. &c. written over the doors. Lord North explained. At length she espied "*Ars Musica*."—"That," said the lady, "means of course ——" "Yes," interrupted Lord North, "that is what we call in English *bum-fiddle!*"

*Dr. U—ns.* That's a pun, and a vile one. I abhor punning. It is the very lowest species of wit, if indeed it can be called wit at all. Any booby can make a bad pun, and I never heard a good one.

*Major P—r—tl.* Then I'll tell you one, Doctor, and you shall confess it is a good one. A certain person, who shall be nameless, filled the situation of Plumian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford. He was a great stickler for decorum, and all due respect to his office. One day he received a letter by the post, directed to himself, as the *Plumbian* Professor. He shook with indignation. What an insult! *Plumbian* professor! *Leaden* professor! Was it meant to be insinuated that there was any thing of a leaden quality in his lectures or writings! While thus irate, a friend of the professor happened to drop in. He showed him the letter, and expatiated upon the indignity of the superscription. His friend endeavoured to convince him that it must be merely a slip of the pen. In vain. The professor would not be pacified. "Well," said his

friend, "at any rate, it is evident the *b* has stung you." What do you say to that, Doctor?

*Mr. G—l.* (*The gentleman with a cork hand, a wooden leg, and carrying twenty stone.*)—The Doctor is silent, though I see the outward and visible sign, of an inward and struggling laugh. Let me try if I cannot draw it forth. I was in company some time since with George Colman, "the younger," as the old fellow still styles himself. It was shortly after the death of Mrs. ———, the wife of a popular actor, and at that time an unpopular manager. Some one at table observed that "Mr. ——— had suffered a loss in the death of his wife, which he would not soon be able to *make up.*"—"I don't know how that may be," replied George, drily, "but to tell you the truth, I don't think he has quarrelled with his loss yet."

*Dr. U—ns* walked away, rubbing his chin and mouth, and joined the

### THIRD GROUP.

*Sir Robert A—l.* I'll tell you a remarkable circumstance connected with the death of the late Marquis of Londonderry, *which I know to be a fact*, and which seems to prove that the lamentable catastrophe of his decease was not the consequence of any sudden paroxysm of insanity. After his death there was found, among his papers, a letter addressed to Mr. Canning, recommending to his particular patronage, a young man in whose welfare the Marquis of Londonderry was warmly interested. He had been educated for a diplomatic life, and the Marquis had undertaken to promote his views. It would appear, therefore, the noble Marquis was well aware that Mr. Canning was the only individual likely to succeed him in his high office of Foreign Secretary. *I know* the young man in whose favour the letter was written; and *I know* that he was appointed, by Mr. Canning, Secretary of Legation to one of the South American Republics.

*Sir Benjamin H.* That is a singular and interesting circumstance; but quite consistent with the character of the late Marquis. He cared as little for life, as life, as any man I ever knew. He had a thorough disregard of personal danger. It is within my own knowledge, that individuals would frequently request interviews with him, to communicate intelligence of plots, intended attacks, &c. His answer always used to be, "If you have any thing to tell me which concerns the safety of the cabinet generally, or of any one of my colleagues, I'll hear you; but if it is merely to announce that this or that person, or that two or three, have sworn to kill me, I wish to know nothing about it; for I am well aware, if any one has determined to assassinate me, though I may frustrate him to-day, he will succeed to-morrow or next day. I do not say," he would continue, "that were I told a man will be lying in wait for me to-night, at a particular hour, and a particular place, I would purposely go to that place at that hour; but I am determined not to trouble myself about general menaces."

*Mr. T—ss.* There was much sound philosophy in that view of the question, circumstanced as the late Marquis was, being at no time, (except perhaps immediately after the peace of Paris, in 1814) a popular minister. He was well aware that the life of any man is in the hands of him, who stakes his own in the taking of it.

## FOURTH GROUP.

*Professor S—t.* I confess I am one of those who think that the popular voice ought to prevail when it is clearly and distinctly pronounced. I would yield nothing to mere clamour; nothing to faction; but to the public will, every thing. In short, I am almost democratic, enough to assert that the "*vox populi*" is the "*vox Dei*."

*The Rev. Mr. H—t.* You remind me of an anecdote I heard, when I was a very young man, at the University; and which I have never since forgotten, so strong an impression did it produce. It was a reply made to the celebrated John Wesley, by his sister. Wesley had been insisting, in a company where she was present, (much in the same way as you have been doing) that the will of the many should be the law of the whole; and avowing that the "*vox populi, vox Dei*," was his motto. "Yes, brother," she said, with a quiet emphasis of manner, "and the *vox populi*, cried aloud, CRUCIFY! CRUCIFY!" When we consider to whom this reply was made,—to a man who was exalting himself by preaching the doctrines of Christianity in what he devoutly believed to be their purest and most acceptable form,—it is hardly possible to conceive a finer rebuke.

*Mr. C—p.* Well, I don't see any thing so fine in it; I think I could have said the same myself, and much better.

*The Rev. Mr. H—t.* (*laughing.*) You are like an Irish barrister I have heard of. He had the failing of Goldsmith, in an eminent degree: that of believing he could do every thing better than any other person. This propensity exhibited itself ludicrously enough on one occasion, when a violent influenza prevailed in Dublin. A friend who happened to meet him, mentioned a particular acquaintance, and observed, that he had had the influenza very bad. "Bad!" exclaimed the other, "I don't know how bad *he* has had it, but I am sure I have had it quite as bad as he, or any one else."—"Not quite, I think," replied his friend, "for poor Mr. Gillicuddy is dead."—"Well," rejoined our tenacious optimist, "and what of that? I could have died too, if I had liked it."

*Mr. C—p.* (*A little sulky.*) I don't see any thing in that either to laugh at: it's very well; but nothing particular.

[*Eleven o'Clock. Groups grow thin, and disappear.—The stream sets in for the staircase.—Some saunter along, as if admiring the pictures which are hung on each side, and make a sudden exit when opposite the door.—Others button their coats, and put on their walking gloves, with a cool determination to go home.—A few, who have the felicity of knowing the host, (who is standing with his back to the fire-place, to keep the night air from three coals that are still burning in one corner) deliberately approach, and bow good night, or familiarly shake hands with him, according to their respective degrees of intimacy.—The opening and shutting of the street door is heard every minute.*]

EXEUNT OMNES.

## LITERARY PROPERTY.\*

IN the objects of their protection, and the variety of solicitude with which it is bestowed, the laws of every country, during any given period, afford a fair indication of the tastes and general advancement of its ruling classes. Labour will not be directed towards any particular production without security for its enjoyment; and, accordingly, if a want be felt for any specific object, care will be taken that the law throw around it the requisite protection. Were a country to be discovered in which copyright was found secured by laws, which permitted the owner of a work to set spring guns in booksellers shops to preserve it from piracy, by shooting the purchasers of pirated editions—to seize printing presses, on the presumption that they were kept with intent to be used in the piracy of books—or to arm copyright keepers with bludgeons, for the purpose of going about knocking all literary poachers on the head, while the same laws disqualified from the perusal of a book every one who had not lands, either in his own right, or his wife's right, of the annual value of one hundred pounds, nor any lease of the yearly value of one hundred and fifty pounds, nor unless he were the son and heir apparent of an esquire, or other person of higher degree—we should be driven to infer a most unusual love of learning in the rulers of that country, and the most intense selfishness in its gratification. It is true that indications so conclusive as these are seldom to be met with; and, at all events, whatever other tastes the institutions of *one* country at least may bespeak, we are aware of none which display a correspondent passion for learning. The code of literary jurisprudence may, however, generally be taken as a sort of thermometer in the moral world—a pretty accurate index of the influences to which such a code must necessarily be subject; and we believe it will be found that the extending protection to literary property which, in different countries, that code has from time to time afforded, has been in close consistency with the degree in which the rulers in each participated in the general advancement of the age.

In Greece and Rome, indeed, where learning was in high esteem, it appears that, notwithstanding authors were in the habit of selling such copies of their works as they could get transcribed, and the sale of those copies constituted a branch of trade, the law did not recognize any exclusive proprietorship in the copyright.† But then, it is to be remembered, the labour and cost of transcribing must have been so great, as to have contracted sale within very narrow limits; and we can conceive of nothing short of the capability of multiplying to some such extent as that which the art of printing has introduced, which could render piracy a pursuit sufficiently alluring to call forth the protection of the law against it. Legislation has its origin only in some antecedent want; and a law for the protection of literary property, in a country destitute of the knowledge of printing, would be about as much required, as one to guard from imitation the *Logos* of Leonard da Vinci, or the *Cartoons* of Raphael. Galen might have delivered, to the hour of his death, surgical

\* A Treatise on the Laws of Literary Property, with an Historical View and Disquisitions on the Principles and Effects of the Laws. By Robert Maugham, Secretary to the Law Institution, &c. London, Longman and Co., Dixon and Co., Adam Black, Edinburgh. 1828. 10s. 6d.

† Dissertation sur la Propriété Littéraire, et la Librairie chez les Anciens, lue le 27 Nov. 1827, à la Société d'Emulation du Département de l'Ain.

lectures to his pupils, but if there were no *Lancet* to report them, how should we ever have heard of an injunction for their protection?

Antecedently to the year 1777, under the selfish regime of an imbecile noblesse, the law of France contained no positive recognition of literary proprietorship; and copyright enjoyed only that sort of security which was involved in a state license obtained for a particular work. A royal decree of that year established its existence, but, by a whimsical caprice, while the decree bestowed a copyright in perpetuity on the author, so long as it remained in the hands of himself, or his descendants, the very act of assignment to a bookseller, restricted the period of enjoyment to the author's life. The right accidentally perished at the revolution in the comprehensive blow which the National Assembly struck at all "privileges," but it was revived by a decree of 1793, which, including authors of every description, composers of music, painters and engravers, gave an unqualified power of disposition to the author, and his representatives, for the life of the former, and ten years after his death; and a decree of 1810 continued the copyright to the widow for her life, and to the children for twenty years from the death of the survivor. Still these repeated extensions were insufficient to satisfy the growing conviction of the French nation of the necessity of affording to literature further protection. Struck with the spectacle of the descendants of those who had enriched the literature of the country by their labours, being left in a state of destitution because the law did not allow their ancestors to transmit to them the fruits of their labours, the people became desirous of having the whole matter placed on a more liberal footing. The subject was again, accordingly, brought before the legislature, and, at the close of the year 1825, a commission was appointed to revise the whole state of the law of literary property. The commission was composed of twenty-two members of the council of state and of the institute, with the Duke de la Rochefoucault at their head, the president of the department of fine arts, four literary men, and two booksellers. They proceeded in their task with great spirit, and the whole matter underwent the most thorough discussion. It was originally proposed to establish an absolute perpetuity; but some practical difficulties appeared to the committee to oppose themselves to this, and it was finally resolved to recommend the extension of the period to fifty years beyond the death of the author. The draught of a law, conformably with this principle, was appended to the report,\* but we believe the sanction of the legislature yet remains to be given to it. The commissioners state in their report, in reference to the law, "The regulations which it contains are the most favourable that have ever existed in any country for authors and their families. They will encourage men of talent to compose great and serious works, by the certainty that their families will possess in them, for a long time, an honourable patrimony." If duration of proprietorship be, however, any criterion of favour to authors, the committee were in one respect mistaken:—in the majority, we believe the whole of the German states, the right is enjoyed in perpetuity.

Though in modern times the French have thus outstripped us, in the zeal they have displayed for the interests of literature, the literary labourer was, in England, placed under the protection of the law at a much earlier period than he was in France. It is fortunate, however,

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\* *Jurist*, No. 1.

for the theory with which we started, that we can account for the absence even of a far earlier protection, in the causes we have assigned for a similar state of things in the old republics:—so antient an inhabitant is learning said to have been of these isles, that Cleland, the philologist, launching forth into the greatest rhapsody about the sublime discoveries of the druids, asserts, what Cicero alleged to be only matter of opinion as to Athens, was literally true as to Britain,—“Unde humanitas, doctrina, religio, fruges jura leges ortæ atque in omnes terras distributæ putantur.”\* The precise period at which that protection commenced is not however known, though, from the habit which prevailed on the introduction of printing of resorting to the Pope, and the Venetian, and the Florentine republics, for an exclusive license of publication,† it could not have been until some time after that period. Still it is probable, as the spoliation on individual labour, which this power of infinite multiplication was capable of producing, became more manifest, protection would have gradually sprung up; and Carte, the historian, states, that, on examining one of the registers of the Stationers’ Company, from 1556 to 1595, “he was surprised to find, even in the infancy of English printing, above *two thousand copies of books* entered as the property of particular persons, either in the whole, or in shares; and mentioned, from time to time, to *descend*, be *sold*, and be *conveyed* to others; and the whole tenor of these registers is a clear proof of authors and proprietors having always enjoyed a sole and exclusive right of printing copies, and that no other person whatever was allowed to invade their right.” Indeed, by the reign of Anne, so completely was copyright established, that an action of damages lay for its infringement. No judicial declaration had pronounced any specific period for the continuance of the right, nor does it appear that any thing arose to call for it. There is no ground of distinction, however, between literary and every other species of property, and there could be no reason, therefore, why this was to be the exception to the ordinary principle, which bestowed a proprietorship co-existent with the subject—matter of every right:—

“The absence of judicial authority,” says Mr. Maugham, “can form no objection to the claim. It was not *decided* until within a century of the present time, that a title to literary property could be maintained, even *prior* to publication, and that according to the principles of the common law, no distance of time, however great, could authorize a publication without the consent of the author: as in the cases of *Lord Clarendon’s History* and the *Letters of Pope*.” p. 7.

But, by the reign of Anne, it began to be seriously felt that the remedies of the common law were an insufficient protection, and, in the year 1710, an act was introduced for the purpose of extending the additional security of penalties:

“The liberty now set on foot of breaking through this ancient and reasonable usage,” said one of the papers given in to the members in support of the bill, “is no way to be effectually restrained but by an act of parliament. For, by common law, a bookseller can recover no more costs than he can prove damage; but it is impossible for him to prove the tenth, nay, perhaps the hundredth part of the damage he suffers, because a thousand counterfeit copies may be dispersed into as many different hands all over the kingdom,

\* Way to Things by Words, and to Words by Things, page 68. 8vo. 1766.

† Westminster Review, No. 20, art. “Literary Property and Patents.”

and he not able to prove the sale of ten. Besides, the defendant is always a pauper, and so the plaintiff must lose his costs of suit. Therefore, the only remedy by the common law is, to confine a beggar to the rules of the King's Bench, or Fleet, and there he will continue the evil practice with impunity. We, therefore, pray, that confiscation of counterfeit copies be one of the penalties inflicted on offenders."

Penalties accordingly followed; but the House of Lords, alarmed at their establishment in *perpetuum*, refused to grant them for any thing but a limited term. The act being made to speak of *vesting* a property in the author, and containing a clause professing to *bestow* the privilege of printing for a term, it seems somewhat, in language, as if it had been creating a right anew. Still, at the period at which it was passed, it was only regarded as conferring *additional* security: least of all was it supposed to have abridged the period of proprietorship thus tacitly assumed to have existed at the common law. "It certainly," says a high authority, "went to the committee as a bill to *secure the undoubted property of copies for ever*. It is plain objections arose in the committee to the *generality* of the proposition, which ended in securing the property of copies *for a term*, without prejudice to either side of the question upon the *general proposition as to the right*." \*

By the year 1760, a suspicion having notwithstanding got abroad that, in opposition to the popular apprehension, the law, in reality, only recognized the existence of copyright for the restricted period mentioned in the statute of Anne, the booksellers became anxious to obtain a decision of the question, and a fictitious action was instituted for the purpose. The case was very elaborately argued before the judges, but the collusive character of the proceedings having come to their ears, they refused to proceed, though not it appears until after they had arrived at an unanimous opinion in favour of the continuance of the perpetuity. A piracy perpetrated on Thomson's Seasons, after the period specified in the statute had expired, about seven years afterwards, again, however, brought the question before the court in the celebrated case of Millar and Taylor; in which the two propositions set up for the defence were:—

1st., That the common law had never, in point of fact, given any property in literary composition; and

2dly., That if it had, the statute had abridged the term.

The arguments in support of the first, were the finest specimens of legal piling it has ever been our luck to meet with. It was urged that mental productions could not fall within the legal definitions of property—that there could be no property in ideas—that thought was common stock—accordingly there could be no appropriation of the thinking faculty—and that the very act of publication was a dedication—a gratuitous present to the public. The second proposition was principally maintained on the construction of the statute. The defendant found a staunch supporter in Mr. Justice Yates, but the other three judges of the court, with Lord Mansfield in their number, as stoutly opposed him, and Judge Yates being outvoted, a judgment was given establishing the perpetuity of copyright.

But the matter was not fated to rest here. The principle of the decision became afterwards the subject of appeal to the Lords in the case

\* Mr. Justice Willcs in the case of Millar and Taylor.



of Donaldson and Becket, and the whole question was once again ripped up. The appeal was mainly supported by Lord Thurlow, then attorney-general, and Sir J. Dalrymple, with much variety of assertion, but with little novelty of argument. Sir J. Dalrymple's address was one continued display of buffoonery; but in his illustration of the proposition that publication is a dedication to the public, he quite out-heroded himself. "Besides," says he, "there are various methods of conveying ideas—by looks, at which the ladies are most expert. Now an ogle is a lady's own whilst in private, but if she ogles publicly, they are every body's property." Convincing as might have been Sir J. Dalrymple's wit to his audience, it was not quite so pointed as Falstaff's. Be her eyes ever so active, no lady ever bestows her ogles gratuitously. She ogles only for a return, and dear enough too is often the price at which her ogles are purchased. With Lord Thurlow this would not have affected the aptitude of the illustration. So admirable a political economist was his Lordship, "Publication was in his mind *sale*."\* The assistance of the twelve judges was called in, and of these there were eight to three of opinion that a perpetuity in copyright had had an existence previously to the existence of the statute of Anne. On the second question, that involving the construction of the statute, they would have been equally divided, had not Lord Mansfield, from the etiquette of the House, been prevented, as a peer, from supporting his own judgment. As it was, the opinions accordingly stood six to five in favour of the abrogation of the right by the statute. Unfortunately, Lord Camden took up the case very strongly against both the existence and the expedience of the right of proprietorship, and the judgment in the court below was ultimately reversed.

"It is evident," says Mr. Maugham, "that the several Universities were as little prepared as any individual author or publisher, for the decision of the House of Lords, which overthrew the exercise of unlimited copyright, although it had prevailed, not only all the time antecedently to the 8th Anne, but for sixty-five years subsequently. The Universities hastened immediately to Parliament, and in the same year, 1775, obtained an act for the two Universities in England, the four Universities in Scotland, and the several Colleges of Eton, Westminster, and Winchester, to hold in *perpetuity* their copyright in books given or bequeathed to the said Universities and Colleges, for the advancement of useful learning, and other purposes of education." p. 33.

To the Universities alone were the favours of parliament confined; nor were any other steps taken to meet the consequences of this decision, until an act passed in the latter part of last reign at length extended the period of proprietorship from fourteen to twenty-eight years; and for the additional contingent of fourteen then existing, substituted the life of the author, other statutes having placed the Fine Arts pretty much on the same footing of protection.

Unfortunately, while contrasted with other countries, literary compositions are, with us, thus in point of protection left so comparatively exposed, on the score of taxation, we present to foreign states a contrast still more invidious. "In no other country," say the committee of 1818, in their report, "as far as the committee have been able to procure information, is any demand of this kind carried to a similar extent. In America, Prussia, Saxony, and Bavaria, one copy only is required to be

\* Cobbett's Parliamentary Debates, vol. 17, pp. 62, 967.

deposited ; in France and Austria, two ; and in the Netherlands, three ; but in several of these countries the delivery is not necessary, unless copyright is intended to be claimed." But with us the public libraries\* actually sweep off eleven copies of every work which issues from the press. It is true, that on those of small value and extensive editions, the loss of eleven copies may not be felt as a very grievous sacrifice ; yet, even with reference to these we cannot help admitting the proposition of the authors in their able petition to the House in 1818. "To deliver eleven copies out of the regular number is a subtraction from the petitioners and their assigns of the whole trade sale price of those eleven copies when the impression sells ; and if the impression should not sell, then the petitioners are aggrieved by the loss of the amount of the paper and printing of so many copies ; and they submit, that if this amount be in some cases not large, yet it is considerable in the aggregate of the whole quantity demanded ; and no law of any country has made the amount of any property the measure or the standard of right and justice respecting it : the smallest quantity of value is protected to every one as much as the greatest ; the legal right is the same, whatever be the pecuniary amount ; and all penal codes for the preservation of property are founded on this natural principle so essential to the general welfare of society."

Of the extent of "the aggregate of the whole quantity demanded," the evidence of a few of the booksellers affords us some slight indication. In their petition of the 9th April, 1813, the Edinburgh booksellers stated, that in the books recently published, and then in the course of publication at Edinburgh, the amount would not be less than one thousand four hundred and twenty-six pounds eight shillings and sixpence. In the petition of Messrs. Longman and Co., presented in 1818, it was declared that, since the passing of the act of 1814, and the date of the petition, the eleven copies of works delivered by their house to the eleven libraries, had cost them three thousand pounds, or nearly so ; and, in the general petition of the London booksellers, presented in the March following, it appeared that, during the same time, the cost to Mr. Murray had been one thousand two hundred and seventy-five pounds.

The method of estimating the loss, not at the selling, but at the cost price of the copies, was happily exposed by Lord Althorp in the debate which arose on bringing up the petition of the authors in 1818. "With respect to the Right Honourable and learned Gentleman's (now Lord Plunkett) observation on the mode of calculating the evil, surely, if a farmer was obliged to give away a bushel of wheat which he could sell at a certain sum, the loss he would sustain would not merely be what the bushel had cost himself, but the price at which he might sell it."

Supposing the tax, however, to press comparatively lightly on one class of works, it may be imagined with what weight it will fall on the other, when it is remembered that Mr. Sharon Turner handed in to the committee of 1813 a list of eleven, on which it would have amounted to five thousand six hundred and ninety-eight pounds one shilling. Of these, one alone, *The British Gallery of Engravings*, made up one

\* These libraries are the Royal Library, the libraries of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and of the four Universities in Scotland ; the library of Sion College in London, of the Faculty of Advocates, in Edinburgh, and the libraries of Trinity College, and the King's Inns, Dublin.

thousand and sixty-five pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence; and, another, Daniel's Oriental Scenery, actually amounted to two thousand three hundred and ten pounds. Mr. Turner shrewdly observed, that in each one of these cases the tax was as complete an invasion on individual property as would be an enactment that a silversmith should give to these public bodies eleven silver candlesticks. Had he alluded to candlesticks of *gold* instead of silver, and those, too, of a pretty massive character, we suspect, in these two instances, he would scarcely have been guilty of exaggeration.

It is the object of Mr. Maugham's work to place this miserable condition of the jurisprudence of our literature once more before the public; and most heartily do we wish his book the success it deserves. The first part is devoted to an elucidation of the history, and comprises a complete compendium, of the existing state of our laws of literary property, including the Fine Arts under that term. The second is a disquisition on their principles. The latter is again divided into an examination of the objections which have been urged to a perpetuity in copyright, and the arguments on which the library tax is supported; and both display an ingenious exposure of the various fallacies with which sophistry has contrived to mystify this simple question. We select a few of the more important.

Whenever a pretext is wanting for the injustice thus done to the literary labourer, there is none more often resorted to than one which comes wearing the smiling air of a compliment. Authors, it is said, require no extension of copyright: beings of an ethereal mould, they look down with as much contempt on gold as would Cobbett on a bit of the filthy rag signed by a Bank Director, and stamped with the number one thousand. "Glory is the reward of science, and those who deserve it scorn all meaner views." Now, grand as all this would sound if put into heroics, as a *fact* from which to deduce a principle of legislation, it has one unlucky drawback, and that is, that it is *not true*. Unfortunately for authors, they are destitute neither of stomachs or gastric juices; and they have legs and other parts which require to be covered; nor is it so pleasant in these days of luxury and splendour—days in which it may be said of all the world, like the people in the fable of the Abeilles:—"on s'habille au-dessus de sa qualité pour être estimé plus qu'on n'est par la multitude,"—to be forced to walk the streets in ragged breeches—like Johnson, to remain at home for a pair of shoes—or, with Polyglot, to have to lie in bed for want of a shirt. But, to be serious, a more preposterous piece of declamation never escaped the lips of man; and we are glad to find it so ably grappled with by Mr. Maugham. After alluding to the absurdity of pronouncing men "mean," simply because they desire to be paid for their services, he goes on to observe—

"There is yet another class of men, the most numerous of all, who are not actuated by any *single* predominant motive, to whom neither glory, nor gain, are master passions; but who are influenced by mixed motives, and who would bestow greater exertions, if their social, as well as selfish feelings, were equally gratified. Why should we not use all the means which justice permits, to excite men to the exertion of their best faculties?"

"He who can, by his works, obtain not only the prospect of future fame, but the substantial advantage of immediate recompense, with a provision for his family after his death, will labour with greater diligence than those who are incited only by the desire of posthumous renown.

“The reward of glory may, indeed, stimulate the production of works of pure genius, and the more especially as the exercise of the imagination is so peculiarly delightful; but this cannot be the case, in an equal degree, in the department of philosophy. Great, persevering, and often painful labour, is necessary to the accomplishment of many works of science; and, therefore, every possible inducement should be added, instead of being diminished, that may tend to encourage the prosecution of such labours.

“Besides, an author who wished for no other reward than renown, might still exercise his liberality, and either present his labours gratuitously to the public, or bestow them on some meritorious object. He can do so now in favour of the Universities; and the glory of the bequest would be greater, because it would be more rare and generous.” p. 187.

Such then being the real state of the case when stripped of its false decorations, let us see what are the objections to holding out the utmost stimulus to production to which the law is capable of being applied, by securing to the labourer the whole fruit of his labour. The only two of these which have ever appeared to us worth listening to are well answered by Mr. Maugham:—

“It is objected,” says he, “that it would prolong the power of the owner to deal with the public as he chose, and that he might either suppress a valuable work, or put an exorbitant price upon it; in both of which events the public would be injured.

“The fear of suppression may be easily provided against. If the proprietor does not re-print the work when required within a reasonable time, there would be no injustice in considering the copyright as abandoned. It is replied that there would be a difficulty in proving an abandonment. We do not perceive the difficulty, at least, in the majority of instances and regulations which experience would suggest, might be adapted to circumstances. Generally speaking, if it were worth while to re-print a work, the copies of which were exhausted, it would not be abandoned. When it was out of print, notice might be given to the last publisher and entered in the registry of the Stationer’s Company; and if at the expiration of a certain length of time, (perhaps proportionate to the magnitude of the work) it were not re-printed, it might then become common property.” pp. 184-5.

With respect to the price, he elsewhere observes:

“It is obvious, that if the period were extended, a higher remuneration might be afforded for works of superior importance, on account of the enduring nature of the property in them. The profit, it is true, might not be rapid, but its unlimited continuance would, generally, in the result, compensate for the advance of a larger amount of capital. We might illustrate this fact by reference to the nature of leasehold and freehold property. For all ordinary purposes to the great bulk of mankind, long leasehold property is really as useful as freehold, and endures as long as the lives of any for whom they feel an interest; yet we may perceive that such is not the general feeling, for the price in the market is exceedingly different: men are content with about three per cent. when it is ensured to them in perpetuity, but they expect seven or eight in the other case, though it may last out three generations.

“The cheapness of a work would thus obviously be promoted by the just extension of the period of its protection, because the proprietor would not depend upon any sudden return of his capital, but proportion his gain to the extent of its duration. As he would ultimately receive a better remuneration, he could afford to diminish its present amount. The calculation is now made upon an immediate return: if that does not take place, the work is supposed to be condemned—no matter what may be its intrinsic merits, no further efforts are made to bring them before the notice of the public. The legal period being so short, it is not deemed worth while to keep open the account, and it is closed as soon as possible.” p. 194.

Indeed, the price of a book appears to us to be a good deal dependant upon circumstances not very different from those which regulate the rate at which an annuity is sold. Whenever a book is first brought into the market, the price will necessarily be, to some extent, adjusted by a comparison to other works of similar pretensions. But then, it must be remembered, that while there are so many of these, all vying with each other, and such numerous competitors, each eager to push those published by himself into circulation, the result will be a general tendency to adjust the prices of the whole at the lowest point which will return the ordinary profits on capital. Of course, the more extensive the circulation, or what amounts to nearly the same thing, the longer it continues, the lower down on the scale will this point be; just as the better the life on which it is to be granted, the less will be the annuity which a purchaser will be content to take in return for any given purchase-money. Such is the sensitiveness of the public on the point, that those not conversant with the book-trade could scarcely conceive how trifling an addition to the price of a book would operate in deterioration of its sale. "Suppose an octavo book," is asked Mr. Baldwin, by the committee of 1818, "of 400 or 500 pages, which sells at nine or twelve shillings: would an addition to the price, of *sixpence*, materially injure the sale?" He answers—"In some instances it might operate prejudicially, though it would not be so material an addition as to a book of *5s. 6d.*; but, still, I think *it would be prejudicial to the sale*; and particularly, in a popular work, it may be considered *such an addition as to operate as an objection to the work.*"—Min. of Ev. p. 45. There is abundance of other evidence to the same effect.

But although we admit that a rise in price would be a calamity for which even an increase of production could scarcely compensate, it must not be forgotten that there is every reason to presume that the narrowness of the present term of proprietorship conduces to keep many works from coming into existence.—

"It is a fact," says Mr. Maugham, "proved by indisputable evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, that many important works of an expensive nature have not been published, owing to the hardships imposed by the law. A great part of that hardship is attributable to the heavy tax of the eleven presentation copies for the public libraries (which we shall presently examine)—but much also of disadvantage arises, even as regards those costly publications, from the limitation of time." p. 193.

We confess we think it impossible to read the evidence without coming to the same conclusion—nor when it is remembered at what immense cost, both of money and labour, many works are brought into being—how high-priced these must necessarily be—and how protracted, consequently, the period to bring them into a remunerating circulation, we do not see how any person could require any further demonstration of the fact, than that which he would get by walking into a bookseller's shop, and looking over his catalogue of standard books. Milton said of Truth that it was like a bastard, at its birth, so little credit did it draw down on those who brought it forth; and, assuredly, it is too much the fate of *all* truth long to have to shine in darkness, while "the darkness comprehendeth it not." It must necessarily, therefore, occasionally happen, that, some books which stand out beyond the age in which they are written, accident may serve to repress the circulation of others; and thus, beside the class to which we have just been alluding, there will

always be another with which all protection, not carried to a comparatively remote period will be utterly worthless. The *Esprit des Lois* of Montesquieu is an apt illustration of this ; and we refer to it because it gives us occasion to quote the observation made by D'Alembert in tracing its history, which in one short but brilliant passage, admirably depicts the gradual process by which all the great works written for the instruction of mankind arrive at their ultimate renown. " Il fallut que les véritables juges eussent eu le temps de lire : bientôt ils ramenèrent la multitude toujours prompte à changer d'avis. La partie du public qui enseigne dicta à la partie qui écoute ce qu'elle devoit penser et dire ; et les suffrages des hommes éclairés, joint aux échos qui le répétèrent, ne forma de plus qu'une voix dans toute l'Europe." Still, we have no occasion to go for proof to foreign countries. The fate of our own Milton's *Paradise Lost* is well known ; and Hume's *History*, to use Mr. Maughan's phrase, " fell still-born from the press."

When Lope de Vega, the Spanish dramatist, was twitted by the critics for the boldness with which he set all the Aristotelian rules of criticism at defiance, he made a reply, which has been translated into French :—

" Le peuple est mon maître ; il faut bien lui servir,  
" Il faut pour son argent lui donner ce qu'il aime."

It happened, in this particular case, that the taste of the multitude was better than that of the critics ; but the people, in general, rather require to be taught by their writers, than to direct the character of their writings. Yet, unfortunately, the existing state of the law, as far as any state of the law can operate, has the additional objection of tending to contravene these the best interests of society :—

" Authors," says Mr. Maughan, " are at present discouraged from executing works of a standard nature, because such works demand the labour of a life. It is evident that talent may be more profitably employed in the attention to works of temporary excitement. The fashion of a particular age or season is consulted, instead of the general and enduring interest of the community. The question with an author who is about to select the sphere of his literary labour, is not determined by any opinion of what will be beneficial to mankind at large, or ultimately ensure his own reputation, but what will sell the best in the literary market." p. 192.

The whole principle on which the library tax is justified is very successfully attacked by Mr. Maughan :—

" But the law," says he, " is said to be beneficial to general literature, by affording to men of literary talents and industry the means of information, and enabling them to accomplish works of the highest merit and utility.

" This is too barefaced an excuse for injustice: it is robbing Peter, not to pay Paul, but to enable him dishonestly to live at the expense of Peter. The men of ' literary talents and industry,' who have accomplished works of merit and ability, are to be deprived of a large part of their profit, where any exists, in order that others may avail themselves of the results of their industry gratuitously. Surely, the fellows of these learned Universities, who favour the world with their collegiate lucubrations, and who set their own price upon them, should stand on the same footing as other literary men, and purchase the materials which they require in the course of their labours. It may be very convenient, but it cannot be just, that by the aid of these Universities a writer should possess himself of the property of his predecessors, for which no remuneration whatever has been made. And, after all, there is not the plea

of *necessity* in favour of the injustice ; for it is the common practice of an author who is engaged in a work, in the preparation of which he has occasion to refer to a variety of books, to obtain them from his publisher ; and it is part of the understanding between them, that all the books which are necessary shall be lent him. Of course there is, of all others, the least difficulty in supplying the modern publications. And, we presume, no one who is tolerably acquainted with the history and circumstances of literature, can believe that it has been, or is likely to be, benefited or improved by the doctrine, for the first time laid down in 1812, that the Universities are entitled to copies of every publication. We may venture to say, that if not the *best* authors of the present age, at least, as good as any others, are unconnected with the Universities, and derive no advantage whatever from the accumulations which have been made in their libraries, either since 1812, when *every* book has been supplied, or prior to that time, when the registered books only were delivered. Indeed, it is absurd to suppose that the intellect of the country is to be advanced by such paltry means, and the true friends of academical learning are, no doubt, as much ashamed of the folly of such an argument, as of the dishonesty of such a principle.

“ Supposing, however, all these considerations set aside, let us inquire what is really the use of the single copy given to any one University ? In general, the books are of no use whatever to any one in any of the colleges. Of the far greater portion, not a single page is ever read. It either is utterly useless, or is so considered for all collegiate purposes. Indeed, how can it be otherwise, when the libraries indiscriminately demand their copies of every publication—of all the trash, folly, and obscenity, which find their way out of the press ?

“ But suppose the work to be really valuable, either for its profound philosophy or learning, or for the popularity of the subject and the talent it indicates ; then every one becomes desirous to read it. Thousands of students apply for it ; and what is the consequence ? As but few can possibly obtain it, the work is either purchased or borrowed from the common circulating libraries, and the copy in each of the eleven libraries has precisely the effect of preventing purchases from the author, for the sole benefit of a few individuals, who can either do without the book, or afford to pay for it.” p-p. 199, 200.

With respect to the indiscriminate demand of the libraries, we suppose Mr. Maugham will be met with this stale apology, that they are willing to return the books which are not deemed, on examination, to be appropriate for their shelves. The value of this apology is, however, just *nothing*. Booksellers are not less keen-witted than other men in looking after their interests, yet they do not avail themselves of the offer ; and the fact that they do not is the proof that the rejected books are not of the class on which the tax is felt ; at least not to so great a degree as to make it worth while to incur the *trouble and cost of reclaiming them*. But when people pretend to be liberal, it is well to take the gauge of their liberality. Hear then, as far as the Bodleian at least is concerned, the evidence of one of the curators before the committee of 1818 :—

“ What proportion do you suppose the number rejected bears to the number deposited ?—A very small proportion ; not perhaps one in a hundred, or less perhaps.

“ Speaking generally, what do you suppose to be the value of the books rejected in the course of a year ?—£3 or £4, not more.”\*

Mr. Maugham exposes, with equal success, what we may call the advertisement fallacy :—

\* Rev. Thomas Gaisford, Minutes of Evidence, p. 105.

“ Amongst other arguments, or rather pretences, in support of the policy, if not the justice of the law, it has been strangely contended that the sale of valuable publications is favoured by an opportunity being offered of seeing such works in the public libraries, and thus awakening a relish for them! Nothing can exceed the puerility, untruthfulness, or misapprehension of such a suggestion. We take it, that, if the knowledge of the public with respect to new publications, were restricted to such information as they could obtain from their deposit in the libraries named in the Act of Parliament, very few of them would find purchasers. Indeed, a single advertisement or notice in a periodical work of extensive circulation, will evidently effect more in behalf of the work, than if it were bestowed upon every college in the empire. We may be sure there is no lack of inclination to purchase able and useful publications, and if the supply could be made at a cheap rate, it is scarcely possible to estimate the extent of the demand. It is perfectly childish to talk of the excitement produced by seeing books in a public library, when compared with the effect of their exhibition in the shops of the booksellers. In London there is one copy deposited in the British Museum; and another, for the benefit of the clergy, in Sion College: compare the number of persons who look at books of any kind in those two repositories, with those who are attracted by their exhibition in other ways, and we shall be satisfied of the fallacy of the notion. The fact is, that the British Museum (to which no one would object that a copy should be presented) is resorted to, generally, not for the purpose of reading new publications, but to consult those which are old and scarce; and it is to the periodical press, and to the activity of publishers, that an author can alone look for ‘awakening a relish,’ for any production that can now be offered to the public.” p.p. 203-4.

Had Mr. Maugham been desirous of sparing himself the trouble of refuting so preposterous a vindication, he need only have quoted the short answer of the extensive publisher to whom we have previously alluded, to the same committee. “*Do you conceive that your publications acquire any advantage by any such supposed notoriety?*”—“We do not consider the supposition of notoriety, arising from the depositing of the books, to be well founded, or *productive of any advantage; if we did, WE SHOULD SEND THE BOOKS TO THE PUBLIC LIBRARIES WITHOUT ANY COMPULSION.*”\*

We suppose the day is already set in on which *bullism* is to be wiped out from among the national characteristics of Ireland. We avail ourselves, however, of its brief existence to observe that the “encouragement to literature,” as it is called, which we have been sketching must be an encouragement only of an Irish nature. Those were not the encouragements which called into existence the splendour that shone around the pontificate of Leo—nor was it by laying on men of learning “burthens grievous to be borne,” that Louis in France, and Elizabeth in England, revived, each in their own times, the Augustan age of old Rome. Not, indeed, that we are exactly admirers of the *pensioning* system. With literature, as with much else, “*laissez faire*,” and not “encouragement,” is our motto—nor is the lesson which Mr. Burke pointed out with reference to political less applicable than to intellectual advancement, when he attributed the prosperity of our North American colonies to the circumstance, that, “through a wise and salutary neglect, a generous nature had been suffered to take her own way to perfection.”† But whatever may be our notions on this subject, assuredly it is impossible to dissent from Mr. Maugham:—

\* Mr. Baldwin’s Min. of Ev. p. 47.

† Speech on Conciliation with America.



“The law in its present state is a disgrace to the country. It is an anomaly in our legislative system. Let men of letters be placed, at least, on equal terms with the commonest artizan. We think the tax on the ‘raw material’ of paper might be diminished; but if that cannot be done, surely the manufactured article of books should be free from impost. Every principle of political economy demands it, and the more especially, when it is recollected that the tax is not imposed for the benefit of the state or the community, but in favour only of chartered bodies, whose wealth and immunities are already sufficiently abundant.

“If our literature be equal to that of the continental states, let us imitate their example: let us cease to injure, and *really* encourage those to whom we are indebted for our eminence. If it be inferior, let us lose no time in removing every impediment from its way, and introducing every means that can facilitate its improvement, and promote its rise: let not Great Britain be the country in which literary property is burthened more oppressively, in a six-fold degree, than any other nation of the civilized world; rather let her abolish the imposition altogether, and surpass even the republics of the new world, as she undoubtedly might the monarchies of the old.” pp. 206-7.

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CLASSICAL CORRECTIONS: No. I.

IN a neat little cottage, some five miles from town,  
Lived a pretty young maiden, by name Daphne Brown,  
Like a butterfly, pretty and airy:  
In a village hard by lived a medical prig,  
With a rubicund nose, and a full-bottomed wig—  
Apollo, the apothecary.

He, being crop-sick of his bachelor life,  
Resolved, in his old days, to look for a wife—  
(*Nota bene*—Thank Heaven, I’m not married):  
He envied his neighbours their curly-poled brats,  
(All swarming, as if in a village of Pats),  
And sighed that so long he had tarried.

Having heard of fair Daphne, the village coquette,  
As women to splendour were never blind yet,  
He resolved with his grandeur to strike her;  
So he bought a new buggy, where, girt in a wreath,  
Were his arms, pills and pestle—this motto beneath—  
“*Ego opifer per orbem dicor.*”

To the village he drove, sought young Daphne’s old sire,  
Counted gold by rouleaus, and bank notes by the quire,  
And promised the old buck a share in’t,  
If his daughter he’d give—for the amorous fool  
Thought of young ladies’ hearts and affections the rule  
Apparently rests with a parent.

Alas ! his old mouth may long water in vain,  
 Who tries by this method a mistress to gain—  
     A *miss* is the sure termination :  
 For a maiden's delight is to plague the old boy,  
 And to think sixty-five not the period for joy ;  
     Alas ! all the sex are vexation.

Daphne Brown had two eyes with the tenderest glances ;  
 Her brain had been tickled by reading romances,  
     And those compounds of nonsense called novels,  
 Where Augustus and Ellen, or fair Isabel,  
 With Romeo, in sweet little cottages dwell :  
     *Sed meo periculo*, read hovels.

She had toiled through Clarissa ; Camilla could quote ;  
 Knew the raptures of Werter and Charlotte by rote ;  
     Thought Smith and Sir Walter extatic ;  
 And as for the novels of Miss Lefanu,  
 She dog's-eared them till the whole twenty looked blue ;  
     And studied *The Monk* in the attic.

When her sire introduced our Apollo, he found  
 The maiden in torrents of sympathy drowned—  
     “ Floods of tears ” is too trite and too common :  
 Her eyes were quite swelled—her lips pouting and pale ;  
 For she just had been reading that heart-breaking tale,  
     “ Annabelle, or the Sufferings of Woman.”

Apollo, I'll swear, had more courage than I,  
 To accost a young maid with a *drop in her eye* ;  
     I'd as soon catch a snake or a viper :  
 She, while wiping her tears, gives Apollo some wipes ;  
 And when a young lady has set up her pipes,  
     Her lover will soon pay the piper.

Papa locked her up—but the very next night,  
 With a cornet of horse, the young lady took flight :  
     To Apollo she left this apology—  
 “ That, were she to spend with an old man her life,  
 She would gain, by the penance she'd bear as a wife,  
     A place in the next martyrology.”

Apollo gave chase, but was destined to fail ;  
 The female had safely been lodged in the mail,  
     Now flying full speed to the borders :  
 So the doctor, compelled his sad fate to endure,  
 Came back to his shop, commissioned to cure  
     All disorders but Cupid's disorders.

## THE PIMENTO FAMILY; OR, SPOILED CHILDREN.

SIR PETER PIMENTO is an eminent West-India merchant, remarkable for coolness of temper both as merchant and husband; Lady P. (ere-while Miss Penelope Harpoon, and daughter of a Greenland trader) is, on the contrary, remarkable for a sort of pepperiness of temper, which acquired her the reputation of a vixen whilst yet a mere minx, a virago when a virgin, and a Xantippe now she is a wife. Her absolute "*shall*" was a *fiat* not to be contravened in Lothbury during her maidenage, nor in Finsbury-square, in her wifeage; at least by beings bearing as little gall about them as the humble and peace-loving Sir Peter. If clerk or cook, house-maid or nurse-maid, exhibited the slightest spice of opposition to the home-administration, the house was dissolved *sine die*, and the malcontents expeiled, to find new constituents, if they could.

Sir Peter, in the three preparatory years of his wedded infelicity, was, on three several occasions, made happy, though exceedingly incommoded, by the production of two sons and a daughter, to be the olive-branches of his table. A hundred humble names were, with all proper submission, suggested by Sir Peter, as cognomens for the crude Pimentos, but were all and severally over-ruled by the absolute "*it shall not be*" of his lady; and, accordingly, young Pimento, No. 1, was christened Alfred; No. 2, Augustus; and No. 3, Amarantha, because she had been pronounced by Mrs. Deputy Dogrove (who was cultivating botany) to be the flower of the Pimentos. Sir Peter would have preferred the plain English triumvirate of John, George, and Betty; but when he muttered, rather than audibly expressed, his "three wishes" on that important head, a toss of another head, a dilatation of the nostrils, and a frown, put down the ineffectual opposition; and the quiet-loving merchant succumbed away from the pertinaciousness of his spouse to the price-current, and the averages of rums, sugars, gingers, and arrow-root.

Twelve years passed, and the young Pimentos really began to grow "very interesting" at the dinner-parties with which the hospitable merchant entertained his friends during school vacations, that the juveniles might see something of the world, and the world see something of the juveniles. Master Alfred could rant the soliloquies in *Douglas*, and, to shew the versatility of his genius, perform "*Little Pickle*," with an additional scene (got up by Lady Pimento herself, who began to betray symptoms of *bleu-ism*), in which he set fire to a chintz curtain, broke some china chimney-ornaments, upset a dumb-waiter, and fired a cracker under the chair of his indulgent papa. The several parties who were made audiences of his pranks, pronounced him to be a prodigy in mischief; Lady P. was delighted; while the "*judicious*" Sir Peter grieved.

Master Augustus was also a prodigy, but in another line. He could hit the house-cat on the nose with a blunt arrow five times out of ten, and strike an egg out of a breakfast-cup once out of twice, if he did not break both cup and egg at the first five. It was, indeed, prophesied by the sporting part of the city, that he must ultimately become the first shot of his day.

Miss Amarantha was the third prodigy—a musical and metrical prodigy.

digy. In her eleventh summer she could make verses; and, in her twelfth, marry metre to music, but, like most early marriages, they jangled most deplorably. Her master, Signor Soprano, pronounced her, as well as he could express his flattery, to be "a Billington in the bud;" and her ladyship, as sugars were "looking up" in the market, raised the professor's salary half-a-guinea per quarter.

Under the instruction of the Signor, Miss Amarantha had already begun to scream out "sounds it was a misery to hear," and thump the piano in such a manner as was barbarous to behold. *Di piacer*, and *Una voce poco fa*, filled the town-house in Finsbury with "discords dire," the superflux half filling the area forming the square, and frightening that merchant-congregating spot "from its propriety." Lady P., however, and her *coterie* were delighted to observe the devotion with which the young lady went through the rudimentary martyrdom of her musical education.

I have foredated a principal incident in my history; for it was at this era that Peter Pimento, Esquire, became Sir Peter Pimento, Knight. He had been elected Sheriff of London; and an address of congratulation about something procured him the intoxicating honour of knighthood. Then it was that the Pimentos "looked up;" and Sir Peter, after much special pleading, for the sake of that peace of which, as sheriff, he was a public conservator, reluctantly agreed that a more fashionable house, and a more fashionable neighbourhood, were necessary to the double dignitaries of sheriff and knight. Accordingly, the Pimentos emigrated to Portland-place. Sir Peter, however, soon discovered that a residence so situated was too far from the city for commerce, and too near for the country air. One horn of this dilemma was soon gilt over: Lady P. insisted upon a second carriage. The merchant demurred, but in vain: it was ordered from Birch, Prince Leopold's builder; and Lady P. and Miss Amarantha kept it in activity,—first, by shopping-expeditions, about the West End, in the morning,—and, secondly, by putting in appearances in the Park two hours before dinner. Sir P. complained, and was told he could well afford a third carriage, for "ginger was in demand."—"Anything for a quiet life," thought Sir P.; and a third carriage was placed on the stocks. Lady P. then discovered that her "dear Alfred" could not positively take rank with the young nobility with whom he had bowed himself into acquaintance, if he was not allowed a cabriolet.

Here Sir Peter did venture to rebel so far as to lift his eyebrows in astonishment; and a "D—n it, Madam, this is too much!" and a positive "No!" had half-escaped his lips, when the lady informed him, in her peremptory way, that opposition was useless—it was necessary to the dignity of the family; that she had ordered Birch to build a curricule for the "dear boy;" and that, if Sir Peter refused the expense, she would sustain it out of her private purse, for she was determined that "the Pimentos should look up." Sir P. gave an audible "humph!" whistled a variation on a favourite air; and then, buttoning up his coat to the collar, walked as coolly as he could to Cornhill. Fortunately for his peace of mind, good tidings from Lloyd's met him there; and he began to think it not impossible that a merchant, whose profits were twenty thousand per annum, might sustain the rise in the demands of Lady P. and her "dear" Alfred. But he had, for the hour, forgotten that he had also a "dear Augustus." The last-named young gentleman had

lately made a match with the Hon. Mr. Wingpigeon, and, presuming on the reputation acquired in the precincts of Finsbury, had staked a cool thousand on the issue, which the noble destroyer of doves very shortly brought down in bills at six months.

“Very well,” said Sir Peter, when he was made acquainted with his son’s exploit—“I had fixed just that sum for his education at Oxford: I perceive that it is already finished.—Here, Lady Pimento, is a cheque for the *trifle*, as you are pleased to consider it:—if I had many such sons, such trifles would soon make me a broken merchant.” A lucky speculation, the next day, restored the worthy knight to his usual placid state; and he began, philosophically, to consider children as a sort of commercial venture, which might turn out fortunate, pay the outfit, and reward the underwriters for the risk; or the reverse—just as “the Fates and Sisters three, and such like destinies,” decreed.

It was at this epoch that Lady P. was struck with the discovery that it was high time the interesting and accomplished Amarantha should be brought out. Her father listened, in his usual serene way, to the suggestions of her lady mother; and, as he dared not demur, the thing was set about with becoming spirit; and routs, balls, and, to complete all, a morning concert, made Portland-place one universal chaos of carriages, company, and confusion. The young lady was, indeed, brought out to some purpose; for, at the close of the morning-concert, she was discovered to be missing, and no one knew how; but a polite note, left on her dressing-table, informed her expectant parents that she had gone the way of all runaway young ladies—*via* Gretna Green; the companion of her flight being the Signor Soprano, who had conferred on the concert the honour of his voice. Sir Peter stared, and looked puzzled, as well he might, and Lady P., for once, seemed baffled and confounded.

“This is one of the consequences of teaching a merchant’s daughter the tricks and tricks of an opera-singer!” said Sir Peter, with a groan:—“Lady P., I hope you are satisfied with her choice, and gratified by this result of your precepts?” Lady P. did not look as if she was; but there was no knowing, for Signor Soprano was one of Lady P.’s “dear creatures.”

“Surely every thing that could tend to deprive a father of pride and comfort in his children, has happened to me!” sighed out the merchant, as he stepped out of doors, on his way to the City: but he had reckoned without his ledger, as will be hereafter seen. However, to throw a little sunshine over that hour of unhappiness to the father, the merchant received the news of the safe arrival of “the good ship Amarantha,” with a fine cargo, “all well.”

“Ah!” sighed Sir Peter, “the winds and waves are more obedient to my wishes, than my children!” With a lighter heart he transacted the business of the day, and returned home at five. A mob was about the door: a cabriolet broken, and a beautiful bay bleeding at the knees, told what had happened. He rushed in: Lady P. met him at the stair-foot.—“Oh, Sir Peter! Sir Peter!” exclaimed she, and fainted.

“What new horror have I next to endure?” demanded the anxious father, as his usual healthy hue forsook his face. It was explained to him, as tenderly as possible, that, whilst Mr. Alfred was “airing” Mademoiselle Pirouette, the Opera-dancer—with whom, it then came out, he had “an affair of the heart”—the bay, being high-bred, had taken fright at the red coat and wooden legs of a Chelsea pensioner, near

Kensington Gardens, and plunging into the surrounding "Ha-ha!" had broken its knees, the cabriolet, Mr. Alfred's head, and Mademoiselle Pirouette's ankle. Here Lady P. recovered; and after listening, with more patience than usual, to the lecture which her worthy husband delivered on the fashionable follies which he could foresee were destined to ruin him and his children, Lady P. commenced a reply equally eloquent, in vindication of her "dear Alfred." His errors were the errors of a young man of fashion—indications of the *esprit de corps*—signs of a noble ambition to be one of the *haut ton*. "And pray, Sir Peter," inquired the lady, to clinch the matter, "were you never guilty of any fashionable follies, when you were a young man?"—"None, Madam," replied the husband, "save going, once in the season, to Vauxhall, and twice or thrice to the theatres: these were follies sufficient to season a year. But now——"

Lady P. cut short the comparison by a second query:—"And were you never guilty of a worse folly?"—"Yes, Madam," replied the husband.—"And pray what might that be?" further inquired the lady.—"I married *you*, Madam!" answered Sir Peter. And here Lady P., who had become a patroness of *nerves*, fainted again, and was carried by her women to her bed-chamber. Sir Peter then took the road to his son's dressing-room.

On entering, he found the valet bathing the head of his heir-apparent with Eau-de-Cologne; and, truly, when the father looked in his face, he might well seem, as he was, puzzled, and somewhat dubious whether the good Samaritans who had brought him home had not brought some other unhappy father's "dear Alfred," for he could not recognize a single feature in his face.

"Good Heaven!" groaned the afflicted father, "that young men should thus wantonly risk limb and life in the pursuit of fashion!" He then gave a multiplicity of tender directions that "he should be well looked to;" and wiping the moisture of anxiety from his forehead, stepped softly out of the room, to visit his least patient patient, Lady P. He knocked gently at the door, and then entered; but what was his surprise to find "*the*" Pirouette in his lady's bed, and Lady P. on an ottoman, not quite recovered from the shock of her nerves, yet sufficiently so to command Sir Peter to leave the chamber "for a brute as he was;" which he, as a husband should, did, and, in a minute more, the house.

He was met at the door by the stable-keeper of whom the bay had been hired, who very doggedly desired to know what was to be done with the mare, for she was ruined beyond repair? "Shoot her at once, out of her misery," said Sir Peter; "and, if you have a second bullet disengaged, do me the same favour, and put down another hundred to your bill!"—"Perhaps, Sir Peter, you will oblige me with your cheque for one hundred now for the bay?" Sir Peter hesitated a moment: "I'll see the damage done first, if you please, Mr. —— Mr. ——. Good morning, Sir!"—and he bowed the trickster from the door, and made his way to the City.

"I am an unhappy father!" sighed the worthy merchant, as he entered his counting-house. "How is the market, Transit? how go sugars?"—"Up, Sir Peter, up—the demand is immense!" answered Mr. Transit.—"Come, this is well!" The merchant made a good morning's work, and returned in a more pleasant mood than usual to Portland-place. The lion-headed monster of his door was by that time comfort-

ably wrapped up in white kid ; the blinds were down from top to bottom of his house ; and the splendid carriages of three fashionable leeches were drawn up before the door.

“ What now ? ” exclaimed Sir Peter, as he knocked softly, and then rang loudly the area-bell.—“ What has happened now ? ” he inquired anxiously, as the door opened.—“ Mademoiselle is in a fever, and the surgeons are in consultation about her ankle.”—“ Plague take her ankle, and its owner ——”

Sir Peter had almost vented his impatience in an English way, by bestowing a few epithets of national prejudice on foreigners generally ; but he restrained the Englishman, and ordering a fowl to be served up in the library, entered that abode of silence, glad to escape from his own thoughts to those of others.

He had not long enjoyed himself in the refreshing solitude of that sanctuary, when a loud noise was heard in the hall. He rushed out to see what new domestic convulsion had occurred : it was the “ dear Augustus,” brought home from the Red-house at Battersea, drunk with a double charge of champagne, swallowed to console him for his losses in a match at pigeon-shooting, played and payed that day. Mr. Augustus came home minus two thousand guineas, besides an annuity of twenty pounds for life upon the wife of the trap-man, whom, in his anxiety to secure the last bird, he had sent to his long account.

“ Take the brute to bed ! ” said Sir Peter, sternly ;—“ and, John, countermand the fowl, and light me to my chamber. I shall breakfast at six to-morrow, John—recollect, at six.” Sir Peter then retired to his chamber, which was on the same floor with his lady’s ; for Lady P. was already fashionable enough to insist upon the propriety of the disunion of bed, if not of board.

Sir Peter waked at six, and his chocolate was punctual. He threw up the window, and as he glanced out, observed a post-chaise and pair driving with fashionable—that is, furious—speed up Portland-place. It stopped at his door ; the steps were let down, and, wrapped in a loose travelling dress, out stepped Miss Amarantha, alone. Sir Peter rang the bell hastily, and he was about to give orders that she should not be admitted ; but the father overcame him, and he relented.—“ Attend to the door, and admit your young lady, but deny me,” said Sir Peter, with a countenance “ more in sorrow than in anger.”

In justice to the young lady it must be recorded that no marriageable harm had been done : for when the *lovers* had arrived half way on their route to Gretna Green, Miss Amarantha discovered that, in the hurry of her flight, she had brought away her cotton-box, in mistake for the case which contained her diamond necklace—a discovery which, by some mysterious psychological process, not thoroughly understood by the learned in love matters, acted so suddenly on the passion of Signor Soprano, that, two hours after, he stole out of the hotel where they had put up, and left the fair runaway to “ gang her gate ” back again.

“ Take away the chocolate—I shall breakfast this morning with your mistress,” said Sir Peter. He then descended by the back stairs to his library ; there, shutting himself up from all interruptions, he read Bishop Horne’s sermon on “ Patience ” twice through ; and, having stored his mind with its precepts, he heard the summons to breakfast with a proper degree of composure, considering the weight of the domestic duties he had that morning to perform.

The meeting between the belligerents was what, in military phraseology, has been termed "imposing." Lady P. brought into the field a powerful force of frowns, glances like Parthian darts, a masked battery of words, and a well-placed ambush of allies; the whole being backed by an irresistible *corps de réserve* of tears, upbraidings, threats of separation, spasms, shrieks, and salts. Sir Peter, on his part, took his ground armed at all points, from a thorough consciousness that "thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just." The disputed and despised authority of the husband, the "proud *wife's* contumely," had stirred all his soul to the war; and whether domestic peace should smile on him in future, and dominion be allowed him over his own little kingdom and rebellious subjects, or whether anarchy and riot were to rule, was now at issue. Sir Peter advanced to the attack with a bold front, yet affecting no more courage than he felt—whilst it was easy to observe that Lady P. exhibited a certain flutter of preparation, which betrayed to the wary eye of the general the ill-disguised apprehensions of the enemy.

"Betty, leave your mistress alone with me," said the knight. Betty did as she was bid, and retired. And now there was a clear field for the contest, and no quarter expected! An awful pause ensued—to fill up which, or rather to inspirit himself to the war, Sir Peter, in the absence of Spartan fife and drum, whistled a sort of battle symphony. As the last war-note died on the gale, Lady P. made demonstrations of a wish to parley.

"Sir Peter," said the lady, "do you take chocolate or coffee this morning?"

Not a word in reply. The silence of a settled purpose sat on the soul of Sir Peter, as he half turned away from the table. This was perhaps an indiscreet movement, for he thereby left his right wing exposed to the light artillery of Lady P., which instantly, as might have been expected, commenced a galling fire.

"Really, Sir Peter," said the lady, "your contempt of me—your conduct towards me—your opposition to my most moderate wishes—your indifference to my comforts—I can only impute to your having grown weary of so virtuous, so conciliating, patient, and careful a wife!"

"Madam!" said Sir Peter, facing to the front.

"What am I to understand from your behaviour?" demanded the lady.

"You are to understand, Madam," returned the knight, "that I have at length come to the determination of being the master of my own house, and director of my own children, of whom I am, by the law of nature, the first protector, and, by the law of society, the legal and proper guardian; and whom I am, from this day, determined to guard in future from the errors into which they have fallen."

"Well, Sir Peter," returned the lady, with an air of infinite astonishment, "and who has for a moment disputed it?"

"I will do you the justice to say, that *you* have not——"

"Your candour, Sir Peter, does you honour," said Lady P., interrupting him rather too hastily.

"Hear me out, Madam!—For a *moment* you have not, but for *twenty years* you have disputed it, inch by inch, instance by instance, day by day, night by night."

"You surprise me!" said the lady.



“ I meant to do so, Madam,” returned the knight ; “ and I shall surprise you more. Know then, Madam, that from this day the firm of *Lady Pimento* and *Sir Peter Pimento*, in which I have hitherto appeared to be little more than the sleeping partner, ceases, or rather is re-modelled—the oldest partner in the house resuming his right and power to govern and direct its affairs.”

“ Never !” said Lady P., who could no longer restrain her rising spirit : “ I will be mistress in my own family !”

“ You shall be, Madam !” continued Sir P. : “ but the partners not agreeing as to who is the head of the house, the partnership must be dissolved.”

This he said with such a cool air of settled determination as stunned his good lady into wondering silence. Lady P. bit her lips, bit the initials out of the corner of her handkerchief, and then, bouncing from her chair, would have fled the field, and left the resolved husband to enjoy in peace the honours of the war. But Sir Peter, expecting this manœuvre, had cut off her retreat, by previously locking the door, and putting the key into his pocket.

“ Resume your seat, Lady Pimento.”

And in this one instance the lady was certainly obedient. Sir Peter then proceeded to deliver himself as follows, but to no very attentive audience :—

“ You are my wife—it is a sacred title, and imports a sacred obligation. It is not a mere empty distinction between women, but one conferring an office of most solemn duties. A wife should be a crown to her husband—her children its jewels. Her virtue should be his pride and pleasure, not his pain and punishment : for virtue in a wife is not the only thing necessary to make a husband happy ;—there are other qualities—temper, cheerfulness, patience, forbearance—all essential. Her nature should soften the sternness of his, where it is stern—not stubbornly resist it where it is gentle. Her hand should gently detain him, when he would take the wrong path—not rudely pull him back, when he has made choice of the right. Her children should be as the apples of his eyes, the wine and honey of his heart, the grace and ornament of his house. They should be to him as the second spring of his own youth—the pride of his summer—the fruitfulness of his autumn—and the light and warmth of the winter of his manhood. Such should be the virtues of a wife :—I am not prepared to say, Madam, that I am the possessor of such a woman. Such should be the virtues of the children.”

Here Sir Peter hid his face in his hands : Lady P. sat silent, and apparently ashamed. He resumed, after a moment—

“ No, Madam ! I have a wife who would endanger the fortunes of her husband for the poor ambition of moving in a circle to which the industry and success of that husband may have lifted her, but to which her birth, and habits cannot entitle her. And I have sons, who, imbibing her precepts and influenced by her example, plunge headlong into fashionable pleasures, that they may be named among the fools of Fortune to-day, only to be pitied by the wise, and laughed at by the fools they court as their companions, to-morrow. But the reign of Folly I am resolved shall cease, in my family, at least. My wife shall be a real ornament to me, or nothing : my children shall serve and enrich their country, and themselves, by their industry as merchants, and be an example of prudence, not profligacy—or they are no children of mine. Having

acquainted you with thus much of my determination, I leave you, Lady Pimento, to your own reflections ; and I trust they will be such as will bring conviction home to your bosom, and lead you to agree with me that amendment—ay, even a thorough reformation—of my family, is necessary to their reputation in this world, and their happiness in the next." So saying, he rose from his chair.

Lady P. held out to the last, but finding her supplies cut off, and her hope of maintaining the contest single-handed becoming weaker and weaker, she sent in a flag of truce ; and from that day tyranny ceased in the Pimento kingdom.

Sir Peter followed up his lectures on family government with Spartan rigour and vigour ; Mr. Augustus has merged the glory of being a first-rate shot, in the glory of being a good man upon 'Change ; Mr. Alfred has ceased to air the exotic beauties of the Opera, and has made a fortune by a speculation in tobacco ; and Miss Amarantha, putting off the "prima donna," and forgetting her Signor, has nursed her own six children, and looks to the promotion of the excellent citizen her husband to the honours of the next year's mayoralty.

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INSCRIPTION IN A GARDEN AT ALTONA.

[From the German of BONSTETTEN.]

WHEN on my bed of woe I lay,  
 With friends all weeping by,  
 And felt life ebbing day by day,  
 And felt I dared not die—  
 I prayed for life ; yet had I known  
 The bitter days to come,  
 How had I shunned the thankless boon,  
 And joyed to meet the tomb !  
 A throb, a sigh, and I had slept,  
 Forgiving and forgiven ;  
 No more for love or hope had wept,  
 But waked to joy and heaven :  
 But now I live to stand alone  
 Upon a stormy shore,  
 And see each tie of life undone,  
 The loved return no more !  
 My teacher is in yonder flower—  
 It charms the heart and eye ;  
 Then comes the gale, then comes the shower,  
 Its hues, its perfumes die.  
 There speaks my fate ; in vain, in vain,  
 With pride, hope, love, we burn ;  
 The heart will never bloom again,  
 Life's spring will ne'er return !  
 Yet, ye who live on Beauty's smile,  
 On Glory's splendours gaze,  
 Who build in pride the regal pile,  
 Or toil for human praise,—  
 Remember that a nobler clime  
 Awaits the immortal's wing,  
 Where life is hallowed, grand, sublime,  
 And Man is more than King !

## HAS ENGLAND MISGOVERNED IRELAND?

ACCORDING to the fashionable doctrine of the day, Ireland has been invariably a misgoverned country, from its conquest in the twelfth century to the present time—the governors and not the people being the cause of her manifold miseries! A fine, civilized, industrious people, governed by a long succession of barbarian pashas!

But let us imagine Strongbow and his handful of knights, squires, pages, men-at-arms, and archers, conquering three hundred thousand of the “finest people on earth,” whose princes dwelt under the canopy of Heaven, or the embowering shelter of woods, or in those magnificent palaces and castles called boolies (mud cow-houses), after the fashion of which are the modern cabins. In such ample variety of dwellings they abode, so long as there was pasture for their cattle; but when they had completely depastured the surrounding country, they moved on to a new region, devastating as they went; and then again set themselves down to luxuriate at leisure. These were neither locusts, nor sloths, nor wandering Arabs, but the Irish chieftains, and their tribes of the middle ages. These were the breechesless, shoeless kings, princes and warriors, who rode *sans* saddles or stirrups, to combat the English knights and men-at-arms, clad in steel from pole to sole!

It is no disparagement to Irish valour that they could not withstand the English warriors. Neither is it surprising that small accessions of numbers to the English should not, during many generations, extend the actual sway of England over eleven millions of square acres of mountains, bogs, and woods. England had not, during several ages, a superabundant population; besides which, France occupied her attention, and Ireland had been a desert in the nominal possession of tribes unacquainted with civilized life. To illustrate this point, I shall quote the following anecdote from an Irish authority:—

Sir John de Courcy having built two castles in Mac Mahon's country, that chieftain swore fidelity, and made de Courcy his *gossip*. De Courcy at length bestowed on him the castles and lands appendant to them. Within two months, Mac Mahon demolished both the castles. When asked his reason, he answered, “that he did not promise to hold stones, but lands, and that it was contrary to his nature to live within cold stone walls when the woods were so nigh!”

Even so late as the seventeenth century, Sir John Davis states, “I dare boldly say, that no particular person (Irish), from the Conquest to the reign of James I., did build any stone, or brick house, for his private habitation, but such as have lately obtained estates according to the law of England.” Of course, it was the misgovernment of the Plantagenets and Tudors, which caused the native Irish to prefer bivouacing in warm woods to dwelling within cold stone walls. And the same misgovernment made the Irish slight the use of coined money, which had been first introduced amongst them by Edward III., barter better suiting the habits of those of the woods. Thus, in the reign of Henry IV. Mac Murrough, Prince of Leinster, did not value his favourite horse at so much silver or gold, but at four hundred cows; and this system of barter continued up to the seventeenth century, gold or silver being unknown even in the household of the great O'Neal! Giraldus Cambrensis, who accompanied Prince John into Ireland, describes the country as being without inhabitants and without roads, which Sir

William Petty's calculation, above alluded to, of its thin population, not exceeding three hundred thousand souls, scattered over a surface of eleven millions of acres of mountains, bogs, woods, and pastures, fully explains. How abominable is it in the governors of Upper Canada, that they have not yet civilized the Red Indians—that they are only driven further back into the woods and morasses as the English advance and establish new boundaries!

The Anglo-Canadian pale of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, is similar to the Anglo-Irish pale from the twelfth to the sixteenth inclusively. If we were as kind to these Red Indians as our ancestors were to the Irish—if we did not poison them with rum, but let them make a little usquebaugh to keep out the damp, our descendants would have the gratification of hearing Mohawk orators demanding seats in the imperial parliament as the imprescriptible birthright of freemen—whether idolaters or true believers—whether zealous maintainers of the integrity of the British empire, or lovers of Canadian independence.

England found Ireland a fertile but uncultivated wild; the habits of the people, and the fancied interests of their chieftains, were alike opposed to the introduction of civilization;—the people knew nothing of its value, and their chiefs dreaded, in its adoption, the downfall of their own barbarous sway. The adventurous English, however, gradually, as the population increased, extended their power; and, while they yet scarcely held a moiety of the country, had built three thousand castles of solid masonry to preserve their conquest,—thus imitating the policy of William the Conqueror towards the Anglo-Saxons. But England did not confine herself to building castles, however necessary to protect her own settlers and the civilized Irish from the predatory attacks of the wild natives, issuing from their morasses. She planted English colonies, and built towns and cities, and introduced all the arts, then known by herself, into this late wilderness. All which improvements were made maugre the most inveterate hostility of the breachless princes of the soil, by the lords lieutenants and lords deputies of those incompetent and misgoverning dynasties, the Plantagenet and Tudor. It is the acme of ignorance and insolence to hear the milk-and-water statesmen of the present day—men, who have been blustered out of every thing that they have affected to hold sacred, by two or three brawling demagogues, and who have had the ineffable assurance to say that they must surrender, because it would be more dangerous to exercise the power of the English monarchy—I repeat it, it is the acme of ignorance and insolence to hear these modern statesmen echo the ravings of Irish demagogues against the illustrious men who administered the government of Ireland, from the twelfth to the seventeenth century. If they must prate of misgovernment, let them confine their vituperation within the period of their personal recollection. Let them denounce the surrender to the Irish Volunteer Association of 1780. Let them denounce the surrender of 1793 to French revolutionary terrors, which led to the surrender of 1829; but let them not presume to accuse the governments of the Edwards and the Henrys. Ireland owes every thing to England that partakes of civilization and prosperity; and if she have not as much of either as she is naturally capable of receiving, it has not been the fault of her fostering nurse, but of her own wayward and intractable disturbers.

How vain a man, say the enlightened philosophers of the present day, must that John de Courcy, and Earl of Ulster, and Baron of Kinsale have been, who, when desired by his sovereign, King John, to demand at his hands a reward for his great services, requested that he and his heirs, Barons of Kinsale, might have the privilege of wearing their hats in the royal presence. Do these critics consider de Courcy's motive? Do they consider that he demanded and obtained what would give him and his heirs, when seen by the native Irish in the presence of the English monarch, the consequence and dignity of sovereign princes—that de Courcy, from being seen covered in the presence of the king, would rank far higher in their eyes than the greatest princes and nobles of the English court?

The Irish, unwilling to acknowledge that they owe their civilization to the English, refer back to the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, when Ireland was one of the chief seats of learning. We shall not deny them this honour, but only submit to whom they owed it—certainly not to the *English*—but indubitably to the *British*. The fact stands thus: Ireland, never having been a Roman colony, retained its original habits; when, in the fifth century, numerous *Britons*, and especially many ecclesiastics and men of learning, fleeing from the persecutions of the Saxons, found a shelter in Ireland. Thus were Christianity and learning first introduced into a country at the then extremity of the earth; and where, remote from the collision of hostile arms, which during some centuries continued to devastate every other country in Europe, successive generations cultivated letters in undisturbed tranquillity, receiving students from foreign climes, and sending forth missionaries (abroad styled Scots) who became famous in every country in Europe. This was the literary golden age of Ireland, but it was of *British* planting. Yet, after all, these seats of learning were like the Oasis of the desert—the spire of a church, the palm tree at the fountain, marking the sacred spot, was hailed with joy by the wearied pilgrim, who to gain it, had passed the surrounding waste. It is perfectly reconcilable to experience, that monastic and collegiate institutions—the cultivation of the Latin language and literature, may attain to eminence, without any great popular advance in civilization. And thus we find, that no sooner had the Danes commenced their descents on Ireland, than her learning disappeared.

The English conquest in 1172, was the next grand epoch in Irish history, but English laws never extended beyond the English pale, until James I., in the fourth year of his reign, was enabled finally to abrogate the Brehon laws, and introduce those of England. The old Irish laws were a mixture of Gavelkind, Tanistry, and Brehonic institutes. No man endeavoured to acquire property, when his children were not to inherit it. Since, although by the law of gavelkind all the children share alike, by which property, in two or three generations, becomes frittered away; yet there was a much shorter process by which a man's wealth could be seized by his lord, whose arbitrary cuttings and "*cosherings*" soon reduced him to a level with beggars and slaves. Of the blessings of tanistry, by which the heads of tribes elected, from the family of the deceased chieftain, his successor; and the nobles, by a similar process, their king from the children, brothers, uncles, and cousins, of the late monarch, a just notion may be formed from the fact,

that out of two hundred of those elected kings, one hundred and seventy came to violent deaths!

The flight of O'Neal having given James a fair occasion to escheat that chieftain's great territories in Ulster to the crown, the monarch was enabled to colonize that province with English and Scots. This work, and the universal substitution of the English for the Brehon laws, which no preceding monarch had been able to accomplish, first gave Ireland a consolidated character; and from that epoch is to be dated the modern history of Ireland—a history full of storms and miseries—stained with the horrible massacre of the Protestants in the reign of the first Charles—miserable from the consequent re-conquest and confiscations under Cromwell, and again under William III., yet still gradually making progress in civilization.

At present it appears to be altogether lost sight of, that Ireland is a conquered country, peopled by two distinct races—the aborigines and the children of the conquerors. The first forming the majority of the people, but the latter possessing the far greater part of the soil, the far greater portion of wealth, and consequently a more general diffusion of education. These two classes are now commonly distinguished as Catholics and Protestants; but it would be far more intelligible, in a political point of view, were they to be considered as purely Irish and Anglo-Irish, since it is thus that they are considered by the purely Irish themselves. Nor should it be forgotten that the infusion of so great a mass of English blood was not solely in the remote eras of the Plantagenets and the Tudors, but at the several periods of James I., Cromwell, and William III. Thus, although the first conquest was in the twelfth century, there have been subsequent ones in the seventeenth; and at no period, from the reign of Henry II., up to the present hour, have the original inhabitants been kept in allegiance to the crown of England by any thing but the force of the Anglo-Irish, supported by the power of England. Long prior to religious distinctions, the aborigines and the Anglo-Irish were distinct masses; and although religion is now the outward and visible sign which keeps them separate, it is not the less felt by the Catholic serfs of the soil, that their lords are not only heretics, but intruding foreigners.

With that precipitancy which characterized him, Mr. Canning recognized the independence of the revolted Spanish Colonies in South America, *because* the King of France assisted the King of Spain in escaping from the hands of domestic rebels. With similar precipitancy his successor has cut the gordian knot; and, casting off the Anglo-Irish, has thrown the crown of Ireland into the keeping of the aboriginal Irish. The system of six centuries and a half has been suddenly and at once departed from. The Anglo-Irish are no longer the peculiar care of the English government, and the right hand of her power in Ireland. They must now become exclusively Irish; they must unite themselves with their ancient enemies; they must join them in every measure which is strictly Irish and anti-English. And that they will do so—that there will be *united* Irishmen, without distinction of ancestry, or religion, there can be no doubt. Irish loyalty to the crown of England has hitherto arisen from fear in the one party, and from the sense of protection in the other. The protection having been withdrawn, the deserted party must make the best terms they can with their hereditary foes, and join them in rendering Ireland independent of England.

There is but one alternative: that, provoked by some sudden popish insolence, the Protestants may take the alarm, may retort, and, with a new spirit of combination and resistance, commence a civil war. A fearful result, but speedier, and less fatal than the final and inevitable amalgamation which a more cautious policy on the papist side, and the continued contempt and neglect of the British cabinet, might produce in the Protestant mind.

But are we to lose Ireland because the system of governing her has in one great respect been changed? Certainly not. Yet she may give us the trouble of another conquest—be again the scene of war and spoliation, and her fields again change hands: pass from those of the Butlers, the Fitz-Geralds, the Fitz-Maurices, the De Burghs, the Cavendishes, the Fitz-Williams, *cum multis aliis* of English breed, into those of a new race of British adventurers. Nor will those great families have any right to complain of any but their *ancestors of the present day*.

One word, in parting, of Irish landed proprietors. These personages, whether old Irish, old English, or English of a century or two old, all look upon the people after the old “cutting and coshering” fashion—the first from the inherent vice of their character, and the two latter from being heirs of conquest, and of a distinct race from their serfs. If these persons are allowed to legislate for Ireland, they will do nothing for the amelioration of the people. It is to English legislators that the Irish peasant must look for succour. The Irish landlord—especially the resident landlord, for he is often more arbitrary than the absentee, particularly when the latter has an Englishman managing his Irish estates—will, without ruth, turn adrift the poor who are no longer necessary to his political power. English legislators hearken not to Irish senators when they deprecate poor laws to the unhappy wretches whom they turn adrift from their cabins, their potatoe gardens, and two or three acres of land, to perish in the neighbouring bogs:—but, as nature is not so accommodating as parliament, it would be well to consider, that if Ireland is to be tranquil, the people must be fed.

One remark I would make, and then have done. Henry VII. created the middle classes of England, by enabling the barons to break the entails of their estates. Our modern nobility have risen on their ruins. Would it not be well done to enable the Cavendishes, Fitz-Williams, Pettys, &c. &c. &c., to break the entails of their Irish estates, and limit the sale of them; not on the plan of the Swan River, but on something like that of James I., in Ulster. By this process a number of resident gentry would be created, whose fortunes would be too moderate to tempt them to St. James’s, and yet their protection be amply sufficient for the growth of a respectable peasantry. The great English landed proprietors, who have large estates in Ireland, add not by them an iota to the power of the English crown in that country—but they take vastly from its popularity. The same means, in the hands of a new race of intelligent residents, might work wonders: example is worth precept at any time; and in this middle order, law, religion, and civilization would find their strong hold.

## THEATRICAL MATTERS.

COVENT GARDEN has redeemed its pledge by bringing forward Miss Smithson. Her illness in Amsterdam seemed ominous, as theatrical illnesses generally are ; and the fair enchantress of so many French bosoms was understood to shrink from the peril of presentation before a British audience. But our alarms were relieved like her own, and she at last made her *début*. Jane Shore, the favourite of the French, was chosen for her first impression, in some degree judiciously, for no character could offer more for the peculiarities of Miss Smithson's style. It is essentially melo-dramatic ; it requires a very various display of agony, exhaustion, resignation, and despair. The close is among the most harrowing on the stage ; and no audience could ever see the beautiful wife of the goldsmith reduced into the mendicant, dying of hunger, and rejected from every door, without strong sympathy. But here is the whole effect of the play. To an audience who can understand the dialogue, nothing can be more tiresome. The characters are at once feeble and extravagant ; the plot wants incident and probability, and the language is alternate childishness and raving.

The public anticipation of Miss Smithson's performance was realised. She exhibited improved powers of stage effect ; she trod the boards with a less embarrassed air, and she pronounced the declamation with a stronger sense of its purpose. But nature has prohibited her from any high degree of success on the English stage. We by no means desire to follow the opinions of those who, almost before she appeared, had begun to depreciate the actress. She certainly has talents ; but the same talents which please a foreign audience are not calculated to please an English one. Which is the truer judgment we have no present space to examine. Miss Smithson's Juliet is much more attractive than her Jane Shore, chiefly through the infinite superiority of the play. But her figure is not suitable to the young graces of Juliet ; and forcible as her conceptions were in the more vigorous portions of the character, and deserving of applause as her acting frequently was, still the "girl Juliet" was not there.

Since this effort Covent Garden has rather lain on its oars. Something of this may be attributed to the progress of the season, which is now advancing into the benefits ; yet we look for activity from Fawcett, and the restoration of the Farce of the *Master's Rival* is not enough. The fate of this farce is a curious incident in itself, and, we suppose, may furnish its author with hints for a new dramatic effort. It was brought out at Drury Lane, where it failed ; according to Liston's version, from the dulness of the piece ; according to Peake's version, from the intoxication of the principal performer ! It has been transferred to Covent Garden, where it has succeeded ; and it has finally appeared in print, with a preface, detailing the author's grievances with angry pleasantry, and saying that though an act of oblivion in the performer may certainly relieve the audience of a good deal of an author's nonsense, yet that they are not much the better if the performer introduces the same quantity of nonsense of his own ; that he has no objection whatever to this exercise of extempore ingenuity, except where he himself is concerned, but that he must be excused from being d-mn-d for the best bottle of wine in London. We may not quote Mr. Peake exactly, but we give, as the parliamentary writers say, the substance of his speech.



At Drury Lane, the latter part of the season is atoning for the earlier. Auber's opera of *Massaniello* has been put into shape by Kenny with his usual skill, and its effect has been highly popular. The plot deviates in all possible ways from the history; but it is not the less amusing as an opera. The female interest turns on the fates of *Massaniello's* sister, a dumb girl, with whom the son of the Spanish viceroy of Naples had fallen in love: but a noble bride is found for him: and the fisherman's sister, who had been imprisoned to prevent her interference, makes her escape at the critical moment of the marriage, forces herself into the presence of the bridal party, and attempts to tell her tale. She accomplishes this object in all points but that of telling the name of her false lover. She is conveyed away, fainting, and recovers only to be prevented by her brother, from suicide. Her injuries, added to those of the Neapolitans, rouse him into insurrection. He harangues the multitude in the market-place; they sing a hymn, and a beautiful one it is, and rush from prayer into massacre with the national facility. The viceroy is defeated; the fisherman is supreme. He receives the homage of the nobles, and goes in triumph through the city. But conspiracy is awakened against him, too; a confederate poisons him, and he rushes out, mad with pain and thwarted ambition, uttering wild words, and singing fragments of wild songs. He is now on the edge of *Vesuvius*, the mountain bursts out in eruption, and *Massaniello* flings himself into the burning stream.

The whole performance is highly various, animated, and picturesque; the scenery beautiful; and the national airs, the *Barcarole*, *Tarentalla*, and fisherman's songs, are extremely characteristic and striking. The general music is of inferior merit, for France is not the land of able opera composition; but it fills up the interval of the Neapolitan airs inoffensively, and the whole is entitled to the applause which it receives. Great promises are made for the coming season. The success of *Rienzi* has stimulated the latent energies of our blank-verse writers; and two tragedies, at least, from "first-rate pens,"—so say the green-room rumours—are already soliciting the manager's acceptance. How far the tragedies may be good for any thing, if they come from any of the young lords who have been lately flirting with the awful muse of tragedy, we have our personal opinions, which, we fear, are not unlikely to be confirmed in due season by the public. However, it is only by the general effort of those who have time or inclination to labour at that most laborious work—a tragedy, that we can ever expect to see a tolerable one. The customary candidates for the honour, are certainly entitled to none beyond the praise of making the experiment; but some man of untried powers may start up at last and revive the stage. We are now in the very central age of theatrical mediocrity; not an attempt at original writing is ever made. A little disguise of some little French farce—a feeble melo-drame turned into English—a French comedy cut down, or a French tragedy broken into scenes of staring heroines, strutting heroes, bombastic declamation, and the trampling of iron boot-heels, the clang of trailing sabres, and the eternal thunder of drums, make up the whole "deliciæ" of the modern drama. In the spirit of the proverb, that, when things come to the worst they will mend, we ought to be on the very verge of prosperity; for our stage has certainly sunk as low in point of original production as it is possible to sink. We defy it to find a lower depth. Thus, from our very despair, we may

indulge ourselves with deriving hope; and from the existence of the fooleries that load the stage, we may augur some merit in even the two cherished tragedies.

The success of the theatrical speculations on the Continent is stirring up the spirit of our actors, and a company is said to be forming to make the tour of the Netherlands and Germany. Kemble, Egerton, and others, are on the wing at the close of the season; Miss Smithson, of course, is the heroine. Abbott is on the Continent, and from his habits would make an expert manager, and the speculation promises to be a fortunate one. The English language is popular in Germany, though it is miserably spoken. But Shakspeare is read every where, and understood no where; however, the name is enough: he is lectured upon, and dissected, and criticised, and lithographed, and imitated, and disfigured in all imaginable ways. But all this bustling makes him popular, and will make the English actors popular, and will even conduce to the popularity of the English themselves, intractable as they are.

The King's Theatre proceeds from triumph to triumph. Pisaroni, after having sustained the frosty fortunes of the season during the winter, has now given way to the spring flower generation of the Malibrans and Sontags. Neither of the younger ladies is handsome, but they sing tolerably, and the noblesse must be satisfied with them, or they can have none; and the Opera-house must not be shut up while it affords the only general receptacle for diligent matrons and their unmarried daughters. Flirtation must find its vent, matches must be made somewhere or other; divorces must be arranged, scandal must be talked, *sets* must be made at young boobies flung loose upon the world with money; in short, the great business of the great world must have an Exchange, a grand Auction mart for its management; Almack's is too exclusive; routs are not exclusive enough. The Opera-house is the exact medium, where the discreet matron may open her box to whom she likes, or shut it on whom she dislikes—may draw a favourite fool from any quarter of the house, or keep out a bore, or be blind to an *ami de trop*, those nuisances of society, who act as Marplots in the most critical occasions, and have spoiled more marriages than the blacksmith of Gretna ever made.

Sontag's voice has lost its novelty, and with it has lost its chief charm. It executes violin passages, and flourishes through the scale with the adroitness of desperate practice, but it never had feeling, and it never will. But the interest attached to Sontag is now of a tenderer kind. Happy exemption of singers and actresses from the penalties of the sex! one of those syrens may march through the world with all the evidences of being as "women wish to be that love their lords," and only become more interesting. The newspapers have been for the last three months discussing the hollowness of this German woman's physiognomy, and lamenting over the lost charms of her neck and chin. But beyond this all is wrapt in a cloud. Lord Clanwilliam first had the honour of being supposed her husband. But he escaped the charge under cover of the rumour that he was affianced to the Duchess of Berri. Prince Leopold next had the honour: and if sneers could fasten matrimony on his Highness, he is fast bound in the chain. Then the Duc de Chartres was supposed to have come over expressly to introduce the lady to his illustrious father, and obtain his consent to the alliance. Then a sovereign prince with three hundred acres of empire in the Black Forest, was the happy spouse. The last report gives the lady to a German Count; and a still

more cloudy apology just put forth, says, that "whatever may be the result, Mademoiselle Sontag will come out of the affair with as much character as before!"

Now all this is a great deal too profound for our comprehension. If any woman on or off the stage, expect to have the privilege of going through society with an untainted reputation, let her take the honest and easy mode of sustaining it. Let her take her husband's name. We cannot understand these unmarried marriages; these illustrious husbands of whom nobody knows any thing; the female virtue that wears the badge of shame; nor the male dignity that suffers a wife to run the round of nightly scorn, for the sake of securing her salary.

Malibran, as the novelty of the season, bears away the honours of the Opera. Her Desdemona delights all the amateurs, and makes all the women weep, when they are not otherwise engaged. She is an ingenious performer, and has as much feeling as an Italian stage generally exhibits, which is scarcely any whatever. Her voice is not unlike her father's, feeble and thin, well practised rather than well taught, and infinitely too much of the violin school for vocal expression. She is a tolerable actress in parts of youth, and a tolerable singer in the general range of Italian music, and she is no more. She has been extravagantly puffed, and as this anticipatory praise settles the judgment of nine-tenths of mankind, she has been extravagantly admired. But it would be burlesque to name any of our Opera wonders, of the present time, against the true bravura singer. They are trifling and superficial, they want the power, and the profound and spirit-stirring richness of expression, that make the great singer. They are expert at ballads, and there the panegyric is at an end. Othello, melted down, disfigured and disgraced by some Italian compounder of operas, is the principal performance of the season. But as a drama, it is a national offence. If ghosts were ever permitted to rise and vindicate their characters on earth, we should inevitably see Shakspeare starting up between the boards of the King's Theatre, and making an example of both the Desdemona and Othello; and after having extinguished Donzelli and Malibran for their presumption, extracting, in the most summary mode, whatever brains were left to M. Laporte. One of the imported fooleries of the time, is the French trick of summoning the performers to appear after the fall of the curtain. We thus have the murdered Moor and his Venetian starting on their feet, making their obeisances to the pit, and consoling those tender bosoms which thought them dead, by the walking evidence that they are actually alive.

The uncertainty of the law still keeps up its reputation by its theatrical decisions. The Lord Chancellor has just reversed the decision of the Master of the Rolls in the case of Harris and Kemble, &c., giving the cause against Harris, and saddling him with costs, an enormous sum. Harris intends to appeal to the Lords. A similar decision has been given against Waters, the late proprietor of the King's Theatre. The bargain which he attempted to break with the bankrupt, Chambers, has been confirmed, and thereby Waters looks upon his loss as some twenty thousand pounds and costs. With these eternal appeals to law, theatres must be undone. But the true source of astonishment is how, with their inordinate expenses, they can subsist at all. With actors at twenty pounds a night, and rents from ten to fourteen thousand pounds a year, and with a mountain of outstanding debt accumu-

lating every year, the only surprise is to find their doors open. On the subject of the receipts and expences, &c. some curious details have been lately given. Drury Lane is said to contain about 3,060 people. Covent Garden about 2,800. We should have conceived the numbers transposed.

In 1805 Drury Lane Theatre held 3,611 persons, when the receipts amounted to 770*l.* 16*s.* The expences, including performers, lights, ground-rent, &c. were upwards of 200*l.* per night. Salaries 740*l.* per week, or about 124*l.* per night. The receipts of Drury Lane Theatre during the four years after building in 1812, were, first year 79,924*l.*; second year 78,389*l.*; third year 71,585*l.*; fourth year 49,586*l.* In 1816, the seven last nightly receipts on Kean's performance (as Sir Giles Overreach, and one as Bertram) were 3,984*l.*, averaging 569*l.* each night. From a statement of the accounts of Covent Garden Theatre from 1803 to 1809, six years, it appears that the receipt of each season averaged 61,000*l.*, and the average profit of each year 8,345*l.*

It appears by the suit in Chancery relative to Covent Garden Theatre, that the annual expences of that establishment amounted to an average of about 53 or 54,000*l.*, making the nightly expences between 3 and 400*l.* By the same proceeding it appears that the average profits are about 12,000*l.* per annum. The nightly expences of each patent theatre is elsewhere stated to be from 200 to 220 guineas, and Mr. T. Dibdin, who has examined the Drury Lane books, gives the expences of that house at the latter sum.

The provincial theatres are, as they always have been, the very emblem of struggle. How any man who is tall enough to enlist in the militia, or strong enough to dig in the colonies, would ever undertake the management of a country theatre, is to us beyond all conception. The Irish theatres are now illuminated by the transit of some of our stars, and a week's success must lighten the darkness of a year. Mrs. Waylett has been lately the star of Cork, where she quarrelled with Mrs. Humby about a song. The results of this important quarrel have not transpired. Miss Foote declared herself ill used, and protested against the management in a public appeal; and Mr. Kean was suddenly indisposed, and deprived the honest Cork people of their Richard. Another effort however was made, and he appeared as Macbeth. But the actor's malady became so formidable in the third act, that his son was obliged to offer to play the part of Norval. This was a curious substitute for Macbeth; but as the hero was not forthcoming, there was no remedy. The cause of this propensity to fall down in the green-room, has like the results of Mrs. Humby's quarrel, not transpired.

At Bristol, Mr. Macready—we believe, the tragedian's father—was found dead in his bed. Miss Coveney, an infant, sang a bravura, played in opera, and had a benefit; and Miss Love, or rather Mrs. Calcraft, has been delighting all the world in the Siege of Belgrade, &c.

The ADELPHI closed, after a productive season, with a punning speech from Yates, of which the following is the most *punistical* fragment:—

“It will be, perhaps, in the recollection of some of you, Ladies and Gentlemen, that we commenced the season with *Wanted a Partner*, and I need not tell you how efficiently that want has been supplied by the firm of Mathews, Yates, and Company; and though you, who have found the capital for carrying on the firm, have not been actively engaged in the concern, yet we trust you have been any thing but sleeping partners; nor can you blame us for any want of activity, since our *Earthquake* has filled the pit,

our *May Queen* outlived the Christmas season, and our *Rover* induced so many to imitate him, and quit their homes; while you have, over and over again, enabled us to pay the postage of *My Daughter's Letter*, which, since its receipt, has been any thing but a dead letter in our treasury. But, Ladies and Gentlemen, there is a time for all things. Our season is over; our *Earthquake* is silenced; our *May Queen* must be put to bed; our *Rover* must be laid up in port; and our *Daughter's Letter* remain in the post-office unopened—till the magic touch of the Lord Chamberlain's license, like *Harlequin's* wand, shall again set them free."

The Covent Garden Theatrical Fund had a magnificent dinner on the 10th inst., at which the Duke of Clarence was to have presided, but the death of the Prince of Hombourg prohibited this, and Lord Blessington was his substitute. Fawcett's speech was manly and angry, and announced something like his resignation. He descanted fiercely on the negligence of the actors in contributing to the fund, from which he warned them, that many a revolter might be glad, at a future day, to have a share of its donations. On the health of the stewards being drank, Mathews returned thanks with considerable pleasantry:—

"Gentlemen: I am deputed by my brethren—I really don't know why—to return you their thanks for the honour just conferred upon them. Considerable difficulty in choosing a speaker, I conjecture, must have occurred before I was applied to. I certainly inquired why so *serious* a task should be imposed upon a *comic* actor [*cheers*], when there are so many persons who belong to the more dignified department of the drama, whose power would be more suited to the occasion. I was told they had all individually declined. One of the principal tragedians, to whom the noble Lord had referred, thought he was too *Young* for such an undertaking. Surely, I've a better right to this excuse, for every body knows I am but a *minor* [*laughter*]. Mr. Keeley, though so often seen to advantage, thought he should not be seen here [*laughter*]*—*he was too *short*, he said; I hope I shan't be thought too *long*; and Mr. Blanchard thought his voice too *weak* for the room, not having been used to speak in a larger space than *Covent Garden* for the last twenty-five years; and I feared that I should not be heard at all, having lately contracted my voice for the *Adelphi*; and having set up to be my own master, had some fear that it would be *infra dignitatem* to speak amongst his Majesty's servants."

But all this *badinage* had a lively effect on minds that had already dipped deep in the second bottle, and the collection amounted to upwards of 1,000*l.*

We learn that a Miss Mordaunt is delighting all hearts—the old and the young, the grave and the gay—at Southampton. Her being a pretty girl, as well as a clever comic actress, is in her favour:—we hope soon to see her on the London boards.

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#### NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

WE are sick of Irish affairs, and no sickness is more epidemical. We are perfectly certain that the sickness is at this hour universal, and that if a man want to have a disgust and contempt for every thing in the shape of public life—for its protestations and principles, for its speeches and performances—he has but to glance at the proceedings which have originated in Irish politics, at any hour for the last ten years. The Marquis of Anglesey's conduct has at length forced itself before parliament; and the gallant Marquis, after having swallowed his wrongs

for some months, has made a clear conscience of them, and at once attempted to vindicate himself and his Irish administration. Nothing could be more childish, loose, and contemptible, than his vindication, except his administration. But the first fault was, unquestionably, with those who sent such a person to Ireland. It is not a crime to possess a weak head, but to entrust its possessor with the power of withholding good or committing evil, is a crime. No man ever conceived that the Marquis of Anglesey had any degree of understanding requisite to conduct public affairs of any kind. He was a good trooper, a good dandy, a good loungeur about fashionable parties, and, possibly, a good judge of a horse. But his qualifications went not a step beyond: and his proper place would have been the parade or the club-room. Yet the crime of sending this fashionable and galloping person to dispense government in Ireland, was, if possible, enhanced by its purpose; for that there was a deep purpose concealed in his mission, no doubt can be entertained. He was known to those who sent him, just as much as he could be to the public: and in a time when a loose, violent, and rash party, was to be suffered to assume importance, there could be no fitter governor than an idle nobleman, who with the air of power had none of the vigour; whose giddiness of character was likely to give way to the slightest and silliest impression of the moment; and who leaving England with the loftiest deprecation of Popery, and the strongest pledges to Protestantism, would not be found twenty-four hours in the hearing of Popish harangues, without forgetting every pledge, swallowing every syllable that he had ever spoken, and with the sudden zeal of a ridiculous convert, launching out into absurdity, as a sort of revenge on himself for his having been ever betrayed into sense. The scheme succeeded perfectly, as might be expected from its wily contriver. The bewildered Marquis had not dined out half a dozen times, when he convinced himself that the men against whom he had raised the warhoop so shortly before, were the finest fellows in the world; that those whom he had called rebels and traitors, and whom he had only longed to charge with the chivalry of England, were patriots to the bone; and that Emancipation would extinguish the barrenness of the soil, clothe the nakedness of the population, reform the inclemency of the seasons, and make the potatoe crop inexhaustible. In this foolery he was clearly encouraged from home, until his business was effected, and those who knew him infinitely better than he did himself, knew that he could not be left any longer to blunder in safety. The correspondence that followed, showed their opinion of his understanding, and certainly not less of his patience. We are quite satisfied that such a course of systematic affronts was never before put on any man bearing the viceregal commission. He was called to order for every thing: for his personal acquaintance, for those whom he casually visited, those whom he invited to his table, nay, for his passing nod in the street. Even his son's rambles through the city, were charged, in a lecture, on the father's defenceless head, and he must have felt that he lived in a state of perpetual *surveillance*. Of this he complains, but he finishes his complaint, with the broadest possible hint that if he might be suffered to retain his government, he would be found infinitely willing to do so. But he might as well have spared himself this humiliation, for his sentence was already passed; and a few posts after brought him as summary a sentence of dismissal as ever came to a disbanded groom. We must own, in justice to those who treated him with such contumely,

that his last act authenticated all they could think of the giddiness of his character. His letter to the Popish bishop Curtis, was a document of which we shall not trust our opinion to paper. Under the hand and seal of an Irish viceroy, it recommended "Agitation." The word is enough; the other nonsense of the paper might have been erased: the single word was sufficient; and we fully coincide in all that the ministers can say of the propriety of this man's recal. On this point the premier's cutting remarks are utterly unanswerable:—

"The Noble Lord said he had written the letter to Dr. Curtis with a view to restore tranquillity; but Mr. O'Connell thought that it recommended something more, and observed, that to that extent the Catholics would not obey his Lordship's recommendation. The Noble Lord said that the letter was quite innocent, for though it recommended agitation, it did not really mean agitation. (Hear.) But, upon referring to the state of Ireland for three years before, *the agitation* meant only *something short of rebellion*; it did not subsequently change its character. The Noble Marquis when he recommended its continuance was still in his Majesty's service, and he asked if such a circumstance did not render his removal a *mutter of necessity*? (Hear, Hear.) The Noble Lord began his administration in Ireland by a regular discussion with his Majesty's government. He asked if the law was to be enforced against the Catholic Association? and the government replied in the *negative*. The Noble Lord subsequently received instructions to consider with the law officers of the crown, whether the common law or one of the six acts could put it down? and he (the Duke of Wellington) now begged leave to ask if the letter to Dr. Curtis was in conformity with these instructions? (Hear, hear.) Surely the continuance of agitation was not at all consistent with the *desire* to restore tranquillity to the country."

In the most preposterous instances before, the viceroy, however silly or angry, always laid down his delegated authority, previously to arraigning public measures, or appealing to public feelings. But the letter in question, was issued from the full-blown authority of the British viceroy; and on this ground alone, if there were no other, we cannot conceive how ministers could have acted but as they did.

Of the explanations in the House, the only public idea is, that they are no explanations at all; they neither tell why the Marquis originally incurred the wrath of the Premier—why he threw himself into the arms of the O'Connells—why he was so strangely enraptured with the intercourse of such a man as every body knows Lord Cloncurry to have been and to be—nor why he wrote his letter to the popish priest. The little story about the Marchioness of Westmeath—that lady who so pugnaciously prefers single blessedness, a pension, and a lodging in St. James's, to the society of her husband and the advantages of her station in society—has sunk away; yet it was upon this that the partisans of both sides were prepared to make their first battle. However, the subject, the parties, and the system, are now alike unimportant; and from Irish affairs, the sooner the eyes of honest men are turned away, the sooner they will escape a sight of folly, disgust, and corruption.

The Swan River job, there is every reason to hope, will be a sublime disappointment to the new dynasty of jobbers. None of "THE family" are likely at present to wear the imperial diadem on the shores of New Holland; and its head must exert his wits to provide some hundred new sinecures for them at home. The whole business had the essence of modern statesmanship breathing from every pore; and we must lament that such brilliant prospects for a young ministerial brood, and such

pleasant promises of royal revenue in the handicraft management of our governors from Manchester, should have been embarrassed to a degree that threatens total extinction. The tale which we have to offer to posterity, is that in the allotment of the territory on the west coast of New Holland, a brother of Mr. Peel had the modesty to apply for no less than a province of four hundred square miles, and the good fortune to have his request most graciously acceded to. The future sovereign doubtless felt the sentiments belonging to his high rank; had already contemplated the movement of an army into the interior; the conquest of some thousand square miles more in a campaign or two; a fleet to act against the coffee-coloured sovereignty of the Sandwich Islands; a dozen of the islands for himself; a standing army, with a kangaroo corps, for his Majesty's guards; a peerage, and a revenue on sharks' fins, seals' blubber, Indians' ears, and English land-bargaining. Unluckily, the plan escaped from the secretary's desk, and found its way to those universal tell-tales, the newspapers. Discussion, the direst foe of family arrangements, followed; and even the ministry were driven to the reluctant necessity of "attempting to explain;" defence was out of the question. The result is, that the job is likely to end in nothing—that the grant is, probably, about to be abandoned by the grantee. There was connected with Mr. Peel in the grant, a member for a county, who, holding a quantity of land in New South Wales, was desirous of being appointed governor of that colony, and who offered to go out in a similar capacity to the Swan River. There was also connected with the grantee a gallant colonel; but those individuals, finding that their principal in the affair did not answer their expectations, have declared off, and expressed their determination to have nothing to do with the Swan River. Mr. Peel's method of settling was to sell leases for life; but buyers were not ripe, and some who had come into his terms have backed out, on the ground that he had withheld from them the stipulations on which the grant had been made to him. The family scheme of providing for this younger brother at a distance, is thus likely to fall to the ground, and his relations will still enjoy the satisfaction of having him near them.

If all this be true, we congratulate the country. Fallen as England is, she has still some power of awaking the fears, if she cannot awake the principle of her masters. If this cotton-spinning family must be fed at the expense of the state, let them be fed at home. The younger brood have never exhibited the slightest degree of public ability, 'tis true; of the head of the house the nation has long settled its opinion, and considers his talents to be of the same rank as his honesty. Of the whole generation besides, what living man knows any thing, except that they have all got places, or commissions, or livings, or something or other, which they had no right under heaven to get? But, if it be the law of degeneracy that they must be provided for, let them be provided for at home; here they will be in some degree harmless: they will feel themselves under the eye of a Dictator who will permit no minor tyranny, corruption, or misgovernment. They will lounge at their desks, mend their pens, read the newspapers, long for the coming of quarter-day, when it has come, rejoice that they have lived to it, and hope that they may find favour in their military master's eyes to be allowed to live and draw another quarter's salary. They will be like the Arbuthnots, the Plantas, the Dawsons, the whole militia of official mediocrity, the whole sappers and miners, corps of the army of Whitehall, the band of gentleman pen-



sioners, whose services are to be found only in the Red Book, and whose living and dying escape the public recollection. But one of those idlers at the head of an empire ten thousand miles from the lash of Downing-street, might develope the tyrannous spirit that so often lurks in the slave, the furious extortion of the habitual mercenary, or the ambition of which official sycophancy has only constrained the appetite. The public have the strongest interest in detecting the frauds committed in those new outlets for our population. The time may come when Canada, the Cape, and New Holland, will be not merely resources for the superfluous multitudes of England, but places of refuge for her noblest minds; when British freedom will look to them as its last strong holds; and the once famous Island be known only as the tomb of learning, liberty, and religion.

We wish that there were some established penalty for printing a joke above a certain number of times. The following has lately gone the round of the newspapers:—

“A lady sitting in one of the lower boxes at the Opera House, being much annoyed by a knot of talkers in the pit, gave one of the sprigs of fashion with whom she was acquainted, a card, with these words written on it—‘Ladies’ ears bored gratis,’—a hint which the whole party had the good sense to take.”

This joke is actually above a hundred years of age, and has been printed in the principal collections of “incomparable things,” since the days when “gentlemen of wit and humour” took their coffee, and exhibited their genius at Button’s and Wills’. For a ten times, or fifty times *told* jest we have great allowance. The teller may have lost his memory of the repetition, or he may think that we have lost ours; or he may be a bore, and thus any antiquated *bon mot* may be better than his conversation; or the repetition may make us wiser in the way of avoiding such practices in our own person, or may lead us to moralize on the innate dulness of mankind, the failing honours of a wit, or the folly of wasting our time in listening to any body past the age of forty-five.

The member for Clare has been thrown out, and the grant for Maynooth been passed by about the same majorities. It is with those “*ludicra rerum*” that legislation now employs its hours. Nothing could be more pitiful and trifling than the idea of resisting O’Connell’s claims to walk in through the breach of the Constitution, that has been made for the general entrance of every popish vagrant in the empire; and he will be returned for some place or other, as surely as the Rent can help him in his objects. The grant to Maynooth, being no more than a national bounty for teaching British subjects that idolatry and the worship of an Italian monk are the first principles of religion and government, of course passed with applause.

#### O’CONNELL’S LAMENT.

“There was a profound silence in the House when Mr. O’Connell entered, supported by Lord Duncannon and Lord Ebrington.”—*Morning Paper.*

Not a sound was heard, nor a cough, nor a hum,  
 And the porters looked dreadfully flurried;  
 Not a Tory but looked ghastly and glum,  
 And wished that O’Connell was buried.

He came to the lobby on Friday night,  
The oath of supremacy spurning ;  
He thought of Guy Fawkes with fresh delight,  
And his lantern dimly burning.

No maudlin feelings annoyed his breast,  
As he dreamed of his lofty station ;  
But he eagerly thought how to feather his nest,  
While he talked of Emancipation.

Few and short were the words that pass'd,  
And he looked with a look of sorrow,  
When he found that his schemes no longer could last,  
And his glories would fade on the morrow.

Duncannon and Ebrington, Whigs, in their pride,  
Led him up to the chair, unabashed ;  
But the Speaker's stern " No ! " was the word to decide  
That O'Connell's pretensions were smashed.

Loudly they'll talk of the Franchise that's gone,  
And the Paddies will ever upbraid him—  
But little he'll reck, if they let him plead on,  
With the briefs and the fees that are paid him.

Slowly and sadly the Paddy-whacks  
Will spell the sad end of their story ;  
He'll care not a jot for Catholic quacks,  
But leave them alone in their glory.—[Age.

The enormous inconveniences resulting from the position of our great cattle-market in the centre of the city, are beginning, once more, to compel public attention. The London corporation seem to have given up the business in despair, though, certainly, not without remonstrance ; for they had petitioned parliament no less than ten times, from 1802 to 1812, for the removal of the market from Smithfield. Private interests, however, made the fierce fight that they generally do, and the petitions were left to their long slumber in the clerk's desk. The pressing necessity of the measure has forced it forward again. Mr. Pocock, a liveryman, who protests against his being presumed to have any other object in view than the public good, has brought forward a plan which he conceives likely to answer all the purposes—to relieve London of the hazard and the nuisances of the market, and to assist the owners and salesmen by contrivances for security and expedition of every kind.

In order to meet the wishes of the population, he offers the following suggestions for the consideration of the legislature and the citizens of London :—

" That *ten acres* of land should be purchased, as contiguous to the present site of Smithfield market as possible, and that the area be enclosed by a substantial brick wall, of sufficient altitude, which land is now procurable within a distance of two miles from the existing market. The spot alluded to is *freehold property*, situated at Islington, bounded by excellent roads, diverging in all directions, without interfering in the smallest degree with the pleasure or business roads of the metropolis. Should the spot be pronounced eligible, every evil complained of at the examination before the Committee of the House of Commons, would be remedied, and the city of London put in possession of double the quantity of ground at a trifling expenditure, when compared with the calculation and preposterous plan of the butchers. According to their statements, the exorbitant sum of 120,000*l.* would be required, for the enlargement

of Smithfield Market about one acre, in order to avoid the cruelty and damage to which cattle are now subjected, and the danger and loss sustained in the market. The major part of the butchers being provided with riding horses, they could have no objection whatsoever to Islington; added to which, they would not be subjected, as at present, to ride over the stones. The site is, in every respect, similar to that which Smithfield originally was, in reference to London; since, as previously remarked, it was once no other than an open field adjacent to the metropolis. To this must be added, that land contiguous might be easily attained for the erection of *Abattoirs* for the supply of London. The spot alluded to, in consequence of the present depressed state of building speculations, might be obtained for a sum comparatively insignificant, when contrasted with what would be the increased valuation of the land, in proportion as the city was nearer to the site. Difficulties and impediments must of necessity arise upon the removal of a market to any place where a neighbourhood is already established. It, however, appears unreasonable, that Smithfield should be established as a mart for the major part of the cattle consumed within a circuit of twenty miles of the outskirts of London; a fact that does not admit of a doubt, as all the leading butchers from *Windsor*, and other places equally removed, are regular attendants at Smithfield Market."

The necessity for the removal is plain enough to any one who has been in danger of his life by the irruption of those horned Goths and Vandals, that three times a week charge down every street, passage, and lane, on their march to market. An over-drove ox clearing the world before him from St. Paul's to Temple Bar, is one of the most common, and to those who happen to come within his line of march, one of the most unamusing phenomena that the streets of London can furnish, abundant as they are in obstacles, dangers, and annoyances. Carriages thrown over, aldermen hunted for their lives, old women trampled down, and prebendaries of St. Paul's of the utmost portliness, transported on the horns of some foaming, bounding, and bellowing monster, some Leicestershire mammoth, are incidents occurring with a frequency that alone diminishes the grandeur of the scene. And the stoppage of the whole civic procession on the Lord Mayor's-Day, the dismay of the city halberdiers, and the utter routing of the men in armour, by an irritated mangel-wurzel, oil-cake-fed mountain of this kind, will long cover city prowess with disgrace, and long furnish anecdotes for the never-ending line of Lord Mayors. But humanity to the bulls, oxen, and sheep themselves, is also in question. The only thing that could possibly reconcile them to Smithfield is, the conviction that their days are numbered, and that they are speedily to be eaten. It is now a sort of ante-purgatory; where the want of food, water, and rest, are the pains and penalties, and where the drivers, salesmen, and dogs, are theimps and tormentors. We hope that Mr. Pocock, who has shown so much good feeling and intelligence on the subject already, will persevere; if he does, he will succeed, for the abuse is palpable, the nuisance repulsive, and the remedy plain. John Bull is not the most rapid of animals to catch a clever conception, but he is honest in the main; he is not irrational, and he ought to be prevailed on to feel a sympathy for the honest, quiet, and universally sacrificed animals that resemble him, alike in fate, in nature, and in name.

Death, the only law that is never violated, is rapidly striking away all the names that figured in our youth. The bar, the senate, and the stage, have lost, in quick succession, nearly every eminent name. Lady Derby has just gone: she who, when manners were a science, was their supreme representative; who, in the wittiest, gayest, and most graceful day of the last century, was the observed of all observers; the toast of the Hares, Townshends, and Burgoynes; the heroine of every stage, and the model of every theatrical aspirant, has laid her graces in the grave, and now sleeps where neither fame nor flattery can reach her more. The life of an actress is, proverbially, of a "mingled yarn," and perhaps no human lot so thoroughly acquaints the individual with the pleasantnesses and the pains of life. But Miss Farren seems to have had all the roses for her own; almost from the commencement of her career, she was a public favourite. Her fine theatrical powers were instantly acknowledged, and the style of her performances gave, invariably, the impression of an original elegance of mind. She had the higher merit of preserving herself from the peculiar hazards of her profession; and her marriage with Lord Derby, at once rewarded and raised into affluence and rank, an actress whose personal conduct did honour to her sex, as it undoubtedly added highly to the public respect for the stage. She thenceforth enjoyed a long career of opulent tranquillity. She quitted the stage in 1797, after just twenty years of success, and was Countess of Derby two-and-thirty years. She was born in 1759.

We have no conceivable respect for Mr. Maberley as a politician, a financier, or a money-dealer; even in his capacity of bazaar-keeper and cab speculator, our admiration of him is by no means vivid; yet, as Fox said of Jack Ketch, such men are useful in society, and we wish he would exert his faculties in a new speculation, and give us something in place of our hackney coaches. Nothing in nature or art can be so abominable as those vehicles at this hour. We are quite satisfied that, except an Englishman—who will endure any thing—no native of any climate under the sky would endure a London hackney coach; that an Ashantee gentleman would scoff at it; and that an aboriginal of New South Wales would refuse to be inhumed within its shattered and infinite squalidness. It is true, that the vehicle has its merits, if variety of uses can establish them. The hackney coach conveys alike the living and the dead. It carries the dying man to the hospital, and when doctors and tax-gatherers can tantalize no more, it carries him to Surgeons' Hall, and qualifies him to assist the "march of mind" by the section of body. If the midnight thief find his plunder too ponderous for his hands, the hackney coach offers its services, and is one of the most expert conveyances. Its other employments are many, and equally meritorious, and doubtless society would find a vacuum in its loss. Yet we cordially wish that the Maberley brain were set at work upon this subject, and some substitute contrived. The French have led the way, and that too by the most obvious and simple arrangement possible. The "*Omnibus*,"—for they still have Latin enough in France for the name of this travelling collection of all sorts of human beings—the Omnibus is a long coach, carrying fifteen or eighteen people, all inside. For two-pence halfpenny it carries the individual the length of the Boulevard, or the whole diameter of Paris. Of those carriages there were about half-a-dozen

some months ago, and they have been augmented since; their profits were said to have repaid the outlay within the first year: the proprietors, among whom is Lafitte the banker, are making a large revenue out of the Parisian sous, and speculation is still alive.

“The papers announce that a new description of *omnibus* is about to be established, which for its capacity is to outdo all former outdoings, since it will be able to carry one hundred passengers. A model is now exhibiting. It is constructed in two stages or departments, one above the other, but, though it is to be drawn by horses, it can be moved only on an inclined plane! This is the serious statement; but the projectors do not appear to have calculated on the somewhat limited field which it will have for its operations. This machine is to be furnished with seven invisible wheels.” This is, we presume, by way of ridicule. But why is the speculation to be left to the French? or why are we to be left at the mercy of plague and fever in the most hideous of all moving receptacles of unpatrician mankind? Why not construct the Omnibus here? Of course we should be prepared to expect tremendous declamation from the whole generation of the whip, outcries about vested interests, tavern speeches, and applications to parliament. But the public convenience being the sole source of the existence of the present establishment, the same convenience must be a sufficient ground for change. Let the Omnibus then be authorized here. Let the coach owners, if they please, take their shares in the project, and transfer their capital from a sinking and useless trade, to a rising and valuable one. Let the public have a vehicle which will answer its purposes at once of safety, conveyance, and health; and all with cheapness. An improvement on the French coaches might be easily made. They run in scarcely more than the streets immediately about the Boulevard (the Strand and Fleet Street of Paris). Let them run in all the leading streets of London, from north to south, and from east to west, regular coaches starting from their settled stations at known hours, and meeting each other at particular points, for the convenience of passengers from the cross streets. By this means the individual would be sure of always finding some carriage ready to convey him at least within a short distance of his destination, and sixpence might pay his fare from one end of London to the other. The advantages of the plan to the citizens would be obvious, for the facility and rapidity would save time, the cheapness would save money, and the fixed prices would put an end to the possibility of offence on the part of the coachman. The plan will of course at last force its way, and our only wonder will be, after having endured the inconvenience of the present system so long, how we could ever have endured it at all. The only objection to those French street stage coaches is, that they are not sufficiently select, the eagerness of the firms to make money, inducing them to let in the rabble, and that they run but in one direction. In London a dozen coaches, intersecting each other's routes, would be the least that could supply the public convenience; and notwithstanding the calamity of their putting a speedy end to the hackney coach system, there could be no doubt of their public profit and utility. The expense of those abominable vehicles is a point worthy of being looked to. A stage coach carries passengers from Hampstead, Fulham, or any of the villages at the same distance, to St. Paul's, a travel of nearly seven miles, for a shilling outside; the hackney coach would charge little less than seven times the sum. Yet from the clum-

siness of the whole system, the latter charge is rendered almost necessary, for it is computed that the proprietor must starve unless he can make upwards of fifteen shillings a day, that sum being actually the necessary expense for his horses, driver, coach repairs, and taxes. It is the business of a wise legislature to save the pockets of the subject, and in this instance, there is a large expenditure through mere mismanagement, and without good to any one. Let the street stage coach be adopted; and the affair will soon find its level. As many hackney coaches will remain as are required by the actual wants of the population, and no more. The transit from the different quarters of the capital will be accomplished for a fifth of the price. Settled rates will succeed arbitrary extortion; we shall have no more harassing appeals to magistrates against ruffian insolence; the coaches in which the living are conveyed will not be the medium of infection; rapidity, cheapness, and cleanliness will supersede the abuses of the old system; and London will have a coach establishment that will not disgrace her in the eyes of every stranger. We are anxious to see the speculation adopted by some man of character and public spirit; for among the projects of public service, there has not been one for these fifty years that would be more conducive to the comfort of the people.

There is some hope of China after all. It has been for a thousand long years the Holland of the East, flat, swampy, full of canals and quietness, women whose lives are spent twisting their distaffs, plaiting their locks, sitting on their chairs, and generating Chinese; and men with milk and water for blood, petticoats for pantaloons, rice for meat, the rattan for law, and dollars for religion. They had one merit, however, and it was the good sense that kept them from having any intercourse with Europeans, further than to fleece them of their money. What becomes of the coin poured into China by the European and American traders, is certainly a curious question. Millions of millions of dollars have been sent to China in the course of the last hundred years, and not one dollar has ever been sent back; the law of the Chinese, from the Emperor on his throne, to the beggar on the dunghill, being never to let money return to an European hand. Yet what they do with all this silver is just as difficult to comprehend. They have it not upon their persons, nor on their furniture, nor in their ships, nor in any discoverable shape of show, use, or pleasure. They possibly have it buried; and thus the treasure returns, like the treasurer, to the clay from which it was taken. The silver mines of Istria and Potosi have been exhausted to fill the pockets of this tea-making nation, and yet China does not seem to be a shilling the richer. But its time will come. If the isthmus of Darien shall be cut across, all the guards of the yellow empire will not save its shores from being visited by tempters in every form of smuggling, with alluring rum, and fascinating flannel;—Manchester cottons will make the lovely forswear their allegiance to chintz and the Emperor; and gold lace and merino cloth will subdue the fidelity of the most rigid Mandarin. Thus the dollars must come forth. The coffers must give up their dead, and Dutch skippers, and Yankee pirates from Massachusetts, and the solid and sulky men of the Thames, will retaliate the long plunder of mankind. Nay, the time is actually coming, for the Chinese are beginning to dip into revolution; and though we must conceive it to be a very swampy affair, yet the attempt has made the old Manchu tremble.

“ A great sensation has been excited at Macao by the discovery of a conspiracy, which is said to have for its object no less than overturning the present dynasty of China. If the accounts which have been received may be relied upon, this plot is most extensively organised, and spreads by a sort of freemasonry over the whole empire. The spot pitched upon by the conspirators for their deliberations, was the English burying-ground.”

About *rebellions* we care but little. They are military matters, to which we can never reconcile our understanding. We hate bulletins, gazettes extraordinary, despatches from the commander-in-chief, and the whole tissue of official lying. Conflicts of horse and foot, pike-men, and pistol-men, are to us common-place. Besides, they are utterly unproductive to every body, except to the general who grasps the plunder of the dead, or to the dentist, who has a contract for teeth to be supplied without fail for the next court day. The true subverter is conspiracy. There have been a hundred Chinese rebellions, and the only result was, that Changhi being charged by the invincible guards of the cousin-german of the Sun and Moon, loses, in the bulletin language, half a million of men, is taken prisoner, and with his whole family is cut into a hundred thousand pieces by the mercy of his lord the Emperor, who might have ordered him to be boiled alive.

But conspiracy is of another calibre; it digs and undermines, and introduces its combustibles, unseen by the “all-seeing eyes” of Chinese sovereignty. The train is fired just in the moment when the Emperor of Emperors is drinking his rice milk, and ordering a new execution. He is blown up in the midst of porcelain and Mandarins; the crash resounds to the extremities of the empire; and the Tartars ride down from Bokhara, and dismember the provinces north of the wall. The India company send in fifty thousand men from Nepaul, simply to prevent the overflow of the disturbers into their own territory; and finally find themselves under the painful necessity of seizing on a few provinces. The Japanese strengthen their frontier by a similar act of necessity. The “merchants trading to Canton” discover that some little settlement is absolutely essential to their security, in a time of general trouble to the monarch and his allies, land a few hundred seamen and marines, seize upon Canton and the district for fifty miles round, build a fortress, and having fairly imbedded themselves in the soil, turn the guns against all change. The Chinese captains carve little kingdoms and republics out of the great monster’s territorial carcass, and the affair is finished in the handsomest style of European partition. To all this we have no objection. We can have no reluctance in seeing the bastille of a hundred and fifty millions of human beings broken down, even if it were by bullet and brand. The Chinese are to this hour prisoners, and the sooner they are let out of their dungeon the better for them and for mankind.

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The lofty anticipations of national prosperity that were to cheer us for the downfall of the constitution, have not yet been realized. The Irish peasantry cut each other’s throats and burn each other’s cabins with the same average zeal as when the O’Connells and O’Gormans were “bondsmen, groaning in chains, and lifting up their almost stifled voices for the freedom of their beloved and undone Emerald Isle;” the priesthood are not much better patriots, if they are much more insolent subjects; and the forty-shilling freeholders will probably have to thank their emanci-

pation for turning them out of their cabins, and sending them to exhibit the first energies of freedom, in enduring the miseries of famine, or taking revenge on the heartless poltroons who abandoned the constitution, or the high-talking and artful villains who tore it down. But if England may not be exposed to the first actual violence, she will not be suffered to escape the consciousness that she has plunged into a fatal act of misgovernment. The finances of England are tottering; and the danger is not the less undeniable from her not being able to detect the cause. There is an undoubted decay of trade throughout the empire. A vast quantity of misery has already been the consequence, and it is more likely to increase than diminish. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has already been compelled to borrow. But let us allow him to state his own case, of which he takes the more specious part first. — “It will be in the recollection of many honourable members on the Committee, that when I brought forward the budget last year, I estimated the revenue at fifty-four millions, or, rather, 53,900,000*l.*; and my estimate of the expenditure during the same period was 50,100,000*l.*, thus leaving, at the end of the year 1828, a surplus of 3,797,000*l.* to be applied to the reduction of the national debt. In making the calculation which I did at that period, I was anxious to keep as much within the sums as possible, in order not to give rise to any high and exaggerated expectations; and the result proves how wise and necessary it was to do so, for the committee will perceive, when I state the amount of revenue and expenditure in 1828, that the amount of the former, as well as the amount of the surplus, is greater than I contemplated, and is altogether most satisfactory. It appears that at the close of 1828 the amount of the revenue, instead of being 54,000,000*l.*, was 55,187,000*l.*, and that the expenditure for the same period, instead of being 50,100,000*l.*, was not more than 49,336,000*l.*; thus leaving 2,054,000*l.* more than I calculated on, and a total surplus of 5,851,000*l.* applicable to the purposes pointed out by parliament.” This fine statement, however, is connected with one which is a full comment on its fallacy. — “The funding of three millions of Exchequer Bills is a measure which must have been long since anticipated.” No doubt it was anticipated by every man of sense, and it is not the less an evidence of financial failure; and it will be anticipated that three times the amount must be called for before twelve months are over our heads, and yet the evil will not be lightened a grain by the anticipation. The truth is that the revenue is not equal to the expenditure, and the first sacrifice must be the Sinking Fund: that fund which old Lord Grenville, after spending thirty years of his life to defend and panegyrize, has spent his last to vilify; the distinction between his reasons for panegyric and contempt, being apparently no other than his having been in place in the former instance, and his being out of place at present, and hopeless of ever getting in again. That Sinking Fund must go, which the Duke of Wellington not a year since made a speech to justify, and declare the chief pillar of English finance; yet down must his very hand pull that pillar; and so will follow the rest with equal respect for protestation and policy.

As to Mr. Goulburn’s flourishing statement, we must remember that it was the statement of last year; that he has not dared to touch upon this year; and that the constitution was unbroken last year; that we are under a Semi-Popish Legislature this year; and that the only fact which



has transpired is, that we are obliged to raise a loan. It is our decided opinion that the revenue, instead of improving, will go on from bad to worse, that financial difficulties will thicken on us, and that the perjuries of the people will primarily be scourged in that wealth for which so many have made the most guilty sacrifices.

The French maxim, that "no man is a hero to his valet de chambre" is true only in France, where the footman is the confidant, the companion, the fellow-intriguer, and, on occasion, the fellow-knave. In England we have not the habit of this footman-familiarity, and our servants know little of that taste which levels a French duke to the population of the servants' hall. But if a man, even here, may not be a hero to his valet de chambre, we are quite satisfied that every little location and assemblage of Englishmen looks upon itself as something very important to the universe besides. The papers are perpetual evidences of the fact. The memoirs of P. P., parish-clerk, are less parodies than fac-similes of the intelligence that reaches us in the shape of matters which our country friends think interesting to the world at large. For example:—"The village of Sandgate was on Sunday afternoon visited with a hurricane, accompanied with hail and thunder. Mr. Roberts had 61 squares of glass broken and starred; Mr. Brockman 12 squares and part of a chimney blown down. A boat, fifteen feet in length, belonging to Edward Lawrence, was carried off the beach to a distance of about 300 feet, and was so greatly damaged as to be unworthy of repair; two other boats in the village were very much injured." Thus it is conceived by the chroniclers of the pretty little village of Sandgate essential to the well being of the empire, that Messrs. Roberts' and Brockman's panes of glass should not be broken without their share of the national regret, nor the transit of Mr. Lawrence's boat effected in a silence unworthy of so important a transaction. A neighbouring paper, too, has its storm, with very formidable damage to a hedge-row, half a dozen band-boxes blown into the street, several mignonet pots put *hors de combat*, and the calamity of a life lost—that of a promising "pig belonging to Mr. W. Uwins, of Wisbrook-farm." Scotland was long in the habit of laying wait for public sympathy by a regular export of grievances. But the steam-boats have, in some degree, cured her misfortunes. Evil has been found to be distributed with considerable impartiality every where; and except an annual earthquake at Inverness, of whose reputation the town is remarkably jealous, few things of note add to the imperial sympathy for the northern portion of the island.

The departure of the court from Brighton to Windsor, or, in other words, the descendency of Sir Matthew Tierney, and the ascendancy of Sir William Knighton, has transferred a vast quantity of "local intelligence" into the more favoured regions of Berkshire. Windsor now supplies us with the only authentic arrivals and non-arrivals of the king's messengers, the disasters of post-chaises going down overloaded with ministers and cabinet-boxes, and the exploits of the buck-hounds, with little old Lord Maryborough acting the part of Nimrod in their rear.

We propose to the men of genius in and about London, a number, probably as Swift has it—

"Computing by their pecks of coals,  
About a hundred thousand souls,"

to form an establishment for enabling the newspapers to get through the dull season from June to November. During those fatal months the

most vigorous journal gasps for life, like a mouse in an exhausted receiver. Like the garrison in a famishing town, every food is swallowed with the most unhesitating avidity. A Bow-street examination, with the legal remarks of Sir Richard Birnie, or the dignified observations on men and manners, that make Mr. Hall memorable, is, at this period, of inestimable importance; the fall of an old house, or the overthrow of an old woman, the death of a peer, or the report of a mad dog, have their value; and if the proprietors of such papers ever pray, a new gun-powder-plot would be the thing most devoutly prayed for. Battle, murder, and sudden death, would be so far from being deprecated, that, in all probability, the most ardent aspirations of their secret souls would be sent up for some handsome affair, in the shape of, at least, a six months' convulsion. A new conspiracy, with a knot of the peerage implicated, would offer a prospect infinitely cheering. The first surmise, the sudden detection, the general seizure, the examination before the Privy Council, the ten cabinet councils a day, the escapes of some, and the defences of others, with the final retribution of the law, would form a promise of active paragraphs, long columns, and inquisitive purchasers, that no patriotism could resist; and we should not be surprised to hear of a general combination of the journalists for the express purpose, with some new Thistlewood urged to take the lead of a host of conspirators. Still a great deal may be done out of moderate materials, where the talent of paragraph exists: and we give the account of Mr. Augustus Woodthorpe's porcine manufacture, as a happy instance of the art of making something out of nothing.—“ Mr. Augustus Woodthorpe, of Boston, seems to have acquired the singular knack of feeding pigs until they resemble bullocks in size. Some years ago he travelled through the country exhibiting a huge mountain of hog's flesh, which gained the prize at the Smithfield Show. Grunter the First being consigned to the tomb, another of the same kind has been puffed out, and reached the enormous weight of ninety-five stone. Having attained this happy stage of fatness, his honour was marched into a caravan, and exhibited to the wondering natives of Boston, last Saturday. To increase the effect, Mr. Woodthorpe has ingeniously procured a very dwarfish pig, two years old, weighing only forty pounds, which stands beside the mighty giant, strongly reminding the spectator of the frog and the ox in the fable.”

In ordinary hands this intelligence would not have filled three lines. But the writer is palpably a man of genius in his department, and we doubt whether the simple art of fattening a pig has ever been detailed in a more graphic manner. We doubt as little that this happily concocted description has attracted more eyes among the rustic readers of newspapers, than the bulletins of the Russian campaigns; and that there is no one circumstance of village life which might not be made profitable and picturesque by the same ability. We say to the writer, as Cato said to the young Roman, “*Macte virtute tua!*” make the most of your talent, describe our plagiarisms from the French stage, and make them palatable; become the historian of a session of parliament, and give it an air of rationality; turn modern public architecture into a subject of public congratulation; make us imagine wit in a masquerade, pleasure in a rout, patriotism in a club-room of either Whig or Tory, piety in a fashionable chapel; or virtue, generosity, or good sense, in one out of every ten thousand of mankind. These will be the triumphs of the *couleur*

*de rose* school, and since life is but an illusion at best, be a benefactor to a world of fools, and make the illusion as perfect and permanent as fools can desire.

The last month has teemed with suicides; and the habit of "*felo de se*," which was once so aristocratic, has strangely gone down into the lowest ranks of human absurdity. A footman has just hanged himself for the loss of his place. An errand-boy having told a lie, and being unable at the moment to invent another to cover it, could find no better contrivance than walking into an out-house and strangle himself. A crowd of examples of the same courting of death, have lately occurred, and the "king of terrors" must, on these terms, soon change his old designation. To what is this owing? Has the abolition of the cross-way burial had any share in it? or is it the east wind that has been blowing with such merciless perseverance for the last six months? or is it the official lie of the coroner's inquests, that by bringing in the verdict "insanity" on all occasions, makes those miserable idiots imagine that they will take rank with their masters, and die, like them, with the honours of madmen?

In Paris, suicides are perpetual, and the police acknowledge from four to five hundred per annum, without counting the murders, whether suicidal or otherwise, that take place in the indescribable hovels of misery, dissipation, and iniquity, with which Paris abounds. But in that gay metropolis, there is an established reason for suicides; the gaming-houses are always in full work; every night, every hour of every night witnesses the irreparable ruin of some wretch, who has no other resource from famine for the next day, than a plunge into the Seine. Thanks to the government of that pious and Popish nation, a man may indulge in every vice at the cheapest rate: but there is still a time when the indulgence becomes too dear; and the Frenchman must be a very different being from his metropolitan countrymen, at least, when he can prevail on himself to dispense with those little profligacies, that make his morning's meditation and his evening's employment. Those once shut up from him, life is valueless; his priest has not taught him that there is any thing beyond; or if the idea enters into his head, sixpence for a mass will ease his anxieties, save him from a thousand years of purgatory, and quiet his conscience in the last rattle of the dice-box that decides the fate of himself and his last farthing together.

There seems to be some hope, at last, that the duties on French wines will be in some way or other so far modified, as to bring them within the use of the community. Nothing can be more against common sense and the palpable will of nature, than that within fifteen miles of the British shore, one of the finest products of the earth should be in a state of cheapness that almost renders its cultivation a loss, while we are compelled to be content with the fierce and unwholesome wines of Spain and Portugal, brandied into the very materials of fever. Three-fourths of the chronic diseases, too, that make such fearful havoc in English life, at all times, and which, among the habitual drinkers of those fiery wines, regularly make the last ten years of life a wretched struggle between the doctor and the distemper, owe their birth to those draughts; and while the light wines of France are the actual sustainers of health and animation, and in many instances the curers of disease, we daily swallow high-priced poison for the good of Portugal, and the

shame of our commercial code. As to the gratitude of foreigners for our custom, it will be pretty much the same in both cases; for a Portuguese vineyard-owner looks upon the Englishman as much a heretic as the Frenchman possibly can; and the only question is, our own convenience. The old supposition that Portugal must perish unless London burns its throat with bad port, and plunders its pocket to fill that of Lisbon and Oporto, is nonsense: Portugal will keep up its connexion with England as long as it can, for the sufficient and only reason that Portugal or any foreign nation ever thinks about—its own interest. Let it break up its English alliance, and it falls into the jaws of Spain; and this it will avoid at all risques, if it never sold a bottle. But then we are told, that France will not lower its duties on our manufactures, and take five thousand bales of Manchester cottons, or five thousand bags of Sheffield nails, which France does not want, in consideration of our taking five thousand hogsheads of cheap, good, and palatable wine, which England does want. This has been the argument of all the wiseacres, for the time being, and will always be, until some man of common sense, if such a man is ever to be minister, brings in a bill to let us buy claret as cheap as we can—and we can import it into London, from the South, at a lower rate than they can buy it in Paris; then the wiseacres will change their hereditary chorus, and all will be wonder at ministerial sagacity. And this is no emanation of the free-trade system, no offspring of the mischievous foolery of the Huskisson school. We have no vineyards to be plucked up in the collision of the trades, no wine-growers to bid wait without food for the next fifty years, till “the supremacy of the steam-engine, and the vigour of British credit, beat foreign rivalry out of the market,” and similar stuff. The whole advantage would actually be on our side; for we should have good wine instead of bad, and wine for a sixth or a tenth of the price that is now extorted from us. Even, if there were lovers of the gout and palsy still among us, they might enjoy their favourite aliment on easier terms, for the inevitable consequence would be to lower the rate of all foreign wines together; the Portugal market being now a monopoly, and as it has been declared, of the most scandalous kind. But the statesman must be shortsighted, who cannot see, in the admission of French wines, a rapid completion of his object as to reciprocal trade. The French vintager commencing an intercourse with England in one commodity will naturally extend it to others; English money in his hands, will allow him the opportunity of indulging his taste in the purchase of English goods. The prohibitions which now exist, will gradually give way to the national wish. France will discover how far it may be for her advantage to withdraw the restraints on manufactures which she cannot provide for herself as cheap as we can sell to her. The *Anglomanie* is common among our neighbours, and it would not then be confined to our dandyisms and affectations.

The final argument of the wiseacres, that we should be enriching an enemy, is just as palpable nonsense as the rest. All the money that France could make by the opening of the wine trade for the next twenty years, and have so far disposable as to be at the service of government, would not equip a single seventy-four. The money would go in good living, in cleaner clothes, in more decent cottages, in more cows and pigs, chickens and cabbages; it would be as much beyond the grasp of government as the dinner of last Lord Mayor's Day. But it would have an expenditure of the highest advantage to both countries. Commercial

intercourse is the true peace maker. National intercourse of all kinds is good; and there can be no doubt that in any question of quarrel, at present, the French Cabinet would very seriously consider the loss that must result to France from the sudden retreat of the English, and the deprivation of the money which they expend. But the intercourse of trade is still more powerful. If our merchants could establish a close connexion with those of France, even in the purchase of wines, the whole of the south, a great portion of the east of France, and many other districts in the north and centre, would shrink from the thoughts of war, as the extinction of their incomes. "*La Gloire*," has been the absurd cry of the Frenchman only when he had nothing better to lose than a life of beggary. But let him once feel that *La Gloire* means the stoppage of five thousand a year in London bills, the plucking up of the vines on his new purchase of five hundred arpens from the seigneur, the dismissal of his footmen, the sale of his carriage, and the melting down of his service of plate, and he will wish "*La Gloire*" stuck in the throat of the first ministerial madman that ventures to set up that cry of desolation. But it is to the merchant and the opulent dealer that the minister must, in the first and last instance, apply for the very means of war; and what answer may we suppose him to receive from a man who knows that the first shot fired might as well be fired into his own bosom? What would be the result of a million of wine-dressers, with all the millions connected with the trade, suddenly thrown out of employment? The sudden falling off of a great branch of finance, the sudden excitement to riot and civil convulsion: and all for the purpose of shooting, robbing, burning, and drowning the men with whom they had been in the habit of weekly correspondence for the last half century, whom they visited once a year by the Bordeaux steam-boat, and after feasting at their villas in every hill and dale, from Thames to Avon, and falling in love with their daughters, repayed the hospitality by a summer's invitation to the bastides of Marseilles, or the châteaux that look out from peach trees, myrtles, and thickets of the grape, on the purple waters of the Garonne.

We pledge our reputation as discoverers, that, if this policy were adopted, we should soon have no more quarrelling between France and England than we have between Bath and Buttermere.

Pastorini's prophecies are undergoing a new version in Ireland, and putting their promises of bloodshed in order for 1830. Great hopes are entertained by the "Emancipated" of some illustrious change by that time, and we have no doubt that Lords Curtis and Doyle long to hear the bells that toll out the year 1829. The time will assuredly come, and the mitres of those gracious persons will of course glitter in Cathedrals; but we do not think the next twelve months quite broad enough for the march of popish triumph. In the mean time, holy water and missives from Rome keep up the hearts of the faithful. A massacre is promised, and between prophecy and whiskey-drinking, the Lady of Babylon possesses the full fidelity of the most "inspired and magnificent" race of burglars under the moon. One of those predictions which has been spread for the comfort of the holy people, is as follows:—

PROPHECIES.

Eighteen hundred and twenty-one,  
Great events will be begun;  
Eighteen hundred and twenty-three,  
Dreadful war by land and sea;

*Eighteen hundred and twenty-five,  
 Not a Protestant left alive!  
 Eighteen hundred and twenty-seven,  
 Widows and orphans cry for vengeance to Heaven;  
 Eighteen hundred and twenty-nine,  
 A Milesian king shall o'er us reign;  
 Eighteen hundred and thirty,  
 The struggle's ended—peace and plenty.*

The prophecy has rather failed in its glorious anticipation of 1825 ; and we know no argument by which we can console the Mother of all Churches for the disappointment. But let her rest in hope. Protestantism is at a discount already in all directions. The Houses of Parliament have outvoted it by mighty majorities ; and we certainly have not yet come to the full extent of the complacency which our politicians are willing to exhibit for the opinions of the premier. But we have had our predictions on our side the water, too—not, perhaps, quite so spiritualized—but borne out hitherto by facts, stubborn enough in their way.

PREDICTION.

From a MS. found in Arthur O'Connor's baggage in 1798, on his escape to France.

*Eighteen hundred twenty-one,  
 No man thinks of Wellington ;  
 Eighteen hundred twenty-two,  
 Wellington joins Canning's crew ;  
 Eighteen hundred twenty-three,  
 Wellington joins Castlereagh ;  
 Eighteen hundred twenty-four,  
 Wellington joins Burdett's corps ;  
 Eighteen hundred twenty-five,  
 Wellington and joint stocks thrive ;  
 Eighteen hundred twenty-six,  
 Wellington tries Canning's tricks ;  
 Eighteen hundred twenty-seven,  
 Canning goes (perhaps) to heaven ;  
 Eighteen hundred twenty-eight,  
 Goderich bungles Church and State ;  
 Eighteen hundred twenty-nine,  
 Wellington! they both are thine.  
 Then, secure of ayes and noes,  
 Monarchs kiss his ducal toes !  
 Lawyers, prelates, nobles, all  
 At his Highness' footstool fall.  
 Eighteen hundred thirty-one,  
 Look to altar and to throne ;  
 Eighteen hundred thirty-two,  
 Freedom, bid the land adieu ;  
 Eighteen hundred thirty-three,  
 Windsor, who shall sit in thee ?  
 Eighteen hundred thirty-four,  
 Field and flood are red with gore ;  
 Eighteen hundred thirty-five,  
 Martyrs with the tortures strive ;  
 Eighteen hundred thirty-six,  
 Welcome idol, host, and pix ;  
 Eighteen hundred thirty-seven,  
 Rome, thy furious triumph's given ;  
 Eighteen hundred thirty-nine,  
 All are wrapt in wrath divine !*

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*The Life and Times of Francis I., King of France.* 2 vols. 8vo. 1829.—This is a careful and spirited survey of Francis and his Times, well considered and well executed; indicating a good deal of research in the less frequented sources, and conducted throughout with good taste, and, at the bottom, with all fairness, though a desire to detect favourable circumstances is sometimes too visible, accompanied with an anxiety to exhibit and spread them out, which throws obliquities (never evaded) into the shade, and produces occasionally the effect almost of designed misrepresentation. Of misrepresentation, however, we entirely acquit the author; it is perfectly natural for one who is ferretting among old books and papers to make much of what has been overlooked by those who have gone before, and thus insensibly to give undue weight to mere novelty.

Mixed up, as are the actions of Francis, almost wholly, and for the most part inseparably, with those of Charles the Fifth, and well and unexceptionably as the life of Charles has been written, and in every body's hands also as that life certainly is, it required no common degree of courage to go over a ground which had been tracked in almost every direction. Nothing apparently was left but the interior history of the country, of which not much is known, and that not of much interest, and the personal, or rather private conduct of the monarch, which was any thing but commanding and respectable. To make the story, however, complete and independent, the author has industriously gone over the whole series of his acts of government; and, moreover, omitted nothing to exhibit the gay but heartless monarch and his court, in the most attractive, and to the very furthest point that kindness and charity would permit, in the most amiable light. This, however, was a difficult and a trying matter. Take away the frankness, the freedom, the occasional chivalry, which are admirable qualities—take away, too, the gaiety and spirit of the man, which are qualities of very equivocal value, and what have we left—profligacy in domestic life, cruelty and carelessness in public, and in both, caprice, indolence, intemperance, and a degree of subjugation to wayward women—to a mother and a mistress, or rather to many mistresses, who forced him to protect their unworthy favourites, and share in the excesses of a guilty revenge. “Je n'aime guère François Ier,” says Voltaire, in his exquisite manner, when glancing over subjects which he has before minutely considered, “Je ne vois guère dans François Ier. que des actions ou injustes, ou honteuses, ou folles. Rien n'est plus injuste que le procès intenté au connétable qui s'en vengea

si bien, et que le supplice de Samblançai qui ne fut vengé par personne. L'atrocité et la bêtise d'accuser un pauvre chimiste italien d'avoir empoisonné le dauphin son maître, à l'instigation de Charles-Quint, doit couvrir François Ier. d'une honte éternelle. Il ne sera jamais honorable d'avoir envoyé ses deux enfans en Espagne, pour avoir le loisir de violer sa parole en France,” &c.

Conflicting with Charles for thirty years (for our Henry's caprice and coxcombry, and Wolsey's avarice, made them comparatively insignificant opponents), no experience was of service to him; he was never ready, or beforehand with his enemy, and always without money, without system, without efficient combination. Nothing but the Emperor's undertaking perpetually more than he could accomplish, with his ununited and unusually scattered forces, could have saved Francis from final ruin, and the dismemberment of his kingdom. Any thing like consistency, or steadiness of purpose, was not to be expected from one whose adventurousness and indiscretion were continually plunging him into difficulties; but why, when protecting, or rather undertaking to protect, Protestants in Germany, treat them at home with a severity and savageness which was utterly uncalled for by any peculiar hazards? Nay, he could even superintend in person their executions on gibbets suspended over flames, and command the wretched victims, after scorching, to be run up, and let down again, and this repeatedly for hours, to protract the miseries of martyrdom, for the edification of the spectators, or their sport. If his own son, he declared, would not believe in transubstantiation, he would burn him too. This is not to be accounted for, and lightly passed over, by confounding it with the spirit of the age (superiority is shewn in resisting such spirit), it proceeded from a reckless humour—a hard and unsympathizing bosom, with a disposition—a mixture of the ape and tiger—to cruelty, that required only a little more opposition to break out into a Nero.

To counterbalance—the story of his life presents nothing worthy of admiration, even to the most disposed to admire, but a little reformation in the administration of justice, by the revival of circuit-courts to check the tyranny of the nobles—which, however, soon fell again into disuse—and the *projection* of a royal college, and the *intention* of endowing it with a rental of 100,000 livres for the gratuitous instruction of 600 scholars, but which terminated with *him* in the appointment of sundry learned professors, with salaries, irregularly, or, more correctly, *rarely* paid. To these must be added what is called his patronage of the arts, which amounts to the occasional employment of

Leonardo da Vinci and Titian, and the purchase of a few bronze castes of antique statues. Apparently, however, this slender protection—he had too many ways of spending money to do more—gave rise to the French school of painting; and his own taste for verse making, with his sister's most decided talents, gave a spur to literature, though, if Marot and Rabelais be excepted, it will be difficult to discover a name that still lives in the records of fame.

One of the foulest stains in the life of Francis, is the sacrifice of Semblançai. The author throws the whole blame upon the Duchess D'Angouleme, the king's mother, and the Chancellor Du Prat,\* her tool; and doubtless the evidence is irresistible that she was the original demon; but it should not be kept out of sight, or in the back ground, that Semblançai's innocence, and the Duchess's falsehood were made manifest to the king, who, nevertheless, suffered him to be executed, on a charge of malversation, which he knew to be groundless, to gratify his mother's revenge.

Infinite pains too are taken to represent in the fairest light, the solicitude of Francis—his frank offers of pardon, the amiable and earnest manner with which he endeavoured to recal the revolting Bourbon to his duty; but it should be more distinctly marked, and be placed conspicuously in the foreground, that he suffered his mother, though he knew her motives, to injure him deeply in his fortunes, and himself assisted in wounding his honour and his pride—that the attempt to conciliate was obviously too late—that Bourbon had no security, and surely could have no reliance on the steadiness or even honour of a man, swayed as that man was, by profligate women.

*En revanche*, the author no where spares the Duchess, nay, on one occasion he has even hazarded a charge that appears to have no specific foundation, on the principle apparently that no great harm was done by the risk. Speaking of her regency during her son's imprisonment, he observes, "It is not improbable that had the regency been

*in other hands, his confinement might have been of shorter duration."*

The book, however, may be safely commended as the result of original and close inquiry. The writer has carefully and faithfully studied the more obvious sources of history, nor has he neglected the cotemporary and less hackneyed ones—Montluc and the two Langeis. The memoirs of the elder Langei, contains, he observes, a very accurate and faithful narrative (of course, he means, apparently) of the principal events of the times in which he lived, and are, with those of his brother, Du Bellay, to the reign of Francis, what the memoirs of Sully are to that of Henry the Fourth. Though not duly rewarded by the monarch whom he served, Langei's merit was duly estimated; but the highest eulogium that his political memory has received, proceeded from the mouth of his enemy. The emperor, when he heard of his death, said, "That man has done me more harm than all the people of France besides." Of Montluc's commentaries on the times in which he lived, and in which he was a most active performer, the author justly remarks—"His work is extremely valuable for the light it throws on the military history of that period; and for the simplicity, judiciousness, and grave humour with which it is written, can hardly be equalled by any of even those cotemporary authors whose lives had been less busily employed, and whose education had been more carefully conducted than that of Montluc. His account of the Dauphin's attempt to recover Boulogne from the English is extremely amusing. He is sorely perplexed between his reluctance to admit that his party was defeated, and the necessity of telling the truth. The complacency with which he speaks of his knowledge of the English language is irresistible:—

"*Tout à un coup voici une grande troupe d'Anglois qui venoient, la teste baissée, droit à nous qui estions devant l'église, et en la rue ioignant à icelle, criant, 'Vuh, gocht there?' c'est à dire, 'Qui va là?' Je leur respondis en Anglois, 'Afrind, afrind:' qui veut dire, 'Amis, amis;' car de toutes les langues qui se sont meslées parmy nous, j'ai appris quelques mots, et passablement l'Italian et l'Espagnol; cela m'a par fois serui. Comme ces Anglois curent fait d'autres demandes, et que je fus au bout de mon Latin, ils poursuiuirent en criant, 'Quill! Quill! Quill!' c'est à dire, 'Tue! Tue! Tue!'"*

\* Of this man, the author takes a story from a MS., copied by Gaillard, in his Life of Francis:—Duprat had said in one of the conversations with the Emperor's minister, that he would consent to lose his head if his sovereign had aided Robert de la Mark against Charles. The Spanish chancellor claimed du Prat's head as forfeited, for, he said, he had in his possession letters which proved Francis's connivance with Robert de la Mark. "My head is my own yet," replied Du Prat, "for I have the originals of the letters you allude to, and they in no manner justify the scorn you would put upon them." "If I had won your head," replied the imperial chancellor, "you might keep it still. I protest I would rather have a pig's head, for that would be more eatable."—*MSS. de Bethune. No. 8179, apud Gaillard.*

*The Library of Entertaining Knowledge. Part I. of Vol. I. 1829.*—The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, has commenced a new series of publications, called *The Library of Entertaining Knowledge*. The first part, now before us, is entitled *The Menageries*, and is occupied with quadrupeds solely—the dog, wolf, jackall, fox, hyæna, lion, tiger, and cat.



The aim of the society, in this particular department, or rather that of the very intelligent and skilful compiler, is not to give a systematic work upon Zoology, comprising every specimen of the animal kingdom, but to supply information as to the peculiarities, talents, qualities, and capabilities of such animals as fall more or less under closer inspection, and not—what is the common, but very unworthy object of naturalists—to make these matters subordinate to classification. The Menagerie of Regent's Park,—the King's collection at Windsor—that of the Tower—and animals in the possession of private individuals in different parts of the country, but chiefly in the neighbourhood of London, have furnished him with the specimens, which he has described and drawn; and he professes distinctly to venture nothing which does not rest upon his own knowledge, or upon the testimony of unexceptionable authorities.

A well-ordered menagerie is the only means, at home, of observing accurately, the natural habits of undomesticated animals. A kangaroo in a cage, is scarcely worth looking at; but see him in a paddock, as in Windsor Park, and his spring and bound at once fixes attention, and shews a new variety in the exhaustless contrivances of nature. At the residence of a private gentleman at Limehouse, there are three monkeys, in a state of remarkable freedom. "We went," says the author, "to see them, with but few anticipations of pleasure; for a monkey, as monkeys are ordinarily seen, confined in a box, shews little but the cunning and rapacity of his race. The monkeys at Limehouse were let loose into an orchard, in which were some high and spreading elms: their gambols were the most diverting that could be imagined. They pursued each other to the top of the highest branch, where they sat fearlessly chattering, and in an instant they would throw themselves down, with unerring aim, some twenty feet, and resting upon the bough which they had selected to leap at, would swing to and fro with manifest delight. We shall not be satisfied," he adds, "again with a menagerie which has not trees for its monkeys to sport on."

The sloth, again, is usually described as slow in his movements, and as in a perpetual state of pain; and from his supposed inaction his name is derived. "And why is this?" asks the author. "He has not been seen in his native woods by those who described him; he was resting on the floor of some place of confinement. His feet are not formed for walking on the ground; they cannot act in a perpendicular direction; and his sharp and long claws are curved. He can only move on the ground by pulling himself along by some inequalities on the surface; and, therefore, on a smooth floor, he is perfectly wretched. He is intended to pass his life in trees; he does not move or rest upon the branches,

but under them; he is constantly suspended by his four legs: and he thus travels from branch to branch, eating his way, and sleeping when he is satisfied. To put such a creature in a den is to torture him, and to give false notions of his habits. If the sloth be placed in a menagerie, he should have a tree for his abode; and then we should find that he is neither habitually indolent, nor constantly suffering."

This is good common sense, and "entertaining," and "useful" knowledge. The writer keeps; we observe, a sharp look out—for we find him quoting the journal of a naturalist, and other recent publications. The second publication of the same class, we have but just glanced at, but it is of the same practical character, and filled with the latest information—we find extracts from the Quarterly on the subject of the Oak, and from Walter Scott, on Firs, &c.; but the subject, Trees used in the Arts, is more exclusively "useful." The "entertaining" can scarcely belong to any thing unconnected with life and mobility.

*Schiller's William Tell; 1829.*—Be the celebrity of this play what it may in Germany, it never can win any admiration, and scarcely any distinction, in an English dress. It is too thoroughly German—too minute, particularizing—too local, topographical—too full of national allusions, feelings, and associations—too homely and unadorned, also—to bear transfusion into an uncongenial element. It is a Flemish picture, moreover—faithful, exact, but too unselect and unideal, except occasionally in the sentiments of the more elevated parts. The chief agents and the subordinate ones are brought forward too much in equal relief; the characters crowd upon us in numbers that defy individualizing; and, the fact is, there is very little character, strictly speaking, distinctly and extensively developed—few shades, and little discrimination. Baumgarten, and Walter First, and Stauffacher, are none of them distinguishable from each other, but by their names and personal acts—the tone and calibre of all is the same—they are all of the same family, animated by one soul and one spirit—a sort of modern Geryon. The cutting out of about one half of the characters, and a third of the scenes, would greatly concentrate the interest of the piece. The grand scene—the apple-shooting—is fitted only for a melo-drame; and, being of questionable historical authority, might have been judiciously superseded by some invention of the poet.

The play, it appears, has never been translated—in *verse*, this must mean—for in prose we feel pretty certain we must have read one some twenty years ago; and the translator's sole motive for publishing (bless his benevolence!) is a wish to make the English reader acquainted with one of Schiller's best productions. But, though the motive be of the most laudable kind, and the

translation be as well done as it probably can be, we doubt if the English reader will be convinced, or will not rather be constrained to exclaim, "Bad is the best!" The translator sanctions his own opinion by Madame de Staël's conceptions, in these terms—if terms of *her's* can be anglicised:—"Schiller's Tell," says she, "is coloured with those vivid and brilliant hues, which transport the imagination into the picturesque scenes, where the virtuous conspiracy of Rütli was formed. From the first line, the Alpine horns ring in our ears—every thing inspires a glowing interest for Switzerland; and so closely does the skill of the artist make every thing bear upon this point, that the nation itself becomes a dramatic personage." This, no doubt, it is which constitutes the charm to the native; but this is precisely the charm that cannot be communicated to aliens. The beauty of the original, too, consists very considerably in the idiomatic strength and energy of the language—in the proverbial cast and mould of the words and sentiments, which find a recognizing sympathy—an echo—in the heart of a German, which vanish utterly in translation. Occasionally, the translator catches successfully the pith and spirit of the original—as often, indeed, we doubt not, as the thing is practicable. When Tell's wife uprads Baumgarten for suffering her husband to be arrested, who had rescued him at his own extreme peril:—

Hast thou, then, tears *alone* for his misfortune?  
Where, Sir, were *you* when your deserving  
friend

Was cast in bonds? Where then was *your* assistance?

You saw, and let the cruel deed be done!  
You coolly suffered them to take your friend  
From out the very midst of ye! Would *Tell*  
Have acted so by you? Did he that time,  
When your pursuers press'd upon your heels—  
Did he stand whining, as the raging lake  
Was foaming in your path? No! not with idle  
tears

He pitied *thee*! He sprang into the boat,  
Forgot both wife and child, and—set thee free!

The opening scene is most felicitously turned:—

FISHER-BOY (*sings in his boat*).

The smiling lake tempted to bathe in its tide,  
A youth lay asleep on its green swarded side,

There heard he a melody  
Flowing and sweet,  
As when voices of angels  
In paradise meet.

As thrilling with pleasure he wakes from his rest,  
Up rises the water—it flows o'er his breast!

And a voice from the deep  
Cries, "With me must thou go,  
I lure the young shepherds,  
And drag them below."

HERDSMAN (*on the mountains*).

Ye meadows, farewell!  
And thou sunny green shore,  
The herd must depart,  
For the summer is o'er.

We traverse the mountain, yet come we again,  
When the birds of the spring re-awaken their  
strain;  
When the earth with new flow'rets its breast shall  
array,  
And the rivulet flow, in love's own month of May.  
Ye meadows, farewell!  
And thou green sunny shore,  
The herd must depart,  
For the summer is o'er.

CHAMOIS HUNTER (*appearing on the top of  
a cliff*).

When it thunders on high, and the mountain-  
bridge shakes,

Undismayed the bold hunter his dizzy path takes.

He daringly strides o'er  
The icy-bound plain,  
Where spring ne'er can flourish,  
Nor verdure e'er reign.

All under his feet is a wide misty sea,  
Which shuts from his sight where man's dwelling  
may be,

Save when, through a rent  
In the clouds, is revealed,  
Deep under their billows,  
The green of the field.

*History of Russia and of Peter the Great, by General Count Philip de Ségur, Author of the History of Napoleon's Expedition to Russia in 1812; 1829.*—Russia has no history before the ninth century. It commences with the irruption of a horde of the Baltic Varangians, in 862, headed by Rurick, who laid at Novogorod the foundations of an empire, which, by his immediate successors, was enlarged to an enormous extent, but soon split and broken, after the fashion of those ages, into family appanages, perpetually the source of discords—alternately lost and won—resumed and regranted—till, thus torn and lacerated, it sunk under the dominion and tyranny of the Tartars. Writhing under the fangs of these conquerors for more than two centuries, it was at length rescued, to be again crushed and rent under invasions from the west, as destructive, though not so permanent, as those of the east; but, finally, under a new dynasty, re-assembled and re-combined, to cover, as it now does, the ninth part of the habitable globe, and control a population of sixty millions.

Over this immense empire, and over a period of nearly nine hundred years, Count Ségur has cast a rapid but discriminating glance, catching, in the wide sweep, at nothing but the main and marking points—because, he seems to think, these are not times for more particularizing views. "The sciences," says he, "are spreading with rapidity. A larger share of our attention is every day required by them. At the same time, our recent political emancipation adds to the number of our habitual duties, and the lessons of history become more than ever indispensable for our guidance. But how can we satisfactorily attend to the present, if we do not abridge the study of the

past? It is, therefore, a matter of necessity for the major part of us to have to learn only in *masses* the political and philosophical progress of great nations, down to the period at which we live." Though the reason assigned for this epitomizing is calculated for France, it is not inapplicable for ourselves, and especially as to what relates to foreign history; but, generally, the masses are for foreigners, and the details for natives.

To facilitate the general view, which is all he thus aims at, of the early history of Russia, he distributes it into five periods: the first extending to 1054, which presents, as the chief objects of consideration, the territorial conquests, and five distinguished princes—Rurick, the founder of the empire; Oleg, the conqueror; Olga, the regent; Vladimir, the Christian; and Yraslof, the legislator. The second, extending to 1236, is wholly occupied with internal discords and tumults, offering only two men of any mark—Vladimir Monomachus, and Andrew—and terminating in perfect subjugation to the Tartars. The third, the period of foreign servitude, reaches to 1460, exhibiting, through its obscure but tumultuous scenes, the deeds and struggles of three memorable personages—St. Alexander Nevsky, a great man, in every sense of that emphatic word—the able Ivan the First—and Dmitry Donskoy, the first who defeated the Tartars: this third period concludes with the final rescue of the empire from the grasp of the Tartars. The fourth, which may be characterized as the period of deliverance and of despotism, extends to 1613, and presents, as the most conspicuous and influential princes, Ivan, the Third and Fourth—the one styled the Autocrat, the other the Terrible. The death of the "Terrible" was followed by fearful scenes: the throne was usurped by his minister, a Tartar, and the country exposed to the invasions of the west, chiefly the Poles, under which the empire sunk for fifteen years, till it was reinvigorated by the election of a new dynasty—that of the Romanoffs, originally a Prussian family, but settled in Russia for more than two centuries, and covered, as Ségur after his fashion phrases it, by Russian soil and native laurels.

From that decisive period, the career of Russia has been one of comparative calm and regularity, advancing from barbarism, step by step—sometimes slowly, sometimes rapidly—towards civilization. Mikhail, the first of the family, reigned till 1645; and was eminently distinguished for moderation and love of peace—for the creation, at the same time, of a regular army, which restored tranquillity, and paved the way for indispensable conquests. The reign of his son Alexis lasted till 1675, and might well, in the language of historians, have been deemed illustrious, had it not been eclipsed by the wild but splendid superiorities of his son, Peter the Great. He was a formidable

warrior, who recovered from the Poles the provinces which had by them been torn from her—he was a legislator, who strove to ameliorate the laws—a ruler, who knew how to discover and repair his faults—who invited foreign arts, founded manufactories, opened the copper and iron mines, constructed the first two vessels—the sight of which was said to have awakened the genius of his son—summoned the chiefs to consult on public interests, and shewed himself, on numerous occasions, clement, pious, and faithful.

This Alexis left three sons: Feodore, the eldest, succeeded and died in 1682; Ivan was passed over as an idiot. The crown thus fell to Peter, then only ten years old; and Sophia, the sister, was appointed regent. Sophia intrigued with her favourite Golitzin to exclude young Peter from reaping the succession, and removed him to a distant and obscure village. In the hope of prolonging her own authority, indefinitely, she had the wretched Ivan married; but the native and early energies of Peter baffled all her schemes; and, in 1689, when only seventeen, he succeeded in wrenching the empire from her grasp.

From this period, Peter reigned alone the autocrat of his country; and one half of Ségur's very interesting and stirring volume is occupied with sketching—the whole is but a succession of sketches—the main objects of his indefatigable labours for five-and-thirty years. For the details of his conduct—for the concatenation of events—the reader must look elsewhere; but nowhere will he find a more vivid representation of the characteristics of the man—nowhere will he find better and more fairly displayed the definiteness of his views—the force and efficiency of his measures, sticking, it is true, at nothing to accomplish them—the flexibility, nevertheless, and perseverance which he turned to all quarters, and varied his means—the dexterity with which he baffled his enemies, at home and abroad—the energy, and indomitable perseverance, by which he roused and raised his country, to take its seat in the synod of European powers.

Thus forcibly he concludes his view of Peter:—

Historians of the nineteenth century! while we detest the violent acts of the prince, why should we be astonished at his despotism? Who was there that could then teach him, that to be truly liberal or moral is the same thing? But of what consequence is it, that he was ignorant that morality calls for the establishment of liberty, as being the best possible means of securing the general welfare? All that he did for that welfare, or, in other words, for the glory, the instruction, and the prosperity of his empire, was it not beneficial to that liberty, which neither himself nor his people were yet worthy? Thus, without being aware of it, Peter the Great did more for liberty than all the dreams of liberalism have since fancied that he ought to have done. His people are indebted to him for their first and most

difficult step towards their future emancipation. What matters, then, his abhorrence of the word, when he laboured so much for the thing? Since despotism was necessary then, how could he better employ it?

Let thanks be paid to him, since he changed into a source of light that source of ignorance whence the barbarism of the middle age had flowed in torrents over the face of Europe, engulfing the civilization of ancient times. Never again will burst forth from those countries the Attilas, the Hermanrics—the scourges of God and of mankind. Peter the Great has called forth there the lustre of the Scheremetefs, the Apraxins, the Mentrikofs, the Tolstoys, the Schuvalofs, the Ostermans, the Rumianzofs, and the numerous band of other names, till then unknown, but of which, since that epoch, the European aristocracy has been proud.

The passage we have quoted is taken from the translation, which the reader will see is miserably executed—full of French idioms. If we are to have translations at all, surely it would be better policy in publishers to get them *done* decently—to employ competent performers.

*The Library of Religious Knowledge, Paris I., II., III.* 1829.—These publications are designed to fill up a gap left by the Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge, essentially, if not professedly, open to any who chose to undertake it. It is the purpose of those who *have* undertaken to fill up this important gap, to publish a series of Original Treatises, which means, treatises written expressly for them, and containing, in a condensed form, the substance of the reasonings and researches of our best divines, relative to the history, prophecies, doctrines and duties of revealed religion;—together with memoirs of such as have most eminently exhibited its influence in their lives and conduct. The three parts before us, each consisting of about forty-eight pages, of a clear and bold type, in a pocket size, are wholly occupied with the subject of natural theology, and comprise and complete the arguments for design and intelligence deduced from the anatomy of men and animals. The writer has, of course, made a liberal but not an unacknowledged use of Paley, and has, what Paley did not, illustrated the subject by wood-cuts, accurately and distinctly drawn. The execution is, indeed, perfectly unexceptionable; and from the size and price, (sixpence each part) and mode of publication, the work is calculated to circulate where books of a larger, and more expensive, and more learned and pretending cast, *cannot*. It is, however, equal to the best of them. It is right to add, there is nothing *sectarian* in the publication—whatever there may be by and bye.

*Memoirs of General Millar, of the Peruvian Service. By his Brother.* 2 vols., 8vo., second edition, 1829.—Of General Millar's Memoirs we gave a general sketch

some months ago, prompted by the evidence the book bore on the face of it, of full and fair statements, and the minute accounts it furnished of many scenes and circumstances, before little known, relative to the Revolutions of Chili and Peru, and the leading personages connected with the management and settlement—if *settlement* there is ever likely to be, of these distracted regions. The opportunity of a second edition has been seized to make considerable additions, and some change in the general arrangement—all of advantage to the reader, and to the credit of the intelligent and competent author. Additional documents have been inserted in the appendix to illustrate the military operations in the Puertos Intermedios, and especially the characters of the more conspicuous persons that figure in the narrative. Portraits also appear of San Martin, Bolivar, and O'Higgins.

A translation into Spanish has been published, executed by General Torrijos, and a portion of the preface to this translation, expressive of the translator's sentiments on the Spanish colonial system, which is worth reading, is prefixed to this new edition of Millar's Memoirs. Torrijos commanded a Spanish brigade at the battle of Vittoria, and continued attached to Hill's division till the peace of 1814. The gratitude of his sovereign threw him into the cells of the inquisition at Marcia, where he remained in solitary confinement from 1817 to 1820, when his prison doors were thrown open by the re-establishment of the constitution. In 1823 he commanded in Cartagena and Alicante, and retained those fortresses long after the king re-occupied the capital. After surrendering on favourable terms, he emigrated, and is now living in London, "where," says Millar, "he is respected and esteemed by all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance."

*Syllabic Spelling. By Mrs. Williams.* 1829.—This is a new edition, the *fourth*, of a book very well known, it may be gathered from this fact, in schools and families. The system, founded upon one originally suggested by the Sieur Berthaud, and warmly recommended by Madame de Genlis—an infallible authority in these matters—is that of teaching syllabic sounds by means of emblematic pictures. The necessity for this seems, in the mind of the suggester, to arise from the non-significant and non-communicative names of the letters of our alphabet. Aitch, for instance, of what use in the world is this name for indicating the sound intended to be represented? But a picture presenting a *hurdle*, with the name, and form, and use of which, the new student is familiar, forms a sort of natural and binding association, which securely conveys the true sound. The one is, to be sure, equally a name with the other; but the one is visible and definite, the other ideal only, and incapable of exhibition. We do not ourselves feel the

deep want of these contrivances, for we can very well imagine a child's being taught to read, without being perplexed by names or rules for the letters and the sounds—as boys often learn Greek, without knowing the specific names of the characters. We have this moment questioned one, and found him ignorant of the names of nine of them. But though we may think little of these things, there are numbers who do think them even of importance; and we have no doubt, from the respectable testimonies prefixed to the publication, the method recommended has been found effective. It is the neatest little book imaginable, and the engravings delicately executed.

*The Christian Gentleman.* By a Barrister. 1829.—Colloquially the gentleman is one thing and the christian another—at least there is no inseparable connection: we speak of persons of certain manners, and certain conduct, without reference to their religious profession. The writer of the book before us—a very able person, and very capable of expressing his sentiments distinctly, and of enforcing them energetically, chooses not only to describe the christian gentleman, which is an intelligible distinction, but to deny, in broad terms, that the qualities of the gentleman and the christian can spring from separable sources. “It is a mistake,” says he, “to suppose that the qualities of the christian and the gentleman are in parallelism with each other, and that each draws its existence and perfection from a distinct source—that the one taking its origin from the world and its school of manners, and the other derived from its proper author, work together as coefficients in fashioning the character of the christian gentleman. The case is far otherwise. The whole composition is fundamentally christian;—the result of that formative grace which renovates the heart, and which, as a refiner's fire, or as fuller's soap, purges the thoughts and temper from the dross and scum of their gross adhesions.” The specific object of the writer is to portray the conduct and duties of the christian gentleman—the man of wealth and influence—the head of a family—the person whose example and authority is naturally looked up to, and insensibly imitated; and this personage he accompanies, step by step, in his practice of family prayer and domestic services—in his politics, his literature, his conversation, his social intercourse and general dealings, in the education of his children, in his observance of the sabbath, and even his personal deportment and positions at the house of worship. Episodically, beacons and warnings are presented against the perils of metaphysical morals on the one hand, and of mechanic philosophy on the other; for the dangers which spring up on the side of “induction,” he considers to be as great as those which appear on the side of abstraction. The former, which he brands with the term “German metaphy-

sics,” he describes as tending to loosen the controul of testimony and authority, and to turn the mind to the fatal folly of looking within ourselves, and into the constitution of things, for the principles of our belief and practice. Of course such sort of censure is much too sweeping and declamatory. It is good, because it tends *also* to the detection of truth, to sift testimony and authority—and it is good, moreover, to look to our own feelings, and into the constitution of things, for facts are facts, and not to be shaken by testimony or authority, though *they* may and must be shaken by opposing facts. The truth is, it is no philosophy that shakes testimony—she rather co-operates and establishes its force:—it is the prevalence of falsehood and imposture, that has done the mischief. But there is deep meaning and some eloquence in what follows—the fault is—which is that of the book generally—it is too undistinguishing, too disdainful of due qualifying broad assertions. “Nothing better,” says he, “than this unhallowed product can come of an education of which real scriptural religion does not constitute the prevailing ingredient—no system of education can prosper which leaves out that which is the great and proper business of man. A principle of culture is proposed to us which has no reference to the end for which we were born: its maxims and dogmas are flux and evanescent, like the particles, whatever they are, which carry abroad the virus of disease. Down from the lofty, but unsound reveries of Madame de Stael, through all the deepening grades of German story, domestic or dramatic, to the pestilent pen of that unhappy lord, whose genius has thrown lasting reproach upon the literature of his country—through every disguise, and every modification, the lurking disease betrays itself, amidst paint and perfumes, by the invincible scent of its native quarry.”

Discoursing on the effect of example, and especially that of high stations, he descants at great length, and with warmth, on the influence of the late king; and takes a side-wind occasion to brand his personal opponents with very unmeasured opprobrium. “Than John Wilks a more wicked man has seldom disgraced the name of Englishmen.” Junius was “malicious;” the secret of his vaunted style was his “dextrous use of tawdry antitheses, a certain temerity of diction, and the play of verbal ingenuity.” Horne Tooke was the man of insolent phlegm, and studious malignity. Fox, Burke, and Pitt, are all tried by the writer's stern standard.—Fox, of course, falls much below the level of the christian statesman. Burke was by many degrees nearer the christian gentleman; but though the christian orator, he wanted many things which go towards the finished fabric of the christian gentleman. But Pitt (obviously the writer's beau-ideal of a statesman) has full *credit* given him (for of proof of course little could be found) for the

potentialities of the christian gentleman. The man had not time to elicit them into action. "If he was not the exact model of a christian gentleman,"—see how prejudice can warp even this stern professor—"it was because his country, with its engrossing cares, borrowed too much from the concerns of his soul—that time was too strong for eternity—action too importunate for reflection: but he was every way a great man, and chiefly so by the magnanimous dedication of himself to the public"—and, we suppose it may as pertinently be added, the *exclusion* of others.

When glancing over the reign of George II., he says, of that monarch, "nothing was decisive or emphatic in him, but the love of money and of Hanover:—his own religion, and that of his court, were very low—so low, that Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Chesterfield, and Horace Walpole, were scarcely noticed as infidels or sceptics, although three worse men have seldom appeared in array against the cause of God and the soul." Of Addison, he observes, "he had a plausible conception of the christian gentleman, as appears by many passages in his Spectator, in which christianity, according to the view he took of it, was a necessary constituent of thorough good-breeding; but in the religion which he has brought so graphically before us, we see more of colour than consistence, of sentiment than self-denial, of imagination than conviction. The christianity of his fine gentleman shines only upon the surface of his manners." The three friends at Wickham, Gilbert West, Lord Lyttleton, and Mr. Pitt, are all of them found seriously wanting. Of the first he observes, "he was a man of great worth, a gentleman with many christian graces, and, upon the whole, after his work on the Resurrection, not too highly appreciated if called a christian gentleman: but still in him there was a want of spiritual decisiveness—of evangelical seriousness." Though commending, in much the same terms, Lord Lyttleton's Treatise "on St. Paul's Conversion, he turns over its celebrated pages in vain for the pure spirit of evangelical piety, or the characteristics of a mind under the humbling influence of vital faith in the gospel." "Lord Chatham was a gentleman and a christian, in a modified understanding of these terms; but as his piety breaks out in his letters to Lord Camelford, or as it sometimes casts a gleam across the path of his political glory, it reveals to us no intimate convictions of gospel truth—no clear knowledge of the saving virtue of the Redeemer's cross."

This is good, vigorous writing; the author is thoroughly in earnest—and his object is most important, whatever may be thought of particular sentiments.

*Prize Essay on Comets, by David Milne; 1829.*—Every body has heard of the Rev. Mr. Fellowes, if for nothing else, at least as the eloquent inditer of Queen

Caroline's addresses. Very much, we believe, to his own surprise, he succeeded to the immense wealth (ignotum pro magnifico) of Baron Maseres. Among the first uses to which he proposed to apply the fruits of this extraordinary wind-fall, was the furtherance of science—many munificent things have been mentioned, and among others a botanical plaything for the London University. But whatever may have been the projects of himself or his friends, one act was the offer of fifty guineas to the University of Edinburgh for an Essay on Comets, and twenty-five guineas for the second best. This was about two years ago. At the first examination of papers, none were deemed worthy either of the first or second prize; but, on an extension of time being given, to Mr. Milne was awarded the *first*—the second was not disposed of.

But for this stimulus of Mr. Fellowes, this very superior performance would never have been written; and though something better might be accomplished in point of arrangement, and especially in the historical matter, and certain speculations omitted with advantage, it is incomparably beyond any thing of the kind extant on the subject.

The real value of the book is, that it embraces every thing of any importance, either in fact or inference, ascertained or sanctioned by men of any authority. The subject is distributed by the able author into, 1. Physical constitution of comets, comprising details on the nucleus, envelope, and tail; 2. the movements, or the orbits, with the mathematical investigation; 3. the influence of comets and planets on each other; 4. the various stages of maturity—which is wholly conjectural, proceeding on the supposition chiefly that comets are originally exhalations from some quarter or other, gradually condensing, hardening, solidifying, perhaps into planets, the chief ground for which is, that sometimes comets can be *seen through*; and 5. general views respecting the system, in which some menacing conclusions are drawn, which do not, however, threaten the present generation—requiring, indeed, some two hundred millions of years to mature them.

The accuracy of the treasury is proverbial—in the midst of millions we find pence and farthings carefully recorded. Astronomers are equally precise; but really, after all the boasted pretensions to close observation, and closer calculation, it is a little remarkable how widely they sometimes differ. Mr. Milne records a few. The nucleus of the comet of 1807, according to Herschel, was 538 miles diameter; but Schroter, another German, made it 997. The second comet of 1811 Herschel determined to be 2,637, while Schroter could make no more than 570 of it. Of course, Herschel is the more credible authority—it is nothing short of presumption, in the smallest degree, in this country, to question the decisions of the greater man in any profession.

Then, again, as to the periodic times of the comets—Bessel declared the period of that of 1769 to be 2,089 years; but then it is acknowledged, that an error of only *five seconds* in observation would alter the period to 2,678, or 1,692 years. The comet of 1680 was calculated by some at 8,792 years, by others at 8,916, while Newton and Halley fix it at only 570.

Mr. Milne, we think, gives up the parabolic and hyperbolic curve—of course nothing can exceed the absurdity of calculating the returns of a comet, on the supposition of any but a recurring or continuous curve—a circle or ellipse; and equally absurd is it to talk of periods of thousands of years, because that in fact involves a confession, that by far too small a segment of the orbit is ascertained to determine the whole.

It is not by calculation, but by comparing and observing, that the probability of Halley's comet began. He ascertained the appearance of a comet in the same quarter of the heavens in 1531, 1607, 1682, and on this ground predicted its recurrence in 1758; and a comet actually did appear in the expected position in March 1759. The difference is attributed to *disturbances*, which astronomers have ventured to *calculate*. Now, if a comet recur in the same regions in 1834, or 35 (the perihelion is calculated for 16th March 1835, by Damoiseau), no one will any longer doubt its identity.

But what has become of the comet of 1770? This appears, on probable evidence, to have had an orbit of five years and a half, and yet has never been seen since. Dr. Brewster shrewdly suspects it has been metamorphosed into a planet, and that Pallas is the very he or she. If not, he concludes it must be lost; but what he means by "lost," we do not understand. Mr. Milne evidently does, for he solemnly and *italically* assures us it is *not* lost. "Beyond a doubt," he adds, "it is no longer discernible, solely through the disturbing influence of *Jupiter*." Some new intrigue of his, beyond a doubt. Encke's comet, however, of which we have heard so much lately, is the most interesting, because it is better identified than any other. Its revolution appears to be about three years and four months. In 1818, Pons discovered a comet, and Encke calculated its period to be 1,208 days. In the same regions had one been observed in 1786, 1795, and 1805. He accordingly ventured to predict its recurrence in 1822, visible in 34° south latitude in the beginning of June; and on the 2d of June, 1822, a comet was actually seen at Paramatta, 33° 42' lat. Encke announced it again for August 1825, and his calculation was true to a minute. Again he announced its perihelion this very 10th January 1829, the day on which we are now writing, and visible through November and December. But whether it has been actually seen, we know not. It is not visible by the naked eye. Mr. South, of Kensington, the sidereal astronomer of

the day, tells us, by the papers, he *thinks* he sees it.

*Stories from Church History from the Introduction of Christianity to the Sixteenth Century. By the Author of "Early Recollections," &c.* 1829.—If there is one thing less fitted than another to be pressed upon the consideration of children, or very young people, it is, we verily think, Church History. Its pages, come from what quarter they may, are filled with prejudices and misrepresentations. Scarcely any but professional persons—scarcely any, therefore, but those who are interested in the support of particular churches, or sects—quite a different thing from *religion*, for *that* is a personal thing—ever discuss the subject with any particularity. In such histories we find every thing twisted to suit the personal object; and, unhappily, in the few instances where distinguished laymen have taken up the topics, they have done so in a spirit of mockery, not only towards the agents of religion, but of religion itself. It is only, too, since the reformation, that materials exist on all sides, to enable impartial men to examine conflicting statements, and draw honest conclusions, which must be, generally, of the most unfavourable kind—varying only in degree. In the remoter periods of Church History, the predominant party took effectual measures to suppress evidence by extinguishing the writings and statements of their vanquished opponents. It is, therefore, only incidentally, or by sagacious inferences formed on close sifting, that any information has been gathered of what was so sedulously destroyed,—nor would even such materials have been left us, had the parties been capable of estimating the possible acuteness of after criticism. From these causes scarcely a step can be safely taken, without the utmost caution—every assertion, every fact, requires its evidence to be looked into, and much more, every deduction and every sentiment built upon them. This, then, is no subject for *children*, let the story be told by whom it may; but when it is told by a person, whose object is directly and avowedly to enforce the sentiments of a party, and thus entrap young people into unsure and premature judgments, it is still more unfit. The title, too, misleads—we took it to consist of stories of individuals, but it proves to be a regular survey of the general history, and, of course, the more intolerable. The writer uses no measure or scruple in the delivery of his judgments—nay, he regards it as a point of duty, to apply the most virulent terms upon all who are not of the true evangelical caste. Vile heretics—bad men, are continually at his *pen's* end. He is, like Cobbett, with rogue and scoundrel for ever in his mouth, or a parrot, that calling every body cuckold, is, probably, now and then right. Speaking of the heresies of the third century, he tells the children whom he

is addressing—"One of these I will mention to you, because it is one of which you might have sometimes heard me speak to older people. Do you know the term Socinian? Have you not heard me say with grief, nay, horror, for I felt it, that I had been in company with a Socinian—that I had heard him, whom I adored as 'my God and my Lord,' called a 'good man, the most perfect of human beings.' You are shocked, perhaps, that any one could be guilty of robbing Christ of his glory—of calling him who is 'one with the Father,' a mere man! Yet this is the doctrine of Socinianism," &c.

Constantius, he tells the same children, like his father, professed Christianity,—*if that can be called Christianity*, which would make the great author of our religion less than God.

Again—Athanasius thought, as every true believer in Jesus, *must think*, &c.

Again, Genseric, King of the Vandals, was nominally an Arian Christian,—*if the coupling of the terms were not absurd*.

Calvin, of course, finds the author a staunch apologist. "So far," says he, to the children he is instructing, "so far from procuring the death of Servetus, he *seems* to have pleaded for his life, or at least for the mitigation of his punishment; and, notwithstanding the odium undeservedly cast upon it by this transaction, the name of Calvin will ever be great in the Protestant church, which by his means was established not only in Geneva, but in many countries in Europe. But, perhaps, you can form a better opinion of Calvin from his death than from any account I can now give you of his life"—which he then quotes from Fry's Church History.

We had marked several inaccuracies, the results of mere carelessness—where the writer, we mean, could have no interest to serve by misrepresentation—but we have no space,—nor is the book of sufficient importance to regret the want of it.

*Flowers of Fancy*, by Henry Schultes; 1829.—These flowers consist of "similes" used by poets, and those who, like poets, write ornamentally—collected and arranged with great industry, and apparently with a miserable waste of good leisure, into an alphabetical list—thus:

BLIND as ignorance, *Beaumont and Fletcher*—as death, *Ibid*—as hell, *Habington*—as fortune, *Dryden*—as upstart greatness, *Lillo*—as Cupid, *Sir W. Davenant*, *Fred. Reynolds*—as love, *Mead*, *T. Killigrew*, and *others*—as moles, *Beaumont and Fletcher*, *Silvester*, and *others*—as owls amidst the glare of day, *Donne's Tasso*—as bats, *Silvester*, *A. Maclaren*—as a buzzard, *Otway*—as the Cyclop, *Dryden*—as a stone, *Chaucer*—blind and silent as the night, *Sir W. Davenant*—&c.

In a very elaborate preface, the author—a man, nevertheless, of taste and cultivation—struggles hard, in reality, to find a jus-

tification or apology for his performance, but ostensibly to point out the use and advantage of it. In the first place, he discovers "it will assist (we use his own words) the writer, who, following the light of truth, is enabled to convey his ideas with clearness into the minds of others, and who can occasionally illustrate his propositions by apposite comparisons formed by allusions to natural and familiar objects of the sense." It is too obvious to urge that *such* a man—if illustrations do not rise spontaneously—had better leave them alone; and, indeed, nobody will know this better than such a man. But, besides, the author, by dint of close scrutiny, detects a second use—"it will offer a list, by which a writer may discover whether the offspring of his mind be a new creation, or an adoption." Unluckily, this is incompatible with the former—they are destructive of each other. He might as well have said, "It is of use, and of no use;" or, had he said, "Read, mark, learn these similes—to avoid the use of them"—this had been admissible, and in accordance with a remark of his own in another place—that the second user of a phrase cannot escape the charge of plagiarism; whether truly or not, he loses, in every body's charitable conclusion, the merit of invention, and is considered a mere imitator.

In this same preface, the writer quotes a few similes which he regards as marks of bad taste, or at least negligent composition. "The qualities compared have no just correspondence," he says, "with each other; and they evince an erroneous judgment, not unlike that of the blind man, who thought the colour of scarlet resembled the sound of a trumpet." The spirit of this decision is, on the whole, sound enough; but the instances are not *equally* liable to the censure. There are grounds of comparison, in general association, and in obvious and habitual transitions, though the qualities will not parallel:—

His heart was light as a sun-beam;—

His heart was light as sunshine on the deep;—

Happy as a wave that dances on the sea;—

As soft in manners, as the silky fur upon the bosom of a playing kitten!!!—

Sounds which are soft as Leda's breast;—

Music, sweet as the tears that the dews of night distil;—

A joy, as pure and stainless as the gem that the morning finds on the blossom of the rose;—

Joys, bright as April showers;—

The feelings, pure as morning's dew;—

An empire, which rose like an exhalation.

*Memoirs of the late Rev. W. Goode, Rector of St. Ann, Blackfriars. By his Son.* 1829.—This is a memoir, by the son of a very zealous professor, of the Evangelical class, which can, from the exclusive and sectarian tone of it—for the Church has its sectaries—be readable by none but those



of the same party. The phraseology, which from an impulse of impatience, without meaning to charge hypocrisy upon all who use it, one is tempted to describe shortly as *cant*, can be tolerated only by those, who by habitually adopting it, forget—not the bad taste of it, for that is an inferior consideration—but the sense of mockery it excites in others; and surely it is no sign of a sound understanding to practise what in the main is but the shiboleth of a party. Nor are the sentiments expressed by this phraseology less revolting, though more from their implications than their actual and immediate force. Mr. Goode—the father, we mean—has occasion in a letter to speak of the effects of his preaching—“it is the Lord’s doing—the glory is his—we are but earthen vessels,” &c. Now phrases of this kind are offensive; first, because they are borrowed ones, and so scarcely prompted by the speaker’s feelings—there is, besides, affectation, and arrogance in them—and in the mildest estimate are but the prating of a parrot; or if they be allowed to express the feelings of the party using them, they are still offensive, because they imply a sense of overweeningness, as if *they* were called upon to exclaim, “we are men of like passions with yourselves”—it is a sort of mock-modesty, as if others could mistake them for any thing but *earthen* vessels. But, generally, the language of evangelical teachers is offensive—for it everywhere implies a personal superiority—a consciousness of something like exclusive favour—a pretension to a something approaching the prophetic or apostolic authority,—while congregations are addressed as poor, unintelligent animals, who have not access to the same means of enlightenment with themselves, but must depend upon their privileged and inspired instructors for the knowledge of what is as important to the one as the other.

One of Mr. Goode’s letters begins in this way—“I am happy to inform you that through the goodness of OUR God, I got safe to Margate on Monday afternoon,” &c. Here is the exclusive tone. In another—“the weather is somewhat pleasanter, which is very desirable, *if it please God*,”—which if it is not mock, is ostentatious piety. Mrs. Goode’s clothes caught fire, and Mr. Goode was fortunate enough to rescue her from destruction. Of this “peculiar dispensation of mercy,” as the son styles it, Mr. Goode thus writes to a friend, —“I had not pulled off my great coat in the passage, when I heard most violent shrieks up in our bed-room, and, running up stairs, saw Mrs. Goode coming out of the door all in a blaze, and running up into the nursery, where was only the nurse and the infant; besides which, she must have been so totally in flames before she got there, that it would have been put out with great difficulty. I laid hold of her, pulled her back into the room, and instantly rolled her up in the carpet, which extinguished

the flame, but not till burnt much in her back and right arm. Had I not come in that minute, she must have been burnt to death; they were all in confusion, and there is little probability they would have taken the proper method to smother the fire—perhaps the whole house might have been set on fire—indeed there is no calculating the probable consequences. ‘*Twas most evidently the Lord’s hand*, and it requires,” &c.

“Had I not come she must have been burnt”—that is, if no other means of rescue had been present, but if any direct interposition be meant,—if any extraordinary sources be supposed to be put into activity—one mean may well be supposed as ready as another, and if *he* had been absent, another might have been at hand—or the accident not have occurred at all. “‘*Twas evidently the Lord’s hand*”—so, it must be supposed, surely, was the *calamity*. But such interpreters of events seem always to suppose the event is appointed to bring about the interposition; and so it may be, for any thing we can establish to the contrary, but it must surely to most persons appear to be an odd conclusion to come to without distinct evidence, and of such evidence we can imagine none.

Mr. Goode was, no doubt, an excellent man—of very considerable theological attainments—of great zeal and indefatigable effort—five sermons a week for many years is proof enough, but of no very enlightened benevolence—of no very enlarged information—of no free or liberal inquiry—of little sympathy or concern for any thing out of his own exclusive circle, and less tolerance for other’s opinions, for he had no distrust of his own, and scarcely can be said to know those of others, or be capable of estimating them with any thing like an unbiassed judgment. His horror for them, however, was, of course, not the less vehement. From a child he was remarkable for the phrases and the practices of piety, originating, we may suppose, in the habits of his friends, and their connection with dissenting ministers. He was educated also by a dissenter of some provincial distinction in his day, Bull, of Newport Pagnell. These phrases and practices grew up with him—never suffered any suspension or interruption, and were mixed up, in his mind, irresistibly, with *essentials*, and undistinguishably so; and the absence or disuse of them, in others, was to him, inevitably, as it is to thousands, indicative of the absence of all vital religion. Soon after his ordination he became a curate to *Romaine*, to whose living of Blackfriars, after some years, on the petition of the parish to Lord Loughborough, he succeeded,—which place was, of course, the chief seat of his professional exertions.

He was a conspicuous member in all committees and societies for charitable and missionary objects, and was, we believe, the *first*, who made preaching tours to raise contributions for these purposes. In a time

of great excitement, his *Christian Loyalty and Patriotism*, as the son phrases it, was strongly manifested, especially during the war with France, when he was always ready with sermons on the times; in one of which, we observe, he recommended to his congregation, Robson's Proofs of a Conspiracy—which will indicate to the discerning pretty plainly, the spirit of his Christian politics—not but the spirit of his deductions, and the drift of his spiritual advice, were correct and applicable enough. The late king seems to have been often the subject of his pulpit eulogium, and, of course, in language that accords very slightly with the suggestions of common sense in a *constitutional* monarchy. But it must never be forgotten, that when the *principle* of the government was changed, the language of the liturgy was *not*, as it ought to have been, *conformed*; and, of course, it cannot be expected that ministers of that liturgy will not fondly cling to the language and all that it involves.

The analysis of the intellectual and moral character of the man—who was, doubtless, eminently influential and useful to his party—a good man, too—always honest and well-meaning—with some talents for business, and some eloquence, and some acquirement—displays a good deal of discrimination, and shews the son to be an observant and intelligent person.

*The Legendary Cabinet: a Collection of British National Ballads. Ancient and Modern, &c. By the Rev. J. D. Parry; 1829.*—This is not strictly a collection of old ballad-romances—for, after Percy, Ritson, Scott, Jamieson, &c. there could be no sort of occasion for such a thing—but rather a selection out of the collected mass of old and modern—conducted, in the language of the editor, on a MORAL plan; or, at least, with an exclusion of all articles of a directly unexceptionable character. This is the characteristic of the selection, and what entitles it to the preference of parents and instructors. The editor further remarks, his purpose has been—seeing subjects of this kind have such peculiar charms to both old and young—to render what is thus popular comparatively innocent, which nobody, it seems, has attempted or thought of before him; and, in “this commendable purpose, he has had the satisfaction of coinciding with the ideas of a high ecclesiastic character,” but whose name he is not at liberty to mention. This, to be sure, is intelligence there was no withholding; but, really, it becomes, now-a-days, a matter of wonderment that young and unbeneficed clergymen do not discover that the opinion of a diocesan, or other church dignitary, is, not once in a thousand times, on a thousand topics, of so much importance to the world as it seems to be to themselves.—But this, by the way.

The editor has further wished to make his selection *national*—excluding, with one or two exceptions, not only foreign pieces, but

foreign subjects. The volume, too, we perceive, is, with exemplary equity, equally divided between the ancient and modern—the ancient admitting none below the venerable age of 200 years—though among them we remarked Hardyknute, which, the editor himself observes, first appeared in 1719, and speaks of as a *modern* forgery, and ascertained to be the production of Lady Wardlaw, or of Sir John Nicholls, who employed the intervention of that lady in the publication. But the greater part are taken from Percy's Reliques, or from Scott, Jamieson, Evans, &c. : such as Chevy Chase, Robin Hood, and his encounters with Guy, and the Curtal Friar, and the Fisherman, St. George and the Dragon, Johnny Armstrong, George Barnwell, Valentine and Ursine, &c. The modern half consists of compositions of the last seventy years (what is the authority for this new statute of limitations?), and some of the present century: such as the Red-cross Knight, Hermit of Warkworth, Friars of Orders Gray, Goldsmith's Hermit, &c., with some of Southey's, Wordsworth's, Miss A. M. Porter's, Walter Scott's, Wiffen's, &c.,—and one of the editor's own.

But why—we must ask—why should the editor be so excessively angry with Ritson? The *language*, as well as the *sentiments*, of the old ballads should surely be sacred. *Suum cuique* is a good rule always. Now, Dr. Percy took great liberties, which nobody denies, with both; Ritson remonstrated; and for this, apparently—for no other reason peeps forth—the editor charges the unlucky remonstrancer with being envious and malicious; and, by way of make-weight, he must needs add, after an approved fashion—gross and impious; the applicability of which is not wholly to be denied; but which the editor was not fairly called upon to urge.

The editor has, however, done what he had to do, well; and we have a perfect confidence that the new volume he contemplates will be equally acceptable, and furnish another specimen of his own powers in this line, equal to his “Ella.”—

No!—yet, even yet, for Ella's love,  
I'll mighty deeds essay;  
Those nobler feats of worth I'll prove,  
That lead to heaven the way.

My op'ning buds, so sweet and fair,  
I'll first secure amain;  
Good Clement holds that tender care  
In Ina's holy fane.

In arms full clad, an errant knight,  
I'll roam o'er hills and seas,  
Restoring to the wrong, their right,  
And to the afflicted, ease.

I'll 'venge the cause of orphans poor,  
I'll crush the tyrants down;  
I'll raise the meek, that pensive cow'r  
Beneath a dastard's frown.

Once more shall Ella's chief have place  
In many a minstrel's song;  
And all the fruits his name that grace,  
To Ella's love belong.—&c.

## FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

THE exuberance of matter pressing upon us for notice at this season, precludes the necessity of any general comparisons, whether "odious" or agreeable. We shall therefore proceed at once to give the most satisfactory positive account that our limits will permit, of the chief exhibitions opened to public inspection since our last notice. The most important is that of the Royal Academy, where we meet with a collection of works highly creditable to the general state of art among us, and including many individual examples, in many different departments, that have never been surpassed in our own country, and rarely in any other. It must be admitted at once, that not only the most conspicuous, but the most meritorious objects of this year at the Royal Academy, are the portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence. They are eight in number; and though each has something to distinguish it in a peculiar manner from all the rest, it is difficult to determine which should carry off the palm of praise and admiration.

Three are whole-lengths, the size of life; and for airy grace of style, and mingled power and fidelity of execution, they have never been surpassed, even by this accomplished artist himself. That of the Duchess of Richmond (102) represents the very perfection of natural beauty, heightened to its acme by all the inimitable graces of high blood and breeding; that of the Marchioness of Salisbury (193) includes an intense intellectual vivacity of look which rivets the eye with a sort of talismanic power; and the capital one of the Duke of Clarence, has a still and unpretending gravity about it that cannot be too much admired. Next in merit and effect to the above, are two which include an extraordinary union of force of character with happy facility of style: they are (135) Lord Durham, and (97) Miss Macdonald; there is a look of what our neighbours called *minauderie* about the latter, which is executed with singular delicacy and nicety. The other portraits of Lawrence are a not very agreeable one of Southey (172), a fine one of Mr. Soane (338), and a somewhat stiff and starched one of Mrs. Locke, sen. (455.)

Among the Historical works this year, the most conspicuous is that of Benaiah, by Etty (16).

"He slew two lion-like men of Moab."

SAMUEL.

It displays considerable power of conception and execution; and there is great and very striking merit in the *chiaro-scuro*; but the work is of overgrown size, and has not much that will recommend it to general admiration. The little work by the same artist, on the subject of Hero and Leander (31), has ten times more real merit; but even this is of a nature that will cause it to be

generally passed by unnoticed. These are the only works by Etty. Hilton has a large work of the historical class, "The meeting of Abraham's servant and Rebecca" (180), in which he has adopted a tame and feeble general manner, that does not augur well for his progress in the art. Unfortunately, in the historical class we have also to rank the chief of Wilkie's productions of this year. We but little expected, and still less are we pleased with, the striking change that seems to have taken place in the ideas of this distinguished artist, as to the line of art in which his great talents are available. He has given us, instead of his former unrivalled pieces of humour and character, monks, priests, and princesses going through the serious mockery of bathing pilgrims' feet—amazons fighting furiously, and priests debating gloomily—shepherds singing hymns to Madonnas, and sinners kneeling at confessionals. This is a grievous contrast to what we looked for at the hands of Mr. Wilkie. Has his own pilgrimage to the Eternal City made a saint or a Roman of him?—We shall abstain from criticising his new class of works, till we ascertain from what causes and motives they have proceeded.

In point of mere colouring, and, indeed, we may add, in almost every other particular except choice of subject, Mr. Briggs's picture of Margaret of Anjou flying with the young prince, after the battle of Hexham, and confiding him to the care of robbers, is the very best historical work on a large scale in this collection. There is a coherence, a consistency, a general harmony in the productions of this artist, which would alone place him in a high rank. But he has, moreover, an excellent conception of individual character, a fine taste in colouring, and much graceful ease in his style of handling. Nevertheless, he is far from having hitherto performed what we are entitled to expect from his various powers; and one reason of this is, that he has not hitherto made a judicious choice of subject. He paints scenes in which his powers of conception and his skill in delineating character, are too much tied down to certain specific claims upon them. In the department of external nature we have a few fine, and several highly agreeable and meritorious productions. Calcott's "Dutch Ferry" (66) is a work of rare power and beauty, shewing all the artist's best qualities in their best point of view. Collins's "Morning after a Storm" (166) is equally pure and simple; yet with more of manner, and consequently less of nature: for Calcott has less manner than any other distinguished artist of his day. Constable, on the other hand, has *more* of manner than any one else; but it is a bold and original manner, and one which is at least founded on a

close observation and appreciation of nature. He has two exceedingly clever works this year, but they are not of a conspicuous character. Turner has a brilliant production from the *Odyssey*, "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus" (42). There is little of mere nature in it; but in its place a poetical power of imagination, embodied by a power of execution, the result of which is the next best thing, and, in connexion with a subject of this kind, a better thing.

In that department of art which is neither historical, imaginative, nor wholly natural, but combining in a piquant manner some of the most attractive qualities of all these departments, we have a few agreeable works this year, but none that merit a particular and detailed description. Edwin Landseer's "Illicit whiskey still in Ireland" (20) is among the best of these. It unites his fine observation and singular skill, in embodying the results of that observation, in a very effective manner. "Sir Roger de Coverley and the Gypsies," by Leslie (134) is another of these pleasant true fictions—which are worth all the fictitious truth in the world. But the most striking and meritorious of them all, is Newton's piece from *Gil Blas*. It is in many respects an exquisite work; and our only regret in recurring to it is, that we are compelled to pass over such a production with a few vague and general words of praise. When we can succeed in persuading the proprietors of this entertaining miscellany, yclept the *Monthly Magazine*, to double its attractions, by devoting the whole of their space every month to remarks on Art and its productions, we may hope to render a due measure of justice to such productions as this of Mr. Newton. But this exquisite artist has another little picture in the present exhibition, which we prize even more highly than the above-named, though it is merely a "portrait of a lady, in a cauchoise dress" (114). There is a spirit, a speaking grace, and an intellectual life about it, to achieve which is the perfection of Art.

*Society of Painters in Water Colours.*—

The Water Colour Painters have presented us with a charming exhibition this year; such a one as no other country has, or ever had, the means of equalling, or even making any near approaches to: for the art of painting in water colours is an art belonging to the present century almost exclusively, at least as practised by many of the leading artists of our day. At present, effects are attempted and produced in this way, which it was thought, could only be accomplished by the most elaborate and skillful employment of oil. In order to illustrate our position in this particular, the reader has only to visit the Water Colour Exhibition of the present year, in which he will find pictures that include qualities and effects of the very highest class, and such as are by many conceived to be unattainable by the means here employed.

At the head of the exhibitors, in merit as well as in number, stands Mr. Copley Fielding—an artist to whom this department of art, more than to any other person, peculiarly belongs. He exhibits this year, between forty and fifty pictures, many of which are of first rate merit, and not one of which would not, a few years ago, have been looked upon as a masterly production in this class of art. Perhaps the most skilful, and certainly the most original, of Mr. Fielding's productions, are his sea pieces, in which he displays a power of hand, and a feeling for natural truth, which have rarely been surpassed. His "Vessels in Yarmouth Roads," (11) is an admirable work in these respects. Another of his works in this class of scenery, but in altogether a different style, is "Telemachus going in search of Ulysses," (103) a scene of gorgeous and poetical beauty, that finely contrasts with the simplicity of the former, yet is equally true to nature with that, or with any other work in the room—though surpassing them all in brilliance and poetical effect.

Among the works representing merely external scenery, we cannot point to one of a more popular class, and likely to please and satisfy generally, than Mr. Nash's *View from the Pont Neuf at Paris*. It is a highly agreeable and characteristic work, but is without that originality of style which is so much to be admired in Fielding, because it is so perfectly consistent with nature. Mr. Robson also displays much originality in his numerous works this year, but, we are sorry to say, very little of that quality without which all the originality in the world is worthless—we mean truth of character. His scenes are gorgeous to look upon, and will assuredly attract and fix the popular gaze; but they will not, generally speaking, satisfy those who gain their impressions of nature from nature herself. They are like portraits which present all the features of the original, and give to those features their exact form; consequently you know the original on seeing it; but they are on that account like the original, because they miss all the intellectual expression of the features, and all their play and spirit—consequently all their peculiar character. And thus it is with the landscapes of Mr. Robson. They are beautiful objects to look at, but they leave no distinct impressions arising out of themselves, and they recal no distinct recollections which may have been gathered from real objects. There is a vague look about them, like that of a summer sunset, which, however beautiful, is like nothing that you ever saw before, and leaves no image that you can recal. Not so with the scenes of Mr. Christall in this exhibition. They display great and singular merit, and are indeed unique in this department of art, so far as regards their intellectual character. This artist has the singular skill to give a sort of antique and classical air to every figure he

represents, without in the least degree divesting it of its natural and *modern* look and expression. And this is the more singular as all his figures are taken from a low grade of life.—Scotch peasants, water carriers, shepherds, and the like. In this respect his “Scotch Peasants, Loch Lomond” (173) is a most admirable work. There is a grandeur of style about it that would become a subject from ancient poetry or Mythology; and yet every part of it, and the whole together, are perfectly consistent with the actual scene and persons represented. Exactly the same may be said of several other of this artist's productions in the present collection, in particular two of “Fern Burners” (219), and “Scotch Peasants, Loch Achray” (263).

Mr. Prout has but few of his fine, rich, weighty and characteristic (howbeit somewhat too much mannered) productions this year; but what he does exhibit are as masterly as usual. The most striking and elaborate is a View on the Great Canal at Venice. The other leading supporters of this society, and practisers of this charming art, Messrs. Varley, Lewis, Harding, Gastineau, Evans, &c. have each contributed their share of attraction; and we meet with many very pleasing productions by hands scarcely as yet “known to fame.”

*Cosmorama, Regent Street.*—This Exhibition has just re-opened, with a set of new pieces, no less than fourteen in number, and of very various merit. Some are mere worthless daubs; others have little to recommend them but the interest and curiosity of the scene and objects represented; and others are executed with considerable skill, and their subjects are so well adapted to the peculiar nature of the exhibition, as to produce a strikingly agreeable and interesting effect. Among the latter, the chief and most meritorious are, the Interior of St. Peter's, at Rome, the Interior of the

Church of St. Gudule at Brussels, and the Interior of Saint Paul's Cathedral. We do not remember to have seen any views at this or similar places, more effective than the three we have named; and the whole exhibition is one presenting considerable attractions to mere sight-seekers of the season of the year.

*Mr. Thom's Sculpture.*—Among the most remarkable exhibitions connected with fine arts that we remember to have witnessed, is one lately open to public view in Bond-street, consisting of two pieces of sculpture, by a self taught Scottish artist, named Thom. Each object consists of a figure, as large as life, seated in a chair, and representing, the one, Tam O'Shanter, and the other Souter Johnny—the two heroes of one of Burns's admirable comic stories. In point of intrinsic merit, these works have been ridiculously overrated; but as evidences of an extraordinary degree of natural cleverness, they are perhaps unrivalled, and cannot be too much admired and praised.

*Gallery of English Beauties.*—The June number of this charming collection of engravings, represents the elegant and piquante Lady Ellenborough; and it represents her in a manner, and to an effect exactly corresponding with her peculiar class of beauty, which is as simple as it is sweet and touching. She is attired in clouds alone, which cluster about her till she seems emerging from and born of them, as Venus was of the ocean waves; and around her head a sort of stary glory has been added, which, if it is not exactly appropriate to a living beauty, gives an interest and effect to the face and form which its extreme simplicity, in other respects, makes it stand in need of. This portrait forms the 54th of the Series of the Beauties of the Court of George the Fourth, now in course of publication in *La Belle Assemblée*.

## VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Public and Private Libraries of Ancient Rome.*—During the first five centuries, Rome appears to have possessed neither literature nor libraries. The first considerable library was brought to Rome by Æmilius Probus, in the year 586, after the plunder of the treasures of King Perseus; but it is not known whether this was preserved or sold. After the taking of Athens, Sylla enriched Rome with the beautiful library of Pisistratus; he transmitted it to his son, and the ulterior fate of this collection is unknown. After the example of Sylla, Lucullus chose from the booty of Pontus, a library for his own use and that of the studious. The private library of Terentius Varro is also mentioned; unfortunately it was dispersed after the death of the proprietor. Cicero also possessed a fine library. Aulus Gellius

likewise specifies that of Tibertius; there were several others in the municipia and the colonies. Epaphroditus of Charonea, is said to have possessed 30,000 volumes, and Serenus Sammonicus 62,000, which were bequeathed to the emperor Gordian. As to public libraries, Augustus first established one in Rome; it was placed under the vestibule of the Temple of Liberty, on the Aventine Hill. Soon after, the same emperor founded two other libraries, the Octavian, under the portico of his sister Octavia, and the Palatine, in the temple of Apollo, on the Palatine Hill; this was rich in Greek and Latin works, and authors regarded it an honour to have their writings placed there; under the reign of Commodus, this literary treasure became a prey to the flames. In the palace of Tiberius, on the same hill, was also a library; the Tibe-

rian; this, likewise, was burnt, under Nero. Another great public library at Rome, the Capitoline, the foundation of which is attributed by Donatus to Adrian, and with more appearance of truth; by Lipsius, to Domitian; this, like the former, was destroyed by fire, under the reign of Commodus. Lastly, Aulus Gellius mentions the Ulpian library, or that of the temple of Trajan, which was subsequently removed to the Viminal hill, to embellish the baths of Dioclesian. According to P. Victor, there existed at Rome, at the time of Constantine, 29 public libraries, of which the finest were the Palatine, restored after the conflagration, and the Ulpian.

*Toads.*—When mentioning in our number for April the account of a large toad which had been found imbedded in a stone in America, we inserted a remark of Professor Eaton, or, rather, a query, "might not an egg have been enclosed in the cavity?" To this a respectable correspondent, and we fully agree with him, objects, as being a most unsatisfactory explanation. The results of this gentleman's partly novel and judicious experiments, with which he has obligingly furnished us, are, that the spawn of frogs and toads will not come to maturity *without the aid of water and heat*. "The spawn is of the form of a mustard-seed, but nearly black, and surrounded by an albuminous fluid, very viscid, so much so, that the female could not detach it from her body *without the aid of water*. When ejected and in the water, it assumes the appearance of a quantity of white currants, with a black speck in each of them." (Perhaps boiled sago would furnish a more exact simile.)—"That sun is necessary to the animation of the spawn; I proved, by taking a male and female toad and making the latter deposit her spawn in a vessel, part of which I kept there with a sufficient quantity of water, but prevented it from receiving the sun's rays; the remainder I put into another pan, and placed so that the sun might shine on it all day. In the latter vessel I soon had the tadpoles, in the former none." We have frequently endeavoured to impress upon our readers the advantages that must result to science, if isolated observers of natural phenomena would communicate to the public an unvarnished statement of what they may have seen. The pages of this journal will always be open to such information, which will be thankfully acknowledged; to our present correspondent we feel much obliged, and look forward with interest to his future favours.

*Schinderhannes.*—At the commencement of the French revolution, and for some time after, the two banks of the Rhine were the theatre of continual wars. Commerce was interrupted, and robbery the only mechanical art which was worth pursuing. These enterprises were carried on at first by individuals trading on their own capital

of skill and courage; but when the French laws came into more active operation—in the seat of their exploits, the desperadoes formed themselves, for mutual protection, into co-partnerships, which were the terror of the country. Men soon arose among them whose talents or prowess attracted the confidence of their comrades, and chiefs were elected, and laws and institutions established. Their last and most celebrated chief, was the redoubted Schinderhannes, *i. e.* John Buckler, one of whose exploits we shall now detail. The robberies of this noted chief became more audacious and extensive every day, and at last he established a kind of "black mail" among the Jews, at their own request. Accompanied one day by only two of his comrades, he did not hesitate to attack a cavalcade of 45 Jews and 5 Christian peasants. The booty taken was only two bundles of tobacco, the robbers returning some provisions, on a remonstrance from one of the Jews, who pleaded poverty. Schinderhannes then ordered them to take off their shoes and stockings, which he threw into a heap, leaving to every one the care of finding his own property. The affray that ensued was tremendous; the forty-five Jews who had patiently allowed themselves to be robbed by these men, fought furiously with each other about their old shoes; and the robber, in contempt of their cowardice, gave his carbine to one of them to hold while he looked on.

*Captain Franklin.*—On the 27th of March last, the Geographical Society of Paris presented their annual gold medal of the value of one thousand francs, to Captain Franklin, as a testimony of their sense of the importance of his second expedition to the shores of the Polar Sea.

*The Keith Medals.*—Extract of a letter addressed to the Royal Society of Edinburgh by the Trustees of the late Alexander Keith, Esq.—"As the Royal Society of Edinburgh is the principal scientific establishment of Scotland, we hereby offer to the President and Council the sum of £600, the principal of which shall on no account be encroached on; while the interest shall form a triennial prize for the most important discoveries in science made in any part of the world, but communicated by their author to the Royal Society, and published for the first time in their Transactions. With regard to the form in which this prize is to be adjudged, we beg leave to suggest that it may be given in a gold medal, not exceeding 15 guineas value, together with a sum of money, or a piece of plate bearing the devices and inscriptions on the medal." The above-mentioned sum has been paid over to the Treasurer of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; and the prizes will be awarded at the specified periods, if any discoveries of sufficient importance be presented during their currency.

*The Water of the Mediterranean.*—

The late Dr. Marcet in his examination of sea water, has been unable, for want of a sufficient number of specimens of water, taken at various depths in the Mediterranean, to draw any certain inference as to what becomes of the vast amount of salt brought into that sea by the constant current which sets in from the Atlantic through the straits of Gibraltar, and which, as the evaporation of the water, must either remain in the basin of the Mediterranean or escape by some hitherto unexplained means. In the hope of obtaining further evidence on this question, he had requested Captain Smyth, R. N., who was engaged in a survey of that sea, to procure specimens of water from the greatest accessible depths. The specimens collected by Captain Smyth were, in consequence of Dr. Marcet's death, given to other persons, and applied to other objects; Dr. Wollaston, however, obtained the three remaining bottles of the collection. The contents of one of these, taken up at about fifty miles within the Straits, and from a depth of 670 fathoms, was found to have a density exceeding that of distilled water by more than four times the usual quantity of saline residuum. The result of the examination of this specimen accords completely with the anticipation that a counter current of denser water might exist at great depths in the neighbourhood of the Straits, capable of carrying westward into the Atlantic as much salt as enters into the Mediterranean with the eastern current near the surface. If the two currents were of equal breadth and depth, the velocity of the lower current need only be one-fourth of that of the upper current, in order to prevent any increase of saltness in the Mediterranean.

*Culture of Indigo in Senegal.*—Indigo, which forms so material an article of commerce in France, and of which they have been such extensive purchasers in the English, or rather Anglo-Indian market, has been at length raised in the French African Colony of Senegal, and from recent accounts, it seems probable that the Indigo, which now rivals in quality the best produced in Bengal, will, at no distant period, supersede, from its quality, what has hitherto been supplied from English culture.

*Extraordinary Invention.*—An ingenious hat-maker has recently taken out a patent which, so far as we can judge of its meaning, far surpasses in absurdity even any that has as yet been enrolled. He proposes to recover the spirits which have been employed in dissolving the gums used in "stiffening hats, hat bodies, bonnets, caps, and divers articles of merchandize, and converting such spirits (after rectification) into use, by submitting the said old hats, caps, bonnets, &c. to a sort of distillation"!!!

*Anatomical Description of the Foot of a Chinese Female.*—That the standard of beauty is different in different nations is readily admitted, but that any set of men

should regard, as an embellishment, such a perversion of the gifts of nature as render these last perfectly unfit to discharge the functions for which they were designed, would, but for the evidence of the fact, be utterly incredible. Mr. Bransby Cooper has just communicated to the Royal Society an anatomical description of the foot of a Chinese female, which is much too curious to be omitted here. The foot was obtained from the dead body of a female found floating in the river at Canton, and had all the characters of deformity consequent upon the prevailing habit of early bandaging for the purpose of checking its natural growth. To an unpractised eye it had more the appearance of a congenital malformation than of being the effect of art, however long continued; and appears, at first sight, like a club foot, or an unreduced dislocation. From the heel to the great toe the length of the foot measures only four inches; the great toe is bent abruptly backwards, and its extremity pointed directly upwards; while the phalanges of the other toes are doubled in beneath the sole of the foot, having scarcely any breadth across the foot where it is naturally broadest. The heel, instead of projecting backwards, descends in a straight line from the bones of the leg, and imparts a singular appearance to the foot, as if it were kept in a state of permanent extension. From the doubling in of the toes into the sole of the foot, the external edge of the foot is formed in a great measure by the extremities of the metatarsal bones; and a deep cleft or hollow appears in the sole across its whole breadth. From the diminutive size of the foot, the height of the instep, the deficiency of breadth, and the density of the cellular texture, all attempts to walk with so deformed a foot must be extremely awkward; and in order to preserve an equilibrium in an erect position, the body must necessarily be bent forwards with a painful effort, and with a very considerable exertion of muscular power. We may remark, that in all Chinese paintings wherein a female of the higher class is represented as standing, her position is invariably such as has been described by this excellent anatomist.

*Steam Navigation.*—That the character of maritime war will be materially changed by the introduction of steam is universally admitted; we have already apprised our readers of the proposition of Mr. Waghorn to perform the voyage to and from India with despatches in six months, and Captain Ross, whose voyage to the northern regions opened the path in which Parry so successfully advanced, is now about to depart on a polar expedition in a steam vessel. A little more experience will soon convince the mercantile part of the British community that the greatest effect can be produced by a steam vessel when it is employed to tow, not for freight.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## WORKS IN PREPARATION.

A work of fiction, entitled *The Five Nights of St. Albans*, is upon the eve of publication, in three volumes, which is likely to excite some interest from the peculiarity of its plan, and the singular nature of its incidents.

In the press, *Beatrice, a Tale founded on Facts*. By Mrs. Hodand. In 3 vols. 12mo.

Preparing for publication, under the superintendance of Mr. George Don, A.L.S., a new edition of Miller's *Gardener's and Botanist's Dictionary*, containing a complete enumeration and description of all Plants hitherto unknown, newly arranged according to the natural system of Jussieu, and comprising all the modern improvements to the present time. To be published in parts, and completed in four quarto volumes.

An Engraving, from Sir Thomas Lawrence's painting of the Hon. Mrs. C. Arbuthnot, is announced for the 55th of the Series of *The Female Nobility* publishing in *La Belle Assemblée*.

Mr. William Hosking is preparing for publication, *A Popular System of Architecture*, to be illustrated with engravings, and exemplified by reference to well known structures. It is intended as a Class or Text Book in that branch of liberal education.

*The Three Chapters*, to be published Monthly, under the superintendance of Mr. Sharpe, will commence on the 1st of July, with an engraving from the pencil of Mr. Wilkie.

Another portion of Mr. Booth's *Analytical Dictionary* is now in the press.

*Gideon*, and other Poems. By the Author of "My Early Years for those in Early Life."

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*The Offering*, a New Annual, consisting of Contributions in Prose and Verse, from the pens of eminent Writers, and especially designed to establish and illustrate the connection between polite literature and religion. With Illustrations. By the Rev. Thomas Dale.

In a few weeks will appear, the first monthly number of a work to be entitled *The Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society Delineated*; being Descriptions and Figures in Illustration of the Natural History of the Living Animals in the Society's Collection. To be published, with the Authority of the Council, under the superintendance of the Secretary and Vice-Secretary of the Society.

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*Life of John Locke*, with Extracts from his Correspondence, Journals, and Common-place Book. By Lord King.

The Author of "The Opening of the Sixth Seal" is about to publish an Essay, suggesting a more easy and practicable mode of acquiring general knowledge, which will include instructions for a course of study necessary for that purpose.

Dr. James Clark has in the press an *Essay on the Influence of Climate in Diseases of the Chest, Digestive Organs, &c.*; including Directions to Invalids going Abroad, respecting the best seasons and modes of Travelling, and the general management of their Health; and Remarks on the Effects of the principal Mineral Waters of the Continent in Chronic Diseases.

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## PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

### *New Patents sealed in May, 1829.*

To Henry Robinson Palmer, London Docks, Middlesex, civil engineer, for improvements in the construction of warehouses, sheds, and other buildings, intended for the protection of property.—28th April; 2 months.

To Benjamin Cook, Birmingham, Warwick, brass-founder, for an improved method of making rollers or cylinders of copper and other metals, or a mixture of metals, for printing of calicos, silks, cloths, and other articles.—23d April; 6 months.

To James Wright, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Northumberland, soap-maker, for improvements in condensing the gas or gasses produced by the decomposition of muriate of soda and certain

other substances, which improvements may also be applied to other purposes.—25th April; 6 months.

To Peter Pickering, Frodsham, Cheshire, and William Pickering, Liverpool, Lancashire, merchants, for having invented an engine, or machinery, to be worked by means of fluids, gasses, or air, on shore or at sea, and which they intend to denominate Pickering's Engine.—28th April; 6 months.

To John Davis, Lemon Street, Middlesex, sugar-refiner, for a certain improvement in the condenser used for boiling sugar in vacuo.—25th April; 6 months.

To George William Lee, Bagnio Court, Newgate Street, London, Middlesex, merchant, for

certain improvements in machinery for spinning cotton and other fibrous substances.—2d May; 6 months.

To Henry Bock, Esq., Ludgate Hill, London, Middlesex, for improvements in machinery for embroidering or ornamenting cloths, stuffs, and other fabrics.—2d May; 6 months.

To James Dutton, junior, Wotton Underedge, Gloucester, clothier, for certain improvements in propelling ships, boats, and other vessels or floating bodies by steam or other power.—19th May; 6 months.

*List of Patents, which having been granted in the month of June 1815, expire in the present month of June 1829.*

1. John Lingford, London, for an anatomical self-regulating truss.

— John Kelby, York, for improvements in the art of brewing malt liquors.

— Benjamin Stevens, London, for his method of making marine and domestic hard and soft soap.

6. Richard Trevithick, Camborne, for improvements on the high pressure of steam-engines, and the application thereof.

8. Julien Joret, John Postee, and Lewis Contefre, London, for their method of extracting gold and silver from the cinders of gold refines and other substances, by means of certain curious machinery.

14. Charles Whittow, London, for a process

of obtaining from plants of the genus *Ustica* and *Asclepias*, substitutes for hemp, &c.

— James Gardner, Banbury, for an improved machine for cutting hay and straw.

— William Pope, Bristol, for his improved wheel carriages, and method of making them go without the assistance of animals.

— Robert Brown, Burnham, Westgate, for improvements upon the swing of wheel ploughs, plough-carriages, and ploughshares.

— John Taylor, Stratford, for a mode of producing gas, to be used for the purpose of affording light.

17. Grace Elizabeth Lenice, Newington, for a method of manufacturing straw with gauze, net, web, &c. for hats, bonnets, &c.

22. Charles Silvestre, Derby, for improvements in the texture of bobbin-lace.

— Robert Dickenson, London, for his means for facilitating the propulsion, and for the safety of boats and other vessels through the water.

— John Taylor, Stratford, for his method of purifying and refining sugar.

— Robert Raines, Baines, Kingston-upon-Hull, for an improvement in the construction of vertical windmill sails.

24. Samuel Balden, Ridditch—and John Burton Shaw, London—for a machine or instrument for the better heating ovens.

— Samuel John Smith, Manchester, for an improved method of staining, printing, and dyeing silk, woollen, cotton, yarn, or goods manufactured of cotton.

## MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

OUR first and most important topic, in every report, is the past state of the atmosphere, and its effect on the earth's productions. In the last we expressed our hopes of a favourable change of the weather, on the ground of those vicissitudes to which we are accustomed in this climate, those alternations from moisture to drought, from mildness to severity of temperature, and their contraries: and we have not been altogether disappointed. This fortunate change actually supervened on the commencement of the present month—the cold northern and easterly winds and April quitting us together, succeeded by mild south-western breezes, and gentle showers. This genial temperature continued during upwards of two weeks, producing the most beneficial effects upon all crops, and upon the health of animals, which is always susceptible of injury, and their progress in condition retarded by cold winds and an over-moist and chilling atmosphere. Subsequently the wind changed to its old quarter, between the north and south-east, with great solar heat by day, intermixed and alternating with a keen and chilling air, and succeeded by cold and even frosty dews at night. This weather continued with little variation, and generally so dry, that our clay lands became surface bound and cracked, exhibiting great need of warm and moistening showers, until the 23d, when we were flattered with a favourable change of the wind to the south and south-west, and a peculiarly welcome and mild state of the atmosphere. The following day brought soaking rains of some hours continuance, succeeded in the night by heavy gusts of wind from the north-east, bringing upon their wings a sharp and piercing air, appropriate rather to the month of March than to an advanced period of May.

These heavy gales must have occasioned various local mischiefs, and the repeated sudden changes of temperature, equal in degree to any hitherto experienced, must have proved injurious to vegetation, in certain respects, at present concealed from our view. To make use of an old term, an early *blight* must have taken place; to obviate the distant and ultimate effects of which, at this late period, requires an uninterrupted series of genial spring weather. However, accounts of the crops from all parts are generally favourable, the exceptions being as few as could possibly be expected. The "sare and yellow leaf" of the wheat was fast recovering its natural and seasonable bloom, during the mild part of the month, until the late check; and it is yet said, upon all good and well-managed lands, to be a strong plant, well and thickly stocked. Upon those of inferior descriptions and quality, as has been often repeated in these reports, our expectations are not sanguine: on

all lands the common opinion is, that harvest, whatever may be its success, must inevitably be late. In most poor districts, a small portion of the failing wheat has been ploughed up, and barley substituted. All the early sown spring crops are said to exhibit the fairest prospect; and, perhaps, on an average of seasons, early sowing is attended with the least risk. The forwardest of these look well and promising, perhaps oats the least so. Beans and peas have varied much in their appearance; and that portion of the spring seeds which, from the ungenial state of the weather, laid too long inert in the soil, much of them perishing or devoured by vermin, have produced thus far thin and unthrifty crops. It has proved an expensive and harassing season, particularly to the farmers of wet and heavy lands, who, in numerous instances, have been compelled to repeat the ploughing and culture of their lands to enable them to deposit the seed, a sudden change of the weather having rendered the surface, previously friable and culturable, baked and consolidated. The season has been most unfavourable to heavy and undrained lands, the surface of which appears parched and arid, whilst all below is a chilling dampness, most unfriendly to vegetation. Potatoe planting is nearly finished; and, as usual, a vast breadth of that second bread planted throughout the island. The chief spring business remaining is to get in the Swedish turnip, and mangold, or beet, for which the lands, in too many parts, are said not to be in the best state of preparation, especially those characterized as *subject* to be overrun with charlock; in which state of subjection they have been and will be suffered to remain, from father to son, by their anxious cultivators *in secula seculorum*. The culture of winter beans is spreading and successful. General opinions are always variable, and not much entitled to dependence: it is now averred that the last wheat crop was not more than half an average, and that there is less wheat, or any other grain, in the hands of the farmers, at this time, than during any former similar period. Markets are on the advance, both for ordinary and fine samples, which will bring forward large quantities of foreign corn. The apprehension of the blight insect, fly or flea, has produced some speculations and advance of price, in that hitherto unusually dull article the hop. Barking the oak took place in the beginning of the month, with a continuance of favourable weather for securing the bark. Fruit is said to promise generally, with the exception of part of the wall fruit, which has suffered from blight. Vegetation is said to be nearly three weeks later during the present, than the average of seasons.

In the forwardest lands of this county, cutting grass for green food began about the 20th of the month. The great quantities of hay remaining on hand, with the stocks of roots of those who were provident enough to store them, proved most fortunate, by enabling the farmer to support his stock until the grass lands were ready for their reception; another good effect in such a case, is the avoidance of turning cattle upon wet and poachy lands, whence the grass is sure to sustain a lasting injury. Great complaints, however, are made of the low condition of the stock from the home-fold, in consequence of the general bad quality of the hay, the best, it may be presumed, having been disposed of. The accounts from fairs and markets, in different and distant quarters, vary much. In some the sales are represented as brisk, and the prices good; in others the reverse. The rot has certainly prevailed to a very serious extent; and in Lincolnshire especially, and the fen districts, the diminution in the number of sheep is said to be enormous and alarming. In many parts, the unfavourable state of the weather occasioned a considerable loss of lambs. The season for a decline of price has arrived, and it has taken place, even in pigs, which have so long remained stationary at a high price. The scarcity of good horses prevents their decline in value; and the import of Belgian cart horses still continues, with no reduction of price. Milch cows, and heifers, to come in this season, are somewhat cheaper.

Complaints from the country are universal and incessant, at the same time urged with a sufficient quantum of passion and irritation. Effects, lamentable enough indeed, appear to us attributed to wrong causes, whilst the real and fundamental are kept, either from misapprehension or design, entirely out of view. Free trade, which, by-the-by, has never yet taken place, a contraction of the currency, and want of money, are stated as the prime operating causes of distress. There can be no real or actual want of money in a most opulent country, possessing a currency both metallic and paper, equal to every possible contingency of commercial transactions. As to a slackness of trade, such state is necessarily periodical, however prosperous the times, and a vast and increasing population possessing the means must be supplied. The state of the labouring population, both agricultural and manufacturing, is truly dreadful and appalling, and the general dissolution of morals and want of principle among them, truly lamentable to those who are most disposed to commiserate their unfortunate sufferings and privations. Great blame ought certainly to attach both to the manufacturers and the government, that timely measures were not adopted in prevention of those excesses, and that wanton and unprincipled destruction of property, which have so disgracefully taken place. Nothing, however, as is evinced by all experience, is so difficult to states and opulent bodies of men, as *to take warning*. Will such difficulty remain in our state, until the great crisis expected by our *seers* shall arrive? In North Britain, the rent of grass lands is said to have declined from twenty to thirty per cent.; and we have before us a letter from a tenant, who must have thrown up his lease, but for a very considerable reduction of rent to the remainder of the term, assented to by

his landlord. This rational and liberal plan, it seems, has been adopted by several Scotch proprietors, and not improbably will become general, whenever required by peculiar and pressing circumstances. It holds forth a salutary example to our landlords of the south.

*Smithfield.*—Beef, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 6d.—Mutton, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 4d.—Lamb, 4s. 10d. to 6s. 6d.—Veal, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 10d.—Pork, 3s. 5d., Dairy, 6s.—Raw fat, 2s. 3½d.

*Corn Exchange.*—Wheat, 52s. to 82s.—Barley, 27s. to 38s.—Oats, 12s. to 32s.—Bread, the London 4lb. loaf, 10½d.—Hay, 36s. to 84s.—Clover, ditto, 50s. to 110s.—Straw, 38s. to 46s.

Coals in the Pool, 23s. to 31s. per chaldron.

*Middlesex, May 25th.*

*Notice.*—Mr. Joan Lawrence, a veteran and well-known writer on the subject, has in the press a small but comprehensive work on the HORSE, in which every relative topic of importance is discussed and explained. The book is calculated for those who desire to obtain experience on a subject so generally interesting to Englishmen.

### ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

*Announced from the 22d of April, to the 23d of May, 1829; extracted from the London Gazette.*

#### BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Holden, J. J. Wood, and J. Crosse, Lau-lane, warehousemen  
Collins, F. Springfield, Upper Clapton, bleacher  
Glover, T. Derby, flax-manufacturer  
Holroyd, W. Old Bailey, eating-house-keeper  
Edwards, W. E. Walton, Great Bedwin, mealman  
Paonrie, A. Manchester, milliner  
Lee, C. L. Leeds, stuff-manufacturer  
Smith, T. Watling-street, warehouseman  
M'Culloch, H. and S. Stocks, sen., Watling-street, warehousemen  
Serjeant, J. Weston-upon-Mare, grocer  
Haic, J. Bromley, mealman.  
Wells, H. Bottinham, surgeon  
Harris, T. Newent, innkeeper

#### BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month, 155.]

*Solicitors' Names are in Parenthesis.*

Ankers, S. Tarporleis, spirit-dealer. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Roberts, Chester  
Age, G. and Gee Wingfield, Childswickam, silk-throwsters. (Wimburn and Co., Chancery-lane; Lavender and Co., Evesham  
Alder, T. Witney, tallow-chandler. (Miller, Ely-place; Looker, Oxford  
Atherton, T. Manchester, innkeeper. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Chew, Manchester  
Andrews, A. Swansea, draper. (Fisher, Walbrook-buildings  
Alday, J. Birmingham, wire-worker. (Cordale and Co., Gray's-inn; Hawkins and Co., Birmingham  
Allardice, A. Chadwell-street, corn-chandler. (Pocock, Bartholomew-close  
Backhouse, P. Liverpool, glass-dealer. (Blakelock and Co., Serjeant's-inn; Gray, Liverpool  
Barret, J. Upper Berkeley-street, painter. (Robinson, Orchard-street  
Bainbridge, W. Ryder's-court, cord-waiver. (Dover, Great Winchester-street  
Balls, T. Litchfield-street, fish-dealer. (Robins, Bernard-street  
Baxter, S. Carm. rhen-street, builder. (Blunt and Co., Liverpool-street  
Badcock, R. Gutter-lane, warehouseman. (James, Bucklesbury  
Barber, C. Little Newport-street, victualler. (Vandercom and Co., Bush-lane  
Brooks, G. Town, Melling, linen-draper. (Farrar, Doctors' Commons  
Beckers, G. X. Brittanla-place, Old Kent-road, late of Angel-court, merchant. (Ogle, Great Winchester-street  
Buchanan, E. R. Stowmarket, maltster. (Jones, John-street; Marriot, Stowmarket  
Bradley, J. A. Hulme, surgeon. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Higginbotham, Ashton-under-Lyne  
Brumfield, M. Croydon, coal-merchant. (Hyde, Ely-place  
Banson, J. and J. W. Wesley, William-street, coal-merchants. (Madlox and Co., Austin-friars  
Blathenrick, W. Beeston, lace-manufacturer. (Capes, Gray's-inn; Wadsworth, Nottingham  
Best, W. Wolverhampton, factor. (Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Holyoake and Co., Wolverhampton  
Bennet, J. Manchester, earthenware-dealer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Wood, Manchester  
Batt, D. Hazel-Down-Farm, Hants, corn-dealer. (Ford, Great Queen-street; Frankum, Abingdon  
Baker, J. Hockwold, butcher. (Lythgoe Exeter-street; Unthank and Co., Norwich  
Bine, S. Idon, grocer. (Clarke, Basinghall-street  
Cross, J. Croydon, grocer. (Blake, Essex-street  
Collis, B. G. Colne-Engaine, miller. (Hall and Co., Salter's-hall; Daniel, Colchester  
Children, G. Tunbridge and Southwark, hop-merchant. (Pownell, Nicholas-lane  
Cockburn, J. sen. and J. Cockburn, jun. Berwick, corn-merchants. (Douce and Sons, Billiter-square  
Cartwright, G. Nottingham, commission-agent. (Taylor, Featherstone-buildings; Payne and Co., Nottingham  
Cooper, R. B. Princes-street, Lambeth, dealer. (Lawless and Co., Hattogarden  
Cook, J. Bermondsey-street, wool-stapler. (Watts, Dean-street, Southwark  
Cockshott, W. Warrington, cotton-manufacturer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Boardman, Bolton  
Constable, M. Commercial-chambers, Hour-factor. (Nicholson, Dowgate-hill  
Cosfield, [C. W. Norwich, leather-cutter. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Lawler, jun. Norwich  
Coster, R. Staining-lane, merchant. (Rushbury, Carthusian-street  
Cosser, A. Lambeth, carpenter (Alexander, Clement's-inn  
Coster, J. Gosport, baker. (Minchin, Harpur-street  
Carter, P. James-street, potatoe-mer-

chant. (Davis and Co., Corbet-court  
Coe, F. H. and F. F. Moore, Old Change, printers. (Thwaites, Queen-street  
Child, R. Walcot, builder. (Williams, Gray's-inn; Watts, Bath  
Crosse, J. and J. Horden, Lad-lane, lacemen. (Gore, Wa brook-buildings  
Dickinson, T. Liverpool, timber-merchant. (Kear ey and Co., Lothbury; William, Liverpool  
Dixon, F. Oxford-street, upholsterer. (Brugh, Shoreditch  
Davis, B. Leominster, flax-dresser. (Lloyd, Furnival's-inn; Herbert, Leominster  
Edwards, R. Newport, Salop, grocer. Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Livett, Bristol  
Evans, W. Liverpool, grocer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Houghton, Liverpool  
Eager, E. Langley, and New South Wales, merchant. (Harrison, Bond-court  
East, G. Hanover-place, bookseller. (Burt, Mitre-court  
Fagans, J. H. Old Broad-street, merchant. (Nias, Prince-street, Bank  
Fowler, J. High Halden, victualler. (Jordan, Lincoln's-inn-fields  
Finlayson, J. Cheltenham, musician. (King, Serjeant's-inn; Croad, Cheltenham  
French, H. jun. Cardiff, draper. (Brittan, Basinghall-street  
Freakley, C. Manchester, shoemaker. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Cross and Co., Bolton-le-Moors  
Featherstone, W. C. Exeter, toyman. Anderson and Co., New Bridge-street  
Gallimore, T. Burslem, earthenware-manufacturer. (Walford, Grafton-street; Hardings, Burslem  
Garner, J. G. Ryton-upon-Dunsmore, miller. (Harning and Co., Gray's-inn; Greenway and Co., Warwick  
Gribble, R. Barnstable, linen-draper. Jenkins and Co., New-inn; Clarke and Son, Bristol  
Garner, J. Woolston-mill, Warwick, miller. (Jones and Co., Gray's-inn; Jarvis and Co., Hinckley  
Hanson, G. Salisbury-square, commission-agent. (Matalne, Pancras-lane  
Hartin, W. Bridgenorth, linen-draper. (Beck, Devonshire-street; France, Worcester  
Hutchinson, S. Mary-la-bonne-lane, woollen-draper. (Tanner, New Basinghall-street  
Herruck, T. Middleton, horse-dealer. (Clowes and Co., Temple; Thomson and Son, Stamford  
Hart, J. M. East India chambers, wine-merchant. (Bowden, Little St. Thomas Apostle

- Harris, C. Alcester, saddler. (Michael, Red-lion-square; Phelps and Co., Evesham)
- Hughes, J. Hereford, confectioner. (Fitch, Union-street, Southwark; Coates and Co., Leominster)
- Hawkins, O. J. G. Tuffey-house, near Gloucester, boarding and lodging-housekeeper. (Spence, St. Mildred's court)
- Harrington, T. T. Cornhill, merchant. (Bourdillon, Bread-street)
- Hewett, C. Sidmouth, gardener. (Lys, Tooke's-court; Stevens, Sidmouth)
- Hollingsworth, T. Goswell-street, butcher. (Hindmarsh and Son, Cripplegate)
- Hill, R. Shepton-Mallet, shopkeeper. (Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-inn-inn; Gregory and Co., Bristol)
- Hessey, J. A. Fleet-street, bookseller. (Hopkinson, Red-lion-square)
- Hinton, J. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. (Knowles, New-inn; Hurst, Nottingham)
- Ireland, G. Birmingham, brass-founder. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-fields; Colmore, Birmingham)
- Jarvis, T. Chatham, builder. (Hensman, Bond-court)
- Juttings, J. H. Bury-court, commission-merchant. (Hutchinson and Co., Crown-court)
- Janson, W. Hayfield, Derby, cotton-spinner. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Makinson, Manchester)
- Kay, T. King-street, Covent-garden, linen-draper. (Jones, Size lane)
- Kershaw, E. and W. Taylor, late of Milrow, Butterworth, fannel-manufacturers. (Norris and Co., John-street; Wood, Rochdale; Whitehead and Co., Oldham)
- King, S. J. Stratford-upon-Avon, upholsterer. (Smith, Chancery-lane)
- Kendrick, C. F. Stroud, maltster. (King, serjeant's-inn; Newman and Son, Stroud)
- Lowth, W. and J. Wilson, Nottingham, lace-manufacturers. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Bowley, Nottingham)
- Lewis, T. Road-lane, merchant. (Templer, Great Tower-street)
- Lazarus, F. Maiden-lane, rag-merchant. (Mitchell, New London-street)
- Lait, W. St. Clement's, near Oxford, builder. (Honey, Chancery-lane; Lee, Ducklington)
- Levens, R. Drury-lane, coach-master. (Brice and Sons, Surrey-street)
- Lewis, L. Cwmsychan, grocer. (Bigg, Southampton-buildings; Bigg, Bristol)
- Lister, S. Hersforth, farmer. (Battye and Co., Chancery-lane)
- Miers, W. and J. Field, Strand, jewellers. (Eicke, Old Broad-street)
- Moulton, S. Pilgrim-street, stationer. (Tillear and Co., Old Jewry)
- Moore, G. B. upholsterer. (Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Riches and Co., Uxbridge)
- Murch, J. Honiton, grocer. (Darke, Red-lion-square; Cox and Co., Honiton)
- Mackellar, D. Ely-lane, wine-merchant. (Gates, Lombard-street)
- Maculloch, H. Watling-street, warehouseman. (Richardson and Co., Poultry)
- Mathews, B. Hooper-square, victualler. (Matanie, Pancras-lane)
- Martin, B. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. (Taylor, Featherstone-
- buildings; Payne and Co., Nottingham)
- Mitton, R. Storth-in-Linthwaite, cloth-merchant. (Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Peace, Huddersfield)
- Melladey, J. Meadowcroft, fustian-manufacturer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Hitchcock, Manchester)
- Megson, S. Osset, cloth-manufacturer. (Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Hargreaves, Leeds)
- Meirelles, A. J. Liverpool, merchant. (Gregory, King's-arms-yard)
- Meyer, J. and W. B. Old Broad-street, and Quebec, and Ipswich, merchants. (Borrodale and Co., King's-arms-yard)
- Ottway, R. H. New Sarum, coach-maker. (Hicks and Co., Bartlett's-buildings; Dew, Salisbury)
- Ormond, R. Manchester, iron-founder. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Taylor and Son, Manchester)
- Pons, C. J. B. Regent-treel, milliner. (Walford, Gr. ston-street)
- Patterson, J. sen. and G. F. Shackelwell, boarding-housekeepers. (Noy, Cannon-street)
- Paine, G. G. and P. Rock, Cheltenham, builders. (Beetham and Sons, Foreman's-court; Williams, Cheltenham)
- Pryce, T. Llanfair, Montgomery, maltster. (Edmunds, Cooke's-court; Williams and Co., Llanfyllin)
- Peonrie, A. Manchester, milliner. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Seddon, Manchester)
- Parker, J. G. York, wine-merchant. (Leigh, George-street)
- Phillips, J. Bristol, builder. (King and Co., Gray's-inn; Cross and Cary, Bristol)
- Pomfret, W. York, dealer in China, &c. (Hicks and Co., Bartlett's-buildings; Brown, Hanley)
- Phillips, E. Bristol and Melksham, vitriol-maker. (Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Evans, Bristol)
- Physick, J. jun. Bath, scrivener. (Williams, Gray's-inn; Stallard, Bath)
- Rollinson, J. Stansfield, miller. (Dixon and Sons, New Boswell-court; Holmes and Co., Bury St. Edmunds)
- Radcliffe, J. N. Queen-street, Grosvenor-square, coach-plater. (Darke, Red-lion-square)
- Robinson, J. W. and H. M. Walbrook-buildings, wrought-iron tub-manufacturers. (Gale, Basinghall-street)
- Robinson, J. Knottingley, vessel-builder. (Blakelock, Serjeant's-inn; Horner, Pontefract)
- Rawling, H. Surrey-street, hatter. (Constable and Co., Symond's-inn)
- Stark, J. Kingston-upon-Hull, pawn-broker. (Bosser and Son, Gray's-inn-place; England and Co., Hull)
- Sherley, W. Stanwell, innkeeper. (Robinson, Orchard-street)
- Sloss, B. Bermondsey-wall, shipwright. (Jones and Co., Mincing-lane)
- Simms, R. Simms E. Simms A. and Hamer J. jun. Mansfield, and Nottingham, cotton-doublers. (Taylors, Featherstone-buildings; Payne and Co., Nottingham)
- Simms, J. St. John-street, victualler. (Young and Co., Blackman-street)
- Senior, R. Manchester, and W. Senior, Glasgow, manufacturers. (Willis
- and Co., Tokenhouse-yard; Whitlow, Manchester)
- Smadley, T. Warwick, victualler. (Heming and Co., Gray's-inn; Greenway and Co., Warwick)
- Spencer, R. Leeds, grocer (Makinson and Co., Temple; Foden, Leeds)
- Scott, J. Northall, horse-dealer. (Gresham, Barnard's-inn)
- Sheppard, W. Purton, linen-draper. (Jenkins and Co., New-inn; Clarke and Son, Bristol)
- Smith, J. High Holborn, bookseller. (Lonsdale, Symond's Inn)
- Sillitoe, A. Newcastle-under-Lyne, silk-throwster. (James, Bucklesbury)
- Seals, R. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. (Knowles, New-inn; Hurst, Nottingham)
- Spencer, R. Burton-upon-Trent, victualler. (Bicknell and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Drewry, Burton-upon-Trent)
- Townley, J. Castle Donnington, cotton-spinner. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Fearnhead and Co., Nottingham)
- Tarrer, C. Romsey, corn-factor. (Sandys and Co., Crane-court; Holmes, Romsey)
- Turner, T. Liverpool, shoemaker. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Maudsley, Liverpool)
- Teague, M. Redruth, grocer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Edwards and Co., Truro)
- Taylor, J. Manchester, general dealer. (Mile and Co., Temple; Ainsworth and Co., Manchester)
- Tulloch H. Gloucester-place, Hoxton, merchant. (Burt and Co., Carmarthen-street)
- Thomas, J. J. Blandford, wine-merchant. (Bolton, Austin-friars)
- Taylor, R. H. and H. Walker, Newcourt, Throgmorton-street, wine-merchant. (Wadson, Austin-friars)
- Ward, E. jun. Buckingham, victualler. (Browning, Hatton-court)
- Wooding, G. Eardsley, draper. (Smith, Basinghall-street; Coates and Co., Leominster)
- Warner, S. Crayford, farmer. (Bowler, St. Thomas-street, Southwark)
- Waite, J. Chipping Lambourne, tailor. (Hallier and Co., Gray's-inn; Rowland, Ramsbury)
- Williams, L. East-road, Hoxton, victualler. (Vandercom and Co., Bush-lane)
- Weakes, N. London-street, merchant. (Swin and Co., Frederick's-place)
- Wright, J. Manchester, bookseller. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Taylor and Son, Manchester)
- Walton, J. sen. Bromley, cloth-dresser. (Wilson, Southampton-street; Coupland and Co., Leeds)
- Wyatt, F. Marlow, coach-proprietor. (Goodman, Tokenhouse-yard; Ashley, Walford)
- Williams, W. Lombard-street, merchant. (Nicholson, Dogwate-hill)
- Walter, T., sen. Wiltstone, baker. (Williams and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Williams, Berkhamstead)
- Winnall, R. Bedwardine, miller. (Cardale and Co., Gray's-inn; Parker and Co., Worcester)
- Wild, R. Craven-street, tailor. (Pasmore, Sambrook-court)
- Young, G. Rochester, merchant. (Collins, Great Knight-rider-street.

## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERENCES.

Rev. C. R. Jones, to the Rectory of Langhor, Glamorgan.—Rev. E. B. Sparke, to a Prebendal Stall in Ely Cathedral.—Rev. E. T. Halliday, to the Perpetual Curacy of Broomfield.—Rev. M. Bower, to be Chaplain of Wilton Prison.—Rev. W. H. M. Roberson, to be Chaplain of Oxford Gaol.—Rev. C. G. Boyles, to the Rectory of Buriton, with Petersfield Chapel.—Rev. H. K. Cornish, to be Chaplain to the Dowager Baroness

Audley.—Rev. A. J. Latrobe, to be Chaplain to Lord Mount Sandford.—Rev. E. S. Bunting, to the Rectory of Datchworth, Herts.—Rev. C. A. Morgan, to be Chaplain to the King.—Rev. M. West, to the Chaplaincy of Bury Gaol, with a salary of £200. per annum.—Rev. G. Hodgson, to be Archdeacon of Stafford, and a Canon Residentiary of Litchfield Cathedral.—Rev. A. W. Nare, to the Rectory of Alton Barnes, Wilts.—Rev. W.

C. Risley, to the Vicarage of Whaddon, with Nash, Bucks.—Rev. T. L. Strong, to the Rectory of Sedgefield, Durham.—Rev. T. Bullock, to the Rectory of Castle Eaton, Wilts.—Rev. J. Smith, to the vicarage of Great Dunmow, Essex.—Rev. E. Mathew, to be reader of St. James's Parish, Bath.—Rev. W. A. Bouverie, to the Rectory of

West Tytherby, Hants.—Rev. T. S. Smith, to a Prebendal Stall in Exeter Cathedral.—Rev. T. Cooke, to the Rectory of Grafton-under-Wood, Northampton.—Rev. W. Allen, to the Rectory of Allhallows, London.—Rev. J. Griffin, to the Rectory of Bradley, Hants.—Rev. M. Moule, to the vicarage of Fordington, Dorset.

## CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

### CHRONOLOGY.

April 24. Newspapers from Van Diemen's Land received, by which it appears the colonists have lately been much annoyed by a system of depredation and murder on the part of the native tribes. The *Hobart Town Courier* says, there can be no doubt that the depredations proceed from an organized plan to exterminate the white inhabitants.

28. The Duke of Norfolk, Lords Clifford and Dormer, Roman Catholics, took their seats in the House of Lords, by virtue of the late act.

29. — His Majesty conferred the honour of knighthood upon Captains Parry and Franklin, in consequence of their Arctic expeditions by sea and land.

May 4. The borough of Horsham returned the first Catholic member to the House of Commons in the person of the Earl of Surry.

5. At a meeting of the Middlesex magistrates held at the Sessions House, the sum of £50,000. was voted, for erecting a Pauper Lunatic Asylum.

8. The Chancellor of the Exchequer opened his budget in the House of Commons, stating that the real surplus of the revenue for the Sinking Fund would exceed that of last year; and that the country was in a situation of suspense rather than of positive ill, and required the patient rather than the active interference of Parliament; and that he saw nothing discouraging in the future prospects of the country; and when the clouds which overshadowed it should have passed away, it would exhibit an aspect of prosperity as permanent and as brilliant as at any previous period!

— Vice-Adm. Sir Pulteney Malcolm has transmitted to the Admiralty-office a letter from Commander Nias, of H. M. sloop *Alacrity*, reporting that a piratical mistico, which had plundered a small vessel under Ionian colours, and committed other depredations, was captured, on the 11th of January last, near Cape Pillouri, in the Archipelago, by the *Alacrity's* cutter, under the orders of Lieut. Chas. Frederick. The captain of the mistico, a noted pirate, named Giorgio, and one of his men, were severely wounded, and, with two others, made prisoners, and sent to Malta for trial. The rest of the pirate's crew jumped overboard, and were either drowned, or made their escape by swimming to the shore.

— A disturbance having broken out in Spitalfields, and many looms having been destroyed and their silks cut, in consequence of the reduction of prices by some of the master-weavers, a deputation met at the City of London Tavern; and resolutions were entered into by the masters, to give the wages required by the journeymen.

9. The deputies from Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, Birmingham, &c., for the purpose of taking measures to open the trade of this country with India and China, had an interview with the Duke of Wellington, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the President of the Board of Trade. The Duke of Wellington promised that their representations should receive the fullest considerations.

12. The Lord High Chancellor of England acknowledged in the House of Lords (in proposing a new *equity* Judge!) that "a suit might, according to the present practising, be continued in Chancery for *twenty* or *thirty* years, without any of the officers being blameable"!!!

12 & 14. Motions made in Houses of Lords and Commons for appointment of Select Committees to inquire into the state of the East-India Company's affairs, relative to the subject of their monopoly and a free trade, when ministers declared that measures had been taken to collect the amplest information for that purpose, to be laid before the legislature next sessions.

13. The Recorder made his report to the King, of the 20 convicts capitally convicted at the last Old Bailey Sessions, when three were ordered for execution.

14. Anniversary festival of the Sons of the Clergy celebrated at St. Paul's, and at Merchant Taylors' Hall: the collections amounted to £966. 15s. 2d.

— A meeting of West-India planters was held at the London Tavern, when it was resolved to delay their petitions to Parliament till next session, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer had said his attention had been so much drawn to the Catholic Question, that he could not pay attention to them at present. Resolutions were passed expressive of the disastrous state of the Colonies.

15. Mr. O'Connell conducted to the table in the House of Commons, by Lords Ebrington and Duncannon, in order to take his seat for Clare—when the Speaker ordered him to withdraw.

16. Meeting held at Freemasons' Tavern of the subscribers and donors of the King's College, London, when it was announced that £126,900. had been already subscribed; and that Government had consented to grant the College a charter, and that it was intended to commence the building immediately on the ground east of Somerset House, which had been granted for 1,000 years, with the stipulation that the front of the building facing the river should be so constructed as to complete the original design of Somerset House.

19. Three convicts were executed at the Old Bailey.

21. Lord Eldon, on the third reading of the Sultors in Equity Bill, said that the first time Lord

Apsley took his seat in Chancery, a Peeress came into court, and was seated on the bench by his side; she came to give her consent that a sum should be paid out of court to the person who was to take some property after her decease. Lord Apsley told her he would not detain her; but she begged to stay a little longer, "wishing," she said, "to see how they proceeded in settling it, as it was only *eighty-two* years since her cause had been in court"!!!

— The disqualification of Mr. O'Connel, and a new writ for Clare, ordered by the House of Commons.

Want of room prevented the insertion, in our last number, of the following Petition to the Legislature, which was presented to the House of Lords by Lord Farnham (April 10), and to the House of Commons by Lord Tullamore (March 30):—

"*The Humble Petition of the Editors, Proprietors, Printers, Publishers, and others connected with the MONTHLY MAGAZINE:—Sheweth,*

"That—feeling the common interest of all free-born Englishmen in the freedom of their country, they have heard with great alarm that the Constitution of 1688 is to be broken in upon.

"That—being, in their different ranks of life, devoted to Literature and the employments therefrom arising, they look upon this danger with personal and peculiar dread; inasmuch as all experience has proved, that with the fall of a free Constitution perishes the free literature of a country.

"That your Petitioners see, in the measure of bringing Papists into the Legislature, the commencement of a system, in all its principles, practices, and progress, fatal to Protestantism—to equal law—to ancient privileges—to the whole body of those rights and liberties which were wrung by the courage and wisdom of Englishmen from Papists and the abettors of papist tyranny.

"That—they see, in its operation on the Laws, the rapid rise of that most dreadful of all governments—a *military DESPOTISM!* the substitution of might for right, and the consequent seizure, exile, or extinction of every man who will dare to lift up his voice for his country.

"That they see, in its operation on the Legislature, the introduction of an unlimited number of individuals, returned exclusively by the Romish priesthood; representing the inveterate hostility of that priesthood to the religion, liberties, and existence of the British empire; chosen expressly for their violence, prejudices, and dependence upon their masters; and certain to be the direct and united agents of all and every popish power on the Continent, that desires to perplex the councils and break down the independency of England.

"That—with still deeper dread they see, in its operation upon Protestantism, the pollution of the national faith, by the intermixture of the strange rites and unhallowed doctrines of Rome—the exaltation of idolatry—the abjuration of that solemn and high covenant, by which our forefathers pledged themselves to man and God that

they would no more for ever suffer Popery to degrade the understanding, pervert the hearts, and cloud the eternal hopes of their fellow-men;—by which they commanded that every member of the Legislature should thenceforth swear on the Scriptures that Popery was a superstition and an idolatry; and by which they laid upon the King that Coronation Oath, which bound him, as to three alike immutable things—to the 'maintenance of the Laws of God'—the 'true profession of the Gospel' and the 'Protestant Established Religion'—for ever.

"Your Petitioners, therefore, pray your Honourable House to take this their humble request into consideration, and throw out any Bill for the admission of Papists into the British Legislature.

"And your Petitioners will ever pray."

#### MARRIAGES.

At Titchborne, Lord Dormer to Elizabeth Aune, eldest daughter of Sir H. J. Titchborne, Bart.—At Willesden, T. Beaseley, esq. to Miss S. Noble.—At Lewisham, C. Deacon, esq. to Miss Laura Lucas.—At Brighton, R. Marriott, esq. to Sophia Lucy, youngest daughter of E. A. Stephens, esq.—At Hastings, Rev. E. Cardwell to Miss Cecilia Feilden.—At Fulham, J. A. Hammet, esq. to Miss Sybella Daniel.—At Lambeth, D. W. Barnard, esq. to Miss Ann Greensill.—At Harbury, Rev. G. A. Owen, to Anna Maria Sarah, eldest daughter of C. R. Wren, esq. Wroxhall Abbey.—At Marylebone, J. Houblon, esq. to Ann, grand-daughter of C. Dundas, esq. M. P. Berks.—At Peckham, Rev. J. Deedes to Henrietta Charlotte, sister to Sir Edward Cholmley Doring, Bart.—At St. Pancras, Adrien Joseph Verstraeten, esq. of Brussels, to Miss Anna Hamstede.—At Great Birch, Rev. H. Freeland to Georgiana Frances, second daughter of C. Round, esq.—Lient. Col. Leggatt, to Miss Grisdale.—At Charlton Kings, Rev. W. S. Phillips, to Penelope, youngest daughter of the late Commodore Boughton, and niece to Sir J. D. Boughton, Bart.—At Dover, J. Trevor, Esq. to Mrs. Haynes.

#### DEATHS.

At Upperwood (Kilkenny), Sir William Rynes de Montmorency, Bart., by whose death the title is become extinct.—At Wolverhampton, Mary Anson, 124.—At Knowsley, the Countess of Derby, 68.—At Bristol, W. McCready, late lessee and manager of the theatre there.—At Hampstead, T. W. Carr, esq.—In Argyrshire, Lord Alloway.—At Newcastle, J. Anderson, esq., 71.—In Belgrave-place, Lady Forrester.—At Pembury, Captain C. Shaw, R.N.—At Bath, Rev. G. Best, archdeacon of New Brunswick.—In Spring Gardens, Lord Colchester, 72.—At Claverley, Mrs. Skett, 100.—In Grosvenor-street, Lord Crewe, 87.—In Park-square, Dr. Thomas Young.—Lady Dalrymple, widow of Sir John Dalrymple.—At Stoke Dabernon, Katherine, 100, relict of Rev. U. Fetherstehaugh.—At Kensington, Lieut. Col. Pearce, 77.—At Bristol, J. Hart, esq., 70.—At Owmley, W. Bennard, esq., 82.—At Peterborough, Mr. Goodman, 78.—At Whatton, John Tutt, 70; his father, now in his 100th year, attended his funeral.—At Cowley, J. Curtis, esq., brother to the late celebrated botanist.—Mr. Burroughs, registrar to the Court of Chancery.—In Bruton-street, Mrs. Travers.—At Stow, Huntingdonshire, Joseph Paek,



95; he served the office of parish clerk for two generations, till the Sunday preceding his death, and, in the humble capacity of day-labourer, maintained himself to the extreme period of life.—At Little Dean Lodge, Gloucester, Mrs. Elizabeth Long, 97, leaving children, grand-children, and great-grand-children, to the number of 120!—At Terrington, Rev. D. Palmer, dean of Cashell.—At Windsor, 81, Catharine, relict of the late Lieut. Col. W. Monsell, 29th regiment, and subsequently paymaster of the Manchester district. At Woodbridge, Lady Charlotte Onslow.—At Liverpool, Miss E. Randles, 28; her extraordinary musical genius and talents, gained her the particular notice of his late Majesty, when she was only *three* years old.—At Clapham, Rev. S. E. Pierce, 83.—At Tewkesbury, Major R. Alcock, 79.—At Cheltenham, Mrs. Baker, relict of W. Baker, esq., and daughter of the late Sir T. Roberts, Bart.—At Belmont, General Lord Harris, 83.—At Rumsey,

Mrs. Muspratt, 83.—At Hampton Court Palace, Mrs. Walker, 81.

#### MARRIAGE ABROAD.

At Brussels, at His Britannic Majesty's Ambassador's chapel, C. Bell, esq., to Lucy, daughter of the late K. Brasier, esq., county of Cork.

#### DEATHS ABROAD.

At Paris, Lady Morres Gore.—At Bombay, Margaret, wife of Archdeacon Hawtayne.—At Tours, Rev. Dr. A. Richardson.—At Paris, Mr. O'Connor, son of General O'Connor, and grand-son of the celebrated M. de Condorcet.—At New York, Mr. Archibald Gracie, 74; he was, for many years, the most eminent shipping merchant in New York, and held the place of vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce.—At Antwerp, by the oversetting of the Antwerp Diligence, T. Legh, esq., of Adlington, Cheshire.

### MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

**NORTHUMBERLAND.**—The number of poor pitmen who have been destroyed by the foul state of the collieries is truly appalling. The following is a full and accurate account, from 1805 to the last explosion. We trust this subject will be now properly investigated, as the legislature is at present occupied on the coal trade, and that intelligence and science will be employed to produce some improvement, and to explode the ordinary excesses of ignorance and indolence, in attempting such an amelioration.—Oct. 2, 1805, at Hebburn, 35; May 25, 1812, at Felling, 92; Oct. 10, 1812, at Herrington Mill Pitt, 22; Sept. 28, 1813, at Hall Pitt, Fatfield, 30; Dec. 23, 1813, at Felling, 22; Aug. 12, 1814, at Hebburn, 11; Sept. 9, 1814, at Lee-field, Chester-le-street, 4; June 2, 1815, at Success Pitt, Newbottle, 57; June 27, 1815, at Sheriff Hill, 11; June 30, 1817, at Row Pitt, Harraton, 38; Sept. 25, 1817, at Jarrow, 6; Dec. 18, 1817, at Plain Pitt, Rainton, 26; Aug. 5, 1818, at Wallsend, 4; July 19, 1819, at Sheriff Hill, 35; Oct. 9, 1819, at George Pit, Lumley, 13; July 9, 1821, at Coxlodge, 1; Oct. 23, 1821, at Wallsend, 52; Oct. 23, 1821, at Felling, 6; Feb. 21, 1823, at Ouston Colliery, Chester-le-street, 4; Nov. 3, 1823, at Plain Pitt, Rainton, 57; Nov. 19, 1823, at Neasham's Dolly Pit, Shiftree, 11; Oct. 25, 1824, at George Pit, Lumley, 14; July 3, 1825, at Juliet Pit, Fatfield, 11; Oct. 5, 1825, at Hebburn, 4; Jan. 17, 1826, at Jarrow, 34; May 30, 1826, at Townley, 38; Sept. 5, 1826, at Heworth, 4; Oct. 27, 1826, at Benwell, 2; March 15, 1828, at Jarrow, 8; Sept. 1, 1828, at New Pit, Houghton le-Spring, 7; Nov. 20, 1828, at Washington, 14;—Total, 674!!!—What a frightful list of poor hard-working men, who have been instantaneously hurried into another world, many of them leaving behind them large families to struggle in misery and want.—*Tyne Mercury*.

An explosion took place, May 14, at Killingsworth Colliery; there were fortunately few men down the pit at the time, and only one person, a poor boy, lost his life.

On St. Mark's-day, thirteen young men took up their freedom of the borough of Alnwick. This privilege is obtained by plunging through a well,

called Freeman's Well, and riding the boundaries of the moor.

**DURHAM.**—When proclamation was made for the fair at Sunderland, the name of the Lord Bishop of Durham was not mentioned, as was formerly the case. The fair is known to be held by authority of the Bishop, and, therefore, the servants of the Commissioners, instead of only saying, "God save the King and the Commissioners under the Sunderland Improvement Act," as they do now at the close of their proclamation, ought to say, as they did in former years, "God save the King, *my Lord of Durham*, and the Commissioners under the Sunderland Improvement Act."—*Durham County Advertiser*, May 16.

The ship-owners of Sunderland have petitioned for the throwing open the trade to the East Indies, and China.

On the 28th of April, the city of Durham was visited by a thunder storm in the afternoon; in the evening there was hail, which was succeeded by snow in the night and part of the following day, accompanied by a very boisterous wind from the north and north-east.

The mayor of Durham has transmitted to London the sum of £182. 17s., being the amount of the subscriptions entered into in that city for the Spitalfields weavers.

In the three months ending April 11, 1828, there were 163 prisoners committed to Durham Jail and House of Correction; and in the three months ending April 11, 1829, 201, being an increase of 38.

The trustees of Queen Anne's Bounty have granted £400. for the purpose of building a parsonage-house at Ryhope, in the county of Durham.

**YORKSHIRE.**—The criminal business of the Pontefract Easter Sessions was of unexampled magnitude. The calendar contained the names of 142 prisoners, 119 of whom were charged with felony, the others with misdemeanors of various kinds. In addition to this formidable list, there was a considerable number of persons, charged

with felony, admitted to bail, whose names, of course, do not appear in the calendar. The Bench, previous to proceeding to business, made an order for the holding of a second Court, of which a *reverend* gentleman was appointed the Chairman.

The merchants of Hull, Huddersfield, Wakefield, Bradford, and Leeds, have petitioned for the removal of the East-India monopoly.

A number of persons, emigrating, have lately sailed from Hull for America.

Martin, the incendiary, was removed from York on the 27th of April, to be confined in the Criminal Lunatic Asylum, St. George's Fields.

On the 28th of April two Jews publicly embraced Christianity, and received the rites of baptism from the hands of the Rev. J. Graham, St. Saviour's, York.

The place for the organ to be erected in York Minster, is agreed upon. It has been arranged by Dr. Camidge, and the instrument will be the largest and most complete in the world.

A number of rare organic remains have lately been discovered in Huddersfield, which are now in the possession of Mr. James Milnes, of Croland Moor. The most remarkable of these relics is that of a petrified fish, resembling the *Anguilla* species; it is about 3 feet 8 inches in length; near the head, the circumference is about 11 inches; in the middle, 6½ inches; and just above the tail, 4 inches.

On the 29th and 30th of April, the Bradford Auxiliary to the British Reformation Society held a public meeting, at which some of the fundamental errors of the Church of Rome were exposed. Henry Hall, Esq., Recorder of Leeds, was in the chair.

At the East Riding Easter Sessions, the singular circumstance took place of a boy being sentenced to 35 years transportation; *i. e.* seven years on each of five indictments.

The Directors of the York Savings Bank intend to build a handsome edifice for the purposes of the institution with the surplus fund.

On the 12th of May, a heron caught a pike weighing 4lbs. in one of the ponds at Studley Royal. It flew with it in its mouth about half a mile; when it alighted to feast upon its prey. Being frightened, however, by a party of ladies and gentlemen, it flew off, and left its prey alive, which was sent as a present to Mrs. Lawrence.

Trade still continues very bad in the West Riding; but it is not so depressed as in many other places—the woollen manufacture never having been reduced to so low a point of depression as those of silks and gloves.

**LANCASHIRE.**—The County Rate Committee for Lancashire have recently made their new report, by which it appears that the amount of the old assessment was £3,106,009., of which Liverpool contributed £584,687; the new assessment amounts to £4,214,634, towards which Liverpool contributes £751,126. By the last report of the Manchester and Salford Bank for Savings, it appears that the sum in hand amounted to £226,224. 10s. 11d.—that, during the last year, there had been 2,440 additional depositors—that the total number of depositors, from its institution up to the present moment, is 13,647.

At Oldham, April 20, the foundation-stone of the new Blue-Coat School was laid in grand ce-

remony. It will be a splendid fabric, in the Collegiate style of architecture; its length will be 180 feet, and depth 60; it is to be composed of two stories, and both centre and wings will be ornamented with turrets and pinnacles, forming a superb ornament to the town. At the dinner on the occasion, after the usual loyal toasts, the "Manchester Courier" informs us, the following was given—"Prosperity to the industrious labouring classes of this community"—and introduced by the information that the workpeople of one house (Mr. Gee's) had subscribed nearly £200. towards completing this excellent establishment, "The Oldham Blue-Coat School"!!!

In consequence of a considerable deficiency in the funds of the Bolton Dispensary, the ladies of that place opened a bazaar for its benefit, and, by their meritorious exertions, have accumulated the sum of £716. during two days' sale and admissions.

Serious disturbances have broken out at Manchester, in consequence of the reduced price of weaving; and the rioters destroyed a vast quantity of goods, looms, &c., which they devoted to the flames. At Rochdale, affairs took a more serious turn, and much mischief was done, and several of the ringleaders committed to prison; when an attempt being made at forcing the prison, for rescuing them, the military fired, and seven persons were killed, besides a number wounded. Similar disturbances took place at Macclesfield, but not to so great an extent.

By an actual survey just made to ascertain the condition of the poor of Colne, and the neighbouring townships of Folridge and Trawden, it appears that nearly one-third of the inhabitants had, on an average, an income only of 1s. 2½d. per week, and that the weekly income of nearly another fourth did not exceed 1s. 9½d. per head!

**HANTS.**—By the abstract of the Receipts and Expenditure of the parish of Portsea for last year, it appears that the amount was no less than £14,361. 11s.; the article of victualling, including bread (37,834 lbs.), given to the out-door poor, was £3,407. 10s. 9d.; and that, for weekly relief alone, £4,514. 6s. 10d.

**GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**—The rate ordered at the Gloucester Sessions, last week, is considerably less than one-half of that levied at the last Epiphany Sessions, and little more than one-fifth of the rate ordered twelve months ago. This relief, it is hoped, may be still further extended.

The expenses for paving, pitching, cleansing, and lighting the city of Bristol last year, amounted to upwards of £10,000; the lighting alone reached the sum of £3,999. 11s. 3d.

Nearly £700. has already been subscribed towards the reparation and embellishment of the fine old Abbey Church at Tewkesbury; and when it is remembered that a great portion of that sum has been contributed by the inhabitants of the borough, and by a few liberal individuals in its immediate neighbourhood,—that there has been recently upwards of £2,000. collected by rates upon the parishioners, for the exclusive purpose of repairing this grand and almost sole relic of one of our richest monasteries,—and that the whole of the immense revenues which the noble founder and his pious successors gave for its support, were alienated at the Reformation,—it cannot be denied that the inhabitants have a strong

claim on the generosity of the public, to enable them to effect the contemplated improvements in their ancient and interesting church. As the dilapidation and ruin of such a magnificent religious edifice would be a national disgrace, the affluent, the great, and the good are called upon, by the strongest motives, to contribute to its restoration. Already has the cheerless whitewash been effaced from the massive walls and traceried roof,—from the Norman circular pillars and rich Gothic chapels,—and a suitable warm stone-colour, to match the original material, been substituted throughout; and the more delicate portions of those splendid specimens of ancient masonry, the tombs and shrines, have been renewed.

**DORSETSHIRE.**—The poorer inhabitants of Bridport are in a truly pitiable condition, in consequence of the very depressed state of the staple trade of the town. About four months ago, the manufacturers found difficulty in getting the work done, but now there is scarcely a thread of twine put out to the braiders from the beginning to the end of the week; there seems to be an entire stagnation of business, and there is no chance of a revival till next winter. The high price of potatoes is a great increase to their lamentable condition. They live principally on rice, which they buy for 2½d. per lb. Two or three cargoes of potatoes are daily expected, which we sincerely hope will be offered at a reasonable rate, which will no doubt serve to ameliorate their distress.

**WORCESTERSHIRE.**—A handsome and spacious apartment, capable of holding 200 persons, was opened, May 12, at the Worcester Literary and Scientific Institution, as their lecture-room; and the first lecture, on the advantages resulting from associations for the diffusion of useful knowledge, and their important bearing upon society, was delivered by Dr. Malden.

**STAFFORDSHIRE.**—At the late Staffordshire Sessions, the Chairman stated, that, in consequence of the vast increase in the number of prisoners, nearly £5,000. had been required during the quarter for their maintenance, and for prosecutions. Upwards of 300 prisoners had been tried at the Lent Assizes, and at the Epiphany Sessions.

**WARWICKSHIRE.**—A meeting of the merchants, manufacturers, and other inhabitants of Birmingham, was held May 8, for the purpose of considering the distressed state of the country, and the propriety of petitioning Parliament to adopt such measures as may be necessary for its relief, when 31 resolutions were passed for that effect. Resolution 16 states, "that in the opinion of this meeting, the lower classes of the people are no longer in a condition to pay taxes, and therefore that the taxes upon beer, malt, tea, sugar, tobacco, soap, and candles, ought to be forthwith entirely repealed, and the amount of such taxes ought to be raised by a property tax, or by some other tax which should be borne by the more affluent members of the community." Upwards of 3,000 persons were present.

**NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.**—There has been two falls of rock at Nottingham, to a very great extent; indeed, the latter, it is supposed, weighed from 30 to 40 tons. It took place about three o'clock in the morning; and the reiterated howl-

ing of a dog in an adjoining house gave such timely notice as to enable several persons to escape, who otherwise would have been crushed to death.

**NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.**—The affairs of the Northampton Town and Country Bank have been brought to a most satisfactory close, by paying twenty shillings in the pound, with interest. Mr. Howes and Mr. Osborn, two of the late firm, have very handsomely presented to each of the three assignees an elegant silver cup, as a tribute of gratitude and respect for their indefatigable exertions, and most judicious conduct, in bringing the whole of the accounts to a final settlement!!!

**NORFOLK.**—Lately, at the Common Council Chamber of the city of Norwich, the sum of £100. was voted to the Norfolk and Suffolk Artists' Society, to assist in enabling them to enlarge their premises in Norwich, and to purchase casts and models, with a view to the further promotion of the Fine Arts in this part of the country.

At the County Meeting in the Grand Jury Room, one of the magistrates could not forbear expressing his regret at being obliged to move for so large a sum; but the proposed county levy for the ensuing quarter, he feared, must be £5,700. It was occasioned by the great expense attending the prosecution of prisoners, which, since Christmas, amounted to £2,100.; the greater portion of which (£1,370.) was incurred by prosecutions at the Lent Assizes.

**LINCOLNSHIRE.**—The number of Scotch vagrants on the great north road have become a severe tax on the payers of county rates, and the evil is daily increasing. At the last quarter-sessions for Stamford, 400 vagrant passes were charged in the account for 3 months; and within the last year the number was 1,400. It has become a regular trade with a numerous class of the Scotch to go twice a year by water to London, and to get passed by land to their parishes. The vagrant allowance is such as ensures a comfortable support to the vagrant and his family, and even enables them to save something handsome out of it. In this pleasant weather, the number of vagrants brought to Stamford in the pass-carriage reaches from 12 to 20 daily! —*Stamford Mercury.*

**RUTLAND.**—By the abstract of the treasurer's account for this county, it appears that the sum of £1,123.6s. 4d. was expended, during the last year, for county services, most of which were "eat up," as the French say, "by the lawyers"—£2.16s. having been paid for repairing county bridges, and nearly all the rest used in the criminal jurisprudence and its accessories.

**SOMERSETSHIRE.**—The crape factory at Shepton-Mallet is again at work, which has had some effect in relieving the parish-rates; but they are still heavy, in consequence of the stoppage of the silk and lace-works—the machinery of the latter, which, a few years since, was erected at the cost of upwards of £30,000., has been sold for little more than £1,400.

The new line of road between Chard and Yarcombe (made at an expense of upwards of £5,000, and by which more than 600 feet of hill is saved), was opened by the Devonport mail, on Saturday, the 2d instant. The labourers employed in the

work, exceeding 100, had decorated the road by wreaths of laurel and a triumphal arch, to welcome the approach of the mail, which, on its arrival, was covered with laurels and appropriate flags, and went over the 4 miles in about 16 minutes, followed by a train of carriages and equestrians.

**KENT.**—The committee appointed to ascertain the state of the Gate of St. Augustine's Monastery of Canterbury, have given notice that the subscriptions already entered into for carrying into effect the repairs intended for the preservation of that beautiful structure, being at present inadequate to defray the estimated expense, they solicit the aid of the admirers of this antique and elegant architectural ornament, to enable them immediately to proceed with the intended repairs.

**WILTSHIRE.**—The Wiltshire Society held their anniversary meeting at the Albion Tavern, May 13, when the report of the Committee was read by the Secretary: it stated that, since the last anniversary, the Committee have been enabled to confer on the objects for whom the society has been established, more extended benefits than during any preceding year since the charity has been founded; and that eight candidates had been elected for apprenticeship during the present year, five of whom have been already apprenticed to respectable tradesmen, and the remaining three are only waiting until suitable masters shall have been provided for them. A long list of subscriptions and donations were announced.

**DEVONSHIRE.**—It is with much concern that we send forth the announcement of the robbery of the firm of Floud and Co., of the Exeter West of England Bank, which was burglariously entered on Saturday night, or early on Sunday morning last, and property, in drafts, notes, and cash, stolen therefrom to the amount of several thousand pounds. In consequence of this event, the bank has suspended its payments for the present, with the view, it is presumed, of preventing the negotiable property getting into circulation, and so far of frustrating the anticipated booty of the thieves.—*Taunton Courier*, May 13.

**CORNWALL.**—At the Easter Sessions for this county, the calendar was unusually light; on which the Chairman, in his address to the Grand Jury, complimented them, as well as on the reduced expenditure of the county, and the consequent diminution of the county rates: he also was rejoiced to say, that the most beneficial effects had been accomplished by the alterations that had been so judiciously introduced into the management of the prison.

**WALES.**—A considerable number of workmen engaged in the iron and coal trade, in Monmouthshire, have been discharged, and a reduction in the wages of those employed is contemplated. One great iron-master in Wales has, it is reported, upwards of 40,000 tons of manufactured iron lying in one only of his warehouses at Cardiff. Indeed, the over-productiveness of the iron-trade, in consequence of new works opened, and old ones improved and enlarged, is stated to be such, that the works of Monmouthshire and South Wales are supposed to be alone capable of supplying the demand for England and Wales, home and foreign.

**SCOTLAND.**—On Friday week, a list of the unemployed in Paisley was taken by order of the provost and magistrates. According to the returns it appears that there are no fewer than 1,112 heads of families, and 1,099 boys and girls, wholly destitute of work. There are about 800 weavers at Kilbarchan, nearly one-third of whom are at present idle. The average of a silk-weaver's wages is from 9s. to 10s.; of a muslin weaver, from 5s. to 6s.—The distress of the weaving body seems to increase. The number of idle hands, as far as yet ascertained—some of the districts having not yet forwarded their reports—was, on Saturday, stated by the delegates' reports, at 2,200; and, if the females and apprentices are included, the total number idle will exceed 3,000.—*Glasgow Chron.*

**IRELAND.**—Very great anxiety was occasioned by the arrest, at Doneraile, of 22 persons, on the warrant of Lord Kingston. The rumour ran that fifty or sixty persons conspired to avenge the death of Patrick Magrath, who was convicted, at the last Cork assizes, of having fired at G. B. Low, Esq., and executed. It was further added, that one of the conspirators, becoming approver, gave informations to Lord Kingston and General Barry, of an intention, on the part of the conspirators, to murder every magistrate in the county, who rendered himself at all obnoxious to the people. The investigation took place May 9.—22 persons, several of them respectable farmers, of the surrounding parishes, were brought to the bar, when Mr. Creagh, late high sheriff of the county, addressed them on the enormity of the crime laid to their charge, and added, that they (the prisoners) were aware there was amongst them the man who fired at Dr. Norcott's carriage the shot, which was not intended for the doctor, but for him (Mr. Creagh), and that there was also amongst them the man who lay in ambush on the bridge. A dreadful conspiracy, he said, was planned amongst them—a conspiracy, which aimed at the life of Admiral Evans, for no other reason than because of his having dared to deliver his honest sentiments in the House of Commons.—Mr. Creagh then called the names of eight persons, whom he gave in custody to the chief of police, directing him, under the warrant of Earl Kingston, to convey them to the county jail.—Admiral Evans addressed a few words to the prisoners, saying it was strange they should have resolved to murder him for openly delivering his sentiments in Parliament. By conspiring to murder him for an avowal of his opinions, they struck at the base of their own liberties. He and his family were a long time in that part of the country, and he defied any one to impeach them with an act discreditable to themselves; or injurious to society.—Of the remaining 14 prisoners, 7 were sent for re-examination to the Mallow Bridewell, and 7 others to Fermoy.

The country is now all in bustle, preparing for the registry of freeholds under the new act. The county of Clare men are bestirring themselves actively, but whether for the advantage of the member elect, or not, is as yet undetermined. The clerk of the peace for the district called the Islands, alone has been served with more than 600 notices to register £10. freeholds. Upwards of 500 notices have been served on the clerk of the peace for the county of Limerick, 800 on the county of Tipperary, and 300 on the county of Kerry.

# I N D E X

TO

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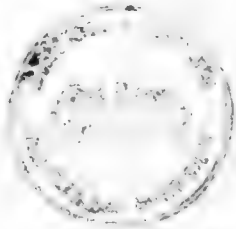
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PRESENTED

= 8 DEC 1949









